

NIEMAN REPORTS

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Autumn 1982

Literary Journalism

Avis Meyer

Praying Their Work

John Long & Jay Mather

Rethinking Conservatism

Lawrence Chickering

Endangered Species

David Lamb

Looking For Bang Bang



Howard Chapnick

Weathering The Environment

On a perfect summer day, when one friend may exclaim to another, "What wonderful sunshine!" more than likely the laconic response will be, "Might as well enjoy it. Bad weather's soon enough."

The kernel of perversity in each of us often short circuits the pleasure of even a momentary experience. Whereas one person sees only unbroken sky and feels the sun's warmth; another conjures up a hostile climate and projects a time of bitter wind, torrential rain or icy fastness.

Human nature with its inner seasons is variable, but certain of its qualities remain absolute. For example, when a hunger for intellectual discovery, a passion for justice, or a craving for analysis demand expression, creativity results. For writers, out of this crucible come products of rage, delight, erudition, wonder, humor, or prophecy. Journalists, on the other hand, are constrained to report with objectivity. Accuracy is paramount; the facts themselves account for the story and its ramifications.

This issue of *NR* presents a sampling of such endeavors: the lead piece by Avis Meyer is an

overview of literary journalists from nearly three centuries and their influence on news reporting



today; through the writing of John Long and the photographs of Jay Mather, we are privy to the work of a special group; and Griffin Bell with Ronald Ostrow ponders his initial experiences with the media in the nation's capital.

David Lamb prophesies more ferment in the black African press; Lawrence Chickering offers a reconsideration of conservatism; Howard Chapnick focuses on war photography and questions its worth vis-à-vis its risks; Johanna Neuman changes roles from journalist to politician and is amused by her own bewilderment; and Louis Trager points out warning signals

for foreign correspondents and cites an example of jeopardy from recent history.

David Nyhan grieves, as one among many, at the demise of a newspaper; Deckle McLean weighs the legal aspects of privacy invasion; Melvin Mencher advocates change in the classrooms of journalism education; and Roy Blount, after reading a newspaper squib, produces a bit of word play that is poetry.

As to the *Nieman Reports* calendar, although it may be a cool Indian summer when our readers leaf through these pages, it is one of July's picture-book days as we write. Clear azure and white are overhead, and at hand, gardens bloom like fragmented rainbows. Clamor and chaos are stayed while we hold the existential moment. We wish for you the same.

—T.B.K.L.



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CONTENTS

- | | | |
|----|--|---------------------------------------|
| 2 | WEATHERING THE ENVIRONMENT | Tenney Barbara K. Lehman |
| 4 | IN DEFENCE OF LITERARY JOURNALISM
<i>The enduring effects of literary journalists of the past 250 years.</i> | Avis Meyer |
| 11 | PRAYING THEIR WORK
<i>An inside look at Mother Teresa's Queen of Peace Home in the South Bronx.</i> | John Long and Jay Mather |
| 18 | DEALING WITH THE MEDIA
<i>Second of a two-part series describing Bell's media baptism during his stint as attorney general.</i> | Griffin Bell with Ronald Ostrow |
| 22 | ENDANGERED SPECIES
<i>The free press, first institution in black Africa to fall, will be the last to be resurrected.</i> | David Lamb |
| 23 | SYNTAX'S TACK | Roy Blount Jr. |
| 24 | RETHINKING CONSERVATISM AND OTHER VIRTUES
<i>We are close to the point where libertarian and traditionalist values intersect absolutely.</i> | A. Lawrence Chickering |
| 28 | LOOKING FOR BANG BANG
<i>Are the results of war photography really worth the risks?</i> | Howard Chapnick |
| 34 | A PLUNGE INTO POLITICS
<i>Journalists who turn from covering politics to practicing politics use everything from promises to pralines to bring out the voters.</i> | Johanna Neuman |
| 38 | THE MALIGNING OF HERBERT MATTHEWS
<i>For his coverage of Castro's Cuba, Matthews received hate mail, a death threat, and was picketed by Cuban exiles.</i> | Louis Trager |
| 42 | WHEN A NEWSPAPER DIES . . .
<i>. . . everybody should mourn.</i> | David Nyhan |
| 43 | AMERICA'S PRIVACY INVASION TORT
<i>Protection or deception for citizens and the press that serves them?</i> | Deckle McLean |
| 47 | AGENDA FOR JOURNALISM EDUCATION
<i>Reporting the news is, above all, a moral activity.</i> | Melvin Mencher |
| 49 | BOOKS

American Literary Classics

Clare Boothe Luce by Wilfred Sheed

Reporting the Citizens' News by Ralph Izard | Johanna Neuman

Barbara Milacek |
| 59 | NIEMAN FELLOWS 1982-83 | |
| 60 | NIEMAN NOTES | |

In Defence of Literary Journalism

AVIS MEYER

The Eighteenth Century: The Winds of Doctrine



neither 'Gazettes' nor 'Advertisers,' neither 'Journals' nor 'Evening Posts.'

To us who are regaled every morning and evening with intelligence, and are supplied from day to day with materials for conversation, it is difficult to conceive how man can subsist without a newspaper, or to what entertainment companies can assemble, in those wide regions of the earth that have neither 'Chronicles' nor 'Magazines,'

—Samuel Johnson
from the "Idler" essays

Despite Johnson's praise, the word *journalism* is seldom bandied about among academicians with the practiced relish reserved for discussions of "legitimate" literature. "Journalism!" they mutter with disdain. Can journalism really be accepted as a proper topic for academic rumination? Yes — but only if one is willing to assume the role of exacting editor: changing the channel, declining the hyperbole, sidestepping the swill.

There are, of course, abundant foibles and fantasies in our morning and afternoon dailies; but one may also find, upon the front pages and in the editorial columns and essays of the best in this land, tributes to the insight and resolve of journalism's literary progenitors, the essayists and "spectators" of eighteenth-century England and her

American colonies. Indeed, the paths of literature and journalism from Joseph Addison and Sir Richard Steele to Benjamin Franklin, from the literary Isles of England to the hard-news aisles of *The New York Times*, have followed a parallel course.

Encouraged by a diminishing but resolute and literate readership, struggling against government restraints and a benignly negligent Supreme Court, the twentieth-century American press is grounded in the libertarian press of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century literary England.

John Milton's "Areopagitica" an early defence [sic] of a free press, remains a sound and literary bedrock for the theory and practice of journalism in a democratic society.

And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do impiously by liscensing [sic] and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter?

The effects of such English literary precepts upon the American press, as with many other facets of our society, may be traced to those British colonists who sloughed off the cloak of authoritarianism and, lodged aboard their fragile ships, scurried for the North American continent, tenacity their companion and freedom their balm.

The ties that bind English literature and the American press, English teachers' protestations to the contrary, are firm as the rock upon which John Smith reputedly stood. It was not unusual, in fact, for entire English essays, secular pieces, and literary offerings to appear in the early

eighteenth-century American press, just two months after their original appearance in the English press; and this, despite the damp rigors and duration of an ocean voyage of that day. And historian Elizabeth Cook notes, "news" as the twentieth century defines it was uncommon in the eighteenth-century press; essays and editorials were the staple — not "who, what, when, where, and why."

It is important to note here that eighteenth-century "critics" did not make the contemporary distinction between literature and journalism. Jonathan Swift, Francis Bacon, Daniel DeFoe and Samuel Johnson were, in their own minds, writers of and for journals — i.e., journalists. Modern critics may call them stylists or essayists, but the difference is semantical not actual.

When one rereads and compares the lead editorials of *The New York Times*, the columns of Walter Lippmann, Harrison Salisbury, and E. B. White, a difference in phrasing and idiom may be apparent, but the intensity and purpose remain as constant and clear as in the philosophical essays of Oliver Goldsmith or the early "editorials" of DeFoe.

The strength of individual reason, the free marketplace of ideas, the self-righting process of citizens of a free society are simultaneously vestiges of a determined people and harbingers of future vitality. Those ideals perpetuate, as does a free and literate press, the assurance of our reliance upon insight, not prejudice; and upon reason, not ignorance; upon individual choice, not the whims of state or the knots of "Haigspeak."

In America, as in England, the publication of the great English essayists (Steele, Addison, Swift, Johnson, et al.) bridged the vague chasm between journalism and literature. Lacking "news" on a regular basis and wishing to provide something of interest to prospective readers, the early American newspaper naturally encouraged writing of a literary bent.

One constant remained during this time of growth and change in the American press: the informative or persuasive essay, a genre which encouraged, even required, the writer to be intelligent, logical, and versatile.

In announcing his *Spectator* (published intermittently, 1709-10; 1711-12; 1714) to a prospective audience of readers, Joseph Addison wrote:

Thus, I live in a world rather as a SPECTATOR of mankind, than as one of the species by which means I have

In addition to his teaching duties as assistant professor of journalism and writing at St. Louis University, Avis Meyer is adviser to the weekly student newspaper The University News. He also publishes and edits Eads Bridge, a semi-annual literary review named after the first metal structure to span the Mississippi River.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Reluctant to usurp history's judgment, the author has limited the text to those journalists whose work is in the past, as opposed to those who are still writing.

The following major references were used in preparation of this work:

Literary Influences in Colonial Newspapers, 1704-1750

Elizabeth Cook, Columbia University Press, New York, 1912

The Press and America

Emery and Smith, Prentice Hall, New York, 1954

Journalism in the United States

Frederic Hudson, Harper Brothers, New York, 1872; republished 1978

The New American Literature

Fred Pattee, Cooper Square, New York, 1968

Occasional conflicts in establishing correct dates regularly occurred during the course of research for this piece. Such scholarly disagreement was resolved, in general, by "majority vote" — the date that appeared most consistently in various sources is the date used here.

— A.M.

made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artizan [sic], without ever meddling with any practical part in life. . . . In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a lookeron, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

Addison's early precepts merely state, if gracefully, one of the basic tenets of modern Western journalism; objectivity or "distance"; the analytical mind that sees life with great clarity and expresses that vision in memorable, moving prose, as seen in the writings of Walter Bagehot, G.K. Chesterton, and H.L. Mencken, among others. As Samuel Johnson observed, the writing of Addison should be a model for the aspiring journalist: "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." (One might ponder the difference, for example, in Charles Foster Kane, had Addison and Steele been his tutors, not Mr. Thatcher's bank and assorted ivy leagues. It gives one pleasant pause.)

The first newspaper in America, *Publick Occurrences, Both Foreign and Domestick*, was established in 1690 by a rebellious Englishman, Benjamin Harris, who fled England to escape what he considered undue restrictions upon his editorial policies. The short-lived (one edition) journal was not so much a newspaper as a collection of essays concerning current problems, much as contemporary editorial and op-ed pages are today.

The *New-England Courant* was founded in Boston, in 1721, by James Franklin, who was soon to be aided by his adroit younger brother, Benjamin. The style of the *Courant* was, according to one text, "bold and its literary quality high." (Historian Frederic Hudson notes that *The Courant* took its name from the first English daily, *The Daily Courant*, of which Daniel DeFoe was an early editor.) *The Courant* was, in fact, Cook writes, the first attempt "to introduce and write literature for its own sake in America."

Benjamin Franklin's early literary inclinations were also whetted and encouraged by an encounter with the writings of Addison and his *Spectator*. When brother James returned from a trip to England, laden with fresh copies of Addison's essays, young Ben read them eagerly.

Franklin later commented in his autobiography:

About this time (1721) I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. It was the third; I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent and wished, if possible, to imitate it. . . . Then I compared my "Spectator" with the original, discovered some of my faults and corrected them.

The next literary step in the ascent of the American press took the form of editorializing about the control of Britain over her colonies. The revolutionary and editorial press had its genesis under the aegis of Samuel Adams, publisher and editor of *The Independent Advertiser*, established in 1748.

The *Virginia Gazette*, "published by authority; open to all parties, but influenced by none," was founded. The driving force behind the *Virginia Gazette*, and its replacement, the *Gazette*, was Thomas Jefferson, and later, John Adams.

Just prior to the Revolutionary War, Isaiah Thomas perpetuated both the fluency and the literacy of the language by publishing, in serial form, *Robinson Crusoe* and *Pilgrim's Progress*. Thomas' papers, *The Massachusetts Spy* and *The Boston Gazette*, were vanguards of colonial journalism and "opinion essays." The power of the eloquent editorial, once fathered by DeFoe, was secure.

Thomas Paine, whose goal in America had originally been to establish a girls' seminary, wrote for the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, and produced his famous essays, particularly "Common Sense," as pamphlets. Written

December 19, 1776, after visiting Washington's headquarters at Fort Mifflin on the Delaware River, his essay "Crisis" was widely read and reprinted throughout the colonies during the Revolution.

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands it NOW, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly. It is dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so essential an article as FREEDOM should not be highly rated.

Those articles and editorials printed under the flag of the Federalists in New York's *Independent Journal* or *General Advertiser* were among the more effective of the late eighteenth century. Co-edited by Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, and John Jay, these influential missives provided a massive boost to the spirit of independence. Hamilton, in particular, remained a champion of the press, of its inherent freedom, and of its contributions to the quality of life and maintenance of literate language. He continued his persuasive writing for approximately two years, for both the *Independent Journal* and its later successor, the *New York Daily Gazette*, under the pen-name Publius. Thus, the bulk of the Federalist party's writing fell to Hamilton, who first proffered freedom of the press as an integral, though undefined, part of the Constitution in one of the final *Federalist Papers*.

Shortly after the Revolution, on December 9, 1796, Noah Webster founded a daily, *Minerva*, in New York; the paper's singular title was soon changed to the *Herald*. Because of arrangement with a fellow publisher, the *Herald* dropped its flag, and combined its circulation with still another paper. This amalgamation increased Webster's influence through publications in both the *Commercial Advertiser* and the *New York Spectator*, published by a single concern. With the assistance and writing of Webster as a staple offering, these two papers grew and prospered for a quarter of a century. The impact of Webster's newspapers, and of journalism in general, on the literacy and literary status of the youthful nation was an issue upon which Webster commented in the premier publication of *Minerva*: "Like schools, newspapers should be considered the auxiliaries of government, and placed on a responsible footing; they should be the heralds of truth; the protectors of peace and good order."

Literately and journalistically put. Even Horace Greeley or Carr Van Anden (the archetypal managing editor of *The New York Times* under Adolph Ochs) might have been satisfied.



The Nineteenth Century: Crowding Eternity into Five Minutes

In the late 1700's, literary and journalistic America moved — inexorably and in tandem — from Philadelphia to Boston, and then to New York. By the time the century had turned, New York's 200 newspapers were daily witnesses to literate musings and flamboyant news, poetics and prose abundant. And the journalism of the streets of Gotham had indeed become Matthew Arnold's "Literature in a hurry."

Fitz-Green Halleck, poet for a generation of early 1800's newspaper readers, wrote reflective prose pieces and essays as well as poems for the New York *Evening Post*. His tenure there was not eclipsed until 1826, when William Cullen Bryant began to write regularly and vigorously for the *Post*. Bryant's popularity as a columnist and editor flourished during his fifty years at the paper. Public curiosity about Bryant, the man, yielded fresh examples of "personal" journalism; a harbinger, in retrospect, of the Tom Wolfes of the twentieth century.

Edgar Allan Poe also began to write in the 1820's: for the *New Era*, in New York; later for the Richmond, Virginia, *Examiner* and the New York *Evening Post*. Poe once observed that "the energetic, busy spirit of the age tends wholly . . . to the curt, the terse, the well-timed, and the readily diffused [journalism], in preference to the old forms of the verbose and ponderous and inaccessible." Poe's predilection for journalism was also stressed by his later success with a Philadelphia newspaper, *Alexander's Weekly Messenger*. His articles on such intriguing subjects as the esoterics of cryptography enhanced his style and encouraged his devotion to taut writing and measured story-telling.

The New York *Weekly Mirror*, founded in 1823 by Samuel Woodworth, carried many poets of the times on its pages: Charles Fenno Hoffman, who assisted Horace Greeley in the editing of an early *New Yorker*; James Fenimore Cooper; Lydia Howard Sigourney, an immensely popular poet and essayist of the day; and Washington Irving.

Papers in the "hinterlands" were likewise graced by literary journalism. In upstate New York, the *Albany Advertiser* was edited by James Gordon Brooks and often carried his by-line. Brooks later left the *Advertiser* to take the reins of the *New Era*. In Philadelphia, the *Pennsylvania Freeman* was, in the early 1940's, daily witness to the work of John Greenleaf Whittier.

And in 1842, in New York, a two-penny paper, the *Aurora*, located near the soon-to-be-infamous Tammany Hall, hired a "sort of free lance" writer, formerly of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, named Walt Whitman.

Whitman soon advanced to the editorship of the *Evening Tattler*. (Addison's influential flag was still evident, more than a century later.) The paper was located across the street from one of the most powerful papers in the country, Pulitzer's New York *World*.

In the late 1840's, Whitman was associated with the Brooklyn *Freeman* and the New Orleans *Daily Crescent*, widening both his horizons and the literate perspectives of his country and its citizens. In the 1850's he wrote, as did so many others, for the *Evening Post*. Although his freelance work for the *Post* was a tangential devotion — "Leaves of Grass" being his primary task — his work reflected the marriage of journalism and literature that profoundly affected both his writing and the work of his peers.

Whitman's masthead statement, written for the *Aurora*, sounds surprisingly similar to the platform statements of many prominent papers. Pulitzer's *Post-Dispatch* comes immediately to mind.

We glory in being true Americans. And we profess to impress *Aurora* with the same spirit. We have taken high American ground — not ground of exclusiveness, of partiality, of bigoted bias whose birth place is three thousand miles from town — but based upon a desire to possess the republic of a proper respect for itself and its citizens, and of what is due to its own capacities, and its own dignity. There are a thousand dangerous influences operating among us — influences whose tendency is to assimilate this land in thought, in social customs, and, to a degree, in government, with the moth eaten systems of the old world. *Aurora* is imbued with a deadly hatred to all these influences; she wages open, heavy, and incessant war against them.

By 1857, the year James Russell Lowell began editing *The Atlantic Monthly*, two years after the first issue of Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*, Whitman assumed the editorship of the Brooklyn *Daily Times*. His involvement in political and community problems deepened, and his journalistic and editorial writing was read by both the influential and the immigrant.

The mid-1800's were seasoned by and with the fruitful journalistic efforts of aspiring *literati* throughout the country. Oliver Wendell Holmes published an infrequent

but popular column in Boston, including "Old Ironsides"; Margaret Fuller wrote regularly for the *New York Tribune*, as did such august contributors as Henry James and William Dean Howells. The *Tribune* also enlisted among its journalistic legions Whitelaw Reid who served on the staff of the *New York Tribune* and the *Cincinnati Gazette*; George Ripley, literary critic and founder of *The Dial*. The *Tribune's* London correspondent was a young essayist named Karl Marx.

In the Midwest, the heartland then, as now, William Dean Howells (whose writing interests had been piqued by his father, the editor of a small weekly paper), spent several years on the staff of the Columbus, Ohio, *State Journal*. Of his father, Howells said, "He was like all country editors then (Ashtabula, O., 1850's), and I dare say now (New York, 1916), in being a printer as well as an editor, and he took a just share in the mechanical labors."

At the *Journal*, Howells defined and refined the skills and talents that would eventually raise him from the relative obscurity of the pressroom in Columbus to the chair of *The Atlantic Monthly* and one of the literary history's most influential turn-of-the-century figures. But Howells, whom Henry Steele Commager referred to as "the dictator of literary Boston," always remembered his origins and his indebtedness to journalism. Howells once commented, "My first attempt at literature was not written but put up in type, and printed off [sic] by me."

By mid-century, the pundits and legmen of the United States press had begun to invade the outlying regions of the deeper South and the new West. Henry George produced a popular column for the *San Francisco Californian*. Charles Warren Stoddard, poet and traveler, and Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens) had been doing work around San Francisco since early in the eighteenth century. Joaquin Miller, also known as Cincinnatus Hiner Miller, an acknowledged Confederate sympathizer, briefly edited a paper in Eugene, Oregon. Each of these fledgling journalists expressed a debt to Bret Harte, the writer who had preceded them in their craft, and who was responsible for "trimming and training" the younger aspirants.

San Francisco boasted her first daily, *The Alta California*, in the 1840's; the paper achieved later fame as the showplace of both Bret Harte and Mark Twain. (Twain also served a stint as the editor of the neighboring *Territorial Enterprise* in Nevada.)

Twain, in particular, is a worthy example of the

Western literary journalist, a man whose effect and legacy remain in both journalistic and literary endeavors. He began as a printer's devil, worked for the *Hannibal Journal*, and then moved up to a position of editor on a Memphis daily. His approach, as always, was with a suspect and skeptical, but humorous, eye. In *Editorial Wild Oats*, his recollections of those days and those newspapers, Twain concocted such droll and imaginary flags as *Semi-Weekly Earthquake*; *Thunderbolt and Battle-Cry of Freedom*; *The Morning Howl*; *The Moral Volcano*; and *The Daily Hurrah*, thus intimating what he considered to be the implications of those mythological daily papers who went about their stiff-collared moral duty, uplifting their community.

Another skeptical eye blinked daily in California's papers — Ambrose Bierce. Bierce worked for the Hearst millions, but not in New York for the flagship, "Gee Whiz," *Journal*. "Prattle," Bierce's daily column, was a feature of the *San Francisco Examiner*, the paper William Randolph Hearst had originally inherited from his father, and the success of which was responsible for his acquisition of the *Journal* in New York.

In the late 1860's Bierce took advantage of the lusty, largely irresponsible stories about the roaring West, with yarns of considerable narrative talent in the *San Francisco News Letter*. Due to syndication, his column, entitled "Town Crier," was read nationally. He attained an early position as editor and met several young writers, including Twain and Bret Harte, both largely unknown at the time, and encouraged both to write. He was also influential in furthering the writing careers of Joaquin Miller, Charles Warren Stoddard, and Prentice Mulford.

Bierce's early association with a printing press (as a printer's devil in Warsaw, Indiana), like Howells' in Ohio, Clemens' in Missouri, was a significant influence in his selection of journalism as a career. He wrote for several publications in England under the pseudonym Dod Grile, and the tone of his observations, then as always, was critical and occasionally vitriolic.

The sobriquet, "bitter Bierce," was appropriate. Of his native land, for example, he wrote:

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of felony
Of thee I sing —
Land where my father fried
Young witches and applied
Whips to the Quaker's hide
And made him spring.

Upon his return to the States, Bierce incorporated his occasionally splenetic sense of humor in a series for the *News Letter* under the title "Demon's Dictionary," later printed as *The Devil's Dictionary*.

He ultimately left the *News Letter* to assume the editorship of an organ with a singularly appropriate name



for its editor and his writing, *The Wasp*. Bierce's "Prattle" appeared in *The Wasp* from 1881 to 1886.

In a time of plebian presses and newspapers dominated by gossip, Bierce's reactions to the world were those of an indignantly serious man who referred to the era as a "weak and fluffy period." With the exception of Bierce and Stephen Crane, the "muck-rakers," as Theodore Roosevelt later branded them, had not yet begun their work. But Lincoln Steffens, Upton Sinclair, Ring Lardner, and John Steinback, muckrakers all, were soon to follow.

Shortly after Bierce's resignation from *The Wasp*, he was hired by Hearst to assume an "autocratic role as the dean of the West Coast critics." Bierce contracted to have his column always appear — unedited — beside the regular editorial page.

No one escaped Bierce's pen, not even his employer, Hearst:

With many amiable and alluring qualities, among which is, or used to be, a personal modesty amounting to bashfulness, the man has not a friend in the world. Nor does he merit one, for, either congenitally or by induced perversity, he is inaccessible to the conception of an unselfish attachment or a disinterested motive. Silent and smiling, he moves among men the loneliest man. Nobody but God loves him and he knows it; and God's love he values only thus, in so far as he fancies that it may promote his amusing ambition to darken the door of the White House. As to that, I think that he would be about the kind of President that the country — daft with democracy and sick with sin — is beginning to deserve.

In the South (where Bierce was later read, but often viewed askance), the *Louisville Journal* was established in 1831. George D. Prentice, poet and former editor of the *New England Weekly Review*, was the editor. The *Journal* brought verse, wit, and loquacity to the area and its readers. The growth of the *Journal* reflected the increased rural Southern sophistication that was creeping, according to Arthur Quiller-Couch, "like respectability in Chicago . . . unchecked in our midst."

The *Atlanta Constitution*, still revered in its area for service and duty to the public, was also establishing itself as a leader of comment and thought; the "local color, character" writing of Joel Chandler Harris helped further both the paper's noble precepts and Harris' literary goals.

Deeper in the south, George Cable, with whom Twain frequently shared the speaking bill throughout the West and South, performed his writing duties for a paper whose flag still carries strength in the well-informed circles of the



Gulf, the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*.

And in Texas, in 1895, a magazine whimsically entitled *Rolling Stone* appeared on the streets of Houston. The initial effort of a former *Houston Post* reporter, William Sydney Porter, to demonstrate his story-telling talents and to present the public with light, humorous material, the magazine ultimately failed. Surrounded by financial decay and unable to return to freelance work for the *Burlington Press* or his *Houston Post* column, young Porter was accused and convicted of embezzlement by the bank in whose employ he had taken temporary refuge from poverty. He spent three years writing and reflecting from behind bars, drawing on his many experiences, refining his style and gathering introspection about him like a cloak. Upon his release, Porter fled Texas for New York, and, under the pen-name O. Henry, began to peddle his stories to prominent periodicals, including several feature-oriented newspapers in "Baghdad on the Hudson."

O. Henry's popularity paralleled the growth of what has since become the most popular weekend feature of any newspaper, the Sunday magazine, rife with literary journalists and their peripatetic musings. Historian Fred Pattee later noted, "The soul of the Sunday supplement is the unexpected; . . . New York City, electric advertising, radios, Coney Island, Jazz bands, Boob McNutt, Bringing up Father, the 'movies,' the 'talkies,' O. Henry."

As with virtually every other innovation in the modern newspaper world, the supplement began in New York and flourished there. The "S. S. McClure Newspaper Features" offered a breadth and depth of writing seldom since witnessed in the daily printed world, including serialized novels of Mark Twain, Robert Louis Stevenson, Bret Harte, and William Dean Howells; new short stories by Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, and Mary E. Wilkins; and special submissions by Henry Cabot Lodge and Theodore Roosevelt.

Taking its cue from the literary journalists, in 1891 the United Press added to its services a "literary department" that offered its newspaper subscribers 10,000 words weekly "of the highest class of Sunday miscellany."

Perhaps the "highest class" of all — story teller, war correspondent, journalist, cenotaph of an era now overwhelmed — was Stephen Crane.

The writing of Stephen Crane moved from the dusky pages of small-town dailies to take up residence on the front pages of metropolitan monoliths like the *Journal*, the *Herald* and the *World*. Crane began writing while a student at Syracuse University, and worked for a time as a stringer for the *New York Tribune*. (His brother, Townley Crane, was a prominent journalist and helped him secure his first position.) His journalistic experience began with the *New York Herald* in 1892. In a style marked with perception and observation, Crane wrote of one local politico that he "sat like a rural soup tureen in his chair and said 'Aw' sadly whenever ash from his cigar bounced on his vest of blood and black."

At first Crane frequented police stations, and later, by association with officers, the seedier areas of New York. Eventually, the Bowery became his prowl; he went about researching the animal uncleanness, pornographic realities, and the social and economic inequities that became the shocking naturalism associated with *Maggie, a Girl of the Streets*.

With a note of introduction from his brother, Crane left the *Herald* for the *Century* — although an impression of horses waiting at a fire hydrant in the winter “kicking grey ice of the gutter into silvery angles that hurtled and clicked on frozen stone” intrigued *Century* editor Richard Watson Gilder more than it impressed him.

Crane worked with irregularity — his choice, not theirs — for *The Press*, *The Sun*, and *The World*, but the journalistic niche with which his name is most closely associated — war correspondent — began when he was doing regular assignments for the Bachelier syndicate, to whom he had sold *Red Badge of Courage* for less than a hundred dollars.

On November 29, 1896, Crane was sent to cover the uprising in Cuba. This assignment, considered a plum, was largely a result of the success and popularity of his recently published articles about New York’s notorious “tenderloin” district.

He reveled in the war coverage and subjected himself, often unnecessarily, to dangers and shelling to cover the story. He even charged up San Juan Hill with Roosevelt’s Rough Riders and several other brave or foolhardy reporters, thus establishing himself as part of the American mythos of devil-may-care bravado, a role he relished.

Though not manuscripts, Crane’s communiqués with *The World* were widely and eagerly read. He wrote with amazing attention to detail, as did his associate, journalist and writer Frank Norris.

On one of his junkets for the Bachelier syndicate in 1896, Crane was aboard a decrepit old ship, the *Commodore*. The ship sank, and the story of that experience and his narrow survival provided the material for one of Crane’s most successful short stories, “The Open Boat.”

The death of Surgeon Biggs, which occurred during Crane’s coverage of the invasion of Guantanamo Bay, later cropped up in *Wounds in the Rain*, a collection of his Cuban war correspondence.

From Crane’s war experiences in Greece and Cuba came *Civil War and Little Regiment*, and while visiting his new found friends Henry James and Joseph Conrad in England, his experiences writing for the *Westminster Gazette* further broadened his reportorial background, his vision, and his imagination.

Crane’s devotion to the journalistic and literary craft was deep and meticulous. When he died of tuberculosis in 1900, aged 29, he left behind only a few years of experience; but his influence on Conrad, Willa Cather, Ernest Hemingway, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Carl Sandburg, and Sinclair Lewis was deep. Of Crane,

Anderson said, “The stones he put in the wall are still there. . . .”

Crane, Bierce, Howells, Whitman, Bryant — all knew that then, as now, journalists face the innate contradiction of creating sense from disorder, and presenting it sagaciously, with flair. As *The Atlantic* observed in 1900:

The two cardinal responsibilities of the literary life in a newspaper day, [are] namely — crowding eternity into five minutes, — getting anyone to take five minutes to notice eternity.

By the end of the nineteenth century, the literary journalists of American newspapers had become as much a part of daily life as front porch milk bottles and sliced bread. More people were reading more newspapers, with more literary discourses and more robust features, than ever before. The literary, and certainly the literate, ascent that had begun with the small steps of Addison and Franklin had discovered a firm foundation, and it was made of paper.

The Twentieth Century: A Secret Satisfaction; A Constant Moral Purpose

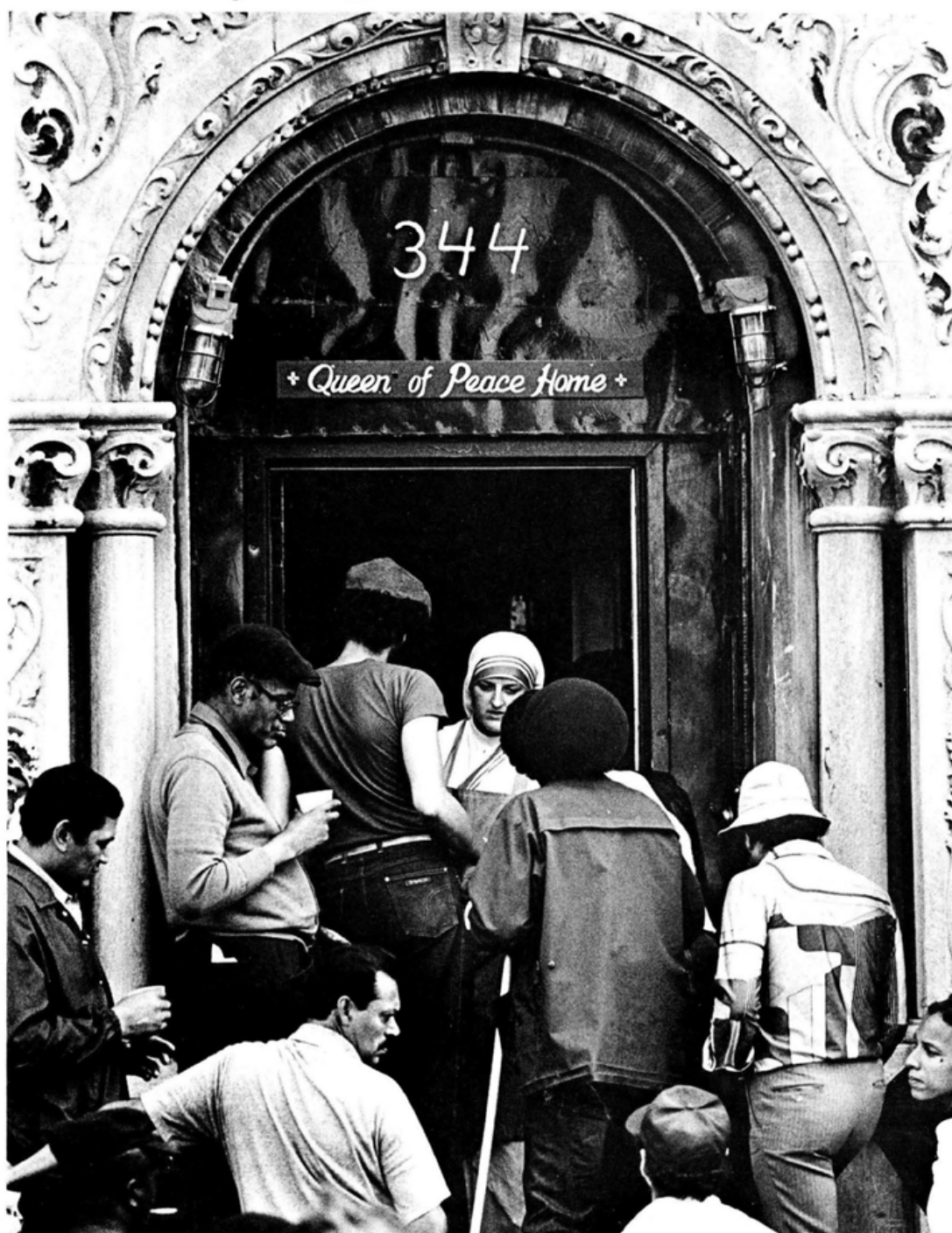
By the time the twentieth century had arrived, so had literary journalism. The country was cross-hatched by dailies, weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies, transporting upon their sturdy columns the thoughts and phrases of a generation of writers tempered by the nation’s growth and sustained by hopes for the future. And the readers, not yet seduced by the lethargy of technology, reacted with vigor.

By 1904, the publication of *The Call of the Wild* and *The Sea Wolf* had bestowed prominence and moderate financial security upon Jack London. But he remained a journalist, if a “Hearstling.” After all, Bierce had been a Washington correspondent for Hearst; Crane had been a New York street reporter; Twain was covering Queen Victoria’s Diamond Jubilee in England; and Richard Harding Davis was in Russia for the coronation of Czar Nicholas II. All in all, it was quick company and earnest competition for a young writer from the *San Francisco Call*, assigned to cover the Russo-Japanese War. (The *Call* had printed his first journalistic effort, a “Sea Yarn,” with the by-line “John London — age 12” in 1883.)

After the war, *Burning Daylight* was serialized in *The New York Herald*. And in 1906 he wrote one of his best pieces, an article about the San Francisco earthquake, for *Colliers Weekly*, at 25 cents a word.

continued on page 52

Praying Their Work



Despite Mother Teresa's fame, her Missionaries of Charity shun publicity.

It's "not good for the work," explained Sister Priscilla Lewis, their leader in America. She said she's had no problems with the press; "I ask them not to come around."

She agreed to make a rare exception and let **John Long**, *Courier-Journal*

religion writer, and **Jay Mather**, staff photographer, visit the sisters' South Bronx mission — after they said they'd pitch in and help.

But "I will have very little time to talk with you," she said. And "I don't know about pictures."

Long and Mather sorted lettuce, chopped onions, served food to hungry people, washed dishes, scrubbed

pots and pans and mopped floors.

The next morning, Long announced, "Today, I shall work with my pen."

A sister handed him a large meat cleaver and a tray of raw chicken parts.

He put his pen away.

Long and Mather were at the mission three days. They eventually got to use pen and camera.



Above: Fruit trees and vegetables now grow where years ago tenements stood decaying and abandoned. The mission, established in 1971, has been able to provide additional food for the neighborhood from the garden. The gate of the garden is never locked and local residents are allowed to come in and pray before the Virgin Mary. Merchants in the area donate food to the mission. Left: Sister Angelina carried two large bags of french bread that were to be used for supper that night.



Missionaries of Charity

As usual, Maria Guzman, 27, and Richard Rivera, 28, had spent the night in an abandoned building and freshened up at a fire hydrant.

She sat at the head of the table, he, beside her, in the small front dining room of the Missionaries of Charity's Queen of Peace Home on East 146th Street in the Bronx.

Plates of rice and chicken were placed before them.

Sister Angelina — a young Pennsylvanian in a white Indian sari with blue stripes, like Mother Teresa's of Cal-

cutta — asked her to pray.

The young woman folded her hands and bowed her head. Nine others who had come from the street to the table of Mother Teresa's sisters bowed their heads, too.

The young woman tried to recite the prayer that is prayed more than any other at the mission:

"*Hail Mary, full of grace!*" she said softly. "*Mother of God —*" her voice trailed off. "I don't know the rest of the words."

Use your own, Sister Angelina prompted. Just say what you're thinking and feeling. Thank God for the

nice day and the food. Thank him for your little girl.

She tried again:

"Well, thanks for a nice day. Thanks for the food." She paused.

"There's nothing at home right now to put in our mouths. There's no clothing either. . . . Thank you, God; you have brought me to this place to eat and get clothes."

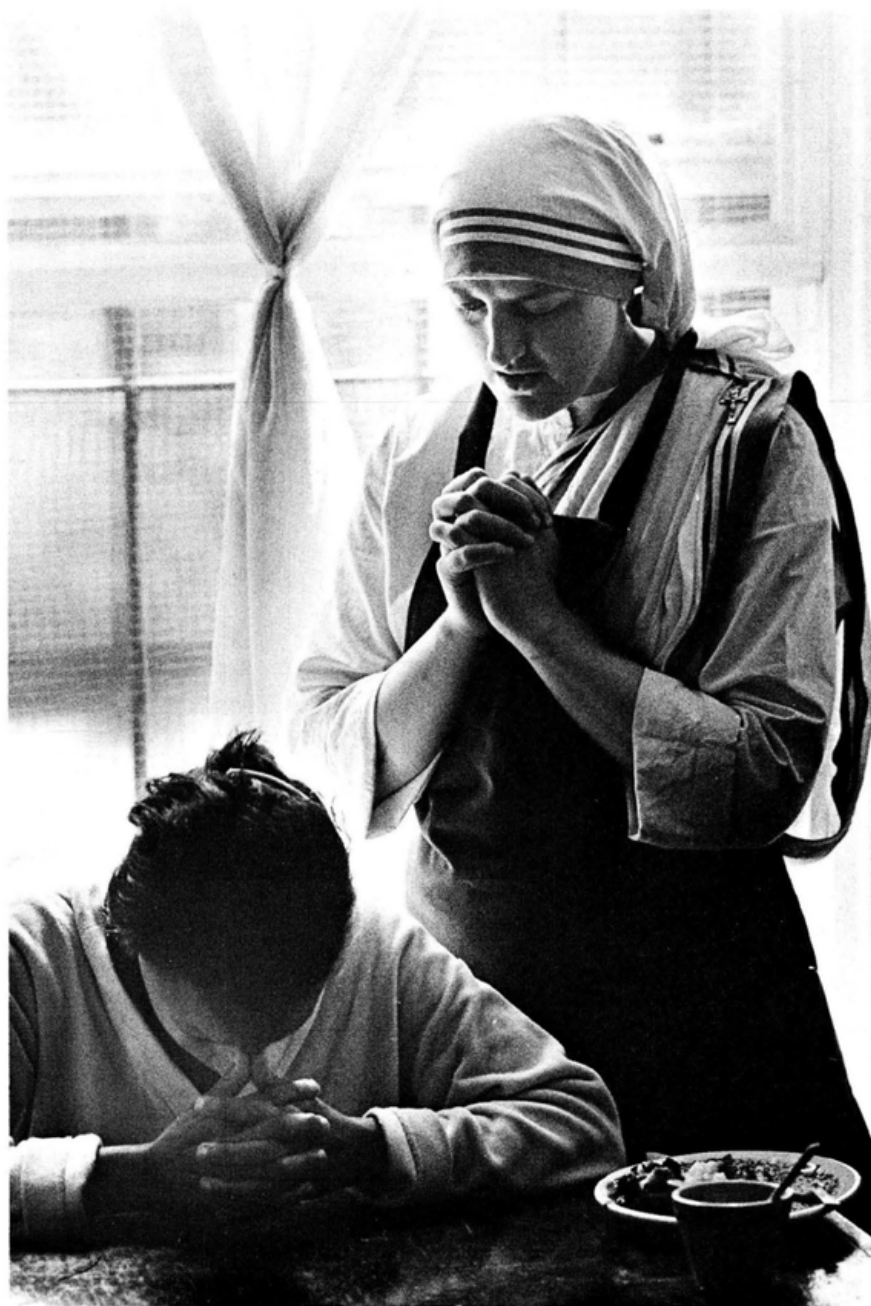
Sister Angelina finished the prayer for her:

"*Hail, Mary, full of grace. . .*"

The South Bronx mission was the first in the United States for the Missionaries of Charity, the order of



Above: Daily chores of the convent include hanging out laundry and cooking. The novices of the order wear all-white saris. After eight years, final vows are taken and saris with blue stripes along the edge are worn. Top: Sister Akhila cooked fish for the 24 men who stay in the mission. Right: Sister Angelina gave thanks with Maria Guzman before a mid-morning meal that, with the help of the volunteers, provided food for about 175 men and women who show up at the door.



Roman Catholic religious women that Mother Teresa founded in Calcutta in 1950 to serve "the poorest of the poor." She won the 1979 Nobel Peace Prize for her work, and her sisters now serve in more than 40 countries.

She sent them to the Bronx and Harlem in 1971, to Detroit and St. Louis in 1979, to Miami in 1980 and to Newark and Washington last year. And in late April, she sent them to Jenkins, Kentucky, to begin their first rural mission in America.

The arrival of four Catholic sisters in a Kentucky town seldom raises eyebrows, but just as Mother Teresa is

extraordinary, so is curiosity about what the Jenkins mission will be like.

The South Bronx and Letcher County are different worlds, but at the Bronx mission one can learn things about the Missionaries of Charity that have little to do with geography.

An Oasis in the Bronx

A dozen sisters live in the narrow, old townhouse on East 145th Street. The chain-link fence in front is unlocked. People of the neighborhood into which tough New York cab drivers are reluctant to venture are free to pray in the

lush garden the sisters reclaimed from rubble.

Behind the convent's locked front door the sisters live with prudence and faith — they are as poor as those they serve. Their bare feet tread bare floors. Their only carpet is in the front room that serves as their chapel. Mirrors have been removed from medicine chests.

Away from the chapel, the sisters seem always to be in a hurry.

There is work to be done.

There is the rosary to be prayed.

"Mother always says we must *pray* the work, not just *do* the work," said



For those men with no means of support and nowhere to go, the mission offers a place to sleep while they look for work.



Hungry people have to wait outside the door of the mission until there is a seat available at the tables. After a number of people at the table change, the sisters give thanks for the food again. Opposite page: Mission volunteers attend a small noon Mass in the chapel of the men's shelter. In the evenings before dinner, there are prayer services for the sheltered men.

Sister Priscilla Lewis, North American superior.

"The work" at the mission includes a soup kitchen that serves a hot meal each morning and a snack at the door each afternoon; temporary emergency shelter and hot dinner for homeless men; a summer camp for children; home visits; and Sunday trips to Grand Central and Penn stations to look for people in need.

Mother Teresa's sisters dispense a combination of old-fashioned simple charity and old-fashioned Catholic devotions. Their work is tactical, not strategic: They put food in people's mouths; they don't fight causes of hunger.

To people who question the effectiveness of that approach, Mother Teresa has replied that those her sisters do feed otherwise might have nothing at all.

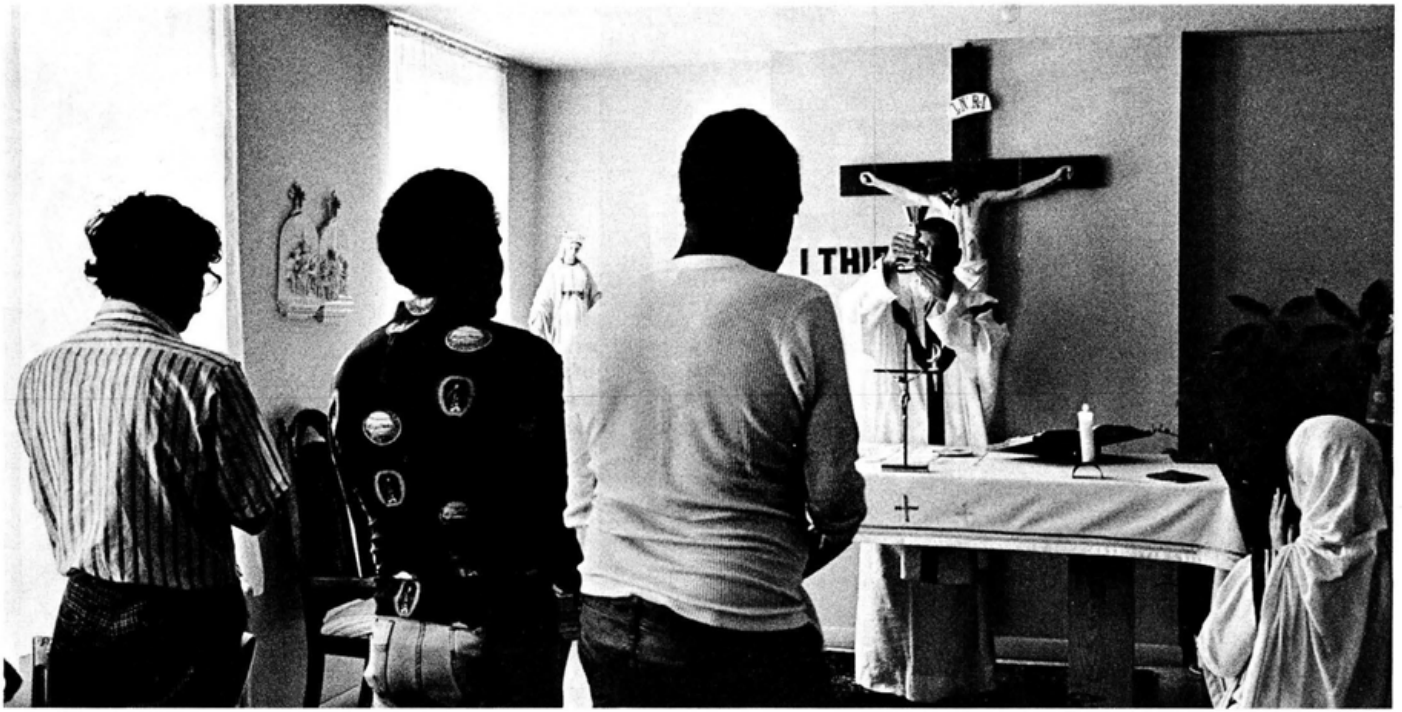
When they talk about "praying the work," they don't simply mean praying *while* they work, like whistling. Their work is a form of prayer. For a Missionary of Charity, handing someone a bowl of soup is as much an act of worship as it is a service to the other person.

Such worship takes strength, which Sister Priscilla said comes from the Holy Eucharist. Anthony Gallagher, a volunteer worker, said it comes from

the prayer life.

Bill Ratterman, a Bellarmine College student who recently spent 10 days doing volunteer work at the Bronx mission, believes much of the sisters' strength comes from their countless rosaries; their daily hour on their knees in adoration of what Catholics believe is the real presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, and their devotion to Mary.

He said the sisters have a "spirit and radiance" that he hadn't seen before. That has "caused me to re-evaluate and reconsider" those traditional devotions, which "I'd taken for granted or approached very nonchalantly."



A Shelter for the Needy

One recent morning, in the kitchen of Queen of Peace Home, Sister Angelina directed the preparation of the morning's hot meal for the hungry people.

A large cardboard box of garbage salvaged from the corner grocery yielded enough edible lettuce to make salad for most of the 171 people who were to be fed.

Sister Angelina led the rosary while she rushed about the kitchen.

"Hail, Mary, full of grace — Excuse me! — the Lord is with thee!"

Except for her sari, her praying and the purity of her language, Sister Angelina could be a mess sergeant — but not in the Army. If religious orders were military, the Missionaries of Charity would be Marines.

Before any food was served, Sister Angelina led the hungry people in prayer, "Especially for . . . people who have less than we have." They said the Our Father and the Hail Mary and sang *Ave Maria*.

"Each person who comes through the door is seen as Christ," said Gallagher, 26, who lives at the shelter.

Sometimes that's hard to do, he said, especially when the person he's supposed to see as Christ is being obnoxious. "Without the prayer life,

forget it," he said.

He said he wouldn't do what he does at the mission for a million dollars — only "for love."

Later, he put his words into practice when he answered the front door, long after serving hours.

"You owe me some bread!" a man shouted, claiming that Gallagher had promised him some, but had not delivered.

Gallagher explained that there was no bread. "Pray that something comes in, and if it does, you know you'll get it," he said.

The man stopped shouting and walked away peacefully.

About half the food — and the money that buys the rest — is donated. The sisters pray for it and it comes in. And it's treated as sacred. "Nothing is thrown out," Al Murray, another live-in volunteer, said. "If you can't find it, it's in the soup."

All resources are conserved: Napkins are paper towels cut into fourths. Light bulbs in the hallways are 15-watt, barely enough to see by.

Shortly after 5 p.m., Murray, a stocky, gray-haired former photographer from Toledo, handed out food and coffee at the front door. Men, women and children crowded the steps with hands outstretched for 62 cheese sandwiches. The next after-

noon the crowd got doughnuts, because that's what was donated.

Each evening, men to be sheltered answer Sister Angelina's roll call. In a lounge decorated with a homemade rosary whose beads are large wads of aluminum foil, they talk about job prospects, welfare applications and where they'll go when they're back on their feet.

And before dinner they have a prayer service.

Salvio Flores, 51, led part of the rosary in Spanish. He said if he weren't at the shelter, he'd be "in the woods. In the street." All the praying? The sisters "introduced me to something I should have known a long time ago."

John Yates, 83, had been sleeping in the subway.

Out on 146th Street, others talked about how they'd been helped.

Rafael Collazo, 33, called the mission "the miracle of the neighborhood." The sisters helped his wife get off drugs and alcohol and helped save their marriage.

Sister Angelina tried to help Maria Guzman and Richard Rivera — after Maria's tearful prayer — by arranging a conference with a priest. The couple had asked for carfare to get a birth certificate for a welfare application, but the sisters do not give out cash.



Top left: Maria Holder, an elderly Puerto Rican lady, is among the shut-ins the sisters visit in the community. Sister Theresina spoke in Spanish with her and helped her with her medicine. Above: While speaking with Mrs. Holder, Sister Theresina held her rosary. Bottom left: Sister Theresina comforted Maria Holder while she lamented the loss of her nephew killed two years ago during a grocery-store robbery. "He's in heaven," Sister Theresina said. "He's waiting for you to come."

Sister Angelina gave them rosaries.

"They're trying to help us," Rivera said. But first, "they want to make sure you want to *be* helped."

He's a plumber and she was the best typist in her high-school graduating class, but they said they can't find work. They lost their furniture — "worth \$200" — and nearly all else, in a fire. All they have they carry in an airline bag.

But "we got faith in God. We believe in him," she said. For her, the mission is an oasis of goodness.

And it's an oasis literally. Where two abandoned buildings once stood,

the sisters grow roses, rhododendrons, vegetables, grapes and a grove of sapling fruit trees. The sisters rescued from demolition the building that houses Queen of Peace Home.

A Comfort to Their Neighbors

Sisters leave their oasis daily to visit shut-ins. One recent morning, Sister Theresina and Sister Priscilla Parham walked through the forest of nearby housing-project towers to visit Maria Holder, who lives in a basement room next to a grocery store.

She is "about 90-95 or something. I

am old." Her small room contains a stove, refrigerator, sink, bed and table. From the ceiling hang Christmas holly, a basket of imitation fruit and a Budweiser sign — in Spanish — that slowly rotates.

On the wall hang portraits of FDR, John F. Kennedy and three dogs. Also two pictures of Jesus, four of the Blessed Virgin and one of Mother Teresa.

Sister Theresina helped Mrs. Holder take one of her pills. They talked in Spanish.

The old woman said she'd paid enough on the tombstone for her sis-



Left: Even when the sisters are out in public, they say the rosary. After their visits in the neighborhood, the sisters returned to the convent. Their day ends, as it began, with prayer.



ter and nephew to have it installed by Father's Day. She pulled out a document showing she'd paid \$200.25 since the nephew died nearly two years ago — shot through the heart in the hold-up of the grocery store where he worked.

"He's in heaven," Sister Theresina said. "He's waiting for you to come."

"My poor boy dead!" Mrs. Holder

said, weeping.

Sister Theresina put her hand on her shoulder and asked if they should pray in Spanish or English.

"I don't care. You pray."

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. . . .

Hail Mary, full of grace! . . .

Mrs. Holder wiped her eyes with her handkerchief.

Sister Theresina asked God to keep her "strong in faith and hope and love. Give her your peace and your joy."

"Come back, sister."

"We never forget you. You know that we always come." □

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Dealing With The Media

GRIFFIN B. BELL with RONALD J. OSTROW

Upon his arrival in Washington as attorney general, Griffin Bell discovered how much he did not know about operations in the nation's capital — especially when it came to dealing with “that Hydra-headed giant known as the Washington Press corps.” In this excerpt from *Taking Care of the Law*, Bell described his media baptism in Washington and his clash with national columnists.

Second of a two-part series.

Misdirected zeal does not afflict only reporters in the Washington press corps. Columnists can also be bitten by the bug. One such was William Safire, author of an occasionally clever, frequently acerbic and almost always critical column for *The New York Times*. Safire had been an aide in the Nixon White House, and many in the Carter administration counseled me against meeting with him because, they said, his column was just a never-ending apologia for the Nixon years. If Safire could demonstrate that other administrations played fast and loose with government, then the sins of the Nixon period would seem less sinful. Thus, he labeled the department I presided over as the “Carter Department of Political Justice.” In his thrusts at the President, the Democratic party and the department, he sought to make every allegation or investigation another Watergate. Thus, Safire hung the label “Koreagate” on the inquiry into alleged payoffs to Congressmen by a representative of the Korean CIA. Investigations involving President Carter’s brother, Billy, were shorthanded in Safire’s column as “Billygate.” Although Safire invariably ascribed the basest of political motives to those the Nixon White House would have regarded as enemies, there was frequently a germ of truth in his observations.

Despite the advice to the contrary, I talked several times with Safire. Although I found him charming and engaging, I had sufficient sense of self-preservation to keep my defenses up. Because I tried to treat him as I treated other journalists, I think he often gave me the benefit of doubt in his column. Frequently, when I figured in his pieces, he would append to my name, “though he is an honest man.” Maintaining direct lines of communication with Safire helped me and the department over the long run.

If I learned from my successes, I learned more from my errors. And it is not surprising that my darkest days as attorney general came from a case that could qualify as Exhibit A on how not to handle a media event. The case quickly became known as the Marston affair, named for the Republican-appointed U.S. attorney in Philadelphia, David W. Marston. The setback was so great that I seriously considered resigning from the Cabinet as an embarrassment the President did not deserve.

We made grave mistakes from start to finish in handling the matter. For one thing, I let the case simmer far too long without appreciating the context in which it was taking place. Because I had no sense of how it would play in the press, I failed to perceive it accurately on two levels. Locally — that is, in Philadelphia — I did not understand how much Marston had come to be regarded as an anticorruption crusader; and at the Washington level I did not foresee how the Marston affair would fit so well into Watergate-bred suspicions about public officials. To make the matter worse, I also neglected most of the techniques for dealing with the press that I cited earlier.

To understand the Marston affair, you have to go back to the 1976 Democratic convention where then-candidate Jimmy Carter told the platform committee that “all federal judges and prosecutors should be appointed strictly on the basis of merit without any consideration of political aspect or influence.” After the election and before the inauguration, he and I met with Senator James O. Eastland of Mississippi, the longtime chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee. Judges and U.S. attorneys are examined by that committee, and those proceedings, as I indicated earlier in the chapter, are a vehicle for the exercise of Senate patronage. Eastland agreed to support the naming of commissions to pick candidates for the federal circuit courts of appeal — a first step in delivering on the President’s pledge to introduce a merit system. No such agreement was reached on district court judges or U.S. attorneys. Thus, the President followed the practice

of his predecessors and selected U.S. attorneys by relying on the recommendations of Democratic senators. If a state was unwise enough to have no Democratic senators, President Carter would turn to the congressional delegation or to the political committee of the state concerned. By the time of the Marston affair, we had named about seventy U.S. attorneys — all of them Democrats — and had retained about twenty — most of them Republicans — that the preceding Republican administration had put in office.



David W. Marston, then thirty-five years of age, was an unlikely character to play the role of nonpartisan white knight to my partisan black knight. The series of incidents that followed set back by months my attempt to gain control of the Justice Department and to make it recognized as a neutral zone in government. After being beaten twice in races for the Pennsylvania legislature, Marston in 1973 joined the staff of Senator Richard Schweiker, Republican of Pennsylvania, as a legislative aide. Three years later, in the waning days of the Ford administration, Schweiker was instrumental in his being appointed U.S. attorney in Philadelphia. When Jimmy Carter won the election, one would have thought Marston's days as U.S. attorney were numbered. It was customary for U.S. attorneys to submit their resignations, although we did invite them and their hundreds of assistants to advise us if they wanted to be considered for retention under a merit system. Marston, in my view, was not likely to be retained. Not only had he come to the job straight from a Republican senator's office, which made his appointment appear political, but he had no trial or prosecutorial experience.

We did not move immediately to replace Marston, however. Mike Egan, the associate attorney general who normally handled such matters, and Pete Flaherty, the deputy attorney general and a veteran Pennsylvania political figure, both advised against removing him. Marston had taken over an office blessed with some of the

top federal prosecutors in the country as assistant U.S. attorneys. The FBI field office on which he depended for investigations was probably the most vigorous we had; it was headed by a maverick, Neil Welch, who aspired to be head of the FBI and who became a key Marston ally. And the target of their efforts was one of the most notorious systems of political corruption in the United States. Historically, state and local prosecutors had been removed when they grew too serious about rooting out corruption. The highly skilled lawyers under Marston, however, successfully prosecuted such powerful Democratic Philadelphia state legislators as former House Speaker Herbert Fineman and State Senator Henry J. Cianfrani. Egan and Flaherty warned that removing Marston would touch off a media furor. Another factor that delayed action was that the Democratic congressional delegation from Pennsylvania — the state had no Democratic senators — was split over who should succeed Marston, though the congressmen undeniably wanted Marston out. Representative Joshua Eilberg of Philadelphia, an important Democrat on the Judiciary Committee, told me repeatedly in the spring of 1977 how unhappy he was over seeing Marston still in office.

In June of 1977, trying to soothe the unhappy congressional delegation, I offered the job to Jerome Shestack, a Philadelphia lawyer of considerable repute. He turned me down, suggesting we leave Marston alone because the U.S. Attorney's Office had just begun an especially sensitive brutality case against the Philadelphia Police Department. Replacing Marston might be misinterpreted as a move to undermine the case. I decided to continue searching for a replacement and to retain Marston at least for the rest of the year.

But Eilberg had grown unhappy with me over my failure to act and over my opposition to his proposals for "reforming" grand juries. On November 4, 1977, he telephoned President Carter and said that Marston had to go. Eilberg gave no reason, and the President didn't ask. Instead, he called me in the attorney general's limousine as I was headed for shopping at Brooks Brothers in Washington. Knowing the radio phone lines were not secure, I rode on to the store and spoke to the President from the manager's office. The President said there was pressure from Democrats in Pennsylvania to replace Marston and asked why it had taken so long. I told him that I had stopped talking with Eilberg. He replied, "I know. That's why I had to take his call." Aware of Eilberg's abiding interest in replacing Marston, Frank Moore, assistant to the President for congressional relations, was flabbergasted that Eilberg had got through to the President. I think Jimmy Carter talked with Eilberg because he badly wanted the congressman's support for pending energy legislation and because Eilberg was chairman of the House Judiciary Subcommittee on Immigration, Refugees and International Law, another area the President was trying to reform.

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Neither the President nor I knew when Eilberg urged the President to oust Marston that the congressman's law firm was involved in an investigation by Marston's office into irregularities in the construction of Hahnemann Hospital in Philadelphia. But in the afterglow of Watergate, the Caesar's wife, cleaner-than-a-hound's-tooth doctrine prevailed, and appearances became more important than reality. Hahnemann Hospital was being built with a \$14.5 million federal grant and \$39.5 million from state and local agencies that had been obtained with the assistance of Eilberg's law firm. The investigation, in a very preliminary stage at the time, was not targeted at Eilberg; nor was he even considered one of the subjects of the probe. In August, two and one-half months earlier, an aide to Marston had mentioned to an official in the Justice Department's Criminal Division that a unit of the U.S. Attorney's Office in Philadelphia was investigating a transaction that might involve Eilberg. Later testimony established that I had no knowledge of that investigation until the following January, a key month in the Marston affair.

My response to the President's call was to advise Egan that the President wanted Marston's removal expedited. A few days later, while Marston was in Washington attending a conference for U.S. attorneys, Egan told him he would be removed because of "pressure from on high."

Nearly two months afterward, on January 8, 1978, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* reported that I was trying to replace Marston — at the urging of Congressman Eilberg who, the newspaper noted, was connected with an investigation being conducted by Marston's office. Four days later, President Carter told a news conference that he had "not interfered at all" in the Marston matter and that he had not discussed "the case" with me. Only when pressed did the President concede that he had spoken with Eilberg, that Eilberg had asked that Marston be removed quickly and that the President had then telephoned me. Trying to limit the damage, I immediately held a press conference and pointed out Marston's shortcomings, saying it was my intention from the start of the administration to replace him. Moreover, I said I knew of no investigation involving Eilberg and that if there was one Marston had been "negligent" in not telling me about it. Later, I came to modify that view, realizing that it had been my own Department of Justice staff that had neglected to tell me of the investigation related to Eilberg. To prevent a recurrence of that kind of disaster, I set up a system under which I would be notified whenever a "public figure or entity" became the subject of a Justice Department investigation.

It took me several days to confirm that Eilberg was being investigated. President Carter made matters worse by telling a group of Democratic congressmen, one of whom relayed it to the press, that the Justice Department had not been able to establish that Eilberg was under

investigation. Marston then told reporters we were "dead wrong" in stating we could find no investigation of the congressman. Despite the beating we were taking, I remained convinced that Marston had to leave. I sent three department lawyers to Philadelphia to assess whether the decision to replace Marston had jeopardized investigations into political corruption in Pennsylvania. They reported that over the long run replacing him would not affect the investigation, though one said it could cause problems in the short run.



Marston agreed to come to Washington to meet with me, an invitation that was another mistake on my part. Setting up a confrontation between the attorney general and a young, rebellious U.S. attorney escalated the conflict. Instead of getting directly involved myself, I should have dealt with Marston through an agent, removing the newsworthy person of the attorney general. This would have led reporters to downplay the event as a news story and allowed the public to focus on issues rather than on personalities.

The media's interest in the confrontation was further whetted when Marston and an aide were delayed for several hours through no fault of their own, and reporters, cameramen and television technicians paced the corridor of the department outside my office waiting and swapping speculation and rumor. In our meeting, I asked Marston to remain in his job until a replacement could be appointed. I told him his successor would have to be at least Marston's equal in ability, character and integrity, and that I would have to be convinced that replacing him would not impede any investigation or prosecution. Marston turned down the bid to stay in his job, saying he would remain only on condition that he serve a full four-year term. This amounted to a subordinate dictating terms to his superior, and I could not go along with it. Marston stepped out into the corridor and told reporters who engulfed him that he had been "fired."

That's where I made another big mistake. Forgetting the emphasis on openness and accessibility, I did not step out into the hallway — or have a subordinate do so — to challenge Marston's account. I, in effect, abandoned the field. When we finally figured out that it looked as if we had fired Marston peremptorily and issued a statement listing the facts, it was too late — at least for the television journalists. They reported on the evening news a few hours later that Marston had been fired. There was time for some print reporters to learn the truth and produce accurate accounts, which took note of Marston's misrepresentation. But an estimated 80 percent of Americans depend on television — not newspapers — for their prime source of information.

A few days later, I learned on a flight across the country to Portland, Oregon, how costly the Marston affair had been. The pilot of the United Airlines flight came back to the passenger cabin and stopped at my chair. He said he had written President Carter a letter to protest the discharge of Marston. When I asked why, he said: "I really felt deeply grieved that the President interfered with a pending prosecution of a congressman and helped him."

"Do you really believe that?" I responded.

"That's the way it looked," he said.

I felt terrible in reflecting that when the President contacted me about Eilberg's call to him, I didn't know enough facts to say immediately: "Mr. President, you shouldn't have had that conversation with Congressman Eilberg. He's under investigation." As I told my staff at the end of the Marston episode: "If I were the President, I believe that I'd find me another attorney general, one who could find out what's going on around his department."

There are two postscripts to the Marston affair that should be noted. Marston declared his candidacy for governor of Pennsylvania two months after he left his U.S. attorney's post. He lost in the Republican primary. In November 1979, he made his fourth try for elective office and lost in the general election his bid to be mayor of Philadelphia. As for Eilberg the House Ethics Committee charged him in September of 1978 with accepting more than one hundred thousand dollars from his law firm in connection with its work for Hahnemann Hospital. He lost his reelection contest in November after federal prosecutors — under the leadership of the new U.S. attorney in Philadelphia, Peter Vaira, an experienced prosecutor and a veteran of ten years in the Justice Department who had no public association with partisan politics — obtained a grand jury indictment of him for conflict of interest in receiving compensation for advocating private cases before a federal agency. He pleaded guilty and was placed on probation for five years and was fined ten thousand dollars. Eilberg, under terms of the statute to which he pleaded guilty, was barred for life from holding any federal office.

If Marston serves as Exhibit A of how not to handle a media firestorm, my dealings with Jack Anderson could stand as Exhibit A of how a public official should respond to an error-prone gossip columnist whose writings are widely carried nationally. But the column is just the base of what *The Wall Street Journal* described as "a veritable multimedia conglomerate." Anderson appears several times a week on network television and radio, lectures for fees around three thousand dollars, and spawns various entrepreneurial projects under the umbrella of journalism.

As with Safire, I invited Anderson to an early lunch at the department for a general discussion. Ironically, I told Anderson at this first lunch that he was then President Carter's favorite columnist. I did not know that Anderson had by this point already approached Ben Civiletti,

assistant attorney general in charge of the Criminal Division, with the message that Anderson would be "favorable" to him in his column and broadcasts in return

In the afterglow of Watergate, the Caesar's wife, cleaner-than-a-hound's-tooth doctrine prevailed, and appearances became more important than reality.

for "good information." Civiletti turned him down flat.

The battle I eventually had with Anderson illustrates what I think are several important points. Not least of these is that there are times, as I wrote earlier, that a public official must confront the media head-on for the good of both.

To go after a widely circulated journalistic falsehood with hammer and tongs is no denigration of the First Amendment, the role of the press in our society, or the public interest. To do so bolsters each. The Supreme Court, in its landmark decision of *New York Times v. Sullivan* in 1963, held that the Constitution required that before a public official can recover for libel he must show that the libelous statement was made with knowledge of its falsity or with reckless disregard of whether it was false or not. This rule was based in part on the greater access that public officials enjoy to channels of effective communication, giving them a more realistic opportunity to counteract false statements than private individuals normally enjoy. Though the opportunity for rebuttal seldom suffices to undo the defamatory falsehood, there are times when all available access should be used in an attempt for the truth to catch up with the lie.

My major clash with Anderson was over Robert L. Vesco, a financier who fled the United States in 1972 to avoid being tried on charges that he and associates had looted \$224 million from Investors Overseas Services, a foreign-based mutual fund, and had made a \$200,000 illegal contribution to President Nixon's 1972 reelection campaign. The stakes were a lot higher for me in the struggle with Anderson than in the Marston affair, because Anderson initially alleged that high administration officials were involved with a criminal in what amounted to old-fashioned corruption.

We first heard of Anderson's allegation late on Friday, September 8, 1978, while President Carter huddled with Anwar Sadat and Menachem Begin at Camp David, hammering out what became the Camp David Accords.

continued on page 55

Endangered Species

DAVID LAMB

The independence era dawned over black Africa two decades ago and in the flush of victory the new presidents promised their people many things: Constitutions, they said, would be respected; human rights would be observed; newspapers would remain free and competitive.

One by one those pillars of a free society were uprooted. Constitutions were abolished and replaced by one-party mandates. Human rights were ignored, the victim of soldier-presidents who understood only the power of the gun. And the free press died too, transformed almost overnight into an organ of propaganda for various governments run by self-appointed presidents-for-life.

Today the role of newspapers in black Africa has declined so dramatically that they have little significance in society. People no longer ask what the future of the press is in black Africa; they ask instead if it has any future at all. And regardless of what yardstick you use, it is difficult to find much room for optimism.

In the mid-1960's, according to the International Press Institute, there were 299 daily newspapers in Africa. That figure includes about forty papers in the Arab states, mostly Egypt, and about thirty in the white-ruled areas of southern Africa. By the early 1980's, only 150 dailies were left on the continent and the shrinkage had occurred almost exclusively in black Africa. Nine countries had no newspaper at all.

The combined daily circulation of the papers in Africa fell during that period from well over three million to two million. Thus, the circulation on a continent of 455 million people is only two-thirds of what a single London newspaper, the *Daily Mirror*, sells in a day.

There are several factors that help explain what is, for all practical purposes, the death of the African newspaper: An illiteracy rate that runs as high as 90 percent in some

African countries; the emergence of radio as the most powerful communications medium on the continent; the high cost of importing newsprint from Europe; and the absence of daily or weekly newspapers in the rural areas, where the majority of people live. All this has made newspapers an amenity of the city elite.

But the most important factor — and the most unsettling one — is simply that the vast majority of Africa's fifty governments consider any independent, questioning voice to be a potential threat. So the governments quickly took control of the media, eliminating opposition newspapers and using the sole official daily not to inform the people, but to manipulate, organize and control them. Here is how an official communiqué from the Republic of Somalia defines the role of the press: "It is the function of the nation's mass communications media to weld the entire community into a single entity, a people of the same mind and possessed of the same determination to safeguard the national interests."

For a Westerner, this is pretty scary, Orwellian stuff, but not so for Africans. Their newspapers are written and edited by civil servants, not independent reporters, and their contents are as unbiased as something a U.S. political party might publish during an election campaign. The news is all good: windy speeches by various officials are printed with painstaking accuracy, and four or five photographs of the president may appear in the same edition. When Somalia invaded Ethiopia's Ogaden region in 1977, for instance, and moved unchecked through the crumbling Ethiopian defenses, readers of the *Ethiopian Herald* knew nothing about the advance; the *Herald* simply carried no stories on the subject. It was not until Ethiopia took the offensive that the paper started covering the war, but even then it made no mention of the fact that Russian advisers and Cuban troops were on the front lines leading the Ethiopians — a fact that was capturing page-one headlines in Europe and the United States.

Except in Nigeria — where the black press dates back to a paper called *Iwe Irohin* first printed in 1859 — the early newspapers on the continent were published by colonialists for colonialists. They bequeathed to Africa's young nations an independent, competitive press, which, at independence, was the first of the Western-style insti-

David Lamb, Nieman Fellow '81, was bureau chief in Nairobi, Kenya, from 1976-80 for The Los Angeles Times and has been in Cairo, Egypt, in the same capacity since January 1982. This article is adapted from his book The Africans, to be published in December by Random House.

tutions to fall, for that was the one tool the new, insecure governments most needed to exploit the uneducated masses. Nigeria's first government needed only one year to forget its proud journalistic history in favor of a course that stifled critical comment.

In 1961 the High Court of Lagos found journalist Chike Obi, the "Thomas Paine of Nigeria," guilty of sedition as a result of a pamphlet he published entitled, "The People: Facts That You Must Know." The seditious section that resulted in Obi's imprisonment read:

Down with the enemies of the people, the exploiters of the weak and the oppressors of the poor! The days of those who have enriched themselves at the expense of the poor are numbered. The common man in Nigeria can today no longer be fooled by sweet talk at election time only to be exploited and treated like dirt after the booty of office has been shared.

The story across the rest of Africa is not much different, even today. President Hastings Banda of Malawi jailed virtually the whole nongovernmental press corps in the mid-1970's. President Kenneth Kaunda appoints and

fires newspaper editors in Zambia. In countries such as Uganda and Zaire journalists shuttle in and out of jail so regularly that their families don't even ask where they have been when they reappear after an absence of several days. In Equatorial Guinea, the late president, Macias Nguema Biyogo went one step father: by the time he was overthrown by his cousin and killed in 1979, all journalists in the country had been murdered or were in exile.

Are there any bright spots amid the gloom? A few perhaps. Kenya and Nigeria each have competing newspapers that are largely untouched by government censors (though individual reporters are mindful of the need for self-censorship), and at least half a dozen countries have produced talented journalists who would have influential voices if they were working anywhere else but in Africa.

But just as the free press was the first institution in black Africa to fall, I'm afraid it will be the last to be resurrected. Before one can even contemplate a renewed role for newspapers, governments will have to become more secure, leaders more tolerant, the masses more educated. Only then will the African journalist have a chance to be a real journalist. □

South African Journalists Detained

Joseph Thloloe, who was awarded the Louis M. Lyons award for conscience and integrity in journalism by the Nieman Class of 1982, was detained along with two other black South African journalists and held for two days before their names were made public. Thloloe is a founding member of the Media Workers Association of South Africa, the black press workers' organization.

In *The New York Times* of June 27, Joseph Lelyveld (writing from South Africa) described the government's detention of the three journalists, who were held by the Security Police for interrogation. The names of the detainees were made public on June 26. As we go to press, in mid-August, Thloloe and the others have not yet been released.

According to Lelyveld, this is believed to be the first time the authorities had tried to use a broad power to prohibit the identification of detained people on the ground that it could interfere with efforts to "combat terroristic activities." Newspapers are often unable to find out about the arrests; the police are under no obligation to disclose them.

A person arrested without charge for interrogation in a security matter already has no recourse to a lawyer, the courts, or relatives. Indefinite detention is possible under the provisions of the old Terrorism Act, which have been retained in a newly enacted omnibus statute called the Internal Security Act. Thus the ability of

newspapers to report arrests has been virtually the only assurance an arrested person has had that the security police eventually might have to account for the way in which they used their arbitrary power.

Journalists in South Africa now fear that the prohibition of publication is a kind of trial run for what may become a routine practice. In this instance, the names of the three detained journalists had already been broadcast by at least one radio station and carried by the South African Press Association, the national news agency, when instructions were first given to *The Natal Mercury* forbidding it to print the names. The South African Society of Journalists said the use of the Police Act power meant that people could now disappear without trace.

The arrested journalists named by the police on June 26th were Joe Thloloe, a former reporter on *The Sowetan*, who in 1981 was barred from writing for newspapers, or even entering the premises of a newspaper, under what is known as a banning order; Quariash Patel, a reporter on *The Natal Daily News*; and Vas Soni, a copy editor on *The Post* in Durban.

Protests against these detainments, and especially that of Joe Thloloe, may be sent to AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL, attention of Ms. Susan Saur, Postgiro 5002530, Oslo, Norway. □

Rethinking Conservatism And Other Virtues

A. LAWRENCE CHICKERING

We are close to the point where libertarian and traditionalist values intersect absolutely.

Ronald Reagan's election brought to the White House the first self-confessed conservative in more than half a century. His election, combined with recent political trends, accounts for the large increase in popular curiosity about this strange beast called "conservatism," whose political role in recent memory has been limited to noble opposition.

The task of defining conservatism is not an easy one; even many leading conservative theoreticians and thinkers have long since given up as hopeless their attempts to state a comprehensive theory of American conservatism.

But people keep trying. One notable effort, by the late Clinton Rossiter — who was not one of the breed — has just been reprinted (*Conservatism in America*, Harvard University Press, 1982) with a new foreword by George Will. Unfortunately, this 1962 book (itself a rewritten version of the original published in 1955) raises more questions than it answers.

The most obvious problem with a reprint of a 1962 book is its failure to account for the intervening twenty years — a period of convulsive change in American politics. The events of those two decades — specifically the rupture of the Old Left and the splitting off of both the New Left and neoconservatives — have brought changes that confuse most attempts to understand those years in terms of the preceding period.

Another question raised by Rossiter's analysis — as well as by most other writing on the subject — presents a

deeper, conceptual problem: How to accommodate and integrate the two great themes of twentieth-century conservatism — traditionalism, with its commitment to order, community, and gradual change; and libertarianism, bent on encouraging freedom, individualism, and (frequently) convulsive change? Is it possible to find common ground between the commitment of one group — libertarians — to modernist values of reason, individualism, and progress; and of the other — traditionalists — who diagnose the modern torment as precisely an invasion by those same (liberal/libertarian) values on pre-modern virtues (e.g., religious faith)? To put the point in strongest terms, could you increase the apparent *differences* between them?

Most analysts, including Rossiter and Will in this book, make no effort to integrate these ideologies. For them, "conservatism" means traditionalism, plain and simple, and they thus regard the entire world of libertarian and free market economics as an unfortunate distraction; a vulgarization of conservatism's noble tradition.

At a practical policy level, of course, the tension between libertarians (especially free market economists) and traditionalists (including moderate neoconservatives and the more extreme New Right) is explicit and obvious, and becomes particularly bitter on the so-called social issues such as the draft, abortion, and school prayer.

As libertarians themselves would be the first to affirm, the inclination of Rossiter, Will, and others to banish the libertarians and free marketeers from the conservative camp does make some conceptual sense. But to exclude the economists conflicts with the way most people use the word "conservative." If we exclude economists from the definition of "conservative," the Reagan administration lost its "conservative" mantle the moment it made

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economics, rather than social issues, the centerpiece of its first-year program. In fact, much bitterness has been caused in the hierarchy of the New Right by the administration's obvious avoidance of "social issues."

If libertarians and free market economists are included in the conservative camp, does that guarantee incoherence? Or can libertarianism and traditionalism somehow be made conceptually consistent? Is there a point at which they come together — even if that point can be found only in some distant utopia?

A Residual Category

Many people who make no effort to integrate the libertarian and traditionalist branches of the conservative movement are content to observe the common opposition of both to liberalism, and leave it at that. In this view, conservatism is no more than a residual category — a collection of wildly different people, united only by their opposition to a (liberal) vision of idealism and progress which depends on the central state as its principal instrument. While it is true that traditionalists will rely on the state to encourage traditional morality, in their view, the state's role is definitely subsidiary to that of "mediating institutions" such as the family and church.

The "residual category" view of conservatism has some appeal, but it also produces apparent anomalies, the most obvious being that in fundamental respects the New Left and its political instrument, the New Politics, are also opposed to the traditional corporate statist vision of the Old Left. In fact, the New Left opposes the Old on a whole series of issues that have been central to progressive thinking since the Enlightenment of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The advent of the New Left set off a fundamental rethinking of progressivism, and the ensuing conflict continues into the present. In the 1960's, the New Left abandoned the major tenets of progressive thinking, including the belief in reason, progress, individualism, science, and the right of man to dominate nature. In their place appeared "new" ideas with a very familiar ring: religion was rediscovered; people argued the value of service to something larger than man (nature); and community replaced individualism as the central value (especially in small communities that provided shelter and a sense of belonging for people who felt besieged by large corporate structures — whether business, labor, or government).

Many of these New Left positions seemed "conservative," and indeed many of them were. But it was still difficult to include the New Left in the "residual category" concept of conservatism because in the end, the New Left was still wedded — to a reduced extent — to the central

state to realize its purposes. For the New Left, the environmental movement took over from the more traditional Left idealism based on rationalized commitments to social justice. Although the New Left understood better than the Old the limitations of state action, New Left political leaders (such as California's Governor Jerry Brown) still showed a considerable enthusiasm to use the

The New Left opposes the Old Left on a whole series of issues that have been central to progressive thinking for centuries.

state to push their ideals. Nevertheless, despite this inclination to use the state, they have remained suspicious of centralized political authority — a suspicion which has great importance in current political discourse.

The Conservative Vision

Libertarians and traditionalists share a common opposition to the liberal belief that progress and idealism, however defined, must be engineered collectively, by the central state. In this opposition — what James Q. Wilson refers to as the "politics of subtraction" — conservatives are often described as lacking compassion, lacking idealism, lacking an instinct or desire for progress. If conservatives' principal virtues are "negative" — encouraging limits rather than possibilities — it is liberals' "positive" virtues, encouraged by the state, that are central to Rossiter's repeated claim that America is a liberal country that owes its progress to liberalism and its stability to conservatism (for slowing the rate of change; steadying the course).

This perspective of conservatism as lacking affirmative virtues reflects the Old Left collectivist sensibility, a sensibility embodied in the phrase "scientific socialism," criticized in the 1960's by the New Left as centralized, unitary, oftentimes soulless; a world of rigid, rationalized uniformity — in a word, "scientific." In this unitary vision social tolerances and pluralism were impossible.

In the 1960's, the emerging New Left, for all its problems and excesses, nevertheless by its emphasis on localism showed the Left establishment that idealism and progress can be realized in small, localized ways — in a traditional bourgeois family, for example, as much as in a rural commune. The vision of the New Left made us all a

bit more socially tolerant, I think — raising for the first time in memory the possibility of a genuine social and cultural pluralism.

While the New Left did not discard altogether the Left's traditional reliance on the state, its relentless assaults on the Old, rationalized view of idealism diversified the institutions of progress and thus had a great impact on the political and philosophical idiom. By no means "conservative," the New Left nevertheless gave an enormous boost to the underlying decentralist values that united libertarians and traditionalists in the 1960's. The unitary vision of progress began to break down, and it was becoming possible to see the world of idealism and progress very differently from most intellectuals had seen it since the Enlightenment.

Although the opening of the conservative vision to the vocabulary of idealism may seem surprising and counter-intuitive to some, there is, in fact, no higher idealism than the hope that individuals, left free, will choose the good. On the other hand, only such idealism holds out hope for an advancing moral sensibility: "idealism" forced on people is not only not idealistic, it is not even moral. The possibility of moral action depends on free choice; without free choice, no such possibility exists.

It is important to stress here that the social rules facing private action must confront private decision-makers with the full costs associated with their acts. Additionally, social rules must be neutral, which requires a public legal system that maintains such neutrality. This is especially important in situations that involve what economists call "external effects" or "externalities" — as found, for example, in environmental concerns about pollution. This point is critical: the most persuasive statements of conservative thought in this arena are identical with the economist's standard analysis, which does not propose absolute reliance on the market in all situations. As an environmental problem, pollution is one among many instances of "market failure" that justifies corrective state action. It is important to note, however, that the existence of a problem does not imply, *ipso facto*, that a reasonable solution exists. If the solution costs more than the problem, as many do, it may be better to live with the problem.

The Decline of Determinism in the Social Sciences

Conservative idealism rests, of course, on a commitment to individual responsibility. This idealism has been encouraged, again by the Left, in another counter-intuitive way, by recent developments in the social sciences.

In the beginning, and as recently as the 1920's, the subject matter now covered by the social sciences was divided between university history and philosophy de-

partments, reflecting the absence of any notion of a value-free social science. Until only recently, the conviction reigned that there were deep value questions to be considered in any serious attempt to understand the human condition.

"Science" would not be denied, however, and it was not long before the social sciences had independent status, reflecting a widespread belief that all human action was socially determined. ("Faith," in one form at least, was not dead after all.) In psychology, Freud and the behaviorists carried the determinist banner; the broad deterministic world-view that underlay psychology also underlay the reigning political idealism. Social problems — crime, for instance — required social solutions, backed by "science." Since this deterministic perspective held individual responsibility to be superstition held over from pre-modern religious belief, it became easy to understand how social solutions superintended by the state came to be regarded as embodying the highest idealism.

It is no secret that for several decades now, social science determinism has been under attack *from the Left*. The attack has been especially vigorous in psychology, with the rise of the "Third Force" psychology of Abraham Maslow, Carl Rogers, Rollo May, Gordon Allport, and others. The Esalen Institute in Big Sur, California, symbolized this new intellectual movement, which explored and affirmed the importance and possibility of personal freedom and responsibility in human action. And as this movement progressed, many of the intellectual and philosophical underpinnings of the corporate liberal vision began to erode. It is not surprising that a concept of personal responsibility has reentered the intellectual vocabulary in the wake of this movement. Although this confluence may appear an absurd coincidence to conservatives who regard the Esalen Institute and its constituency, the New Left, as perfect symbols for the collapse of traditional standards of morality during the 1960's, it is no mere coincidence, and it is anything but absurd.

We are close to the point where the traditionalist and libertarian visions intersect absolutely. Recall that traditionalism and libertarianism really involve two intrinsically different properties. Traditionalists concern themselves essentially with *substance* — substantive values, idealism, lifestyles; while libertarians limit their focus to the *process* of liberty — the importance of free choice. In a society of perfect freedom, therefore, nothing would prevent an individual from *choosing* an absolutely traditionalist lifestyle and values. It is no inconsistency to imagine a rabid libertarian, absolutely committed to absolute free market capitalism — a system maximizing free choice and the ability of free individuals to choose what they want to value, material or nonmaterial — electing to become a monk, and taking a vow of poverty. In fact, as already argued, only with free choice can the decision to embrace asceticism reach full moral and spiritual significance.

If one accepts the full implications of this point about the essential relation between freedom and moral action, then serious questions arise about the role of strict traditionalism — that is, strict institutions and values that depend on blind faith and the denial of free choice. And regardless of what one thinks about the moral importance of free choice, in a world where increasing numbers of people are demanding the right to choose as the price of their consent, conservatives ignore free choice at their own peril. This empirical fact is causing serious problems for traditional (particularly religious) authorities, who have never had to deal with it before. The burden of authority, however, is precisely analogous to the burden borne by parents of adolescent children who rebel while searching for values they can call their own. Such rebellion is usually not substantive, but is a critical part of becoming an adult. Both the substantive values (to which many return after adolescent rebellion) and the process of free choice are important — both the traditionalist and the libertarian perspectives.

Again, it may seem utopian to hope that free people will choose the good. But such is the way of all visions of genuine idealism. Is there a place in this idealism for the contemporary descendants of the 1960's New Left and of the Esalen Institute? There is. One need only look to such movements as the antideterminist currents in humanistic psychology, which are concerned with exploring how we should use the freedom that Dostoyevsky's Grand Inquisitor correctly argues is tormenting us. Most such exploration is now taking place on the Left, and much of it ends with values that are remarkably traditional (e.g., the widespread interest in Eastern religion).

It is in the nature of these matters that labels serve understanding very little here. For instance, how do those obsessed with labels classify sociologist and theologian Peter L. Berger, whose book is entitled *The Heretical Imperative*? The answer has to do with the fact that the word "heretical" comes from the Greek word meaning "to choose": Berger's perspective, like the analysis given here, spans both the traditionalists' emphasis on substantive religious values and the libertarian focus on the importance of freedom to choose those religious values. Although widely considered a "conservative" (partly because he publishes regularly in publications such as *Commentary*), the reader will have no trouble understanding why Berger considers himself in the *liberal* theological tradition. There are pieces of all three movements here — traditionalist, with its emphasis on certain substantive values; libertarian, with its emphasis on free choice; and modern liberal, which contains elements of both.

Many exciting intellectual and philosophical currents, with origins in the tumultuous 1960's, are now flowing in our contemporary culture. It is time for a rethinking of "conservatism." But then it is also time to rethink its apparent opposite, "liberalism." □

Syntax's Tack

Syntax Returns Home After Disappearance

Michael P. Syntax, 62, Maple Heights advertising executive who disappeared May 24, is back home. He returned Sunday, according to his wife, Doxie, who said he has resumed working.

Syntax was not available for comment. But in a prepared statement he said he did not recall how he "strayed to the Veterans Hospital in Houston, Tex."

He said that no political threats were involved in his disappearance. He had attended a political meeting the night he disappeared. He is a Democratic precinct committeeman.

Mrs. Syntax told The Plain Dealer she did not want to say anything more about the incident because she is still "too upset." She said her husband's spirits were good.

—The (Cleveland) Plain Dealer

Syntax is back
And Doxie's got him.
She would know
If it were not him.

"He preferred
[I don't agree]
Sin tactics to
Doxology."

Loose, he strayed,
Unlike he useta, 'n'
In a while
Popped up in Houston.

I say, he left
Ohio bound to
Make some point
He will come round to.

Spirits good,
He lay with vets,
Ruling out
Political threats.

There are those
Who roam like gypsies;
And there are those
Who make ellipses.

Did he tire
Of constant tense
Agreement? Take
His leave of sense?

He may have been
To Maine, or Mars.
Give him time.
Syntax will parse.

"The answer needn't
Be rabbinic.
Simple error,"
Says the cynic.

—Roy Blount Jr.

Roy Blount Jr. received an A.M. degree from Harvard in 1964, has written frequently for Sports Illustrated, Inside Sports, and other magazines, and is author of Crackers, among other books. "Syntax's tack" will appear in a collection of his prose and verse to be published by Atlantic-Little, Brown in October.

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Looking for Bang Bang

HOWARD CHAPNICK

Photojournalists are flocking to trouble spots like El Salvador, and too many are not returning alive. Are the results of war photography today really worth the risks?

War, poverty, and misery are the seductive mistresses of photojournalism. They reflect the conflict and drama of man's life-and-death struggle for survival. Chief among this troika of visually loaded subject matter is the ultimate obscenity of man's creativity — war.

Even before the camera was perfected and the war photographers of the nineteenth and twentieth century began recording their historic images, there were war-correspondent-artists whose sketches tried to recreate what their eyes had seen. The camera had obvious advantages over the sketch-book in immediacy and credibility. Since Roger Fenton first made his comparatively static photographs of

the Crimean War, the photojournalist has been "looking for bang-bang" with increasing vigor and intensity.

In the photojournalistic vernacular, "bang-bang" is synonymous with action, the capturing of moments that will approximate the historic and famous Robert Capa photograph showing the instant of impact of a bullet on a Spanish Civil War soldier. Editors revel in "bang-bang" pictures, readers are fascinated by them, and photographers will frequently take life-threatening risks and even die in their efforts to procure them.

There are many thoughtful people in journalism who are beginning to question the high price of reckless coverage of every two-bit war that erupts on Planet Earth. That reckless-

ness is spawned by a journalistic climate that rewards rash and imprudent judgment with instant fame and fortune. No self-respecting journalist committed to reporting on world events will deny the validity, indeed the responsibility, of editors, writers, and photographers to cover these wars. Those words and pictures enlighten the present and record the cumulative saga of man's time on earth.

Conversely, no self-respecting human being will not be saddened by the litany of gifted writers, photographers, and television cameramen who have been seriously wounded or died. The list of dead and wounded photographers has grown too long. Voices are emerging throughout the journalistic community in the hope of reducing the dangers inherent in covering these high-risk areas.

Such a voice is that of Don McCullin, the most important English photojournalist of our time. His photographs of the impact of war in Vietnam, Cyprus, The Congo, Biafra, and Lebanon are a compelling indictment against war, if indeed war needs further indictment.

McCullin has taken his chances, but writes in his book, *Homecoming*, "I don't believe you can see what's beyond the edge unless you put your head over it; I've many times been right up to the precipice, not even a

Howard Chapnick has been president (since 1964) of Black Star Publishing Company, an agency whose photographers' work frequently appears in Life, Fortune, Time, Newsweek, and other international publications.

As well as being a regular member of the annual University of Missouri Photographic Workshop, Mr. Chapnick has given many lectures at other universities, and led a photo workshop at the New School of Social Research in New York.

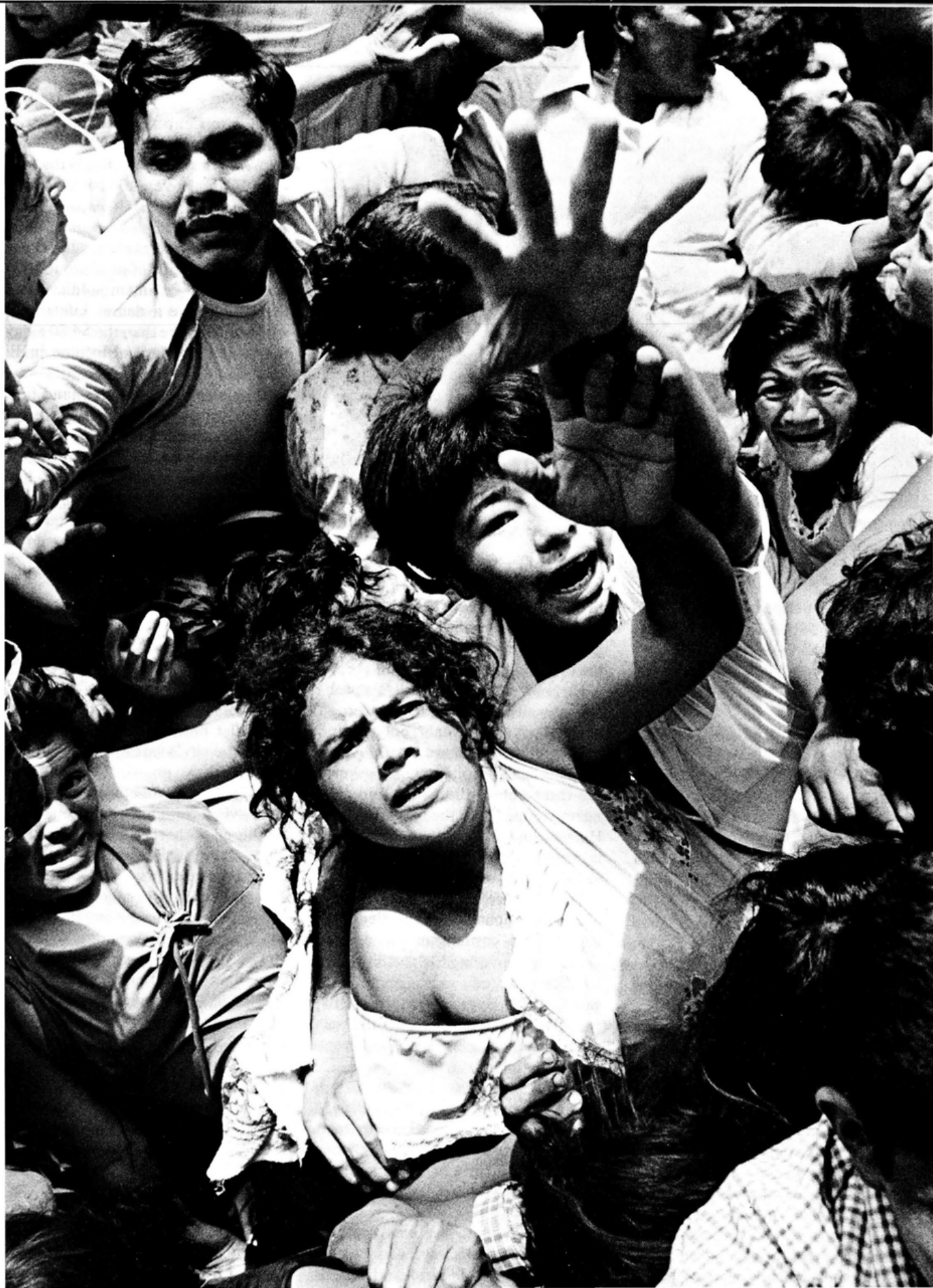
He served as editor for the photographically illustrated series pub-

lished by Grosset & Dunlap, The Illustrated Leaves of Grass; The Illustrated World of Thoreau; The Illustrated Eternal Sea.

Mr. Chapnick, who is a contributing columnist for Popular Photography, also writes feature articles for that magazine and Camera Arts.

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Harry Mattison's photographs appear with the kind permission of the photographer.



d fleeing from snipers.

Time photographer Harry Mattison, Gamma/Liaison



Teenage guerrillas

Peter Howe, Sipa Press

foot or an inch away. That's the only place to be if you're going to see and show what real suffering means. . . .

"When I was younger, I did it to become famous. But now there doesn't seem any point in going that close any more because the law of averages will claim me, and I don't want to die in someone else's war for a lousy photographic negative."

Ironically, McCullin returned to the war scene in El Salvador despite protestations that his photographic world would center around life in England. He suffered a broken arm and two ribs for his pains.

Tom De Feo is director of photography of the *Miami Herald*. As the shank of the funnel to Central America, the *Miami Herald* views the events in unstable and explosive Central America as being in its journalistic backyard. As such, the *Miami Herald* photographers, particularly Murry Sill, have been caught up in the maelstroms of Nicaragua, Guatemala and, most recently, El Salvador.

Tom De Feo is a worried man. He sits at the end of a telephone, shaking in his boots, his hair getting noticeably thinner and temper getting noticeably shorter. He's worried about

Murry Sill and the rest of the approximately 300 journalists who came together to report on the only war in town, El Salvador.

He knows that Murry Sill "is probably as well prepared for this coverage as anybody. He is not only a fine photographer but also a man who can keep his head despite being in several life-threatening situations and has never stepped over the line of reason. He has had months and months of intensive Spanish in the best schools of the world."

What concerns De Feo is a climate of unprofessionalism, unbridled risk-taking, and cowboyism among the press corps covering El Salvador. This war has attracted a ragtag army of so-called war photographers who are ill-prepared to take on the rigorous disciplines that covering such an event requires.

"El Salvador," says De Feo, "is a textbook case in which competitiveness induces photographers to take unnecessary risks to produce something special. We now have this wonderful little war down there a few hundred miles from our shores. There are all these photographers, working in a depressed economy, who react to this magnet which draws all these

Jaspers to Central America to make their name down there.

"What they don't realize is that the 11-, 12-, and 13-year-old boys who are carrying the 30-year-old carbines and automatic rifles don't know the difference between a khaki-attired journalist with 40 pounds of gear around his neck and a government soldier. And they don't give a damn. Life is not worth much more than the \$4.50 a day that is the standard of income in El Salvador.

"You also have to understand that many of the generals cannot read and write. It's the only country on earth where you have a full fledged war going on and the poverty level is so low that the leaders themselves are illiterate.

"So all the TACA flights from Miami to San Salvador are filled with these bright-eyed, bushy-tailed, young, and not-so-young men going off to seek their fame and fortune at the expense of the Salvadoran guerrillas or military. And all they really become are 200 more targets.

"Once in El Salvador, the journalists billet down in the Camino Real Hotel, the city's safest building. They eat together, go to the bathroom together, sleep together. It's like a family visit. Nothing is going on. They get bored with each other after two days. They begin to take risks that make no sense. It's like 'Gunfight at the OK Corral' every morning where 200 to 300 people come out of the gate like they do at a Wyoming roundup and go off into the countryside to find 'bang-bang.' It's fine if you come out of it alive. If you wind up in a body bag, then you have made a terrible mistake."

The war in El Salvador was of special attraction to American photographers. It's close and convenient to the U.S. mainland. El Salvador is about the size of Massachusetts, so small that the photographer or journalist can leave the hotel in the morning, go almost anywhere in the country, cover a situation, and be back in the Camino Real Hotel in time for cocktails. Media attention was direc-

ted to the war because the Reagan administration made it the focus of the Marxist intrusion in the Western hemisphere. When President Reagan and Secretary Haig confront Communism, the media of the world react with predictable attention.

For photojournalists, war coverage has changed. It used to be that journalists and medics were sacrosanct. Photographers were not immune to the impersonal ravages of land mines, stray bullets, shrapnel, and downed aircraft. In El Salvador the risks have been heightened by the lack of disciplined troops on both sides, the illiteracy of those troops, the penchant of the journalists to choose up sides, and the competitive media pressures for dramatic photos.

It has been suggested that the four-man Dutch television news crew was executed by government troops while trying to cover the guerilla side of the war. Although officially disclaimed by the Duarte government, we will never really know if the ambush was or was not a calculated attempt to punish the Dutch crew for their acknowledged leftist bias.

Reports of the circulation of a "hit list" of journalists sent tremors of fear through the journalistic community. A right-wing "Death Squad" attributed to the Anti-Communist Alliance of El Salvador listed correspondents of *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, the *Miami Herald*, *Newsweek*, The Associated Press, United Press International, ABC, NBC, BBC, and The Voice of America as being marked for extinction.

The "Death Squad" communiqué said: "This is the first group of pseudojournalists in the service of international subversion who have been condemned to death by patriots of our organization. . . . These are the ones responsible for the international loss of prestige that has affected the armed forces and are the principal accomplices of Soviet-Cuban-Sandinista communism that is trying to take over our homeland."

Although ignored and discredited as an outdated and inaccurate listing



Wounded soldier

Mattison, Gamma/Liaison

of correspondents, at least one picture editor, Jim Kenney, reacted to the "hit list" with direct action. *Newsweek's* four free-lance photographers (Jim Nachtwey, Richard Cross, John Hoaglund, and Steve Clevenger) were instructed to pull out of El Salvador immediately. Albeit unwillingly, all complied with the exception of Hoaglund, who makes El Salvador his home. Threats by Kenney of no payment and no publication in *Newsweek* were unable to dislodge Hoaglund from his position that he was staying despite *Newsweek's* inclusion on the "hit list."

Kenney justifies his response by saying, "I felt it was enough of a threat to the safety of those people to pull them out for a week or ten days. I don't think any picture or pictures are worth anyone's life. I may be more sensitive to the dangers than other people because of the string of mishaps that affected *Newsweek* people. Olivier Rebbot was killed, Hoaglund and Ross Baughmann were wounded, Nachtwey got nicked. All of that is in my consciousness."

Addressing the question of an overabundance of inexperienced war photographers flocking to El Salvador, Kenney wryly comments that "If I had

had a 747, I could have filled it with guys who wanted to go in there, and most of them inexperienced."

Some photographers go to a war zone for money, some for ego satisfaction, some to prove their machismo, some out of dedication and commitment to communication and journalism, some to make an instant reputation. Writer-photographer Jeff B. Harmon, veteran of four months in El Salvador, does it for the adventure.

"I enjoy it," says Harmon. "I'm fascinated by war and always have been. I crystalize it with my camera or my prose because it is important for me to capture my experiences. Some people might consider it crass, but it's no less crass than going down simply to make a reputation. A good example of the latter was the case of John Sullivan, an American writing for an English-language newspaper in Brazil. He went to El Salvador to make a name for himself. He did. He disappeared the first day he got there and has not been seen since."

Some of the photographers who covered El Salvador in recent months arrived just in time for the election climax. Not Harry Mattison. Harry Mattison is a free lance associated



An incident on the road

Cindy Karp, Black Star

with the Gamma/Liaison photo agency. A former fine-arts photographer and assistant to Richard Avedon, his photography for the last four years has been inextricably bound to the events in Nicaragua and El Salvador. Mattison, Murry Sill, Susan Meiselas, and John Hoaglund are not hit-and-runners. They are part of a cadre of old Central American hands whose very beings are committed to the unfolding story in this area.

Harry Mattison is a thoughtful and sensitive man. Reacting to the thought that increased competition enhances risk, Mattison says, "I have a strong sense of family with other photographers. Cooperation will always take precedence over competition. I know there are some people who feel an enormous sense of competition, and I feel that does create an anxiety that might lead them to make mistakes."

Mattison is not concerned about inexperienced photographers coming into war zones. "Everybody is entitled to a start," he says. "I had to start raw. It is not my place to say who is qualified and who is not."

To Mattison, "War is the direct manifestation of absolute moral corruption. You'd better have a message

that you take into combat because, unless there's a consciousness that I haven't reached yet, I sincerely believe that you won't find one there. I mean, there are only those pieces of metal around you whose sole purpose for manufacture is to terminate someone's existence. How do you photograph that?

"Once you wise up, every image shouts, screams, or howls, 'Stop! Don't do this! Killing human beings is insane!' After a while, as exhaustion takes you in, you only get to whisper. This is very painful. You understand that you are speaking in light, but this profession will never change anyone's actions."

El Salvador's guerilla war differs from wars of fixed position in that it has a different set of rules. In such an environment, Mattison takes risks. He differentiates "unthoughtful risk" from "thoughtful risk."

"I try as I grow as a photographer in this type of work," he says, "to put one or two cards in my hand because I know the deck is stacked against me. Why do I continue to return to one particular section or one particular unit? Because I am going to have some sense of familiarity. And that may keep me from being paralyzed

with terror or fear, or allay all the things that are going to interfere with my photography."

Michel Setboun, a Sipa Press Agency photographer, follows wars and crises like sun worshipers follow the sun. Angola, Lebanon, Thailand, Iran, Afghanistan, Poland, and El Salvador have been his working bases in recent years. This young Frenchman exemplifies the breed of photojournalists whose interests are to be and to photograph where the political stories of the world are developing. The financial return is not important.

Setboun is no paradigm for a swagging hell-for-leather war photojournalist. "I am not courageous," he says. "I don't like war. I don't like to be shot. When I left Paris for El Salvador, I was afraid, really afraid, because I have a friend who was shot last year: Olivier Rebbot. In other wars you know where the front line is. . . . But in El Salvador, the danger is everywhere — walking in the street, riding in a car. You never know. I take some precautions, but there is really no precaution at all."

Setboun's fears became a self-fulfilling prophecy. While riding in a jeep with a Dutch journalist and an American photographer working for a Dutch magazine, he received a wound from a bullet fired by the guerillas, which entered the fleshy area above the hip and exited from the rear.

Setboun recalls that "at that time I didn't know it was only a flesh wound. I was astonished to see my blood and I was scared because they were still shooting. You know it's dangerous, but when you see your blood, the feeling is different."

Another recent casualty in El Salvador was Black Star photographer Jim Nachtwey. After only four and a half hours in the country, he was slightly wounded in a land-mine explosion that severely wounded J. Ross Baughmann, a Visions agency photographer working for *Newsweek*. Although chastened by that experience, Nachtwey has a personal commitment to use his photojournalism "to get in touch with something basic

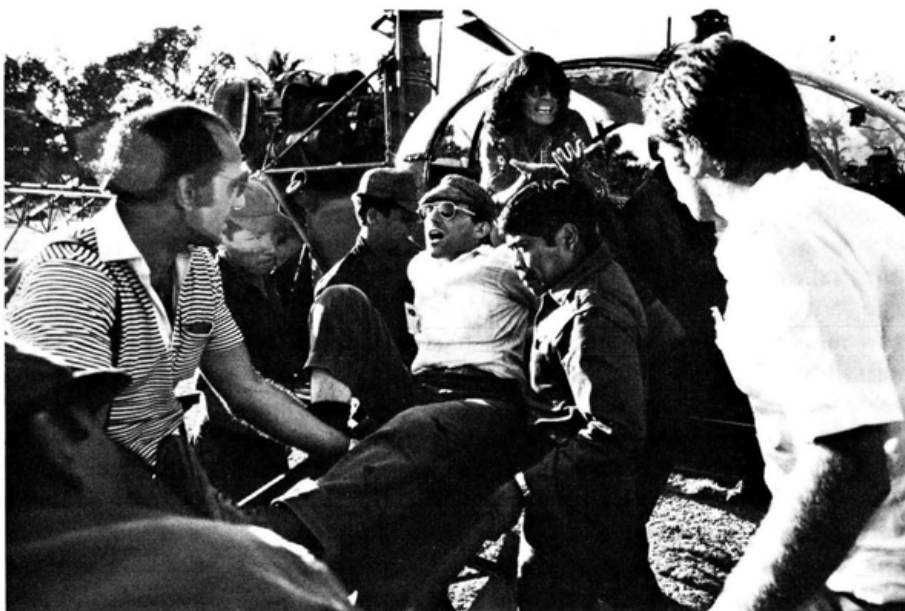
about the course of the history of human experience — the struggle for food, literacy, and freedom from oppression.”

There’s more to the story of El Salvador than “bang-bang.” It is, in the words of *Miami Herald*’s Tom De Feo, “a constant struggle by the minority over the majority for control of the land, the country, and the profits; 98 percent of the people are dirt poor. The oligarchy represents the other two percent, and that’s where the wealth is. It is not a democratic society and likely never will be. And for the U.S. to try to transform Central America into a democratic society is like us trying to transform Vietnam into what we wanted it to be.”

De Feo believes that there are more important pictures to be made: pictures that do not concentrate on redundant images of people pointing guns. He also feels that there is a need to publish what life is like in El Salvador, to understand the people and the root causes for the breakdown of a society and a system, that the media has to become responsible, not choosing up sides, but “finding the middle ground.”

“What I care about,” says De Feo, “is the middle ground. And that’s a bitchy place to try to find in this war, but we’ve got to find it. If we don’t start reporting from that perspective, all of us are doomed to another grandiose failure as Americans and as journalists, and certainly we are going to lose a lot of good people because of it. If you choose up sides down there, you’re going to get on somebody’s hit list and they are going to waste you.”

For photographers considering war photography, the challenges are clear: to be responsible as journalists and to stay alive. They are not mutually exclusive considerations. Often safety and objectivity go hand in hand; prejudices revealed may precipitate retaliation. Concerned editors and photojournalists want *the* pictures but not at the expense of feeding decent, dedicated people to the gristmills of sporadic uprisings. □



Photographer J. Ross Baughmann, shown here being carried from a helicopter, was severely wounded in the leg when a land mine exploded in a road in El Salvador. Baughmann was on assignment for Newsweek. Nachtwey, Black Star

It may be helpful to existing and future war photographers to evaluate the following prerequisites for survival:

- You should speak the language and know native body language and gestures. Superficial knowledge of the language may give you a sense of false security.
 - You should be physically fit and know how to protect yourself.
 - You have to be emotionally stable, resourceful, and intelligent.
 - You have to be well-equipped with such life-saving equipment as a custom-made flak jacket.
 - Study the country and its history, and read everything you can lay your hands on about the conditions that have given rise to the arms confrontation.
 - You have to be quick-witted enough to talk yourself out of life-threatening situations.
 - Don’t go on photographic forays with risk-taking cowboys.
- Use good, careful, mature judgment before undertaking risks.

ment before undertaking risks.

- Preconceive and plan your photographs based on the needs of your client.
- Aimless wandering in search of pictures in a war zone can lead to disappointing photographs and potential injury.

Above all, be a human being. Harry Mattison suggests that you should have “a true sense of others and respect for others regardless of ideology, class, or race. That very human quality is perhaps the best piece of armor and the greatest protection any photographer can have.”

The badge of courage and honor in photojournalism is to bring back thoughtful, informative photographs that reveal the truth as you see it. Before you can be a war photographer, you have to be a photographer. The badge of honor is not in death or shrapnel imbedded in your body. Shrapnel can’t be published!
—H.C.

A Plunge Into Politics

JOHANNA NEUMAN

When journalists turn from covering politics to practicing politics, they'll use anything from promises to pralines to bring out the voters.

I was leaving Cambridge, my Nieman year tearfully over. Chin raised in defiance of the memories, I began packing for the return trip to Washington, D.C.

As I sorted through the happy images and growing pains that had marked my year at Harvard, I realized how lucky I was to have been selected at all. With a new crop of hopefuls lined up at the Faculty Club door awaiting the decision of a selection committee whose chief concern may have been escape, I remembered how close I had come several months ago to not applying for this treasured fellowship.

In fact, at the time if I had won election to something called the Standing Committee of Correspondents, I would not have applied for a Nieman Fellowship at all. And in Washington if a mere 166 reporters (well, okay, about half the electorate), had voted differently, I would have won a place on the Standing Committee. This experience convinced me that the voter, like the customer, is always right. Al Hunt, Washington bureau chief of The Wall Street Journal and one of the key instruments of my defeat, understood this irony the moment my selection as a Nieman Fellow was announced last year. "You see how much you owe me?" he said, by way of congratulations.

The story of the election campaign for the Standing Committee, and of the power politics it revealed in the Washington press corps, first ran in The Jackson (Miss.) Clarion-Ledger March 22, 1981, two months after the election and seven weeks after I mailed in my application for a Nieman Fellowship. It is reprinted here for the amusement of any journalist who has ever watched Washington reporters at work on their chief preoccupation: politics.

Despite sex-scandal headlines from the nation's capital, Washington may be the only major city in the country where politics is the preferred leisure activity. Cabbies do it. Waitresses do it. Even reporters, I once discovered, are not immune to the pleasures and perils of politics.

As a candidate in 1981 for a seat on the Standing Committee of Correspondents, a five-member team of reporters who police the operations of the House and

Senate press galleries at the Capitol, I learned more about politics than I did in the seven years I covered politicians in Los Angeles, Sacramento, Jackson, and Washington.

The Standing Committee is a quasi-official body that rules on applications of reporters for accreditation at the Capitol, and hires the press gallery staffers. Its greatest political power comes during presidential election years, when it decides which reporters can cover the Democratic and Republican conventions, and where they can sit.

I first heard of the election from a friend. She explained that the reporters who run the committee planned to field a team of three candidates for the three vacancies on the committee. If they could deliver the votes from the large newspaper bureaus, the slate candidates would win.

It was an impressive slate — Tom Edsall of *The Baltimore Sun*, Helen Dewar of *The Washington Post* and Don Phillips of United Press International.

I decided to be a candidate, reasoning that reporters from smaller newspapers like mine needed a voice, too. That small-paper reporters historically do not vote was something I would worry about later.

Tom Scarritt of *The Birmingham News* was enlisted as my campaign manager. He warned me straight off that "all interests are special but the ones who give \$500 are a lot more special than the ones who give \$5." This turned out to be useless advice. (Tom was always giving me useless advice, but he always made me laugh, which on reflection is probably the best thing a campaign manager can do for a candidate.) The only contributor to my campaign was me, and me contributed \$40 for Xerox costs.

It was the best investment I ever made. Not only did my \$40 provide first-hand instruction in the art of politics, it also made me one of the best-known reporters on Capitol Hill, no small asset in a town that runs on name identification.

The first lesson was that everyone wants something. Reporters who were asked to sign my nominating petition wanted to know what I would do for them in return for their support. Parking spaces at the Capitol, a filing cabinet in the press gallery, better food in the vending machines — the special interests all had their special angles.

I never dreamed of winning, so at first I agreed to every campaign request. Tom took me aside one day and gave me my second lesson in politics. "When someone asks you for a parking space," he explained painstakingly, as if talking to a five-year-old, "tell them you think they really deserve one."

I was learning.

In the early days we tussled with a campaign slogan. "Tip-pe-ca-noe and Neuman Too" was rejected on grounds the electorate might think our campaign had been endorsed by House Speaker Tip O'Neill. We thought of using John Stennis' quote about me — "She's a game little critter" — but rejected it on similar grounds. We also rejected the advice of one friend in California who suggested a gonzo campaign — he envisioned newsletters filled with pictures of me visiting old people in wheelchairs with headlines that read, "Neuman Won't Forget Senior Citizen Reporters." We decided to play it straight. We would give the big boys a run for their power, on their own terms.

Richard Whittle of the *Congressional Quarterly* was tapped as the chief speech writer, assigned to draft a letter stating our case that "the little people," which we figured included the lion's share of reporters outside the large newspapers, deserved representation on the committee.

Meanwhile, nominating petitions from the other candidates started appearing on the press gallery bulletin boards. Though only fifteen signatures were required, Virginia Robicheaux of *The Salt Lake Tribune*, the first candidate on the board, posted 75 signatures. Later a friend showed me the top of Virginia's petition, which had been turned under by the galleries' election-regulating staffers. In a slogan that was to characterize Virginia's campaign, it said, "Geaux, Geaux, Geaux with Robicheaux."

Marty Tolchin, *The New York Times* reporter who recruited the trio of slate candidates, offered to help me collect signatures. "Here, sign this," he would say to an unsuspecting reporter. "You don't have to vote for her."

I was puzzled. Tom gave me my third lesson, explaining patiently that the more candidates in the race, the less the slate of three would look like a "fix." So this is politics. . . .

The fourth lesson was that not everyone takes a straight party line. A prominent reporter whose support for the slate was assumed took me aside one day and offered friendly advice. Go for the little people, he said. Go for the women's vote, he added. Forget the foreign press, he warned, they never vote.

Johanna Neuman, Nieman Fellow '82, is a reporter with Gannett News Service in Washington, D.C. She formerly was in the D.C. bureau of the Jackson (Miss.) Clarion-Ledger.

Our letter to the little people was polished. "I think we need someone on the committee in the next term who is sensitive to the needs of smaller papers and regional correspondents," it said.

While Helen Dewar went off to California on vacation and the other candidates made plans for Christmas, I trudged through the halls of the National Press Building, up and down the Pennsylvania Avenue corridor of Washington bureaus, passing out copies of the letter like calling cards. Every reporter accredited at the press gallery (over 1,200) was eligible to vote, and a voter was a voter, no matter if he worked at Capitol Publications downtown on Washington Circle or at States' News Service on Capitol Hill.

Lesson number five was that voter reaction is difficult to predict. Two male reporters at Associated Press said they would vote for me because they liked my perfume. A reporter at Scripps-Howard took one look at my letter and said, "But I am the big boys." And a reporter at Copley News Service worried that with so many female reporters in the race, "It will turn into a Liz Holtzman, Bess Myerson thing."

The news editor at *The Baltimore Sun*, home of fellow-candidate Tom Edsall, practically threw me out. "Don't you know this is enemy territory?" he said. When my contact lens started to tear, I protested that he was making me cry. He shook his head ominously. "I just don't think you have what it takes for the rough and tumble of the Standing Committee," he said.

It was lonely on the campaign trail. I called Tom.

"You're doing great," he said. He went home to trim his tree. I redoubled my efforts.

By the time Congress reconvened (and reporters returned from their holidays) in January, our "little people's campaign" was, if I do say so myself, the talk of the press galleries. But the talk was not what I'd expected.

Virginia wanted to know what native foods I could offer from Mississippi (my newspaper home) or California (my birthplace). I offered mint juleps and California dates. She promptly told everyone within earshot I was available for my first "California date" Saturday.

A reporter for the Cox Newspaper chain stopped Tom and me one day in the House gallery and asked me why we were bothering. When I babbled on about the nobility of our cause, she nodded her head sadly. "When you get massacred," she offered, "I'll put you up for sainthood."

But the most amazing conversation of all was with Al Hunt, respected bureau chief of *The Wall Street Journal*.

"You're stealing votes out of my precinct!" he burst out one day in the Senate gallery. "I deliver the bureau for the slate, and there are a couple of guys over there who want to vote for you."

Kingmaker Al wasn't finished. "You just run a good little race," he said, "and come to me *early* next year."

It was the first admission from the powers-that-be that

there really was a slate. Tom and I discussed a strategic response, but decided to keep the message clear: We would run not against the slate but for the little people, whether we were campaigning among the big boys or our own kind.

This may have been a mistake. The little people often didn't like to think of themselves that way. And Paul Houston of *The Los Angeles Times*, a slate supporter and a Nieman Fellow ('69), told me after I visited his bureau, "I think you went a bit heavy on the little people stuff. Maybe you should have had a different line for the big papers."

The one noble exception to this pattern came when I visited *The New York Times*, ironically the home of slate-recruiter Marty Tolchin. Washington correspondents for the most respected newspaper in the country treated me like royalty.

Reporters at other papers had treated me like a traveling ombudsman, unloading pent-up complaints about the Standing Committee. Why couldn't they bring their portable computer units (used for sending copy) to the galleries? (Because the galleries are trying to sell their own units. Tom coached me to respond with, "I'll look into it.") Why was the committee trying to eliminate assigned desk space in the galleries? (Because the arrangement favored veterans over newcomers. "I'll look into it" became as natural as brushing my teeth.) Why can't we make more than three copies on the Xerox machines? (I didn't know, but I was brushing my teeth a lot.)

But at *The New York Times*, reporters think big. They wanted to know why the committee had accredited a reporter whose South Africa paper was of dubious legitimacy and who was doing a little lobbying on the side. (Because the committee was split over the issue for years, and critics lost the final vote.) And they wanted to know why the committee didn't stand up for the First Amendment rights of visitors to the public galleries who, unlike reporters sitting across the room, are not allowed to take notes. ("For security reasons," I was told.)

A few blocks away at *The Washington Post*, big ideas were replaced by knowing tongues. Female reporters laughed off the none-too-subtle reference in my letter to a committee composed of five men. Does that mean we're supposed to vote for you? they asked.

Veteran correspondents reported proudly that they had not voted in years, and had no intention of starting now. And most *Post* reporters were wary of a campaign for the little people among an electorate that loved to snub the biggest newspaper in town.

Two years ago, they recalled glumly, Bob Kaiser had run for the committee. Bob Kaiser worked hard. He sent out a letter urging reporters to vote for him on grounds that as the biggest paper in town, *The Post* deserved representation on the committee. He took a reporter from the Montgomery, Alabama, paper to dinner at one of the finest restaurants in town on the promise that she could

deliver "the southern bloc." (She says that she delivered seventeen votes.) On the day of election, Bob Kaiser stood at the door of the press gallery wearing a three-piece Brooks Brothers' suit, a black cape and a watch fob. Bob Kaiser did not win.

At *The Post*, they were still a little sensitive about all this, a little hurt at all the anti-*Post* sentiment Kaiser's campaign had unleashed. This year, they were fielding a popular reporter — Helen Dewar — and they weren't about to blow it on any little people's campaign.

In retrospect, writing off *The Post* was a critical mistake. *Post* staffers turned out in mass numbers to vote for Helen, and in the privacy of the ballot box I might have picked up some second or third place votes if I had tried harder to get their votes. (Single-shot voting had been outlawed by the committee, wise to the ways of campaigns like mine that could corral a group of reporters to vote for only one candidate, thus depriving other candidates of second and third place votes.)

By campaign's end, I was tired. The election occurred two days after Reagan's inaugural, a news event that brought repeated assignments from my editors. ("But you don't understand," I would tell them, "I have to hit the campaign trail." They didn't understand.) The night before the election, candidate Don Phillips bought drinks for his UPI constituents at a scuzzy bar on E Street. I trooped up and down the halls of the National Press Building with my "get out the vote" letter, sliding it under doors already closed for the night, grateful I had been advised to skip the legion of foreign newspaper offices.

Finally, election day dawned. I hid in the corner of the Senate press gallery, too shy to approach the voters whose allegiance I had been chasing for months. A friend coaxed me out, telling me I had no choice but to face the electorate.

From the time the polls opened at 9:30 a.m. until they closed at 5:30 p.m., I shook hands, smiled, and laughed at jokes that were not funny. Mostly, I shook hands.

It was a scene that would have made the old ward bosses proud. Virginia passed out homemade pralines (in honor of her Louisiana heritage). A friend suggested that if I followed her offering packets of insulin I might pick up a lot of votes. John Averill of *The Los Angeles Times*, biting into one of the candies, asked me what I was offering to eat.

"The only thing I'm offering is good government," I replied.

"Can't eat that," he remarked, walking off.

The Los Angeles Times bureau chief, Jack Nelson (NF '62), who grew up on the Mississippi Gulf Coast, told me not to worry about Virginia's food bribe. "Remember Sheriff Clark," he said, recounting the story of a luckless candidate who every year challenged the sheriff of Selma, Alabama. Every year, said Nelson, all of Selma came out to eat the fried chicken at the candidate's barbeque dinner

on the fairgrounds. And every year they voted for Sheriff Clark.

Reporters I had never seen before at the galleries made their annual appearance. They all ate Virginia's pralines, but she came in last. Remember Sheriff Clark.

I spent five minutes talking to a reporter about his carpentry projects before discovering that he was a member of the radio-television gallery, and could not vote in the newspaper-press gallery election. I lobbied my voters to cast their second or third vote for *The Sun's* Edsall, who was terrified that my little people's campaign would knock him off the winning slate. (Edsall's fears were decidedly unfounded. Spurred by our campaign, he worked hard, and not only finished in the running, he came in first, entitling him to become chairman of the committee in 1982.)

Despite the seriousness attached to the election by the slate candidates, Virginia and I seemed to attract a different breed. Bob Hoderne of *The Charlotte* (N.C.) *Observer*, who had been on the John and Rita Jenrette beat for weeks ("Aren't they a class couple?" he marveled) told me he thought the nude pictures I'd sent out were a bit much. An AP reporter told me I'd get the after-dinner vote, "You know, like mints." And Tom, bless his heart, kept my spirits up with hourly voter turn-out reports.

The turn-out was phenomenal, the highest ever other than in a presidential election year, when the committee assigns seats to reporters covering the Democratic and Republican conventions. Tom attributed the high turn-out to our campaign. An analysis of the voter rolls later showed that *The Post* had turned out in record numbers for Helen Dewar.

At midday, Helen, who wanted to work, and I, being exhausted, tried to negotiate a recess of campaigning. It was difficult. UPI's Phillips was wary, not wanting to risk missing a single handshake. *The Sun's* Edsall said sheepishly that it was okay with him, as long as he could work at his desk, just inside the gallery door. Virginia, who was halfway through her six-pound cache of pralines, thought we should keep at it during the lunch hour. After much politicking (these, after all, were professionals) we won a negotiated compromise: from 2 p.m. to 3 p.m., campaigning was optional.

Grateful for the reprieve, I tried to eat lunch but was teased repeatedly by voters who thought I should be on my feet, shaking hands. After a while I left the Senate press gallery for the House side, where U.S. Representative Trent Lott (R-Miss.), was holding a press conference.

The afternoon hours went slowly, as reporters trickled in in clumps of twos and threes. It was uncomfortable to shake hands like a stump candidate while all around me reporters pounded on typewriters, on deadlines. Finally, at 5:30 p.m., the polls closed.

Two reporters had been named to monitor the vote counting, which was done by the gallery staff. One of

them, Peggy Robeson of the *Montgomery Advertiser*, was in our corner. When she was late in arriving, Tom looked puzzled. "I don't understand," he deadpanned. "I gave her all our walking-around money."

Finally, Peggy came and joined the other vote-counters in a private room. Al Hunt of *The Wall Street Journal* and Paul Houston of *The Los Angeles Times* huddled together, checking off the names of reporters in their respective bureaus who made it to the polls.

"I've got 24 of 27," Houston reported of *The Los Angeles Times* turnout.

"I've got 33 of 35," said Hunt, turning to me as he added, "AND THEY WERE ALL SLATE VOTES."

"We'll see, Mr. Hunt," I replied, a bit prematurely as it turned out.

I ambled to the Senate floor, hoping to look preoccupied when the vote totals arrived. It took less than an hour.

We were called from the floor, and rushed to the gallery to stand amid the day's clutter of balled-up press releases and overflowing ashtrays. I grabbed Tom's arm. Since there were three vacancies, the top three vote-getters would win.

Tom Edsall came in first with 368 votes. Don Phillips was second with 348 votes. Helen Dewar finished third with 334 votes. Johanna Neuman placed fourth with 168 votes. Virginia Robicheaux, fifth, received 105 votes.

I was crushed, but didn't have time to mope, as everyone rushed to congratulate me on my showing.

You ran a great little campaign, they said.

That's an incredible vote for someone who's been in Washington less than two years, they said.

You really ought to run next year, they said.

They had to be kidding. Didn't they notice I got creamed? Was I doomed to Lyndon Johnson's fate — no friends while alive, glowing eulogies after death?

Tom drove me home. He was fuming. "Such a good little campaign," he mimicked. "What ever happened to our contingency plan to kill Phillips?" he wondered.

I was more philosophical. The campaign had put me, and *The Clarion-Ledger*, on the Washington correspondents' map. This became clear after U.S. Representative Jon Hinson (R-Miss.) was arrested on oral sodomy charges in the men's room of the Longworth House Office Building, and reporters for other papers who never knew we were here before called for background information.

I had also learned a lot about politics. The work is hard, the odds enormous, the pitfalls many. There are times when you wonder why you started, when you curse the selfishness of voters who want to know what you can do for them when you want to talk about the issues. There are times when you can see the rejection in voters' eyes, feel the ridicule in their apathy.

But the rewards are just as tangible. It is a crash course in charm. It is a self-help kit in making new friends. It is an open invitation through the gates of power.

Mostly, you learn to shake hands. □

The Maligning of Herbert Matthews

LOUIS TRAGER

For his coverage of Castro's Cuba, Matthews received hate mail, a death threat, and was picketed by Cuban exiles.

“You will be vindicated some day,” the newspaperman quoted Fidel Castro as telling him. “People will see that you told the truth and are telling the truth about the Cuban revolution.”

The journalist, Herbert Matthews of *The New York Times*, was well aware how Castro had triumphed after making a defiant prediction from the criminal dock in 1953 that history would absolve him. Matthews took cold comfort from the prophecy about himself, though.

“I’m afraid I’ll be dead by then,” he replied.

Matthews has been dead five years, and still he is damned for articles on the revolution written a quarter century ago.

Not that they weren’t memorable. Early in 1957, most people who cared thought that Fidel Castro was dead. Matthews interviewed him. The president of Cuba had called Castro a terrorist and pro-Communist. Matthews wrote that the insurgency Castro led was democratic and anti-Communist. Against the Cuban army, backed by American might, Castro commanded fewer than twenty guerillas. “One got the feeling,” Matthews reported, “that he is invincible.”

First hailed by journalists for getting to Castro and by Cuban exiles for the news he brought back, Matthews was accused in the early 1960’s of having played a central and dishonorable role in turning the lush green island bright red politically.

Conservative publications kept the charges circulating over the years. Now they are finding a wide audience again, as Matthews is prosecuted posthumously for

paternity of a new, suspect generation of American journalists in Latin America. They are accused of lavishing favorable notices on leftists in Nicaragua and El Salvador, owing to romanticism and political bias.

The most extreme and persistent proponent of the kinship is Accuracy in Media, an outfit obsessed with pro-Communist pollution of the Establishment media. In AIM’s vision of hell, the vilest tortures are aptly reserved for Matthews, who had studied Dante.

“Fidel Castro was ‘made’ by Herbert Matthews and *The New York Times*,” AIM’s newsletter declared late last year. It was one of seven condemnations of the writer in the twelve months beginning May 1981. “Matthews was never identified as a Soviet agent,” the group conceded; but “his work was of great value to the Soviets whether he was a dupe or an agent.”

This year, Matthews’ specter has come to haunt the columns of journals within the elite media themselves. Polemics in *The Wall Street Journal* and *Washington Journalism Review* stopped short of reds-under-the-foreign-desk paranoia and saddling correspondents with responsibility for revolutions they cover. But the articles seconded AIM’s conclusion that impressionable reporters, taking a cue from Matthews, have played the part of press agents for Central American rebels.

AIM and *The Wall Street Journal* editorialist charged that in Central America — as in civil and colonial wars around the world, as far back as the Russian revolution — the elite United States press has, through liberal naivete amounting to reckless disloyalty, promoted communist revolution and aggression.

(This line of thought can boomerang: AIM has discovered that *The Journal* itself harbors a reporter, Jonathan Kwitney, whom AIM has indicted for consulting with CIA renegade Philip Agee in preparing *The Journal*’s devastating dissection last year of the State Department’s

Louis Trager was an intern for The Miami Herald last summer. He practiced law in Southern California before becoming a journalist.

White Paper on El Salvador.)

The replies of correspondents so attacked, and of the *Columbia Journalism Review*, have had this theme: as responsible reporters, those in Central America have described events as they have seen them; and holding them accountable for the consequences is sophistry, namely, confusing the messenger with the message. *CJR* mocks the view, ascribed to *The Wall Street Journal*, "that news is for or against — that a story is, in the immortal terms of Colonel Cathcart of *Catch 22*, either a feather in the cap or a black eye."

However, a glance at Matthews' record lends some credence to the vague, sweeping charges against him. His writing was highly personal and judgmental. He admitted susceptibility to charismatic personalities and romantic foreign conflicts. He was an avowed liberal who endorsed bias in news writing. In short, if there had been a profile of likely dupes, as there is for airline hijackers, Matthews would have made a prime suspect.

Take a closer look, though, and he appears much less a propagator of the big lie than one of its victims. And the exploitation of Matthews' case tells much about the political methods of those attacking the Central America press corps.

Late in January 1957, from his base in the Sierra Maestra region of Cuba, Fidel Castro dispatched an emissary to set up an interview for him with a foreign journalist. This was accomplished through *The New York Times* bureau in Havana. But resident correspondents wrote on pain of deportation; and since Matthews planned a trip to the island anyway, he got the story.

Photographs of Matthews show a dapper, gaunt, unsmiling man with a wreath of gray hair, an eagle's beak of a nose and dark, soulful eyes. On Matthews' retirement in 1967, John Oakes of the *Times* called him a "stubborn individualist, gloomy prophet and dour observer." Matthews took this, he wrote in his memoirs, as one of the nicest tributes he ever received.

Matthews' career had spanned four decades and five continents: he was there when Mussolini's army trampled Ethiopia in a prelude to World War II; when Spaniards and others died in a civil war that shaped a political generation; when the Allies vanquished the fascists in Italy and France; when the followers of Gandhi struggled for India's independence.

He was recalled from the wars in 1949 to become an editorial writer, specializing in Latin America. He attacked the *caudillos*, but took no special interest in Fulgencio Batista of Cuba until Castro announced he was returning from Mexican exile to overthrow Batista's government.

Matthews and controversy had always been traveling companions. His insistence that Italy's adventure in Ethiopia would succeed, he wrote, "resulted in my being

labeled a fascist, . . . In the Spanish war I was a Communist . . . In India, I was the dupe and probably the tool of the British."

"Such is life for the newspaperman," he said in 1946, "but since the accusations always cancel out in the course of time, no harm is done."

He was wrong.

Matthews' trip to Cuba produced a series of three stories. Indictments against him have rarely quoted his actual words and never placed them in context. One doesn't read that Matthews described the strength of the Cuban economy; that he emphasized the breadth and variety of forces challenging the regime because of its corruption, repression and subservience to the Yankees; or that he twice mentioned how eager Castro was for an interview.

One does read that Matthews "resurrected" Castro. This is more nearly true in a literal sense than a political one.

In December 1956, United Press told the world that Castro died in the landing of the yacht *Granma*, on his return from Mexico. The report suited Batista fine. The Cuban press would not correct the premature obituary — the papers were the subject of government censorship as well as the object of government largess.

"Fidel Castro . . . is alive and fighting hard," began Matthews' first article, and rightly so. This was the most powerful finding of the trip. Castro was the sole opposition leader dedicated to Batista's overthrow and essentially unsullied by sordid electoral maneuvers.

One also reads quotations from the last two American ambassadors to prerevolutionary Havana or President Eisenhower or Senator Thomas Dodd that, in Dodd's words, "Matthews built up a hero image of Castro in which all the virtues of Robin Hood, George Washington, and Abraham Lincoln were contained in a single man."

Here is Matthews' description of the guerilla leader:

"[T]his was quite a man — a powerful six-footer, olive-skinned, full faced, with a straggly beard. . . . The personality of the man is overpowering. . . . an educated, dedicated fanatic, a man of ideals, of courage and of remarkable qualities of leadership. . . .

"One got the feeling that he is now invincible. Perhaps he isn't, but that is the feeling he inspires in his followers."

This was simple observation mixed with subjective impression, openly presented. Though the picture is favorable overall, "fanatic" hardly conveys a positive connotation. And not even Castro's bitterest enemies can deny his leadership and charisma.

Where Matthews went astray was in seriously misjudging the military situation. Deceived by the guerillas and having no way to check their claims, he

attributed to them several times their actual manpower and weaponry. He wrote of extensive fighting that had given Castro "mastery of the Sierra Maestra." In reality, few engagements had taken place; and though the rebels had won them, "it was evident they could not take the rough going," Che Guevara later wrote. The severe morale problem had prompted Castro to seek a public-relations victory through this interview.

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In the main, Matthews' critics have not seized upon these mistakes, but rather his description of the insurgents' politics. "Matthews and *The Times* helped Castro deceive the world concerning his program for Cuba," Accuracy in Media said; fourteen months after taking power, "Castro had broken all his major promises."

From his journey to the Sierra Maestra, Matthews judged:

"It is a revolutionary movement that calls itself socialistic. It is also nationalistic, which generally in Latin America means anti-Yankee...."

"The program is vague and couched in generalities, but it amounts to a new deal for Cuba, radical, democratic and therefore anti-Communist...."

"[Castro] has strong ideas of liberty, democracy, social justice, the need to restore the Constitution, to hold elections."

This was an accurate statement of the rebels' platform up to, and even for a time beyond, the overthrow of the old regime. In any event, *Times* readers were hardly led to think that Castro headed a Cuban chapter of the League of Women Voters.

Matthews "resurrected" Castro. This is more nearly true in a literal sense than a political one.

But to Matthews' opponents, it was all a ruse. The revolution was a Communist conspiracy, and he was its Number One dupe.

Points of debate on the nature of the revolution persist, but a Communist plot it certainly was not. The Cuban Communists historically had collaborated with Batista. They fundamentally opposed Castro's militarist strategy, sabotaged blows such as an attempted general strike in spring 1958, and didn't fight with the guerillas until the eve of their victory. No leader of the insurgency — including Raul Castro and Che Guevara, who styled themselves Marxist-Leninists — was a Communist party member or

fellow-traveler.

Matthews failed to predict that the revolution eventually would produce a state akin to the Soviet Union and tightly allied with it. In this oversight he had plenty of company: the State Department, the Central Intelligence Agency, the United States Embassy and the rest of the press corps. Divining the political outcome would have meant anticipating an extraordinarily complex and fluid process played out for more than three years after Batista's ouster.

The final count in the indictment against Matthews is that his articles boosted Castro to power. A cartoon in the *National Review* depicted Fidel sitting on a map of Cuba and exulting, "I got my job through *The New York Times*."

On this point, editor William F. Buckley had a strange bedfellow. Che Guevara conceded that during the early going "the presence of a foreign journalist... was more important for us than a military victory." But the Hispanic American Report at Stanford University countered that holding the writer responsible for Castro was "as absurd as blaming a meteorologist for a thunderstorm."

Matthews tried to have it both ways. "[T]he job we did was purely a journalistic one," he wrote his superiors a few months after the series ran. "It consisted in the legitimate procedure of throwing a spotlight on a situation that the dictatorship has been trying to keep in the dark." He added, however, that the *Times*' role had become "of far greater significance to Cuba than that of the State Department" and had "profoundly altered the course of Cuban history."

"When the truth hurts," he wrote in summation, "it affects a political situation profoundly."

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That last statement referred to Batista's position, but it came to apply to Matthews'. In the first half of the 1960's, he gained a notoriety remarkable for one pounding out anonymous editorials from the seclusion of a high-rise office. Matthews suffered a steady flow of hate mail, a death threat the FBI took seriously, and periodic picketing by Cuban exiles.

The Senate Internal Security subcommittee held a series of hearings, beginning in August 1960 and dragging on for four years, that echoed the 1950's debate over "who lost China." Matthews' name figured prominently as a villain in the loss of Cuba, but he was never permitted to testify.

It was in this forum that the former American ambassadors credited Matthews with making Castro into a Robin Hood figure. (That analogy had actually been made by a correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune*. It reflected the fact that many of the American reporters who caught up with Castro sent back the same kinds of stories Matthews had. No other writer of articles favorable to the

rebels, however, was called to account years later.)

"Committ[ing] the crime of inventing Fidel Castro would not, in itself, have made me a dissenter," Matthews wrote. "I could have...made amends, as a certain number of American journalists did."

The Batista regime died with the year 1958. Within five months of the Castroites' takeover, CBS and *Time* magazine were attacking the revolution as totalitarian and a Communist foothold in the Americas. The bulk of the press joined the chorus a few weeks later, when Castro announced an agrarian reform that was moderate but nonetheless would hurt American landowners.

The final count in the indictment against Matthews is that his articles boosted Castro to power.

Labeling the revolution Communist became the touchstone of orthodox hostility. In a by-lined article published in July 1959, Matthews stubbornly insisted, "This is not a Communist revolution in any sense of the word and there are no Communists in positions of control." For the moment, he was right. Throughout the year the Communists and Castroites were at odds. In his testimony given in November before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, the CIA's deputy director, C. P. Cabell, agreed. "Castro is not a Communist...[T]he Cuban Communists do not consider him...even a pro-Communist."

The revolution, however, refused to conform to static categories. It had polarized steadily from the first weeks. With the initial reform measures, wealthy and conservative Cubans moved into opposition; then middle-class and liberal ones. The United States turned the economic thumbscrews. Castro's regime gradually restricted civil liberties, nationalized the economy, and leaned on the Communist bloc and its local supporters. As the Russian connection materialized, most American liberals — notably James Reston and Walter Lippmann — shed any residual sympathy for the revolution.

Matthews decried the revolution's course, but tried to explain it in the Cubans' terms. He saw Castro as the agent of a transformation that did his country more good than harm — but also as "the most formidable enemy of the United States who has ever appeared in our hemisphere." Castro would have to be destroyed if he "played a role on the side of the Sino-Soviet bloc...subverting and stirring up...Latin America."

The subtleties of this live-and-let-live philosophy were lost amid an anti-Castro fervor. Matthews was out on a limb, and plenty of people had their saws ready.

He was dropped from the executive committee of the Inter American Press Association and, he claimed, "pushed out" of the Overseas Press Club. Exclusive articles and analyses from Cuba never saw print in the *Times*. Managing editor Turner Catledge explained in his memoirs that "Matthews had lost credibility as a reporter on Castro."

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Matthews was not guilty of promoting Communism. His crime — like that of the early Vietnam correspondents portrayed by Philip Knightley and David Halberstam — was the dovish belief that crude application of American power was counterproductive. "Those who harped on the Communist line later said: 'I told you so,'" Matthews wrote. "They helped to make their guesses come true."

But Matthews operated in an era and an arena different from Vietnam. When he went to the Sierra Maestra, the American Century was barely a decade old; Joe McCarthy was gone but not forgotten. Cuba was in America's backyard.

When the Batista regime lingered as an embarrassment to the United States, and Castro seemed more swashbuckling than threatening, Matthews' views were close to the conventional wisdom. Then cold-war politics came to the fore. Conservatives imagined that the revolution must have been scripted, with Matthews a main author. Almost everyone thought that America had the power and the obligation to defeat Communism at every turn.

Matthews regarded himself as a pariah. His articles became misguided at best and subversive at worst — retroactively. His by-line became a generic term for dupe-journalist.

Now the cold war is heating up again. So, after all these years, Matthews' example is exhumed as a talisman against the sort of aggressive coverage — embarrassing to the United States and its clients — that the *Times*, CBS, and *The Washington Post* provided on Nicaragua before Somoza's overthrow, and on El Salvador in the weeks leading up to the March elections.

Matthews wrote: "The only monument I want to leave...is for some student years from now to consult the files of *The New York Times* about the Spanish Civil War [or] the Cuban Revolution,...find my by-line, and know that he can trust it." If that doesn't happen, it is less because of his errors or admitted bias than the political manipulation of history.

Matthews would have to settle for the legacy expressed in a passage he once quoted:

"'Open thy arms,' cried Sancho Panza, 'and receive thy son Don Quixote too, who, though he got the worst on't with another, he ne'ertheless got the better of himself, and that's the best kind of Victory one can wish for.'" □

When A Paper Dies, Everyone Should Mourn

DAVID NYHAN

The people who made "Lou Grant" for television decided not to write a final chapter for the once-popular series that tried to entertain by showing how a big city newspaper should work.

Writers of the canceled show won't have the chance to show the 62 million people who buy a newspaper every day what happens when a paper dies.

There is no shortage of case studies for the expiring newspaper. In eleven months we've lost *The Washington Star*, the New York *Daily News*' evening edition *Tonight*, the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, the Des Moines *Tribune* (folded into its sister *Register*) and *The Cleveland Press*.

The *Bulletin*, once the nation's largest afternoon paper and at the time of its death the nation's fourth-largest PM, expired while selling only 20,000 papers per weekday behind the *Inquirer*, which had three times the advertising.

Twenty-nine American cities currently have competitive dailies, and the "Lou Grant" creators could have written a script for the anticipated closing of a lot of those losing ground.

Mrs. Pynchon could say what publisher N.S. Hayden said when his *Bulletin* died. It was "a dinosaur, but people don't understand the results of killing it. The community loses another voice and perspective. Competition fuels editors and reporters, and that is

lost. Advertisers lose because there is not the competitive force to keep rates in line."

Not even victors feel good when a rival paper goes under. Gene Roberts, who built the *Inquirer* into an impressive enterprise, said the *Bulletin*'s demise left *Inquirer* people "empty and saddened."

Three years ago the American Society of Newspaper Editors took a survey which told them "there is a serious gap between readers and editors." Readers numbed by the information explosion said there is just too much to comprehend, they want their papers to be "more caring, more warmly human, less anonymous." They wanted more personal journalism, more upbeat, positive news, less crime and, presumably, more heroes. They sounded like they wanted a warm and cuddly friend, not what one reader called "a big information supermarket."

There was this prize comment from one woman reader: "Newspapers are written for people who are more interested in others, and I am more interested in myself." Right, lady.

The days when those who put out a paper could take shelter under the admonition to "comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable" are gone. Many readers want their hands held, and if their newspaper won't comfort them, they'll jellify their brain cells in front of the tube. You don't have to read television, you kind of stare at it, and the commercials pound your sense of discrimination into submission. You have to engage a newspaper; you just surrender to the box.

As the radio commercials for radio

advertising brag, broadcasters don't let you turn the page till they say when. That's exactly the point. Readers decide what to read, listeners can't decide what to hear, or watchers what to watch. They are captives, their minds are in lockstep, leading to mental tuneout and eventually coma. What works for soap powder can work for politics, we have learned to our rue.

Two years ago the *Christian Science Monitor* found: "Today, eight companies control the three television networks, *Time* and *Newsweek* magazines, *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post* and *Washington Star* (the only two newspapers in the nation's capital), *The Wall Street Journal*, *The Los Angeles Times*, television stations in the most important cities covering at least 40 percent of the television audience, the leading radio networks and stations, major segments of the cable television industry, leading book publishing companies, a string of newspapers in other key cities across the country, and a bevy of media and non-media enterprises."

Of the 1700-odd U.S. dailies, two-thirds are owned by chains; only two percent of American cities have competing newspapers.

This concentration of vast power in few hands prompted U.S. Representative Morris Udall (D-Ariz.) to warn: "You may have five or six people in this country at some point, who own enough newspapers and television stations and all kinds of media, deciding who's going to run the country. The potential is there." □

David Nyhan is a member of The Boston Globe staff. ©1982 The Boston Globe. Reprinted by permission.

Common Law, Civil Law and Privacy Torts



DECKLE McLEAN

The United States is unique among common law countries in permitting the recovery of damages for invasion of privacy. In this respect, it is closer to civil law countries such as France and Germany which do provide tort relief for privacy invasions. But American courts have not been willing to go as far as French and German courts. As a result, the American privacy tort has remained neither fish nor fowl, providing inadequate relief in itself, while at the same time encouraging Americans — judges, editors, and ordinary citizens — to suppose that privacy is well in hand when in fact it isn't. The specific consequence for editors and journalists has been to excuse them from using ethical protections against privacy invasions.

If privacy is to be protected against invasions by media in the United States, American courts must either go forward to a stronger tort remedy, or they must get rid of the privacy tort

altogether. Going forward would mean significantly curbing the potency of the newsworthiness defense in privacy cases. It would also probably mean scrapping the distinction between privacy invasion and libel. Discarding the privacy tort altogether would mean relying on the professional ethics of journalists, and on moral persuasion, to limit invasions of privacy by media. And it would require judges to fashion *ad hoc* remedies, under such traditional legal theories as defamation or breach of implied contract, to cover some claims in which privacy invasion is the unspoken nub of the grievance.

To move on to a stronger invasion of privacy tort would probably be the easier course of action, and would conform to a decades-old expectation that privacy invasions by media provide a basis for winning tort damages. To eliminate the privacy invasion tort would satisfy those, like the writer, who view the First Amendment as a means to curb such lawsuits; but this action would involve the dismantling of legal machinery already set up. Leaving the tort in its present form would be the worst course of all, because as it now exists, the tort encourages both the media and potentially invaded individuals to believe that someone else is asserting

responsibility for privacy invasion, although this is not the case.

Many Americans do not realize that the law to which they are accustomed — a pragmatic legal system in which judges are the central figures and in which precedent cases are always consulted — is shared by only a small fraction of the rest of the world. Most countries observe civil law, which is intellectual and logical, and the written letter of the law is more important than precedent. Legal scholars are central figures, while judges are lesser.*

The United States is different from its closest common law company — the British Commonwealth. The rest of the common law world lies in that entity, and has remained more bound

* The few countries that do follow common law include the United States, Great Britain, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, Hong Kong, India, the English-speaking Caribbean countries, and some English-speaking African nations.

Civil law traditions are observed in continental Europe, Latin America, and parts of Africa and Asia. Socialist law, more similar to civil law than to common law, is followed in much of the remaining world, and many places, such as the Soviet Union, represent a rewriting of pre-existing civil law traditions.

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to English tradition than the United States has.

As a result, while the American jurisdictions have created a right to recover damages for invasions of privacy, the British Commonwealth countries have provided the would-be privacy plaintiff with almost nothing. The Commonwealth countries have only provided actions under the traditional claims of defamation, nuisance, trespass, breach of contract, breach of confidence, and breach of copyright. In order to win judgments, Commonwealth lawyers have had to disguise their privacy cases as cases of a different kind.

This stinginess regarding privacy damages does not reflect any refusal by Commonwealth authorities to attribute importance to privacy. Quite the contrary. In one of the most influential recent English documents on the subject, a command paper prepared in 1972, the Younger Committee concluded that personal privacy was under considerable attack in modern society. But the Committee also concluded that law was not the proper mechanism for protecting privacy.

"[E]ducation, professional standards, and the free interplay of ideas and discussion through the media and the organs of political democracy can do at least as much as the law to establish and maintain standards of behavior," the Committee wrote.

In the Younger Committee report, and in the Morison Report which came to the same conclusion in Australia a year later, can be seen one virtue of the English idea of law. England and some of its Commonwealth kin have not forgotten that law is really a device of limited usefulness, and there are other ways to keep order and to achieve desired ends in society. The Chinese have gone farther in the same direction, although, as signalled by the recent trial of the Gang of Four, they are now trying to expand law as a device. In traditional China, law was considered a negative force that interfered with better means to social order. Law made people too litigious, the Chinese thought, and encouraged

them to live merely by the letter of law rather than to pursue virtue in themselves. The English have not been similarly antilegal, but they have traditionally restricted the employment of law to problems the law could handle without strain. Where law could provide a sure remedy, English law would recognize a right. But it would not try to create a remedy just because a generalized right appeared to have been violated. Hence the adage that in English law the right followed the remedy. For example, English law traditionally provided a remedy for trespass based on proof that the trespass had occurred. But, unlike Scottish and other law influenced by the Latin tradition, English law ignored whether the trespass was intentional or accidental. The matter of intent raised questions which an aggrieved party might consider in deciding whether to sue; but English law did not regard these questions as proper ones for the law.

It would be to this spirit of restraint and of willingness to rely on other means to public ends, that Americans would be turning if we were to discard the privacy invasion tort.

In civil law jurisdictions and in America, to a degree, the remedy tends to follow the right. That is, where a generalized right — such as a right against violation of personality — is recognized in the constitution, the codes, or in custom, there is a tendency to go out and create a remedy for violations of that right, even if doing so strains the legal machinery. In civil law countries, the scholars and legislators, more than the judges, struggle to create the remedies. In the United States, it is the judges as well as legislators. Americans, like the French and Germans, seem to want their law to do everything that is right, to be their ultimate recourse in all important matters, as though the law could reliably be an ultimate recourse and protector reaching all matters of right. And Americans, it appears, want open and equal access to the courts for any claim of right.

By contrast, the English do not expect quite as much because they do not believe that law has the elasticity to cover all matters of right.

The English attitude has seriously curbed invasion of privacy law in the Commonwealth. Judges and commentators there have regarded the privacy tort as too unwieldy to be useful. This does not mean, however, that Commonwealth courts have left would-be privacy plaintiffs without legal remedies.

What these courts have done indicates what American courts could do if the American privacy tort were discarded, although the possibility is unlikely.

- An early English privacy case in 1849 was *Prince Albert v. Strange*, in which the Prince sought and received an injunction against publication of a catalog containing etchings he and the Queen had had done for their own enjoyment. The case was decided on grounds of copyright and breach of trust. A printer to whom Albert had taken the etchings for a family printing had revealed them to Strange, a man with an opportunistic bent. The printer had breached Albert's confidence; what's more, Albert had a copyright interest in the etchings, the Lord Chancellor said. The decision came in the face of an argument by Strange's lawyers that English law did not protect the privacy right.

- In 1888, in *Pollard v. Photographic Company*, an injunction stopped a commercial portrait photographer from using Pollard's picture for a shop window advertisement for Christmas cards. The grounds of the decision were breach of implied contract. The court concluded that the contract between Pollard and the photographer to do Pollard's portrait implied prohibited commercial use of the negative by the photographer.

- In *Tolley v. Fry* in England in 1931, an amateur golfer's likeness was used in an ad for chocolate bars. Damages were awarded Tolley on a libel theory. The court concluded that the ad was defamatory in that it could be interpreted to mean that the golfer

consented to having his name and image used for commercial purposes, possibly endangering his amateur status.

- In *Loudon v. Ryder*, a 1955 English case, a private investigator broke into a flat occupied at that moment by the plaintiff. The private eye was working for relatives of the plaintiff who claimed the plaintiff was improperly in possession of the flat, which had in fact been passed to her in her father's will. The court awarded damages on a straight trespass rationale, but permitted large exemplary damages, presumably but not avowedly, in recognition of the privacy invasion.

- In *Williams v. Settle*, a 1960 English case, damages were awarded after photos of a wedding party were sold to newspapers on the occasion, two years after the wedding, of the bride's father's murder. A copyright in the pictures, the court said, remained in the bride and her husband, not in the photographer.

- *Argyll v. Argyll* involved English royalty in 1967. A man planned to discuss his former marriage in a newspaper article. His ex-wife successfully sought an injunction to stop the article. The court's rationale was that an implied contract of confidence had come into being during the marriage.

- In *Victoria Park Racing v. Taylor* in 1937, an Australian court said that no general right of privacy existed in Australia; but in *Henderson v. Radio Corp.* in 1960, another Australian court gave professional ballroom dancers an injunction to prevent the use of their photograph on a record album cover. The court concluded this amounted to a passing off, akin to forgery.

Advocates of a privacy tort in England argue that the case law is frozen by history and tradition, so that the tort can be created only by statute. The introduction of a privacy statute into such a reluctant tradition, however, need not produce dramatic results. British Columbia passed a privacy law in 1968. The one suit brought under it as of 1982 succeeded in trial

court, but the judgment was reversed on appeal. The defendant was a private investigator; the plaintiff was a husband whose wife had hired the investigator. The statute read, the appeals court noted, that the tort was actionable only where a privacy violation was undertaken "willfully and without a claim of right." The detective, the court said, had been circumspect in that he had followed the guidelines of another statute, one that regulated his trade. Manitoba passed a similar law in 1970; in 1982 it had yet to be tested. In 1970 the Ontario high court refused to rule that a privacy invasion tort was nonexistent in the province. It said the tort was novel but not nonexistent, and said the same thing again in 1979. But Ontario courts are yet to have such a suit survive to the point where damages could be awarded. (One privacy suit in Canada that did succeed was in Quebec in 1958. But Quebec is a civil law jurisdiction.)

The Commonwealth experience is in sharp contrast to what has happened in the United States. In Ameri-

ca, judges recognized invasion of privacy as a ground for tort recovery early in the twentieth century. One type of American privacy invasion suit, the false light suit in which a plaintiff claims he has been deprived of control over his public image by media publicity even though his reputation has not been lowered, has brought the United States close to the German pattern. False light privacy has been modeled on defamation, and from 1971 to 1974 defamation and false light were subjected to the same constitutional rules by the U.S. Supreme Court. In Germany, defamation and privacy invasion are fused in a single law of personality protection.

The development of the American privacy tort began with a well-known law review article of 1890 by Louis D. Brandeis and Samuel Warren, in which they criticized the press for privacy invasions and called for a legal remedy. In a 1960 law review article, tort scholar William Prosser described American privacy invasion decisions as falling into four categories: false light publications, public disclosure of



embarrassing private facts, physical intrusions into personal space, and appropriation without permission of a person's name or likeness for commercial purposes. Judges and lawyers still tend to follow Prosser's categories for guidance.

Additionally, since 1965, the U.S. Supreme Court has recognized a generalized privacy right protected by the Constitution. This right protects persons against intrusions upon their physical or bodily integrity by public authorities, and has been used to invalidate statutes prohibiting birth control, miscegnation, and sodomy between consenting adults. While there is no constitutional right to tort damages, the recognition of the constitutional privacy right has probably encouraged judges to take privacy claims seriously for tort purposes.

The growth of the privacy invasion tort in the United States, then, has been at the urging of scholars and article writers, who have wanted remedies created for violations of a generalized right. The scholars' influence is reminiscent of the civil law pattern.

In France, privacy law proceeds from a right of personality contained in the civil code. In 1969 the French Cour de Cassation, in practice equivalent to the American Supreme Court but technically a branch of the legislature, recommended more privacy protection. They got it in the Civil Code of 1970 under which the right of personality includes the right to one's image and the right to honor and reputation. In France, the privacy tort action is actionable without malicious intent. (This is not so in the American false light action at present, nor as a practical matter in the American public disclosure action for true but embarrassing publications.) The French privacy tort covers both news and non-news situations. According to the 1970 code, offending publications can be seized. The French case law indicates that French courts do not let the private zones of a person's life shrink quickly when the person moves into a celebrity status. In some leading French privacy invasion cases over

the past century courts have tried to protect the privacy of public figures. (In America such figures are usually considered fair game in privacy invasion law as well as libel law.)

Prior to 1970, French privacy law traditionally rested on a provision of the civil code that renders everyone liable for damages he caused to others through his fault. An equivalent provision was used by the Quebec court in the 1958 privacy case of *Robbins v. CBC*. French courts have found the following publications to be invasions of privacy: a photograph of an actress on her deathbed, a photograph of Brigitte Bardot in her garden, and a fictitious interview with Marlene Dietrich.

German privacy law is hinged on the Federal Constitution of 1949. Article 1 (1) says: "[T]he dignity of man shall be inviolable. To respect and protect it shall be the duty of all state authorities." Article 2 says: "Everyone shall have the right to the free development of his personality in so far as it does not infringe the rights of others or offend against the constitutional order or the moral code."

Using these provisions, German courts have developed a composite personality right in which the distinction between privacy invasion and defamation is not a grounds for denying damages. An important case in this development was the *Schacht Letter* case in 1954, in which a lawyer wrote to a newspaper complaining that the paper had wrongly described another man as a Nazi. The paper published the letter which, in the context, seemed to connect the lawyer to the Nazis. The lawyer won a false light recovery. Damages have been awarded in German personality cases since then for the use of plaintiff's name to advertise an aphrodisiac, the secret recording of conversations, disclosures of the contents of private letters without the author's consent, using a singer's name without her consent in an ad for a device to keep false teeth in place, and a fictitious interview with the former wife of the Shah of Iran.

American privacy law, then, is akin

to the French and German law, and exists for the same reasons that privacy invasion law exists in these civil law countries: it is an attempt to effectuate in practice a generalized right attributed to the countries' foundation documents. But American jurisdictions still appear reluctant to give up the distinction between privacy invasion and defamation. They are also unwilling to make the publication-based privacy torts of false light and public disclosure actionable without malice or without shock to community sensibilities. They have not tried to protect the privacy of celebrities, or of ordinary people caught in momentary, involuntary celebrity, by modifying the defense of newsworthiness.

Unless they are prepared to discard the invasion of privacy tort altogether, American jurisdictions must become willing to take these steps. An important move in strengthening the privacy tort would be to bring privacy invasion into parallel with, or to fuse it with, libel. At present, it is easier for an American libel plaintiff to recover damages than it is for a privacy invasion plaintiff, because libel is actionable by a "private figure" plaintiff without a showing of malice. In its *Gertz v. Welch* libel decision of 1974, the U.S. Supreme Court concluded that this rule for libel did not infringe any First Amendment rights of the media. But only one court has subsequently applied the same rule to privacy suits.

By continuing with the current half-hearted privacy invasion tort, American courts are making believe they have taken charge of privacy protection when, in fact, they have not. They are thereby encouraging the media to relax their own ethical vigilance in this area. Individual members of the public, meanwhile, are deceived into thinking someone is in charge of privacy protection when in fact no one is. They continue on as uncertain and queasy bystanders while the private lives of fellow citizens are displayed before them, and they wonder whose turn will come next. □

Agenda for Journalism Education

MELVIN MENCHER

Can J-schools monitor themselves and keep a creative tension between the established traditional curriculum and the demands of the new technology?

Journalism educators today face a choice. They may select an educational program that trains the student to write stories telling readers and listeners what is happening and why in a manner Lincoln Steffens described as "letting in light and air." Or they may stress training in the processing of information, which would mean the development of journalists who will serve as authority's stenographer, giving the public the facts but not always the truth of the facts.

Journalism education has always been responsive to the needs of the business. Following World War II, a press that was insular, often sensational, and sometimes irresponsible,

was forced to look beyond the city limits. It was then the task of journalists to move from narrow concerns to a world view, and journalism education prepared statehouse and foreign reporters and specialists in many fields.

Change is in the air again. But the pressures are more centripetal than centrifugal. As a consequence of the electronic revolution, new types of news and information specialists will be required. Journalism education should stake a claim to the preparation of men and women for these new fields. But if educators promise too much, we will be asked to give a variety of hands-on training that will further splinter a curriculum already in danger of exploding into segments.

For example, the lesson of undergraduate education is clear. High schools responded to those who wanted driver education in the curriculum — and business mathematics, and life adjustment courses, and television appreciation. The result, many contend, has been the debasement of the high school.

Actually, many of those enrolled in journalism programs have no intention of ever writing a news story. Only one in ten journalism majors intends to work for a newspaper, and the number of those interested in careers

in broadcast journalism is about as small. Journalism educators are training students with a variety of goals — law, business, education, and other fields. All the more reason that the journalism curriculum should not be too specialized. Even for those who do intend to pursue reporting and writing careers, the proper training is not in the application of some minute set of skills but rather in the application of knowledge and reason to observations, facts, and ideas so that they can be organized into a form understandable to large numbers of people.

Professionals in all fields are bombarded by discrete pieces of information. To have meaning, these bits and pieces need to be placed into some kind of pattern or relationship. The task of the professional — teacher, lawyer, accountant or journalist — is to find these patterns, then to make them clear to students, clients, readers, or listeners.

Lincoln Steffens said he suddenly understood what reporting was about during a conversation with a prosecuting attorney in St. Louis.

"He was sweeping all his cases of bribery together to form a truth out of his facts," Steffens said. "He was generalizing. . . he was thinking about them all together and seeing what they meant all together."

Out of seemingly disparate facts and apparently unrelated events the prosecutor was forming a pattern. This is how professionals, journalists included, work.

Some say this kind of thinking cannot be taught, that it is the result of intuition, hunches, luck. Reporters talk about their ability to smell out a story, their sudden insights. These

Melvin Mencher, Nieman Fellow '53, is a professor at the Graduate School of Journalism, Columbia University. He was a participant in the New England Daily Newspaper Study. This article has been adapted from the 30th Annual Crosman Lecture delivered by the author in April at the University of Colorado's School of Journalism. The series honors the founder and first director of the College (now the School) of Journalism.

flashes that reporters use to make their stories greater than the sum of the reported facts is inborn, many contend.

Creative, gifted people are often said to be naturally talented — the young pianist, the born athlete. Undoubtedly, some have a gift and others do not. But behind most success stories is something more prosaic: hard work.

Wayne Gretzky, a hockey player with an uncanny ability to score goals, does not think his talent is inborn.

"Nine out of ten people think my talent is instinct," he says. "It isn't. It's all practice. I got it all from my dad."

Gretzky's father had iced over the backyard for the youngster when he was three and had strung up lights so the boy could practice at night.

As for luck, P. B. Medawar, a Nobel Prize winner in medicine, says that through their observations and experiments, by their reading and even by the company they keep, scientists have made themselves candidates for good luck. Poorly prepared reporters, reporters who cannot analyze facts and synthesize them in clear prose are not candidates for such luck. Also, they never have hunches.

The journalism program can establish an atmosphere conducive to the kind of thinking essential to the journalistic process, and practice runs can be set up in the form of writing assignments. Students can be taught how to cut through the surfaces and to see the underlying realities that form relationships and patterns.

The student who discovers these patterns soon learns that the more he or she knows, the faster and more frequently they appear. Since these relationships are intellectually and aesthetically pleasing to their makers, students are encouraged to learn more so that they can write better stories.

Given the kind of informed journalism that results from such thinking, the public may also be excited by the discoveries in which it is sharing. Readers and listeners may find these

insights more interesting than the rat-a-tat of 15- and 30-second news items, endless features, and soft news.

We may, finally, be rid of the zucchini, the object of scores of articles in our daily press: How to fry, bake, broil, and boil zucchini. How to prepare zucchini cookies, zucchini pie. . . .

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Journalism educators have responsibilities to the professional as well as to the student.

A few years ago, journalists and journalism educators who gathered at the Nieman Foundation concluded that regional and state seminars are essential for practicing journalists. These "Little Nieman" programs would help reporters catch up on developments in their fields.

Recently, I attended a conference at Drake University that was based on a similar concept. Young reporters a year or two out of school return to one of the Iowa journalism school campuses for a three-day refresher course. They are brought up-to-date on state legislation affecting the press and coverage of the various beats. The reporters, guest faculty members, and speakers discuss ethics, newsroom problems, and writing techniques.

Finally, media evaluation these days is confined to the large newspapers and television stations, leaving most papers and stations unscrutinized. The proper agency for such localized media studies on a regular basis is the journalism school. The journalism educator would serve the profession by initiating continuing studies of the state or area media to be their monitor, guide, and public scold.

A model for such media criticism does exist: the New England Daily Newspaper Study. Under the guidance of Loren Ghiglione, publisher and editor of *The News* (Southbridge, Mass.), the study examined all aspects of the 105 dailies in New England. The results were published in 1973, and we hoped that others

would pick up on the idea, but so far as I know, little has come of this pioneering effort.

In any evaluation of the media, the inner workings of the newspaper or station should be examined as scrupulously as the news and editorials. A special concern is salaries, particularly those paid to beginners. Whether salaries are part of an overall evaluation or the subject of a special study, they should be examined, despite the unwillingness to talk about the disgraceful fact that on many newspapers beginning reporters earn a subsistence wage.

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Ultimately, journalism comes down to a man or woman watching an event and trying to make sense of it. Radio news announcers, anchor people, broadcast writers, layout specialists, videotex writers, copy editors — all depend on that solitary figure.

We have become too enthralled by the machine — an old American habit — and we have become too enamored of the package, neglecting the contents.

We have had courses in the New Journalism, wire service reporting, and writing for news magazines. Courses have been built around the video display terminal and the technology of the half-hour television news program.

Now, journalism instructors are being asked to become foremen and forewomen on an assembly line producing cadres of trained technicians. While some knowledge of craft is essential to performance, the journalism program in its limited laboratories cannot hope to match the specific and complicated technology of the profession in its own newsrooms.

What journalism instructors can do is pass on a way of thinking that marks the professional, some knowledge of the way the press works in a democracy, and the understanding that journalism is, above all, a moral enterprise. The rest the business itself can handle. □

BOOKS

American Classics For All

WALT WHITMAN

Complete Poetry and Collected Prose

"Leaves of Grass" (1855)

"Leaves of Grass" (1891-92)

"Complete Prose Works" (1892)

Supplementary Prose

Edited by Justin Kaplan

HERMAN MELVILLE

"Typee" "Omoo" "Mardi"

Edited by G. Thomas Tanselle

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

"Uncle Tom's Cabin"

"The Minister's Wooing"

"Oldtown Folks"

Edited by Kathryn Kish Sklar

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

"Tales and Sketches"

"A Wonder Book for Girls and Boys"

"Tanglewood Tales for Girls and Boys"

The Library of America, New York, distributed by The Viking Press, \$25 each

The first four volumes of the Library of America, part of a remarkable publishing project that began more than 20 years ago as a vision for preserving America's literary heritage, are now available at the nation's bookstores.

The initial volumes are devoted to Herman Melville, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Walt Whitman and Nathaniel Hawthorne, but they are only the first of what the sponsors hope will be several hundred titles embracing not only novels, poetry and essays but also the works of philosophers, nature writers, historians, travelers and explorers who wrote books of literary merit.

Literary Classics is a nonprofit organization set up by a \$1.2 million grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities and \$600,000 from the Ford Foundation. The hope is that the project will eventually pay its own way through the sale of its uniform volumes, which will cost \$25 each in bookstores and \$19.95 through subscription from Time-Life Books.

Although restricted to American

writers, the Literary Classics are modeled after the French Pleiade editions, the series of uniform and authoritative works of world literature.

"We're already projecting titles for the next 15 to 20 years; but I hope it will continue until my children are old men," said Daniel Aaron, professor of English and American literature at Harvard University and president of Literary Classics of the United States, publisher of the Library of America. "Our goal is to have a set of these books in every library in the nation." He added, "We couldn't teach because books were going out of print, and that includes major classics that you cannot buy unless you spend enormous sums. Students are not being exposed to the works that are our heritage."

The reissuing of the first four classics in April was hailed by writers including Eudora Welty, Robert Penn Warren, Richard Wilbur, and Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. at a gathering the evening of May 12th, in the Pierpont Morgan Library. The four notables

entertained an audience of 100 invited guests, including some of the most distinguished members of the country's literary community, by reading aloud selections from the initial volumes of works.

The present publishing schedule calls for eight volumes a year, four each in the spring and fall, and efforts will be made to keep each book permanently in print. In many cases, the complete works of an author will be published in three or four compact volumes, or eight in the case of Henry James. But some writers will appear in only one volume.

The first of six Mark Twain volumes will appear this fall, as will the first of four volumes of William Dean Howells and both volumes by Jack London.

Designed by Bruce Campbell, the books are of uniform size (4-7/8 by 7-7/8 inches). Each volume will be of 1300 to 1500 pages. The semi-flexible bindings are of unfinished rayon imported from Holland; they are sewn with waxed thread, not glued, and the books lie open on a table without one's having to bend them. The paper is thin — 30-pound — but opaque and acid-free. It will not crumble or yellow with age and is guaranteed to last for



Acquisitions Sought



We learn to read, in various languages, in various sciences; we learn the alphabet and letters of all manner of books. But the place where we are to get knowledge, even theoretic knowledge, is the books themselves! The true university these days is a collection of books.

—Thomas Carlyle

The browsing library at Walter Lippmann House is being reorganized, and one of the goals is to have a more complete representation of Nieman Fellows' publications. Of the 1300 volumes that make up our informal collection, 165 are books by Nieman Fellows. Many were a gift in 1977 from Louis Lyons' own library of works by Nieman alumni/ae.

Those who are interested in helping to build up a "Fellows' Corner" at Lippmann House are urged to see that the Foundation is sent copies of any books they have written. To avoid duplication, a list of volumes on hand by Nieman authors is available up on request from the Nieman office.

We will be appreciative of whatever contributions are forwarded to us, and will be glad to add them to the Nieman library bookshelves.

500 years. In large easy-to-read type, it also has ribbon markers.

The series may turn out to be "the most important national publishing project since the Federal Writers Project in the 1930's," according to Aaron. "It's a way to remind the American people of their neglected

and forgotten heritage... the fullest and finest expression of American thoughts."

Adapted from articles in The New York Times and the Ford Foundation Newsletter.

Luce Talk

Clare Booth Luce

Wilfred Sheed. E. P. Dutton, New York, 1982, \$12.95

by JOHANNA NEUMAN

This is a thin book, but it's a delightfully refreshing summer read.

Not that it's a bad book, or a dull one. Just that no serious attempt is made to recreate the life story of Clare Boothe Luce, playwright-author of *The Women*, wartime congresswoman from Connecticut, wife to an empire, namely *Time's* founder Henry R. Luce.

Still, if charm, urbanity, and wit are any match for notes, interviews, and other more traditional forms of research, Wilfrid Sheed has produced a gem.

There are some great lines.

"The tales that circulated of her [Clare] seducing him [Luce] in a dazzling white dress have a Victorian ring to them," Sheed writes in one passage that exceeds wisdom. "People have to get into bed somehow, and track suits are seldom worn."

And some telling lines.

"My father reports to me that he once told Clare that she didn't know enough nobodies," writes Sheed. Clare's response: "But are they interesting?"

There are moments of poetry.

"This would happen again more than once in her life," he writes. "Bursts of petulance, like willpower boiling over."

And some moments of insight.

"Clare had written an article for *Life* not too long before about the death of Marilyn Monroe, in which she ascribed its cause precisely to the loss of beauty," Sheed tells us. Clare writes that at some one moment, looking in the mirror ceases to be a comfort for a woman and becomes "a summit conference with the enemy."

There are flashes of news.

"At that time, LSD was almost unknown, so it is nice to think of the Luces blazing a trail for later hippies to follow," Sheed discloses. "The effects on both were benign, and Harry actually strolled out into the backyard one night conducting an invisible symphony orchestra."

And some flashes of brilliance.

"Latin America was a funny place to send any kind of Luce," Sheed writes of the original proposal by President Eisenhower to make Clare an ambassador to Brazil, later changed to Italy. "Traditionally, we have treated our subcontinent like a drunken father who ignores the kids himself but who beats the daylights out of anyone else who takes an interest."

It is this seesawing between Clare's life and Sheed's observations of life that give the book its appeal. In a way, the book represents the meeting of two legends: "that Luce woman," as

Franklin Delano Roosevelt grumpily called her, and the author of *People Will Always Be Kind*, one of the best political novels to go undiscovered. Sheed joins Luce on the court for this set, and the game they play shapes the book, a montage of summer scenes at the Luce country home, conversations at the great parties of Washington, visits to the widow's place in Hawaii. If this is not biography — and some would argue that the only things needed for biography are an index and lots of pictures — that detracts from neither legend. This is a memoir of a writer, reflecting on a political figure. It is a discourse on a generation, written by a wry observer.

It is a book that has more to say about life than about this life.

"Clare lives with her ghosts as uneasily as most of us," Sheed writes. "Her life, as the saying goes, amuses her when she thinks about it, but hurts when she feels. Am I alone in experiencing just the opposite?"

No need to answer just yet. Savor the question like a cool summer breeze. Let it tickle your shoulders and lift your imagination. Then watch it go.

Johanna Neuman, Nieman Fellow '82, is a correspondent for Gannett News Service in Washington, D.C.

Experts At Covering Experts

Reporting the Citizens' News

Ralph Izard. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, New York, 1982

by BARBARA MILACEK

In *Reporting the Citizens' News*, Ralph Izard states that "journalists have always covered the experts, but now more reporters are being called upon to be experts themselves."

No longer is it important to report events as they happen, but it is important to report why that event happened and what impact it will have on the lives of average citizens.

To be able to do this accurately and intelligently, the newspaper industry appears to be moving into an age of expert reporters who may be specialists on political affairs, law enforcement and the courts, education, business and economics, science or religion.

In specialization, defined as a continuity of subject or staying within the confines of a general subject, the expert reporter is not distracted with other assignments; sources in a special field are cultivated and their con-

fidence won. Subtle changes in the specialized area that would be lost on the general assignment reporter are duly noted.

The challenge to the expert reporter is to understand information — often highly technical and complex — and to communicate that material to the readers.

Izard presents responses from the nation's reporters on how they cope with problems that arise in their special areas. Each chapter is fully footnoted to provide reporters with additional resources in their field. Also included is useful and specific information — for example, for the novice trials reporter there is a 14-page glossary of legal terms and a step-by-step scenario of court reporting, including the pretrial process, jury selection, opening statements, presenting of evidence, closing arguments, the judgment, and sentencing.

Izard defends incomplete reporting (caused, he claims, by the pressures

to which reporters are exposed); he balances this defense by noting the criticism of the press among those being reported on: Reporters who cover state government may be accused of concentrating their attention on what happens inside the Capitol and ignoring the lesser agencies. The business community may charge that reporters are "economic illiterates" or "sentimentalists" who are undermining the economy by destroying public confidence in the free enterprise system.

Of course, there are reporters who would agree with such criticism. But, imperfect as it may be, coverage of the state government is the only source of public knowledge on government affairs other than that which comes from the officials themselves. Consumer groups, environmentalists, and other groups are challenging the business community to seek out newer and safer ways to operate. The business community is not used to this scrutiny; they are not used to being questioned.

Even in an age of journalistic specialization, the general assignment reporter is far from outdated: with the combined efforts of the specialist reporter and the general assignment reporter, news organizations will be able to provide the public with an account of important events and an analysis of what those events mean.

For the reporter who would like to develop a specialized field, this is an excellent textbook. For the experienced reporter, *Reporting the Citizens' News* provides a good resource for both general information and specific methods.



Formerly a reporter for the Marshall (Minnesota) Independent, Barbara Milacek received a master's degree in journalism from Northern Texas University last year. She presently is working toward her doctorate in higher administration and teaching media writing at Texas Christian University.

In Defence Of Literary Journalism

continued from page 10

San Francisco is gone! Nothing remains of it but memories and a fringe of dwelling houses on its outskirts. Its industrial section is wiped out. Its social and residential section is wiped out. The factories and warehouses, the great stores and newspaper buildings, the hotel and the palaces of the nabobs, are all gone. Remains only the fringe of dwelling houses on the outskirts of what was once San Francisco.

London also published *The Iron Heel*, a classic editorial novella, in 1906. The *Herald* later sent London to Reno to cover the famous return fight of the "Great White Hope," Jim Jeffries, against Jack Johnson. And in 1914 he was sent to Vera Cruz, to report on the Mexican War.

Lewis Mumford succinctly summed up the work of London and two of his comrades, Frank Norris and Upton Sinclair: "They were reporters, or, if they thought of themselves more pretentiously, social scientists; their novels were photographs...."

Sinclair, as noted, was indeed a "photographic" journalist. Born in Baltimore, Sinclair grew up in the eastern "establishment" aura that still surrounds the hubbub of New York and Washington. He read William Cullen Bryant's *New York Evening Post* and the *New York Journal*, the latter more for relief than information. There he encountered esteemed writers who would later be friends and associates: London, Bierce, W. M. Reedy, and Eugene Debs.

By 1910, when Pearl Buck was writing for the *Shanghai Mercury*, and Willa Cather had read her first by-line as a Red Cloud, Nebraska,

journalist, Sinclair had begun to perpetuate the muckraking tendencies that Bierce had initiated, including censure of the press itself, with *The Brass Check*.

Sinclair was, however, indebted to the press that he so severely flayed. *The Jungle*, probably his most famous and widely read novel, was the result of an assignment for the socialist Chicago weekly, *Appeal to Reason*. His description of the working conditions of Chicago meat packers was so effective that Jack London, in a 1906 review, called the book "The *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of wage slavery." (Due in part to the effects of the novel, the Pure Food and Drug Act moved through Congress with little or no opposition.)

Another writer who exposed the flaws and scars of and for the American citizenry was Sinclair Lewis, though his approach differed substantially from Upton Sinclair's. What Sinclair did with a serious, verbal bludgeon, Lewis achieved with wry commentary and an oblique needle.

Lewis' first journalistic endeavors were undertaken at small papers in Connecticut, and at the *Weekly Herald*, published in Sauk Center, Minnesota, where he was usually identified as "Old Doc Lewis' young boy Harry." (He applied for a reporter's job at the *Weekly Herald* after his English teacher had complimented his writing; the paper hired him as a floor sweeper.) Lewis also worked for Sauk Center's *Avalanche*, just before he left for Yale, where he served as a stringer for the *New Haven Journal and Courier*.

In his travels throughout the nation, Lewis worked for the *Courier* in Waterloo, Ohio; then went on to New York and California, where he wrote miscellaneous humor for *Puck*. At the *San Francisco Evening Bulletin*, he was assigned to cover the streets of the city — a rewarding beat that offered rich fodder for his newspaper articles and, later, his novels.

After leaving the *Evening Bulletin*, Lewis worked briefly for The Associated Press, then returned to New York

to write for the *Volta Review*. He had even applied to the *Delineator*, edited and run at that time (circa 1910) by Theodore Dreiser. Lewis later recalled the intimidating presence of Dreiser, who seemed, though powerful and engaging, "more like a wholesale hardware merchant" than an editor.

Dreiser's brooding countenance permeates the youthful experiences of many journalists of the era. As a child in Indiana, he read Eugene Fields' "Sharps and Flats" in the Chicago *Daily News*, where in the early 1890's, he applied for a job. He met with little success, and less encouragement.

In 1893 he crossed Illinois and the Mississippi, to secure his first real job as a journalist, for the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. He covered street color and crime for the *Globe* and, as an added bit of relish, wrote drama reviews.

He left the *Globe* under curious circumstances: Assigned to cover both a streetcar mishap in icy downtown St. Louis and two plays, he never made it to the theaters, since the accident occurred just before curtain time. After contacting several Chicago journalists, he was able to glean from their opinions enough information to write three play reviews — although he had not seen the plays. The following morning, Dreiser learned from reading the *Republic* that a severe snowstorm had prevented the train carrying the theatrical troupes from reaching town; none of the plays had been staged in St. Louis. Dreiser's days at the *Globe* were numbered.

He moved on to the *Republic*, and was sent to cover the Chicago World's Fair; there, near his home, the wanderer in him seemed loose again. He trudged about the midwest, doing stringer work for various papers, eventually encountering Arthur Henry, editor of the *Toledo Blade*. Henry persistently suggested, even while Dreiser was later working for the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*, that he amalgamate some of his inner city observations into short story or novel form. The result was *Sister Carrie*.

In a letter to William Lengel, then a reporter for the *Kansas City Post*, Dreiser supplied the following background statement to fill out an article being prepared to accompany the release of his new novel, *Jennie Gerhardt*.

...By temperament I am a moody and solitary person and I am entirely at variance with the modern theory of life. I don't think the middle west conception of what is good and virtuous is worth two cents, but it wouldn't help me any or my books to have you say that.... Writing is sometimes a delight and sometimes very hard work. I am six feet one-and-one half inches tall, weight 180 pounds, and I like to eat, walk, travel, and dream. I wish I were rich. What more can I say?

And in *Hoosier Holiday*, Dreiser wrote, "I was considered an exceptional newspaper man." And so he was.

Ringgold William Lardner was also an "exceptional newspaper man." Both he and Edna Ferber began their careers as journalists in the upper midwest: Lardner for the *Michigan Daily*; Ferber for the *Daily Crescent* in Appleton, Wisconsin, and later for *The Milwaukee Journal*.

Lardner's by-line first appeared in the South Bend, Indiana, *Times* in 1905. He left Indiana to join the staff of the *Chicago American*, a Hearst paper; from there, he moved to the mighty *Tribune* to assume the column of H. E. Keough, who had recently died. Under the title "In the Wake of the News," Lardner was to add humorous insights to the American newspaper industry and the lives of millions of readers for nearly a decade — a tradition still followed by Russell Baker in his "Observer" column in *The New York Sunday Times* magazine.

Like many other twentieth-century literary journalists (Bierce, Crane, London), Lardner died young, but his name was widely known and the droll touch of his irony was deeply felt in

the Chicago renaissance, even by so august and serious a personage as the "good, grey poet" of the *Chicago Daily News*.

Carl Sandburg came to the *News* when his position as a reporter for an adless Scripps daily, *The Day Book*, ended with the demise of that paper. A product of Galesburg, Illinois, Sandburg shared his common rural Illinois background with Edgar Lee Masters — although Masters, unlike Sandburg, had worked for the local paper.

At Hearst's *Chicago American*, Sandburg was for a brief time an editorial writer, rather than the street reporter he would have preferred to be. He moved on to the *News*, where he remained the archetypal thoughtful writer: the reporter as monolith. There was Sandburg, recalled an associate, "...peering out from under his black-visored cap like a traffic policeman, wearing his coat about his shoulders like a cape and stalking forward like another Ibsen in the streets of Christiana." Encountering severe competition from both McCormack's *Tribune* and other sprouting dailies, the *News* could no longer afford its "good, grey poet," and Sandburg left both the *News* and journalism for the stark realism of his "Chicago poetry."

Sandburg was the last literary journalist to abandon the Chicago renaissance. The papers of that era were beleaguered by a flurry of social and economic perplexities: the growth of

discontent and the inequality that fostered it; the influx of farmers with their guileless agrarian ways into the spiral canyons of the cities; the trameling or transformation of the love of nature and individualism into something indefinable and uncomfortable; the plague of mass advertising and the growth of radio that assured its success; the impending depression and its black wake; disenchantment with war, and wars, and the constant pinch in the pocket of tomorrow.

But Sandburg had been one of two men — John Dos Passos was the other — who addressed himself, as Com-mager said, most "directly and specifically to the economic collapse of the thirties and the spiritual illness that lay behind it," — through the journals of the great midwest, and for the intense faces inhabiting those rolling hills and fruited plains.

Sherwood Anderson, too, had inhabited those rolling hills. Before the turn of the century, he sold newspapers to drummers in the hotel lobbies of Clyde, Ohio. He became a businessman in Elyria, selling something called "roof-fix." One Thanksgiving Day, Anderson's legend purports, he rose from his desk, put on his hat and shook the comfortable dust and dollars of Ohio for the cold cobblestones of Chicago and New York. He yielded to the bohemian atmosphere of Chicago and, at Schlogel's Restaurant, reveled in the company of Ben Hecht, Burton Rascoe, Carl Sandburg, and Harry Hansen.



As Anderson had been seduced by the bohemians of Chicago, so was he entranced by the prospect of owning a newspaper. In 1927, with most of his prominent work behind him (*Winesburg, Ohio*; *Poor White*; *Dark Laughter*) Anderson attended the Smythe County Fair in Marion, Virginia. Shortly thereafter, he became the owner of two local newspapers — the *Smythe County News* and the *Marion Democrat*.



Anderson's papers were regularly filled with his personal statements and columns; he wrote most of the copy himself. On the pages of his papers, he told stories, revealed his editorial bent and talked to the people of his town. It was a literary journalist's dream come true. In *Hello Towns*, Anderson wrote that the purpose of his newspaper work was "to give expression of the joys and sorrows, the political fights, all the everyday life of a very American community."

When Anderson died, one of his heroes, Theodore Dreiser, wrote, "Well, he is gone — wise, kind, affectionate, forgiving. And I wish he were not."

Another writer with whom Anderson had a firm association is Ernest Hemingway, the archetypal literary journalist. He wrote for his high-school paper, *The Trapeze*, and the school literary magazine, *The Tabula*;

his uncle, Tyler Hemingway, introduced him to Harry Haskell (then a member of the *Kansas City Star's* editorial staff), for whom he first began to work in 1917. The *Kansas City Style Sheet* became his literary and journalistic bible:

- use short sentences
- use short first paragraphs
- use vigorous English
- be positive, not negative.

As a training ground, the *Star* provided Hemingway with a firm foundation for his later writing — as in the vigorous, taut articles he wrote as a Red Cross ambulance driver in Italy. ("Ciao," a news and gossip sheet for the volunteer American drivers, was produced irregularly at Vicenza.)

He returned to the States a wounded hero (of sorts) and encountered a staff reporter of the *Toronto Star* through Ralph Connable, the head of F. W. Woolworth in Canada, whose son Hemingway had agreed to tutor. He joined the staff of the *Toronto Daily Star* in February 1920, and for the next four years, sporadically produced a mélange of street scenes, sports stories, character sketches, and — eventually — war dispatches from Europe. A sample:

VIGO, Spain — Vigo is a pasteboard looking village, cobble-streeted, white and orange plastered, set up on one side of a big, almost landlocked harbor that is large enough to hold the entire British Navy. Sunbaked brown mountains slump down to the sea like tired old dinosaurs, and the color of the water is as blue as a chromo of the bay at Naples.

His pieces, sent to both the *Daily Star* and its sister paper, the *Weekly Star*, were widely read and provided him with a firm, respectable following upon his return from the war in Europe in 1924.

From his war correspondence came *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and *The Sun Also Rises*. In December 1934, under the headline "Old Newsman Writes," Hemingway penned the following for *Esquire*.

Your correspondent is an old newspaper man. That makes us all one big family. The hardest thing in the world to do is to write honest prose on human beings. First you have to learn the subject; then you have to learn how to write. Both take a lifetime to learn.

•

John Steinbeck is exemplary of the literary journalists of the 1930's and 1940's: a man whose writing and ideas reflected and formed the tone and mood of the country; and whose characters in *The Grapes of Wrath* became "America's new bandwagon."

During his years of education, Steinbeck, like Hemingway, contributed to his school publications: first, *El Galiban*; later, at Stanford, the *Spectator*.

In 1925 Steinbeck made the obligatory New York trek, and with the help of an amicable brother-in-law, secured work. By merit of his Stanford clippings, he was hired by the *American*, a small but healthy New York daily.

Steinbeck returned to California via the Panama Canal and a tramp steamer, to a job as a caretaker at an isolated estate at Lake Tahoe. There he reflected on his experiences at Stanford, in New York, and in the valley, and on his own future, which eventually was to include a return to journalism. Steinbeck had all but abandoned hope of publishing his work when the *Monterey Beacon* offered its support; "The Snake" was first published by the *Beacon* in their stable of papers.

By October 1936, Steinbeck was working for the *San Francisco News*. One of his more significant assignments for the *News* was a series of articles about the itinerant workers whose labors reaped the riches for others in the Salinas and San Joaquin valleys. As this series of articles concerned the same topic that *In Dubious Battle* had touched so effectively, Steinbeck stored these additional images and experiences — the Hoovervilles; the living and working conditions of small, unkempt families — using them sparingly in his news-

paper pieces, so that they might be salvaged afresh for *The Grapes of Wrath*, published in 1939. He also made use of this material in *Their Blood is Strong*.

He continued to do stringer work and to write fiction, and finished *Of Mice and Men* in 1937 — delayed by the unfortunate incident of having the original draft chewed to confetti by his dog. (Not Charley.)

During World War II, Steinbeck became a special correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune*. His beat was Europe and North Africa, and the months he spent there were later recorded, revised only slightly from his newspaper articles, as *Once There Was a War*.

His by-line was still prominent in the *Herald Tribune*. In 1948, writing about his trip to Russia, later collected in *A Russian Journal*, Steinbeck offered the readers of one of New York's most prestigious dailies perceptive comments about the great, growing "Bear" of the Soviet Union.

Nothing in the Soviet Union goes on outside the vision of the plaster, bronze, painted, or embroidered eye of Stalin. His portrait hangs not only in every museum, but in every room of every museum. His statue in plaster or bronze or marble marches in front of all airports, railroad stations, bus stations. . . . In parks, he sits on a plaster bench, discussing problems with Lenin. His picture in needlework is undertaken by the students of schools. The stores sell millions and millions of his face, and every house has at least one picture of him. Surely the painting, the modeling, the casting, the forging, the embroidering of Stalin must be one of the great industries of the Soviet Union. He is everywhere, he sees everything. He is always present.

As late as 1965 — just three years before his death — Steinbeck was deeply involved in a series of articles written for Long Island's *Newsday*, entitled "Letters to Alicia." In these melancholy "Letters," Steinbeck wrote of his support for the policies of

President Lyndon Johnson — a friend and admirer of Steinbeck — to Alicia Guggenheim, the recently deceased wife of *Newsday*'s publisher, Harry F. Guggenheim. (LBJ had recently appointed Steinbeck, Catherine Porter, Saul Bellow, and Richard Eberhardt as honorary consultants for American Literature to the Library of Congress.)

Steinbeck, who once wrote that his work had been intended to "help people understand one another," died on December 20, 1968. At his graveside, Henry Fonda read selections from Robert Louis Stevenson and Tennyson's *Ulysses*.

Foreshadowing Steinbeck's sentiments, Joseph Addison wrote in 1711, "If I can in any way contribute to the diversion or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it, when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain."

Turning this goal into a tradition, for centuries newspapers have offered their readers a colorful, wrinkles-and-all family portrait. There is a constant moral purpose reflected in the daily writing that looks back from the pages of our past, as the literary journalists form their perceptions and direct their pens. They wrote, and write, to please their audience and thus themselves; they write, and they are read, and they write again. This, every twenty-four hours. □

Dealing With The Media

continued from page 21

Several reporters began calling the Justice Department to ask about a column by Anderson that their papers had received for publication the following Monday. In it Anderson charged that Hamilton Jordan and Charles Kirbo were linked to a ten-million-dollar "political fix" which

resulted in the Justice Department's dropping its efforts to extradite Robert Vesco. Anderson's allegation involved extraordinarily complex facts, and he dealt with them in numerous columns, some versions of which he still publishes to vindicate his reporting. I find it heartening that few news organizations, if any, picked up Anderson's original charge but instead reported on the columnist's confrontation with the administration on Anderson's various versions of the events, his admission of "reconstructed" evidence, and on Anderson's own relationship with the fugitive financier, Robert Vesco, and United States senators interested in the matter.

As *The Atlanta Constitution* had reported in late July 1978, long before Anderson, Vesco had indeed approached some Georgians in an attempt to get the charges against him dropped. The key intermediary was an ex-convict, R.L. Herring, who was in prison on a swindling conviction and was subsequently convicted in Virginia of first-degree murder. Another participant in the scheme was a young Albany, Georgia, lawyer named Spencer Lee, a boyhood friend of Hamilton Jordan, President Carter's chief aide. Later grand jury investigations determined that Lee met in the early weeks of the administration with a White House aide named Richard Harden, who had been head of the Georgia Welfare Department under Governor Carter. Thereafter, Harden spent about five minutes with President Carter, who wrote me a handwritten note in early February, stating "Please see Spencer Lee when he requests an appointment — J.C." I do not remember reading the note, but whether I did or not, it ended up in a file for pending appointments in the desk of my counselor and scheduler, Mike Kelly. There it sat for the next year and a half. Lee never requested nor had an appointment. A federal grand jury returned no indictments, and no evidence was ever produced that Jordan, Kirbo or anyone else in the administration had made any

efforts to act on behalf of Vesco.

But Anderson implied continuously, and still does, that the scheme succeeded in obtaining favorable Justice Department action for the accused fugitive. In characteristic fashion, Anderson presents selective facts and innuendo, repeating his core implication in carefully worded but misleading fashion.

Following the calls that first Friday, my aide Terry Adamson quickly reviewed his notes and Justice Department files concerning Vesco in order to respond to the inquiries of reporters from *The Los Angeles Times*, *The Atlanta Constitution*, *The Washington Post* and *Newsday*.

With Adamson present, Anderson had interviewed me in my office the previous Monday. At that meeting, Anderson inquired about three approaches said to have been made to me concerning the Vesco case. My logs, appointment records and staff notes demonstrated at that meeting that none of the three contacts had been made, and Anderson's columns never referred to them. Adamson's notes of my meeting with Anderson reflect that Anderson asked in passing and only generally about extraditing Vesco and why the department had decided not to pursue it. He did not inquire about our reasons or whether any other move was being made to secure Vesco's return for trial.

Since Adamson was holding a briefing on Saturday for reporters who had inquired about the Anderson charge, Anderson called to complain that the briefing was being held before his column had appeared and that he had been left out. At that time, Anderson was briefed on details of the extradition question.

Anderson then revised his still-unpublished column, eliminating the allegation that Jordan and Kirbo were linked to a "political fix" to drop the extradition proceeding and added a disclaimer: "There is in fact no hard evidence that either man [Jordan or Kirbo] lifted a finger in Vesco's behalf with Attorney General Griffin Bell or the President." The accusatory lead

of the original column was softened to state that "the Justice Department quietly switched tactics in the spring of 1977" in its campaign to bring Vesco to Justice, and that this "major change in tactics was made in the aftermath of a high-pressure lobbying campaign directed at two of President Carter's closest political confidants" — Jordan and Kirbo. The revised column implied — but did not state explicitly — that the change in tactics represented a lessening of effort to apprehend Vesco.

Despite the changes Anderson made, delays and difficulties in transmittal of the revised column by Anderson and Anderson's distribution syndicate, United Features, resulted in differing versions of the column running in various newspapers around the country. What Anderson had obtained — but did not reflect in his revised column — was the actual documentation of the Justice Department's action and its rationale concerning Vesco. This documentation, which also was released to other reporters Saturday and Sunday, showed that when Rosalyn Carter was in Costa Rica in 1977, reporters asked her about U.S. efforts to bring Vesco back and try him. Vesco's presence, long a sore point in Costa Rica, was an important issue in the upcoming presidential elections there. The press inquiry to Mrs. Carter prompted National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski to write me for a progress report on the Vesco matter.

The request was forwarded routinely to the department's Criminal Division, which sought advice from the U.S. attorney of the Southern District of New York where the criminal charges were pending against Vesco. That U.S. attorney, Robert Fiske, was a holdover appointment from the Ford administration who distinguished both administrations. He advised that extradition had already been attempted unsuccessfully at great cost to the U.S. government. The difficulty was in showing that the laws Vesco was charged with violating were covered by the existing extradition treaty be-

tween Costa Rica and the United States. In a memo, Fiske proposed that efforts be made to induce the Costa Rican government to expel Vesco "and coordinate such expulsion so that he may be apprehended by the United States as a fugitive." At the top of the memo, I wrote: "I concur, Griffin B. Bell, June 15, 1977." Adamson forwarded the package with his own summary memo to Dr. Brzezinski on June 16. It was returned to me a day later with the President's handwritten note at the top. "Take AG advice, okay with me. J." to which Dr. Brzezinski had added: "I have informed the State Department that the President has decided that extradition procedures may be too complicated and time-consuming, and hence a better route is simply to request Costa Rica to expel Vesco."

In subsequent conversations with Anderson that Sunday, Adamson pressed Anderson to give the Justice Department's Criminal Division any evidence he might have of pro-Vesco activity by administration officials. A meeting was set for 6 p.m. Sunday in my office, with Anderson, Assistant Attorney General Civiletti, Fiske, Adamson, my special assistant, Phil Jordan, and me attending. Despite the fact Anderson would write many times that he had turned over his evidence at this meeting, Anderson only outlined orally some facts he said he had uncovered. He sent the department a portion of his "evidence" the next week.

In a second column, Anderson suggested that he had an "incriminating letter" written by Spencer Lee to Hamilton Jordan that implicated Jordan in the scheme. Though Anderson wrote that Lee "vehemently denies writing the letter and Jordan denied receiving it," the column supported the Anderson thesis that something improper had caused the Justice Department to drop its extradition plans. Later, Anderson had to write that this letter and others purporting to be to Jordan or Kirbo were fake, although Anderson called them euphemistically "reconstructions." Adamson con-

tinued to press Anderson to explain in his column why the Justice Department had decided against extradition and particularly that the decision meant no lessening of effort to secure Vesco's return for trial. Anderson indicated that he was going to repeat the charge on his commentary on ABC's "Good Morning, America." By this time, Adamson's secretary was listening to and transcribing his telephone conversations with Anderson, who was advised of the monitoring.

Adamson, who had gained experience as a newspaper libel lawyer in private practice, then called ABC Executive Vice-President and General Counsel Everett Erlich in New York to inform him ABC was on notice of the falsity of Anderson's charge and the defamatory content. He told Erlich that if ABC broadcast Anderson's charge, the department wanted to respond and would consider other legal action. ABC withheld Anderson's taped commentary on Vesco from the next morning's show and ran in its place a commentary on another subject already in their tape storage. Before the morning broadcast, ABC sent Adamson a commentary Anderson had rewritten that dropped the charge that the Justice Department was no longer vigorously trying to bring Vesco back for trial. ABC gave the department an opportunity to respond, which, given Anderson's changes, we chose not to do.

I had asked the Civil Division of the department earlier that week to advise me whether the United States may bring a tort action for defamation arising from a libel of the Department of Justice. Though hardly surprising to me, the answer was no. I thanked the division in a memo, and added: "The First Amendment clashes with the right to sound government if there is no remedy against false charges of corruption. . . the people have a right to know or the right to know the truth? Which?"

Vesco's attempt to buy favorable treatment grated on me the more I thought about it and the more I recalled published reports of Vesco's

Jack Anderson presents selective facts and innuendo, repeating his core implication in carefully worded but misleading fashion.

efforts to influence previous administrations. Because President Carter was totally absorbed in the Camp David peace talks, I had been delaying action on a matter involving foreign intelligence that eventually would require his attention. Using that as an excuse, I flew by helicopter to Camp David, taking Director Webster of the FBI with me. We arrived at the President's lodge and found him alone and reading. After quickly dispensing with the "official" reason for our visit, I told the President that it was a travesty that Vesco apparently believed he could "buy" favorable legal action from the Office of the President of the United States and that I was outraged. I said that we should make every effort to press the Bahamian government, where Vesco had by then fled, to pursue the expulsion plan outlined by Fiske in the 1977 memo. The President was as incensed as I; he reached for the phone and asked Secretary of State Vance to come to the lodge. When Vance, who was on the tennis court, arrived in his tennis whites, President Carter reported our indignation and asked that we coordinate and intensify our efforts to force Vesco's return. We established a joint Justice-State task force for the Vesco project, and I am confident, without knowing details, that Vesco has begun to feel the fruits of our efforts.

Just two months after his Vesco columns, Anderson smeared me again, but this time his "reporting" was even more careless and irresponsible. And the attack extended to my son, Griffin B. Bell, Jr., then an attorney in Savannah, Georgia. In a November 14, 1978, column, Anderson charged that I had influenced a decision by the Justice Department to favor my son. Specifically, Anderson suggested I had prevailed on Justice Department attorneys to withdraw

their objection to a proposed annexation of land by the city of Savannah because Griffin, Jr., was counsel to the Savannah school board. Anderson said the dropping of the federal government's objection to the annexation plan — which the Justice Department initially feared might be designed to dilute black voting strength in Savannah — came about as a result of "slick, down-home politics."

The Savannah Morning News ran a story on its front page the day the column appeared pointing out that Anderson was wrong in nearly all of his facts. But of course that story did not appear in the hundreds of newspapers across the country which published Anderson's column. As the *News* correctly noted, the school board, which my son was serving as counsel, had "no political connections with the city council," the mayor of Savannah did not meet with me, and the black community had voted heavily in favor of the annexation — all contrary to the column's assertions. What Anderson seemed determined to ignore was that the Department of Justice had a perfectly valid reason for dropping its objections: The annexation represented no threat to black voters and, indeed, a majority of them had voted in favor of it.

When it received the prepublication copy of Anderson's column, *The Savannah Morning News* was so distressed that it assigned a reporter to check back with the columnist. The reporter pointed out the errors to Anderson before the column's publication date. Anderson told the reporter that an associate had gathered the "facts" entirely by telephone. Anderson said he "profusely apologizes" for the "technical errors" in the column, the *News* reported, "but defended the column as being 'essentially accurate.'"

The *News* story further quoted Anderson as surmising: "It's not likely that [Drew] Days [assistant attorney general for civil rights] would have reversed himself as drastically as he did on Savannah's annexation plan if he hadn't been under pressure from Attorney General Griffin Bell."

My son, the school board, the mayor of Savannah, and Justice Department spokesman Terry Adamson, on my behalf, demanded retractions by Anderson.

On November 27, a paragraph subtitled "Correction" ran in Anderson's column, which focused on another subject. The paragraph corrected some of the "technical errors" Anderson had referred to, but repeated the implication that the decision to withdraw the plan, which "our sources continue to insist . . . discriminated against blacks," was made because of my intervention.

The correction had corrected nothing about the original column's unfair innuendo. Griffin, Jr., sent a lengthy and indignant letter of rebuttal to leading newspapers around the country, but only the Savannah and Atlanta papers printed it. United Features, which syndicates Anderson, refused our demand that it send its subscribers our unedited response. I then directed Adamson to get a list of the subscribers so that I could write them, but United Features again refused to cooperate. Through Adamson, I told Anderson that the Justice Department would write every daily newspaper in the United States, and Adamson's staff actually began addressing the necessary envelopes. Anderson must have realized that I meant business, for he proposed as a compromise that the column would run an unedited response.

On December 2, 1978, Anderson circulated a new column in which he repeated the basic false charge, and wrote: "In the original column, we cited a Justice Department statement disputing our findings. We later cleared up a couple of technical errors. The attorney general still isn't satisfied that his side of the story has been

told fairly. He feels strongly that our column impugned his integrity. We offered, therefore, to publish an additional unedited statement from him. Here it is:

I want to thank Mr. Anderson for giving me a few unedited words to respond to the attack on my son and me. He said, for instance, that my son was appointed counsel to the Savannah school board by the "city fathers" while the fight over redistricting was going on. In fact, my son was appointed by the county-wide independent school board, which has no political connection with the city or the city council. I had nothing to do with that appointment, although I was proud of my son when I learned that he had been selected. The legal issue of the redistricting was discussed with me by my associates, Mr. Egan and Mr. Days, at their request, which is appropriate in such matters. But the decision was later made by them. Mr. Anderson also said the annexation was a successful effort by the "white establishment" to dilute black voting power in Savannah. In fact, *The Savannah Morning News* pointed out, "the black community voted overwhelmingly . . . to approve the annexation." The column asserted that the mayor of Savannah made several trips to Washington to lobby for the annexation and implied that lobbying of me "paid off." In fact, I never met with the mayor of Savannah or anyone else from that city on this issue. I am told that the mayor made one trip to Washington and met with the head of the Civil Rights Division. The suggestion that there was any connection between the department's decision on annexation and my son's appointment is blatantly false. His only connection was by accident of geography (he lives in Savannah) and accident of birth (he is my son). I recognize the First Amendment need for full, free and even unfair comment by the press on public officials and public affairs. Ordinarily, I would not respond to a column such as Mr. Anderson's, but dragging in my son was beyond the pale.

In my summary of these two cases, more has been said than Jack Anderson is worth. So far as he himself is concerned, I share the view of my old warhorse lawyer friend, Ham Lokey, who wrote to Griffin, Jr., after his indignant letter concerning the Savannah column appeared in *The Atlanta Constitution*: "I thought your letter to Jack Anderson was a masterpiece. You said to him what needed to be said. However, considering the man, I doubt that he can be reformed. You just can't carve rotten wood."

Yet there are times when one must tackle a journalist such as Anderson head-on, even if there is little chance of changing the individual. When a journalist with the circulation and thus the power of an Anderson errs in a significant way, the victim in government must confront him or suffer a loss of effectiveness.

The lack of professionalism and ethical behavior that I found in Anderson's operation, however, was the exception in my dealings with the Washington press corps. Most often, the problem for the neophyte government servant is not how to deal with smears but how to remember that the media — frustrating as some of their actions may be — have become an integral part of the Washington apparatus. The media, imperfect as they are, can shape public policy by reporting and analyzing its development and, sometimes, simply by ignoring the development. The public official who denies or challenges that reality is banging his head against a printing press. I view myself as a champion of the First Amendment rights of reporters and editors and I salute them for serving our country as much — and sometimes more — than if they were in the government. □



Nieman Class of 1983 Appointed

Twelve American journalists have been appointed to the 45th class of Nieman Fellows at Harvard University.

The class of 1982-83 includes two Pulitzer Prize winners, a news photographer, and three television journalists. They are:

ERIC BEST, 34, editorial page editor, *The Stockton Record*, California. Mr. Best holds a B.A. from Hamilton College and is working toward his M.A. from Stanford University. His Nieman year will be devoted to the study of national and international banking and policy issues.

DANIEL BREWSTER, 26, Washington, D.C., correspondent for Cable News Network. Mr. Brewster attended Georgetown University. While at Harvard, he will study the history of the Middle East, constitutional law, economics, literature, and the arts.

HUNTLY COLLINS, 37, education reporter for *The Oregonian*, Portland. Ms. Collins received her B.A. from Portland State University and her M.A. from the University of Missouri. Her studies at Harvard will focus on the American economy and technological changes that affect Americans.

CALLIE CROSSLEY, 30, reporter specializing in health and medical issues for WGBH-TV in Boston, Massachusetts. A graduate of Wellesly College, Ms. Crossley plans to study biomedical ethics, especially as they apply to genetic engineering and nuclear radiation illness; literature, and history.

GILBERT GAUL, 31, reporter for the *Pottsville Republican* in Pennsylvania. Mr. Gaul received his B.A. from Fairleigh Dickinson University and his teaching certification from Montclair State College. In 1979 he won a Pulitzer Prize for special local reporting. His program of study at Harvard includes law, with special emphasis on corporate and labor law as well as civil and criminal procedure; the structure of American government and politics; history; sociology; philosophy; and literature.

GUY GUGLIOTTA, 36, reporter covering foreign news, especially Latin America, for *The Miami Herald*, Florida. Mr. Gugliotta is a graduate of Columbia College and received his M.I.A. from the Columbia School of International Affairs. He was awarded three Bronze Stars during his Navy service in Vietnam. At Harvard, he will concentrate on politics, especially Marxism as practiced in Latin American countries.

SONJA HILLGREN, 34, farm editor for United Press International, Washington, D.C. Ms. Hillgren received her B.J. and M.A. from the University of Missouri. Her courses at Harvard will center on the economic and social policy of agriculture, as well as medical research and ethics.

DAVID HIMMELSTEIN, 35, reporter for the *Maine Sunday Telegram* in Portland. Mr. Himmelstein received his B.A. from Bowdoin College and his M.A. from the University of Michigan. At Harvard, he will concentrate on Middle Eastern studies, especially with regard to energy and foreign policy; and fiction writing, primarily the short story and poetry.

KARL IDSVOOG, 30, director of the investigative unit of KUTV, Inc., in Salt Lake City. Mr. Idsvoog attended Iowa State University and has his B.A. and M.A. from the University of Wisconsin. His program of studies at Harvard will include law, especially corporate law; business; and political science.

WILLIAM MARIMOW, 34, reporter, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, Pennsylvania. Mr. Marimow's B.A. is from Trinity College. He was awarded a Pulitzer Prize for public service in 1978. During his Nieman year, Mr. Marimow will explore constitutional law and criminal advocacy; the relationship between corporations and labor unions; and Russian history.

ELI REED, 35, photographer with *The San Francisco Examiner*, California. A graduate of the Newark School of Fine and Industrial Arts in New Jersey, Mr. Reed is the seventh photographer to be awarded a Nieman Fellowship. His studies at Harvard will encompass social sciences, history and political science, urban planning, psychology, and Asian and Latin American studies.

CHARLES SHERMAN, 35, financial editor of *The International Herald Tribune*, Paris, France. Mr. Sherman received his B.A. from the University of Pennsylvania and his M.S. from the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism. While at Harvard, he will focus on arms policy, the economics of defense, the technology of weapons, history, and economics.

The next issue of *NR* will carry the names of Nieman Fellows from overseas in the Class of 1983. □

NIEMAN NOTES

At the annual May meeting of ASNE, held this year in Chicago, JAMES SQUIRES ('71) and the *Chicago Tribune* invited all Nieman present to an informal luncheon in memory of LOUIS M. LYONS ('39).

The next issue of *NR* will include the complete guest list, as well as some reminiscences of Nieman years under Louis' curatorship.

Squires is vice president and editor of the *Chicago Tribune*.

— 1949 —

GRADY CLAY, editor of *Landscape Architecture* magazine and author, was requested by the Kentucky Department of the Arts to deliver the keynote address at its Kentucky Images Conference held in Louisville this June.

In preparation for the occasion, Clay and his wife, architect/geographer Judith McCandless, spent five days roaming across Kentucky. Their trip covered 1,000 miles, and took them through 46 counties and dozens of towns. The resulting cross section, Clay says, raises a basic question: How can a state so complex and varied be kept together politically and culturally?

— 1951 —

DWIGHT E. SARGENT, since 1978 national editorial writer for Hearst Newspapers, was honored at Colby College on June 4th, when he was presented with the Distinguished Alumnus Award at their alumni reunion. Sargent was instrumental in establishing the Elijah Parish Lovejoy Award, given annually by Colby to a member of the newspaper profession who has contributed courageously to American journalism. He has served on the Alumni Council and the Alumni Fund Committee of Colby, and for sixteen years as trustee.

He is also the new president of the Society of the Silurians, and he serves as a governor of the Overseas Press Club in New York.

— 1954 —

ROBERT C. BERGENHEIM, former vice president for labor and public rela-

tions at Boston University, has joined the staff of the *Boston Business Journal* as publisher.

He writes: "You might wish to make note of the passing of AL DAVIS of the Class of '54. His last post was with *The New York Times*." [The editors have been unable to locate an obituary, and would appreciate hearing from any Nieman who has further information about Al Davis.]

— 1955 —

The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace has published *In Afghanistan's Shadow: Baluch Nationalism and Soviet Temptations* by SELIG HARRISON.

The author, who has covered south and southwest Asia for three decades, delves into the political conflict surrounding Baluchistan, "a little-known but strategically located area stretching across eastern Iran, western Pakistan, and a strip of southern Afghanistan."

WILLIAM J. WOESTENDIEK, former executive editor of the *Tucson Daily Star*, has joined the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* as editorial director with responsibility for the newly expanded editorial page and opinion columns.

Woestendiek joined the Tucson paper in 1976, and earlier was editor and publisher of the *Colorado Springs Sun*; editorial director and assistant to the publisher at *Newsday*, Long Island; and managing editor of *The Houston Post*. He is a past president of the Associated Press Association of California, Arizona, Hawaii, and Nevada.

— 1956 —

JULIUS DUSCHA, director of the Washington Journalism Center, in July announced the receipt of \$40,000 from the Gannett Foundation to help with further development of the Center's program of conferences for journalists.

— 1959 —

JOHN SEIGENTHALER, editor and publisher of *The Tennessean*, has been

named editorial director of *USA TODAY*, a national general-interest daily newspaper to be launched by Gannett on September 15th. Seigenthaler will continue in his position at *The Tennessean*.

— 1960 —

JACK BURBY of *The Los Angeles Times* has won a citation in the Greater Los Angeles Press Club contest for his editorial writings.

GENE ROBERTS, executive editor of *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, was featured in the News Media section of the July 26th issue of *Newsweek*. The article said, "Imported to Philadelphia from *The New York Times* in 1972 to take charge of what had once been an unqualifiedly awful paper, the soft-spoken North Carolinian is slowly but surely transforming the *Inquirer* into one of the country's best dailies." It goes on to describe the recent expansion of the Knight-Ridder newspaper, which claims a Sunday circulation of 1,030,000 — making it the fifth largest Sunday paper in America. It also describes the kind of affection Roberts receives — "at the *Inquirer* nearly everyone loves Gene Roberts."

He has been named to the executive board of the First Amendment Coalition in Pittsburgh. Founded in 1977, the Coalition is an independent, ad hoc group representing all aspects of the communications industry in Pennsylvania and seeking to preserve First Amendment rights through legal action.

— 1962 —

MARTIN GOODMAN, president of the *Toronto Star* at the time of his death last December, was posthumously inducted into the Canadian News Hall of Fame on April 25th.

— 1963 —

GENE GRAHAM died at his home in West Nashville on May 24th after a prolonged battle against cancer and heart disease. He was 57. He had worked for *The Tennessean* for sixteen years before

joining the faculty of the University of Illinois as a professor of journalism in 1964. While there, he had written a book, *One Man, One Vote*, on the history of the legislative reapportionment battle in Tennessee. For the past five years he had lived in Nashville and had been preparing a journal of personal reminiscences.

A native of Murray, Kentucky, Graham attended Murray College Training School and graduated in 1948 from Murray State College. Later that same year he began his career on *The Tennessean* as a reporter. A stocky young man who always sported a crew cut and for a long time a bow tie, he covered City Hall, county government, the police beat, several state political campaigns, and six state legislatures. Later he also took time out from his editorial writing courses to cover portions of the 1960 presidential campaign for the newspaper.

In 1962 he shared the Pulitzer Prize for national reporting with NAT CALDWELL (NF '41) of *The Tennessean* for their articles on the United Mine Workers Union's entry into the mining management field through the use of loans and investments. The articles, which disclosed financial dealings between John L. Lewis, UMW head, and financier Cyrus S. Eaton, showed these activities to be partly responsible for the closing of many small mines and the loss of jobs for many UMW members.

Gene Graham was also a talented cartoonist and humorist, drawing his own cartoons to illustrate the weekly column, "Crackerbarrel," that he wrote for some years. One of them, published two days after President John Kennedy's assassination, was included in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica's* "Tribute to Kennedy." His work appeared in numerous other newspapers and national publications such as *Harper's*, *The Economist*, the *National Observer*, the *Louisville Courier-Journal* as well as *The Tennessean*.

During his Nieman year, he received the first Distinguished Alumni Award to be given by the Murray State College Alumni Association.

He is survived by his wife, Martha Fortress; two daughters, Susan Graham Fox of Knoxville and Betty Graham White of Nashville; a son, Philip Gene Graham, Richmond, Virginia; and four grandchildren.

— 1964 —

DAN WAKEFIELD's latest novel, *Under the Apple Tree*, published in May by

Delacorte/Lawrence Press, is the story of Middle America during World War II. Wakefield is also the author of *Going All the Way*, *Starting Over*, and *Home Free*.

— 1966 —

In a copyrighted story, *Eastbay TODAY* (Oakland, California) described to its readers the role of publisher and editor BOB MAYNARD in the down-to-the-wire negotiations to keep the Raiders in Oakland. Maynard, who since May had been serving on a confidential basis as adviser to the negotiations, was initially approached by the Raiders' general partner, Al Davis, and asked to assist with the attempt to keep the Raiders in Oakland.

In Ed Schonfield's July 14 story, Maynard disclosed the details of his "bizarre 45-day experience" after relinquishing his role as conciliator.

At one point, Maynard said, he felt "we were first-and-goal, inches away from striking the Oakland part of the deal."

However, after learning from a July 6 wire report that Davis had initialed the agreement for the lease on Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum, Maynard said he was "stunned."

"Nothing in our conversations would lead me to believe that at that point Davis would initial an agreement down south," Maynard said. "I regarded that as the termination of our negotiations."

Maynard said he had no official sanction of his role as conciliator. "Nor did I seek any," he added.

From the outset of the negotiations, Maynard separated himself from the newspaper's coverage of the Raiders. According to managing editor Roy Grimm, "We printed more than three dozen stories and columns about the Raiders, the legal tug of war, the Los Angeles negotiations and the opinions of legal experts, and he didn't see any of these until he read the paper."

NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle said he felt "Maynard had a grasp for the role." He described Maynard's function in the negotiations as "a great civic responsibility."

RODOLFO REYES is now based in Washington, D.C., for the Philippine News Agency. His new address: 1731 Church Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Reyes formerly was with the *Manila Times*.

— 1968 —

JAEHEE NAM was visiting the United States in June and paid a call at Lippmann House. Formerly the assistant managing editor of *Chosun Ilbo* in Seoul, he is now a member of the National Assembly of the Republic of Korea, on the Committee of Education and Cultural Affairs.

— 1969 —

RICHARD C. LONGWORTH, economics reporter with the *Chicago Tribune*, has scored for the third time in the newspapers over-300,000 circulation category from the John Hancock Awards for business and financial journalism. Presentations will be made in October at a Seattle evening co-sponsored by the University of Washington and the John Hancock Mutual Insurance Company.

He has also won the Len H. Small Community Service Sweepstakes award for himself and the newspaper.

— 1970 —

HEDRICK L. SMITH, chief Washington correspondent for *The New York Times* and Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist, has been named to the Williams College Board of Trustees.

The other two new board members are Arthur Levitt Jr., chairman and chief executive officer of the American Stock Exchange, and Harriet Spencer, vice president of the board of directors of the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis.

WALLACE TERRY has been named editor of the op-ed page, *USA TODAY*, the Gannett national daily scheduled to make its debut on September 15th.

— 1971 —

Garretson Point, a scenic picnic area along the San Leandro Regional Shoreline, south of Oakland, California, was formally dedicated June 16th to the memory of FREDERICK ("SKIP") GARRETSON, the late *Oakland Tribune/Eastbay TODAY* reporter.

Garretson was credited with beginning the campaign to save San Francisco Bay's public access and wildlife refuges.

Those attending the ceremony included his widow Maureen, his son Cornelius,

and other family members, together with some of the people he had worked for and with, and a score of the public officials and civil servants he had covered.

About seventy in number, they sat whipped by a stiff Bay breeze and listened to conservationists and park officials describe his pioneering efforts to preserve San Francisco Bay and other ecologically sensitive areas.

Garretson Point embodies two of the key elements Garretson sought to bring before his readers' attention — public access to public waters and natural havens for wildlife.

One of his colleagues, Gil Bailey, recalled the day some twenty years ago when Garretson told him he had uncovered plans to fill in virtually all of the Bay, leaving "what in effect would be an open sewer," and his perseverance in the succeeding years to alert the public to the potentially disastrous results if those plans were carried out.

Garretson was praised as a "superior reporter" by Richard Trudeau, general manager of the East Bay Regional Park District. ROBERT MAYNARD (NF '66), editor and publisher of the *Oakland Tribune/Eastbay TODAY* newspapers, added, "Garretson might have disapproved of our remembering him" by naming a park for him, "but as his editor I sometimes found it necessary to overrule him, and he is hereby overruled."

Garretson, 47, died on July 10, 1981, of heart failure following lengthy surgery.

ITSUO SAKANE of Japan, in the Cambridge area recently to attend a conference on computer technology, stopped in at Lippmann House one hot July morning. He was about to leave for London, where he would meet his wife, and his son and daughter, to travel to Scandinavia for a family holiday.

Sakane is an editorial staff writer, Department of Arts and Sciences, with *Asahi Shimbun* in Tokyo. He has written two books on the relationship of science to art, and is at work on a third.

— 1972 —

JOHN KIFNER, foreign correspondent with *The New York Times*, and Margaret Rogg, a *Times* news assistant in the United Nations bureau, were married in Central Park, New York City, on July 17th.

Kifner, having recently completed a

stint in Beirut, will move to Poland with his wife to be the *Times'* Warsaw bureau chief.

— 1973 —

WAYNE GREENHAW writes from Montgomery, Alabama: "I want to tell you all about my upcoming book, *Elephants in the Cottonfields: Ronald Reagan and the New Republican South*. Macmillan is publishing it in October.

"I trust all is going well with you all. Sally has now gone into private practice, which is a new experience after a number of years with the Attorney General's office. We are very excited about this new venture."

— 1975 —

FRANK SWOBODA of *The Washington Post* has been named assistant managing editor/business and financial news for that newspaper.

— 1977 —

TONY CASTRO of *The Los Angeles Herald Examiner* has won a citation in the Greater Los Angeles Press Club contest for his feature writing.

— 1981 —

PETER ALMOND, a reporter with the now-defunct *Cleveland Press*, sends word that all his mail should now be directed to: 4488 South Belvoir Boulevard, South Euclid, Ohio 44121.

He and Jim Stewart attended a gathering of the IRE group (Investigative Reporters and Editors), and Peter ended up spending a few days with the Stewart family in Atlanta.

Anna Almond is fine, as are the two youngsters, Nicholas — now 3 — and the newest, Jeffrey, 7 months.

ROBERT J. COX, former editor of the *Buenos Aires Herald*, has been named assistant editor of the *Charleston (S.C.) News and Courier*.

DAVID LAMB, Cairo bureau chief for *The Los Angeles Times*, writes us that his book *The Africans* will be published in December by Random House, and will be an alternate selection for both the Book of

the Month Club and the History Book Club. (See "Endangered Species," page 22.)

In a note dated July 24th, he says that he has just returned to Cairo after seven weeks in Beirut, and is glad to be back "home."

DOUG MARLETTE, editorial and comic strip cartoonist with the *Charlotte (N.C.) Observer*, traveled a publicity circuit to fifteen cities in August when Ballantine Books publishes his first collection of "Kudzu" comic strips.

Syndicated in nearly 200 U.S. newspapers, "Kudzu" made his debut a year ago in June, at the completion of Marlette's Nieman year. Doug joined the staff of the *Charlotte Observer* as editorial cartoonist when he was 22 years old.

HOWARD SHAPIRO, reporter and editor with the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, and his wife Susan Kershman, have bought a house. Please note their new address: 7123 Lincoln Drive, Philadelphia, PA 19119.

JINGLUN ZHAO has been awarded a visiting fellowship for January and February, 1983, at the Rockefeller Institute, State University of New York, Albany. He will study state government and the criminal justice system.

In Syracuse for the democratic convention in June, Zhao met and talked with New York Mayor Edward Koch, Lieutenant Governor Mario Cuomo, Senators Gary Hart and Fritz Hollings, among others. He said he "got a pretty good sense of how they line up the votes at the conference" and that he "sat in on some caucuses and saw some arm-twisting."

Zhao will deliver a paper on the "History of U.S.-China Relations" to the Association of Diplomatic Historians at Boston University.

His interviews with John K. Fairbank, Dean Acheson, and Winston Lord have been reprinted in China as reference materials for internal circulation to senior officials.

RANDOM NOTES

Among the winners of Citations from the Overseas Press Club of America in its 1981 prizes for outstanding achievement in international journalism were: PETER GOLDMAN ('61), *Newsweek*, for "What Vietnam Did to Us"; ROBERT SHAPLEN ('48) of *The New Yorker*, for "Letter from

Tokyo"; and SHIRLEY CHRISTIAN ('74) for "Freedom and Unfreedom in Nicaragua." The awards were given during banquet ceremonies on April 28th in New York City.

The new daily, *The Washington Times*, includes staff members: SMITH HEMPSTONE ('65), executive editor, a syndicated columnist who had been associate editor of *The Washington Star*; and among the staff writers, GENE GOLTZ ('70) who has joined the national desk. Goltz won the Pulitzer Prize in 1965 while at the *Houston Post*, and again in 1967 with two other reporters for covering street riots while at the *Detroit Free Press*; CLARK R. MOLLENHOFF ('50) as interim White House correspondent for *The Washington Times*. He is currently professor of Journalism at Washington and Lee University and is a Pulitzer Prize-winner for national reporting; and DANA ADAMS SCHMIDT ('51), chief correspondent, State Department. Schmidt had been with *The New York Times* for nearly three decades. JAMES R. WHELAN ('67), editor and publisher of *The Washington Times*, was formerly vice president and editor of the *Sacramento (California) Union*.

The annual three-day convention of the American Society of Newspaper Editors in Chicago last May included several Nieman participants: panelist ANTHONY DAY ('67), editorial page editor of *The Los Angeles Times*, with McGeorge Bundy, professor of history, New York University; Flora Lewis, foreign affairs columnist, *The New York Times*; and James Hoge, publisher, *Chicago Sun-Times*. The panel examined the possibility of curbing the nuclear arms race. The Honorable Paul H. Nitze, chairman of the U.S. delegation to the Intermediate-Range Nuclear Forces Negotiations, led the discussions.

Contemporary ethics, adversary journalism, credibility, and the role of the press in eroding public confidence in government was analyzed by JACK NELSON ('62), Washington bureau chief of *The Los Angeles Times*, together with Kurt Luedtke, author of *Absence of Malice*, and Sissela Bok, author of *Lying*.

In another panel, among the five experts who focused on newspapers and electronic information, was DAVID DE JEAN ('78), director, videotex services, Times Mirror Videotex Services. Other panelists were: Alan Cole-Ford of Paul Kagan Associates; Larry Pfister, vice president, Time Video Information Services and Harry E. Smith, vice president, technology, CBS Inc.

An afternoon program featured appearances by five correspondents flown in from El Salvador to tell about covering that war. SHIRLEY CHRISTIAN ('74) of the *Miami Herald*, was one of the touring journalists; others were Ray Bonner, *The New York Times*, Tom Fenton, The Associated Press, Loren Jenkins, *The Washington Post*, and Laurie Becklund, *The Los Angeles Times*.

The judges for the 1982 Distinguished Writing Awards of ASNE included: ALEX JONES ('82), editor, *Greeneville (Tenn.) Sun*; ROBERT C. MAYNARD ('66), editor and publisher, *Oakland Tribune/Eastbay TODAY*; and JAMES SQUIRES ('71), vice president and editor, the *Chicago Tribune*.

During a five-day stay in London, England, we had visits in June with the following Nieman friends: we dined with Nuran and MUSTAFA GÜRSEL ('81). Currently a producer for ABC News, based in London, he formerly was Athens correspondent for *Milliyet* newspaper,

Istanbul, Turkey. Another time luncheon was enjoyed in the company of JOHNNY GRIMOND ('75) of *The Economist*; and before leaving the city, end-of-day drinks with DONALD WOODS ('79), author and former editor of the East London *Daily Dispatch*, South Africa, now living in exile in London; and LEWIS CHESTER ('68) of the *London Sunday Times*.

One of our greatest pleasures is to receive visits, letters, and telephone calls from alumni/ae. Let this be a general acknowledgment and thank-you for the same, and a pledge to respond in the near future to the notes caught in the logjam of correspondence at this desk.

Meanwhile, as you read these words, we will be preparing to greet "our" sixteenth class of Nieman Fellows. The wheels of the years speed by, but fortunately they stop long enough to allow us to garner the rewards of friendship.

Shalom.

—T.B.K.L.

Nieman Foundation Receives \$60,000 From ABC Chairman

Leonard H. Goldenson, Chairman of the Board of American Broadcasting Companies, Inc. (ABC), has selected the Nieman Foundation for Journalism at Harvard University as the recipient of a \$60,000 gift from the Fund for Higher Education. This donation represents the largest single television contribution received in the history of the Nieman Fellowship program.

Mr. Goldenson (Harvard SB '27; LL B '30) was honored in May at a Flame of Truth dinner sponsored by the Fund for Higher Education. At Mr. Goldenson's request, a portion of the dinner's proceeds was contributed to the Nieman Foundation for the support of Nieman Fellowships for American television newspeople.

"As television and radio are now the principal source of news and information for the vast majority of the American public," Mr. Goldenson said, "I can think of no more worthy project than support of the Nieman Fellowship program, designed to broaden the professional horizons of broadcast journalists."

The first two "Goldenson Fellows" within the Nieman program are Callie Crossley, health and medical reporter, WGBH-TV, Boston (Public Broadcast-

ing); and Karl Idsvoog, director of the investigative unit of KUTV, Inc., Salt Lake City, Utah (NBC). Both belong to the twelve-member Nieman Class of 1982-83, nominated by the Nieman Selection Committee in May and announced in June. Ms. Crossley's and Mr. Idsvoog's appointments as Nieman Fellows bring the fourteen the number of television journalists from the United States who have been awarded fellowships to study at Harvard through the Nieman program.

Accepting the gift on behalf of the Nieman Foundation and Harvard University, James C. Thomson Jr., Curator of the Foundation, said, "In the forty-five years of this program, Mr. Goldenson's gift is both generous and innovative. A gesture of this magnitude enables us to reaffirm our strong commitment to the betterment of talented broadcast journalists. We are deeply grateful."

The Nieman Fellowships were established through a bequest of Agnes Wahl Nieman, widow of Lucius Nieman, founder and longtime publisher of the *Milwaukee Journal*. Over the years, her original endowment has been augmented by gifts from individuals as well as media and philanthropic organizations. □

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