

Nieman Reports

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Spring 1979



Of Ants and Men

E. O. Wilson

Nonwhite Americans: The Unseen Environment

Robert C. Maynard

Faces of China

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Mix War, Art and Dancing

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The Lovejoy Award

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Editorial

James C. Thomson Jr.

The Hong Kong Formula

So it finally happened. The United States recognized China — only twenty-nine years and three months after the establishment of the People's Republic. And now, it appears, there will be a new China debate, seven years after Richard M. Nixon himself detoxified the issue by his journey to Peking and his pledge to normalize relations.

What is so depressing about Senator Barry Goldwater and his fellow diehards is their myopia about the real well-being of those for whom they claim to speak — the nearly seventeen million people of Taiwan. It is not merely that Taiwan's robust self-defense capability is as fully assured without a formal United States treaty commitment as with one. (We will continue to sell it arms; and all the treaty says is that we will consult about appropriate measures, etc., in the event of attack — which we would do anyway.)

Nor is it merely that Peking neither has the capability, nor shows — nor has ever shown — any

intention of developing the capability of taking Taiwan by force.

Nor is it even that the envelopment of post-Mao Peking into a network of "deals" with Washington and United States entrepreneurs will create new and formidable obstacles to Chinese misbehavior. (Think of weighing the value, say, of American loans, oil-drilling equipment, Boeing aircraft, and assistance against the Soviet Union, vis-a-vis the seizure of Taiwan.)

The *central guarantee* of what President Carter has termed "the well-being of the people of Taiwan" — that is, their nonconquest by Peking — is the termination of a poisonous — and potentially permanent — irredentist threat to the legitimacy of the Government in Peking: *a United States-recognized and formally protected regime on Taiwan that claims to be the government of all China.*

Since the early 1950's, it has been approximately as if Jefferson Davis and heirs had moved to Cuba or Puerto Rico, claimed to rule not just the Confederacy but the entire mainland — and were recognized and defended (by treaty even) by the British Empire. Such a situation would have led to permanent hostility and thereby permanent insecurity for the beleaguered losers in that civil war — particularly as the mainland grew in strength.

The point is that the only route to

long-term security for Taiwan's people — both the Nationalist refugees and the Taiwanese — is through peaceful coexistence with the mainland. Even Taiwan "independence" advocates have admitted as much, privately, for years now. And such coexistence could not come about while the United States still officially acquiesced in Taiwan's rulers' claim to be "China" — an acquiescence symbolically reinforced by our defense treaty with the "Republic of China."

So, Mr. Nixon, Gerald R. Ford and President Carter were not at all "selling out" or "abandoning" the people of Taiwan when they each affirmed and gradually implemented the Shanghai Communiqué and its commitment to normalization. They were — an unusual thing in bureaucratically entwined Presidents — looking down the long road. They were creating a new political configuration in which we finally recognized East Asian realities — but in which the people on Taiwan could coexist with a non-hostile though massive mainland.

And what, for Taiwan, might lie down that long road, after normalization? For years now, some scholars have urged the concept of "autonomy" for Taiwan — within

The editorial chairman, who is also curator of the Nieman Foundation, is a specialist in the history of United States-East Asian relations. He grew up in China and recently returned to tour the country after an absence of thirty years.

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THE RETURN OF NIEMAN NOTES

Beginning with the next issue of Nieman Reports, news of
Nieman alumni/ae will be restored to the pages of this quarterly.

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Of Ants and Men

EDWARD O. WILSON

On December 6, 1978, Edward O. Wilson, Harvard University's Frank B. Baird, Jr. Professor of Science, and Curator of Entomology, Museum of Comparative Zoology, met with the Nieman Fellows to discuss his work in the field of sociobiology. A lightly edited transcript of his opening remarks is presented here and followed by excerpts from Professor Wilson's most recent book, *On Human Nature*.

I've always felt that communication between scientists and journalists has been extremely poor and should be more deliberately cultivated, so I particularly appreciate the opportunity to talk with Nieman Fellows. Most scientists have long since come down out of the ivory tower. They realize that they have to open up more and communicate directly with educated people. This gathering, then, is a professional opportunity as well as a privilege for me.

I'd like to say a few words about sociobiology, what it is and why they are saying those awful things about it. There are two sociobiology controversies: a petite and a grand controversy. Let me dispose of the little controversy first, the one centered on political significance, simply by defining sociobiology as a discipline. It is the systematic study of the biological basis of all forms of social behavior in all kinds of organisms. I didn't invent this field. What I did, in 1975 in my book *Sociobiology*, was to synthesize the widely scattered facts and ideas and thus to define the limits of the field and its central problems. I also tried to clarify the connections that can be made between biology and the social sciences.

Sociobiology is not a quirky idea or one man's theory. It's not a particular theory about anything, but rather a whole field of study attended by literally hundreds of people. In fact, I didn't even invent the word "sociobiology." I deliberately picked the term — which had been in currency for a few years in competition with expressions such as "biosociology" and "biological sociology" — because it's easily remembered and was already familiar and therefore acceptable to many zoologists.

This subject has grown explosively during the past three years. There are at present no less than thirteen books on human sociobiology just published or in press, as well as three newly created journals of sociobiology.

The attacks by the political — largely Marxist — critics took me completely by surprise. They were generated by people who feared a resurgence of social Darwinism and what they called genetic determinism, a deadly mix they believed would create a justification for racism, sexism, and fascism. These critics felt that any scientific underpinning or quasi-scientific argumentation for any degree of fixity in human nature could be read as an excuse to limit social progress. But sociobiology is not a particular theory of human fixity, much less a political prescription. As I said, it is a scientific discipline, which offers new ways of examining human nature and which, we hope, resists pernicious ideologies. It stresses the unity of mankind, the distinctive deeply-rooted properties that distinguish us as a species, not the proportionately minor differences between human beings.

My critics were among the few scientists who failed to grasp these elementary points. The political opposition to sociobiology never spread very far beyond a relatively small group called "Science for the People," mostly located here at Harvard, and it's been muted further by my own quick decoupling of human sociobiology from any particular political ideology. In fact, in my new book *On Human Nature*, I've made the case at length that a careful study of human sociobiology can provide us with the knowledge we

need to reach social goals more effectively and efficiently.

I've also postulated that since our ultimate values tend to be very deeply based in biology and are therefore dependent on our genetic past, we're caught in a profound philosophical dilemma. We seek emotional guidance in deciding what is right and wrong, yet neurophysiological controls of emotion have evolved during thousands or even millions of years of prehistory under conditions different from those that exist today. Obviously, we're not going to decide everything in terms of what we were ten thousand years ago. We're going to have to suppress deliberately some human tendencies while choosing to sublimate and enhance others. In the future, I believe we will be able to develop a code of ethics and eventually, build more permanent social institutions on the basis of scientifically derived and tested principles, concerned with the structure of the brain, and the genetic history of human social behavior.

This brings me to the big controversy, the one just now developing and already the subject of many books, articles, and symposia. The question of interest is how important human sociobiology is for the social sciences and ethical philosophy. I've argued that the social sciences should be reformulated substantially. They need to be based on a true, biological theory of human nature. That notion has not been gladly received by all social scientists and humanists. Some find it exciting and heuristic, and have begun to incorporate evolutionary biology into their own work. This is especially true of biologists, anthropologists and economists. Others believe sociobiology to be a distraction at best and a misleading reduction at worst. The interaction is in a state of extreme flux and it is very difficult to say what the final outcome will be, but I think it is fair to argue that, to an extent that has never been true in the past, biology has finally been brought within sight of the social sciences and must now be reckoned with.

You may be interested in how I got into the enterprise of sociobiology. I am primarily an entomologist, in particular, a student of ants. I expect eventually to go back to entomology. There is nothing I would rather do now than

There is nothing I would rather do now than study the ants of Borneo for about five years, incommunicado.

study the ants of Borneo for about five years, incommunicado. I've produced as an outcome of this type of research three general books. The first, published in 1971, was *The Insect Societies*, which summarized what we know about the social insects, that is, the bees, ants, wasps and termites. This led me to consider the possibility of including all the animals — jellyfish, lions, chimps, everything — in a new synthesis. The conception that was forming then was really new because it incorporated a whole range of recently developed ideas, methods, and approaches from ecology and genetics into the study of whole animal societies. The result was the book *Sociobiology: The New Synthesis* which came out in 1975. This work helped to establish the field. The final chapter of *Sociobiology* was on human beings and was a great deal more speculative than the preceding twenty-six chapters on animals. The entire foundation of human sociobiology is the consideration of the widest generalities of human behavior, particularly those seen in hunter-gatherer societies. The hundred or so existing hunter-gatherer cultures operate in conditions closest to those in which human beings genetically evolved. I treated human beings as another ordered species subject to the laws of evolutionary biology. Even though human sociobiology up to that point was a minor part of the field of general sociobiology, it created a great deal of excitement and controversy. I felt virtually compelled to explore the subject further. The book *On Human Nature* is the result.

The excerpts from On Human Nature by E.O. Wilson on the following two pages are printed by permission of the publisher, Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, ©1978 by the President and Fellows of Harvard University. Nicholas Wade of Science magazine reviews the book on page 42.



Excerpts -- On Human Nature

Edward O. Wilson

The essence of the argument, then, is that the brain exists because it promotes the survival and multiplication of the genes that direct its assembly. The human mind is a device for survival and reproduction, and reason is just one of its various techniques. Steven Weinberg has pointed out that physical reality remains so mysterious even to physicists because of the extreme improbability that it was constructed to be understood by the human mind. We can reverse that insight to note with still greater force that the intellect was not constructed to understand atoms or even to understand itself but to promote the survival of human genes. The reflective person knows that his life is in some incomprehensible manner guided through a biological ontogeny, a more or less fixed order of life stages. He senses that with all the drive, wit, love, pride, anger, hope, and anxiety that characterize the species, he will in the end be sure only of helping to perpetuate the same cycle. Poets have defined this truth as tragedy. Yeats called it the coming of wisdom:

*Though leaves are many, the root is one;
Through all the lying days of my mouth
I swayed my leaves and flowers in the sun;
Now I may wither into the truth.*

The first dilemma, in a word, is that we have no particular place to go. The species lacks any goal external to its own biological nature. It could be that in the next hundred years humankind will thread the needles of technology and politics, solve the energy and materials crisis, avert nuclear war, and control reproduction. The world can at least hope for a stable ecosystem and a well-nourished population. But what then? Educated people everywhere like to believe that beyond material needs lie fulfillment and the realization of individual potential. But what is fulfillment, and to what ends may potential be realized? Traditional religious beliefs have been eroded, not so much by humiliating disproofs of their mythologies as by the growing awareness that beliefs are really enabling mechanisms for survival. Religions, like other human institutions, evolve so as to enhance the persistence and influence of their practitioners. Marxism and other secular religions offer little more than promises of material welfare and a legislated escape from the consequences of human nature. They, too, are energized by the goal of collective self-aggrandizement. The French

political observer Alain Peyrefitte once said admiringly of Mao Tse-tung that "the Chinese knew the narcissistic joy of loving themselves in him. It is only natural that he should have loved himself through them." Thus does ideology bow to its hidden masters the genes, and the highest impulses seem upon closer examination to be metamorphosed into biological activity.

Sociobiology is a subject based largely on comparisons of social species. Each living form can be viewed as an evolutionary experiment, a product of millions of years of interaction between genes and environment. By examining many such experiments closely, we have begun to construct and test the first general principles of genetic social evolution. It is now within our reach to apply this broad knowledge to the study of human beings.

Sociobiologists consider man as though seen through the front end of a telescope, at a greater than usual distance and temporarily diminished in size, in order to view him simultaneously with an array of other social experiments. They attempt to place humankind in its proper place in a catalog of the social species on Earth. They agree with Rousseau that "One needs to look near at hand in order to study men, but to study man one must look from afar."

The question of interest is no longer whether human social behavior is genetically determined; it is to what extent. The accumulated evidence for a large hereditary component is more detailed and compelling than most persons, including even geneticists, realize. I will go further: it already is decisive.

Given that humankind is a biological species, it should come as no shock to find that populations are to some extent genetically diverse in the physical and mental properties underlying social behavior. A discovery of this

nature does not vitiate the ideals of Western civilization. We are not compelled to believe in biological uniformity in order to affirm human freedom and dignity. The sociologist Marvin Bressler has expressed this idea with precision: "An ideology that tacitly appeals to biological equality as a condition for human emancipation corrupts the idea of freedom. Moreover, it encourages decent men to tremble at the prospect of 'inconvenient' findings that may emerge in future scientific research. This unseemly anti-intellectualism is doubly degrading because it is probably unnecessary."

I will go further and suggest that hope and pride and not despair are the ultimate legacy of genetic diversity, because we are a single species, not two or more, one great breeding system through which genes flow and mix in each generation. Because of that flux, mankind viewed over many generations shares a single human nature within which relatively minor hereditary influences recycle through ever changing patterns, between the sexes and across families and entire populations. To understand the enormous significance of this biological unity, imagine our moral distress if australopithecine man-apes had survived to the present time, halfway in intelligence between chimpanzees and human beings, forever genetically separated from both, evolving just behind us in language and the higher faculties of reason. What would be our obligation to them? What would the theologians say — or the Marxists, who might see in them the ultimate form of an oppressed class? Should we divide the world, guide their mental evolution to the human level, and establish a two-species dominion based on a treaty of intellectual and technological parity? Should we make certain they rose no higher? But even worse, imagine our predicament if we coexisted with a mentally superior human species, say *Homo superbus*, who regarded us, the minor sibling species *Homo sapiens*, as the moral problem.

The first dilemma has been created by the seemingly fatal deterioration of the myths of traditional religion and its secular equivalents, principal among which are ideologies based on a Marxian interpretation of history. The price of these failures has been a loss of moral consensus, a greater sense of helplessness about the human condition and a shrinking of concern back toward the self and the immediate future. The intellectual solution of the first dilemma can be achieved by a deeper and more courageous examination of human nature that

combines the findings of biology with those of the social sciences. The mind will be more precisely explained as an epiphenomenon of the neuronal machinery of the brain. That machinery is in turn the product of genetic evolution by natural selection acting on human populations for hundreds of thousands of years in their ancient environments. By a judicious extension of the methods and ideas of neurobiology, ethology, and sociobiology a proper foundation can be laid for the social sciences, and the discontinuity still separating the natural sciences on the one side and the social sciences and humanities on the other might be erased.

If this solution to the first dilemma proves even partially correct, it will lead directly to the second dilemma: the conscious choices that must be made among our innate mental propensities. The elements of human nature are the learning rules, emotional reinforcers, and hormonal feedback loops that guide the development of social behavior into certain channels as opposed to others. Human nature is not just the array of outcomes attained in existing societies. It is also the potential array that might be achieved through conscious design by future societies. By looking over the realized social systems of hundreds of animal species and deriving the principles by which these systems have evolved, we can be certain that all human choices represent only a tiny subset of those theoretically possible. Human nature is, moreover, a hodgepodge of special genetic adaptations to an environment largely vanished, the world of the Ice-Age hunter-gatherer. Modern life, as rich and rapidly changing as it appears to those caught in it, is nevertheless only a mosaic of cultural hypertrophies of the archaic behavioral adaptations. And at the center of the second dilemma is found a circularity: We are forced to choose among the elements of human nature by reference to value systems which these same elements created in an evolutionary age now long vanished.

Fortunately, this circularity of the human predicament is not so tight that it cannot be broken through an exercise of will. The principal task of human biology is to identify and to measure the constraints that influence the decisions of ethical philosophers and everyone else, and to infer their significance through neurophysiological and phylogenetic reconstructions of the mind. This enterprise is a necessary complement to the continued study of cultural evolution. It will alter the foundation of the social sciences but in no way diminish their richness and importance. In the process it will fashion a biology of ethics, which will make possible the selection of a more deeply understood and enduring code of moral values.

Nonwhite America: The Unseen Environment

ROBERT C. MAYNARD

The managerial ranks of newspapers are a purer white than Ivory Snow.

This text is adapted from a presentation by Robert C. Maynard to the Panel on Coverage of the Whole Community: Coverage of Non-Elites. The proceedings were a part of the Sixty-first Annual Convention of the History Division of the Association for Education in Journalism held last August at the University of Washington, Seattle.

Mr. Maynard is chairman, the Institute for Journalism Education, Washington, D.C., Nieman Fellow '66, and a former editorial board member of The Washington Post.

What are the obligations of the press to the public? I happen to believe that whatever special privileges are accorded the press by law or custom invite a measure of public service in repayment. And it is the matter of how public service is defined that concerns me most.

In his book, *Public Opinion*, Walter Lippmann wrote:

As long as real law and order do not exist, the bulk of the news will, unless consciously and courageously corrected, work against those who have no lawful and orderly method of asserting themselves. The bulletins from the scene of action will note the trouble that arose from the assertion, rather than the reasons which led to it.

When Walter J. Leonard, president of Fisk University,

addressed the National Conference on Minorities and the News in Washington, D.C. last spring, he said:

I would hope that the American press, as the public trust that it is, would dedicate, or rededicate itself to the proposition that we are wrapped in a single cloak of destiny, and that (the cloak) will not adjust to a society which remains uncommitted to equity and equality.

All the same, one is struck by the parallel nature of their observations: the realization by both men that the voice of the press, depending on when and how it speaks, or fails to speak, affects our relationship to each other as well as our understanding of our common circumstance. Someplace else, Lippmann says it very well when he observes that "the press is the chief means of contact with the unseen environment."

It is the unseen environment of nonwhite America that is of paramount concern to me. At the National Conference on Minorities and the News, a number of academics, journalists and civil rights leaders voiced the same concern. The following is a remark by one of the keynote conference speakers, Vilma Martinez, President and General Counsel of the Mexican American Legal Defense and Educational Fund:

I start by asking myself, do I see myself portrayed? And I am vain enough to want to look in the

mirror daily. And the answer is predominately no, moving toward rarely, toward inaccurately, toward unsympathetically, too often.

That is the heart of the matter of the "unseen environment" of nonwhite America. It is the question of portrayal — rather nonportrayal or misportrayal.

An observation: No established right to accurate group portrayal exists under the First Amendment or any other codified regime. There is, instead, an implied right of all the people to know what is going on — and to receive it straight. If some aspects of our national life, or significant portions of our community life, are misportrayed, this is a disservice to all readers and a violation of the spirit of the First Amendment as we journalists have tended to argue it. It is in that sense that the goal of an equal press is in the interest of preserving a free press. All who have an interest in the preservation of a free press have a concomitant interest, whether they recognize it or not, in seeing that our press represents and recognizes the diversity of American society. The beleaguered blessings of the First Amendment can be preserved only if they can be seen to belong fully to all Americans. Every assault on the credibility of the press is an assault on the preservability of the freedom of the press.

This is a serious matter because where nonwhite America — at least a fifth of the population — is concerned, there is every indication that the credibility of the press is in jeopardy. The reasons are not difficult to find:

- Our communities are constantly misportrayed as more violent than they are. That is in part because the agencies that contact our communities most tend to be the police and other such groups. Since such official sources are the journalist's stock in trade, the nonwhite community suffers the resultant appearances of greater violence than is actually the case. The city of Washington, D.C., is a prime example of that point. It has become a metaphor for urban crime and pathology. When the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration of the U.S. Department of Justice attempted to document the incidence of urban crime victimization, it came up with the startling discovery that of thirteen cities the size of Washington, eleven had greater rates of crime victimization. Among them were San Francisco and Minneapolis. Why, then, has Washington this reputation for violent crime, a reputation not shared by Minneapolis and San Francisco, even when their victimization rates were higher? One could search for that answer far and wide, but no better answer is available than that Washington is seventy-five percent black. In our national mind, black predominance and crime incidence are somehow wedded as a single thought. The fact that Washington is a city largely of middle income families,

government workers for the most part, is not a familiar fact. Only that Washington must be, as one demagogue called it, "the crime capital" of the nation.

- Indolence is yet another element of the misportrayal of nonwhite communities. We are saddled and our children are saddled with the public picture of laziness and unwillingness to work. Dr. Robert Hill, in his remarkable book, *The Strengths of Black Families*, describes an interesting study that bears on that point. Black and white men were asked in the study whether they would prefer a job in a car wash or a welfare program that paid the same amount of money. Ninety percent of the black men and ninety-one percent of the whites said they would prefer the job.

To anyone who searches for the source of these stereotypes, one of Walter Lippmann's observations is pertinent. He speaks of what it seems to take to gain the interest of the newspaper reader. "In order that he shall enter, he must find a familiar foothold in the story, and this is supplied to him by the use of stereotypes."

If Lippmann is correct, our society is suffering from the effects of fallacies that are comfortable for the reader and comfortable for the journalist as well. It is easier to talk of nonwhites and welfare in the same breath without establishing how many of the people on welfare are nonwhite. In the same way, it is easier to discuss the cost of welfare in terms of how great a burden are the poor on the rest of the society and never look at who actually lives on welfare. Would anyone dare to suggest that the middle class, mostly white, physicians who earn more than \$100,000 a year treating patients on Medicaid are actually "living off welfare?" What about the thousands of welfare investigators, many of whom earn top civil service dollars? Are they not living off welfare? Which cost is greater, the money spent on the recipient or the money paid to middle class servants of our bloated welfare bureaucracy? Do we ever address those questions, or do we persist in the stereotypic notion that the nonwhite poor are sapping our national vitality?

Those are questions that lead into the interior of the "what" of portrayal, or misportrayal. The "what" of the matter is only properly understood if we also address the "who" of it — who prepares the news.

The Jay Harris report on nonwhite employment in the newspaper industry informs us that only four percent of the entire professional editorial workforce is not white. That amounts to 1,700 newsroom professionals out of 40,000. If one looks for managers and editors, those who make the decisions about what shall be covered and how, the numbers of nonwhites drop off the scale. Top nonwhite managers are something on the order of four-tenths of one percent of the newsroom workforce, which means the

managerial ranks of newspapers are a purer white than Ivory Snow.

If anything accounts for the problem of misportrayal, the answer must begin with those statistics.

What is even more serious than the hiring discrimination is the misportrayal that necessarily results from the white middle class bias that is brought to the news by those who are employed as journalists. Not all journalists who are white engage in this misportrayal. Just too many. Sometimes it is nothing more than ignorance of the subject. Sometimes it is the result of too many college sociology courses about the pathology of poverty. Sometimes it is the result of simple lack of any sustained exposure to nonwhite people and their distinctive cultures. And, to be sure, sometimes it is the result of racial prejudice. Whatever the particular reason in any given case, there is, in my opinion, but one solution. That is the hiring and promotion of more nonwhite journalists.

We will approach a solution to the problems of nonportrayal and misportrayal when we reach the point where representatives of the "unseen environment" of nonwhite America become part of the seen environment of the American newsroom. I can think of no other remedy that is likely to work as well as the full desegregation of the American newsroom; because the fundamental underpinning of misportrayal in our news media is ignorance.

At that same national conference, addressed by Walter Leonard and Vilma Martinez, there was an entire morning devoted to the portrayal issue. One of the panelists, Thomas A. Johnson of *The New York Times*, referred to an attitude he sensed among many white colleagues. He called that attitude "aggressive ignorance," by which he meant an ignorance so certain of its correctness that it will brook no interference by the facts. My own experience accords with that of Mr. Johnson. I, too, have witnessed the "aggressive ignorance" of which he speaks. I can think of no other appropriate cure than that the newsroom reflect the population at large at every level of authority.

Ultimately, it is authority that matters. It matters that those who lead the newsroom understand every facet of the community they cover. It matters that the interests and concerns of nonwhite residents need not well up in violence before they are recognized as worthy of attention. It matters that the positive contributions of the nonwhite community be recognized in other than the nonwhite press. It matters that the rich and varied texture of the American voice be heard, and it matters that the picture of America we see on the news and on the front page portrays nonwhite people in all stations of life, not just those who are on welfare or in police custody.

This is a public responsibility of the press — one it

owes to all of us. The images of pathology that now pervade the coverage of nonwhite people do a grave disservice to the whole of our society, irrespective of class or color. Nonportrayal and misportrayal rob society of the opportunity to see itself whole. It is in seeing ourselves whole that we can begin to find ways of working out our differences, of understanding our similarities and finally of forming the cohesive nation that can one day experience the "domestic tranquility" so hoped for by the framers of the Constitution.

That cannot be achieved unless our public media serve us better, and unless we begin by having within the newsroom many more of those persons who understand aspects of the nonwhite experience that appear now to be alien to many of those who write and edit the news.

The role journalism educators can play in bringing about this transformation in the newsroom is vital, and it begins with the manner in which the responsibilities of reporters are taught. There must be more emphasis on understanding the whole community. Beyond that:

1. Journalism educators should be actively seeking and recruiting nonwhite students.
2. The ranks of journalism education must be enriched with nonwhite instructors.
3. Nonwhite professional journalists should be much more a part of the visitations from the newsroom to the classroom.
4. Industry recruiters who visit campuses must be encouraged to meet and interview the nonwhite students.
5. Nonwhite students should be encouraged to seek out summer internships on daily newspapers.
6. Above all, this matter of the unwholesome and inaccurate portrayal of nonwhite people in the press must become an active concern of journalism education. Whoever said that if you're not part of the solution, then you're part of the problem, could have been talking about this issue.

There has been a tendency in journalism education to pretend that the issue of race and the news was one that deserved a once-a-year discussion, perhaps around the anniversary of the Kerner Report or the anniversary of the death of Dr. King. This subject deserves to become a staple of our discussion of the ethics of the news business. Only when we take the matter seriously can we hope to affect it. And we should take it seriously because it must be obvious by now that our past failures in this area have been costly. By failing to prepare our readers for the fact that conditions in our inner cities were reaching explosive proportions, journalists failed to prevent their audience from being surprised by events. It is our job to warn our readers of such events when we know there are conditions that could lead to disaster. That is not an idle obligation, but one that is

central to our purpose. Any editors who see signal after signal that a hurricane is coming, and yet fail to inform their readers, should be thought of as useless and dangerous editors. Yet the signs of a hurricane in the central cities were there for many to see, but those who saw were not, in the main, among the editors of the newspapers serving those communities. Most editors missed the signals of costly disasters.

Lippmann was writing more than half a century ago, yet that is what he could have meant when he spoke of the news working "against those who have no lawful or orderly method of asserting themselves." Violence must not be the only way some Americans get to be heard. We need to build a stable society, and information about our common circumstance must be part of that process.

Here it is important to distinguish this criticism from those who would blame the news media for all our social ills. Many, many of our institutions have failed in their responsibility to cure the legacy of racism. The schools by and large have not been educating nonwhite children. The big industries have not been faithful to equal employment opportunity. The housing industry has not been always fair in dealing with nonwhite home buyers, nor have the banks been faithful to the principles of equal lending. The press did not create those bad practices any more than the press invented slavery, stole Mexico, or murdered Indians.

All the same, it has that special responsibility to which Walter Leonard referred. It must help in the process by which we become aware that as a people we are of one society, and that we must, as Dr. King so often said, learn to live like brothers or die like fools.

There is an ancient Chinese curse, "May you live in interesting times." Today we have no choice. We do live in interesting times, and we must recognize that there is nothing simple about the challenges that face us as a society.

The state of newspaper desegregation is not as bleak as it was half a dozen years ago. Then, there were something less than 400 nonwhite journalists on daily newspapers. There was a sense in the field that editors wanted to do the right thing, but they "couldn't find qualified" nonwhite journalists.

Now the problem is a little different. Small as that figure of four percent may be, it represents progress. It shows that this job can be accomplished. It shows the problem for what it is, one of supply and demand. There is no reason I know of that we can't get to the figure of twenty percent nonwhite in this industry. If we had not reached the figure of four percent, we could wonder if there were a structural obstruction of some basic sort. But the fact that we have come as far as we have suggests we can go all the way.

It takes commitment. It takes resources and, most of all, it takes a willingness to understand things that may not at first come easily.

That is why these are interesting — and therefore frustrating — times. It is as if we were in the middle of a journey. We have passed that point of innocence when we

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could pretend this problem was not there. We have passed the point where any reasonable person could dare to maintain that it cannot be done. Yet, we have not reached the point of assurance that it will be done. We stand on the edge of change, at a place just short of the knowledge that this problem of segregated newsrooms is as sure to pass as the segregated lunch counter once passed.

At the Institute for Journalism Education, we have tried in our small way to help chart a course. We have already trained 115 nonwhite journalists and placed them in the newsroom. We have tried to fashion programs that will assist editors looking for experienced journalists to turn into editors and executives. We have begun to work on the problem of a news feature syndicate to bring the diverse viewpoints of nonwhite scholars and writers onto the opinion pages of the heartland. We have gone out to meet editors in their newsrooms to discuss the path from here to the place where this problem will be, like that of the once-famous lunch counter, a dim memory.

Will our newsrooms reach that point in our lifetime? This is not a job that any one individual or group can accomplish alone. It is too complex — too sophisticated, too interesting — to be left to any one segment of the news business. Yet our involvement in the Institute in this difficult question is an act of faith. I personally have faith in the ability of our institutions to overcome their past infirmities and faith that even in interesting times our society and our calling will not be diverted from the larger purpose of becoming a model for all humanity. If journalism is to keep its faith with those ideals that gave us the First Amendment, the Bill of Rights and all of the Constitution, then we must act with determination to purge the stigma of racism from our profession. Once that was simply an ideal, perhaps even a dream. From here on, it is no longer a matter of asking what can we do? We know what to do. Today it is merely a matter of applying all we know individually and collectively to the task. □

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

12 *Nieman Reports*

Mix War, Art and Dancing

LAUREN A. PRATT

The following is the second (see NR Winter 1978, "An Unlikely Journalist") in a series of articles about noted American fiction writers or poets who began their careers as journalists.

This story, one of the last written by its eighteen-year-old author for *The Kansas City Star*, appeared on the front page of the paper's April 21, 1918 edition. A week later, Ernest Hemingway concluded his first seven months in professional journalism, drew his last *Star* paycheck, and left Kansas City to go fishing in northern Michigan. By late May, Hemingway had joined the Red Cross Ambulance Corps and sailed for Italy. No longer an onlooker, he was now a participant in the world of the infantry corporal and the girl in the red dress.

The piece, "Mix War, Art and Dancing," aroused interest in the city room of the *Star*. Both George Longan, city editor, and C.G. Wellington, assistant city editor and "keeper of the *Star* style sheet," as Hemingway biographer Charles Fenton describes him, praised this story highly. "There were enthusiastic prophecies about the eighteen-year-old boy's journalistic future," Fenton writes. With the benefit of hindsight, one can see that the news story prophesied just as much of the author's fiction-writing future.

The piece is not, and does not pretend to be, objective reporting. The facts are there — a party was given for soldiers on leave — but the mood of the piece is much more important. It is doubtful that the woman who "walked along the wet street-lamp lit sidewalk" in front of the YWCA ever existed outside of Hemingway's active imagination. Yet she makes the piece effective and gives it a poignancy free of sentimentality. She provides the understated ironic

contrast to the dancing girl in the red dress. This use of comparison became a hallmark of Hemingway's mature writing style. Already, in his first short stint as a professional writer, Hemingway knew how to reveal the emotions underlying human actions without actually describing those emotions. He was to use this knowledge repeatedly and successfully throughout his writing career.

Nobody ever taught Hemingway this basic premise of effective fiction — he learned it on his own at a very early stage in his career. He had the good fortune to get a job at the newspaper that he, and many other Americans, considered the best in the country. Because the editors felt that the training they gave young reporters was more than adequate to prepare them for a career in journalism, the *Star* rarely hired so-called proven reporters. Instead, they taught their novices the fundamentals of a clean crisp writing style. As a result, the well-trained, dedicated reporters and editors who came out of the *Star* program moved on to newspapers all over the country.

The *Star* style sheet was not just a list of rules governing standards of spelling, grammar, and punctuation. As Fenton says, there were more important precepts, "rules which made a *Star* training memorable. The style sheet's first paragraph — and it remains the initial paragraph in the current style book — might well stand as the First Commandment in the prose creed which is today synonymous with the surface characteristics of Hemingway's work." "Use short sentences," reporters are advised. "Use short first paragraphs. Use vigorous English. Be positive, not negative."

C.G. Wellington impressed upon his young reporters the importance of the style sheet and demanded that they follow it. Surprisingly, these reporters did not rebel against the editor's strictness and discipline; they still remember him and his rules with gratitude and affection. Hemingway recognized the importance of his training at the *Star* and many years later admitted the degree to which it influenced his writing. "They gave you this to study when you went to

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He felt that writing for newspapers was writing for money's sake rather than for art's sake.

work," he said. "And after that you were just as responsible for having learned it as after you've had the articles of war read to you." He also never forgot how Wellington explained each rule to his rookies and emphasized the goals of accuracy and readability. "Pete Wellington was a stern disciplinarian, very just and very harsh," Hemingway said. "I can never say properly how grateful I am to have worked under him."

While at the *Star* Hemingway acquired a keen taste for action, as well as a clean functional prose style. He wanted to ride in the ambulances, work with the police officers, and be "on the scene" as often as possible. Wellington remembered that "when he was assigned to the General Hospital he had an irritating habit of riding off with the first ambulance to go to some kind of cutting scrape without letting the city desk know that he was leaving the post uncovered." Before he finagled the General Hospital assignment in Kansas City, Hemingway had been dissatisfied with his post as the Federal Building reporter. On his new beat, he covered the police station, the hospital, and the Union Station which he enjoyed because of "some shady characters I got to know."

For a metropolitan daily, the *Star* was unusual; the city room was full of people conscious of modern American literature and concerned with the literary aspects of journalism. The paper was "literate and alert," a reporter remembered later. "People did read, not only the current stuff, but generally. The shop bristled with novels being written." Wellington said that he often heard from Hemingway the promise — not unique in a city room — that "he would write the 'great American novel.'"

Some critics would say that he did just that. Few would disagree with the statement that Hemingway almost singlehandedly forged the style of post-World War I American writing. His importance is undeniable; the precepts he learned at the *Star*, coupled with his intensely creative imagination, made him one of America's few great novelists. Once he attained that status, he demonstrated a strangely ambivalent attitude toward his career as a newsman. Nonetheless, he continued to write news copy to the end of his life. He felt that writing for newspapers was writing for money's sake rather than for art's sake. Occasionally he lifted something straight out of a newspaper article to use in a story or novel. Often his fiction was based on his reporting experiences. For example, three

vignettes in *In Our Time* came directly from his months with the *Star*.

Yet, Hemingway resented the time newspaper work took away from his "serious" writing. He wrote to his biographer: "It is the height of silliness to go into newspaper stuff I have written, which has nothing to do with the other writing which is entirely apart . . . it is a hell of a trick on a man to dig it up and confuse the matter of judging the work he has published. . . . If you have made your living as a newspaperman, learning your trade, writing against deadlines, writing to make stuff timely rather than permanent, no one has the right to dig this stuff up and use it against the stuff you have written to write the best you can."

In an interview with George Plimpton in the *Paris Review* (1955), Hemingway stated flatly that "journalism, after a point has been reached, can be daily self-destruction for a serious creative writer." But in the same interview, he backhandedly credits the *Star* with some of his success. "On the *Star* you were forced to learn to write a simple declarative sentence. This is useful to anyone," he admitted. "Newspaper work will not harm a young writer and could help him if he gets out of it in time."

When Plimpton asked Hemingway if he thought that writing was a form of self-destruction, after reminding the author that he once wrote, "when you destroy the valuable things you have by writing about them, you want to get big money," Hemingway replied, "I do not remember ever writing that." He backs away, once again, from his basic resentment of journalism, thinking unconsciously, perhaps, that he could not malign so repeatedly a discipline which taught him, supported him, and left him free to do his most important work.

Hemingway's antipathy to journalism did not interfere with his feelings toward the *Star*. His work there was integral to his later journalistic writing, and influenced his fiction style. Pete Wellington taught him "the best rules I ever learned for the business of writing." In an interview in 1940, Hemingway told a young *Star* reporter, "I've never forgotten them. No man with any talent, who feels and writes truly about the thing he is trying to say, can fail to write well if he abides by them."

The head of the 1918 piece for the *Star*, "Mix War, Art and Dancing," could serve as an aphorism for Hemingway's life. One has only to realize the author's life-long fascination with athletics to replace the word "dancing" with "sports." Finally, one should also add "and journalism" in small print, perhaps, out of deference to the author's ambivalent feelings toward the profession, which he alternately praised and condemned. Yet the newswriting he learned early at *The Kansas City Star* and continued to practice was, in fact, a craft crucial to his life and art. □

THE LOVEJOY AWARD

To honor and preserve the memory of Elijah Parish Lovejoy, since 1952 Colby College has annually selected a member of the news profession to receive the Lovejoy Award. The recipient may be an editor, reporter or publisher whose integrity, craftsmanship, intelligence and courage have, in the opinion of the judges, contributed to the country's journalistic achievement.

For distinguished performance during 1978, the honor was jointly conferred upon Clayton

Kirkpatrick, editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, and Jack C. Landau, director of The Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press and Supreme Court correspondent for *Newhouse Newspapers* in Washington, D.C., during ceremonies at Colby College on November 16.

Following the tradition of printing the Lovejoy Award acceptance speeches in *Nieman Reports*, we present on the following pages the addresses given by Mr. Kirkpatrick and Mr. Landau.

The Dividends of Freedom

CLAYTON KIRKPATRICK

There are two aspects of freedom in news reporting. One of them is negative — the horrid consequences that follow when freedom is denied. The other is positive — the benefits that flow when freedom is respected.

In most of the arguments about press freedom — and they are numerous and voluminous — the emphasis is on the negative aspect. The arguments usually arise because some issue or some agency is threatening to restrict free flow of information. Therefore the journalist's defensive reaction is to specify and describe all the adverse consequences of such restriction.

There are many. There is the denial of information to citizens who need it to make intelligent decisions in public matters. There is the interference with the educational process which news media fosters across the total spectrum of its audience. There is the loss of restraint that publication imposes upon actions contrary to the public interest. There is the lack of edification that results from incapacity to

report diverse aspects of our culture.

The positive side includes arguments that have been less voluminously developed. This is not surprising because what is wrong or threatening always receives more attention than what is right or promising.

Both arguments have been mentioned in the debate that has been running since 1970 in the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization. Arrayed on one side of the debate are those nations that advocate state control of news media; on the other side are those states that advocate freedom for news media.

The arguments sometimes are theoretical and philosophical, but for advocates of freedom they are reinforced by the empirical evidence of the defects of state control over news in such authoritarian states as the Soviet Union. Thus the debate for us has focused more upon the negative aspects of control than upon the positive aspects of freedom.

Concern for national interest is a central issue in the arguments advanced by proponents of control. They contend that it is necessary to shape and manipulate the news as an instrument to promote economic development.

Freedom to report and publish is the way to enhance economic progress.

This argument is particularly persuasive to the emerging nations of the Third World that are struggling with severe economic problems.

These states also are susceptible to an argument that is real, though rarely articulated by them, that Third World governments are too fragile to tolerate the challenging and robust reporting of free news media.

We can entertain some sympathy toward these two arguments without accepting their validity. We also can concede that our countering negative arguments — that controls over news are disastrous to a truly democratic society — have so far been less than totally persuasive to nations at the opposite end of the ideological spectrum.

There is nothing to lose, therefore, and possibly something to gain by focusing upon the positive side of the argument, that substantial benefits accrue to the national interest when the decision is for freedom and against state interference.

The benefits might be described as the dividends of freedom. A nation that chooses to permit free and independent news media generally can expect to find that its credibility is improved, its stability is increased, and its progress toward economic development is accelerated.

In the poem made famous by Ernest Hemingway, John Donne proclaimed that “no man is an island” insulated from the rest of mankind. The same is true of states. Control of news media is an act of isolation among nations. It connotes secrecy and destroys confidence. By regulating the flow of information into a nation from the outside and the access to information inside by foreign journalists, a nation forfeits its credibility.

In modern times first Russia and now China have relaxed their closed door policy gradually and so far incompletely. Both admit far more visitors than they had before and visits by foreign newsmen are common. Both have permitted trickles of news originated by foreign agencies to enter their countries.

The relaxation has not been thoughtless nor careless. Certainly it has not resulted from concession to any foreign

pressure. It has come about because the rulers of those countries believed that such a relaxation was in their national interests.

It was a recognition that the kind of tight control they had held over the flow of information in and out of their countries denied them the credibility which they found they needed to make the kind of progress they sought among the commonwealth of nations.

Records of nations that have protected the freedom of their news media are the best evidence that freedom is not a universal threat to political stability among nations. The United States is the premier example. For more than 200 years it has cherished a free press; it has weathered grave crises including a civil war and the peaceful deposition of a president and a vice president. And it is pertinent to recall that the United States started as a collection of colonies, won its nationhood in revolution, and ascended from poverty and weakness to wealth and power without sacrificing the freedom of its press.

Britain, the Scandinavian countries, Switzerland, and Germany and Japan since World War II, have been foremost among nations with free news media and foremost among nations in political stability.

One of the reasons for this is that all have popular governments with rulers elected by a majority of the population. The news media act as a constant information conduit not only from the governing group down to the governed but also from the governed up to the governors. There is a safety valve effect here that allows grievances to be recognized and adjusted before they lead to frustration and violence. Because there have been effective channels of communication in these countries there has not been the need to communicate discontent through riots, strikes, and violence as is happening in Iran now.

There is a new buzzword that has come out of California since the referendum on Proposition 13. The word is “message” and political leaders who watched with some surprise as voters expressed their opposition to high taxes by approving the proposition quickly announced that they had “got the message.” They declared themselves ready to lead the campaign for lower taxes.

In Illinois last November Senator Charles Percy received the scare of his political career. A virtually unknown challenger almost beat Percy and it was only by mounting a frenetic last-minute drive that the Senator saved his seat.

The day after the election Percy flew throughout the state expressing thanks to his friends and supporters. In the course of his trip he repeated over and over that he had “got the message” that voters were irritated by inflation, high taxes, excessive regulation, and senators who had not paid enough heed to their constituents.

How were the "messages" delivered? By the news media to be sure. Feelings were intense, resentment was strong, mounting frustration demanded release. Because there were news media free to publish and broadcast information that must have been distasteful to the holders of political power, relief was gained without violence. Two small incidents in a long, long list that have contributed to political stability in the United States.

The contention that news media must be controlled and coerced in order to promote economic development is contradicted by a considerable body of evidence that freedom to report and publish is actually the better way to enhance economic progress. Nations that subvert their news media to make them simply carriers of government propaganda usually find that they have great difficulty in obtaining foreign bank loans, attracting foreign investments, or luring revenues from tourism. Lack of these elements is a serious handicap to any nation attempting to develop its economy.

Perhaps the most amazing record of the economic development of a backward country in the last century has been made by Japan. It all started when Commodore Perry opened the door to Japan in 1853. Since World War II, when the pace of progress has been the swiftest, Japan has had newspapers that rank at the top for freedom and independence.

Both Russia, which has far to go in its economic development, and China, which has even farther, have relaxed their restrictions against outside news agencies recently. But each is hampered by the lack of the kind of free flow of information that would accelerate their development beyond its present quickening pace.

The difficulty of China is described by Bohdan O. and Maria R. Szuprowicz in their book, *Doing Business with the People's Republic of China*, published this year.

"Most data released (about China) in recent years are simply percentage increases in production over some year in the 1960's for which no base data were published anyway ... By far the largest percentage of those (Western businessmen responding to the authors' questionnaires) indicated that lack of data about markets in China was the biggest single obstacle to further expansion of their ... trade activities with China."

Similar remarks have been made relative to the controlled information flow in Russia.

An example would be a weekly report of the German Economic Research Institute which reported in December 1977 that Russia publishes no balance of payment figures, so no one knows why it has shown a growing net indebtedness in hard currencies in recent years, or whether this indicates a passing problem or real trouble. Therefore, "This jump in Soviet indebtedness has caused the West to

ELIJAH PARISH LOVEJOY

Born in Albion, Maine, a graduate of Colby College in 1826, and an editor who crusaded strongly against slavery, Elijah Parish Lovejoy was America's first martyr to freedom of the press. He published strong anti-slavery views in the Observer, a weekly in St. Louis, and he continued his crusading journalism at Alton, Illinois, where mobs destroyed three of his presses. He was killed the day before his thirty-fifth birthday while guarding another new press. His martyrdom helped to advance the cause of abolition in the North.

ask questions about the USSR's creditworthiness, to which, however, there can be no unequivocal, scientifically substantiated answer."

It is evident that a lack of access to information in a developing country can be a handicap. The example of the United States, on the other hand, demonstrates that the kind of openness practiced here is consistent with the kind of foreign capital investment developing nations require.

In spite of an alarmingly unfavorable trade balance, a currency severely depressed in international monetary markets, and national fiscal management that is strongly criticized by foreign economic experts, foreign investment has been growing steadily in the United States. The total in 1977 was \$34.1 billion, an increase of 11 percent from the 1976 total which was 11 percent above the 1975 figure. At present rates the 1978 total will substantially exceed that of 1977.

The credibility and the stability of the United States have been factors in drawing foreign investment, and each has been enhanced by the foundation of freedom represented by the First Amendment guaranteeing a free press.

The fears of authoritarian nations that they cannot risk removing controls over their news media because that might jeopardize economic development appear to be specious excuses — to perpetuate political regimes that become indifferent to the needs of citizens as the term of their power is extended.

Freedom and authority stand in eternal confrontation, but the wisest authority accommodates to freedom in order to gain its great positive values — credibility, stability, and economic progress. □

The State of the First Amendment

JACK C. LANDAU

To report on "The State of the First Amendment," with particular emphasis on the whole question of editorial privacy and the protection of confidential news sources, one needs to go back more than 200 years to the middle of the eighteenth century, when both the founders of our nation and citizens in Britain were chafing at the autocracy of the British Crown, specifically the Crown's suppression of freedom of expression.

During that period, the main victims of editorial oppression were printers on both sides of the Atlantic. In order to suppress public criticism of itself, the Crown had instituted an elaborate censorship system banning anonymous handbills, licensing all printers and passing criminal sedition and criminal libel laws.

To obtain the information it needed to prosecute both the Colonial and British press, the Crown made broad use of its warrant powers whereby officers would break into printers' shops in Boston and London, in New York and Liverpool, in order to discover who was supplying the Colonial printers with their editorial content.

Two publishers in Britain were raided, John Entick, a London printer, and John Wilkes, the editor of the *North Britain*. Officers of the Crown rummaged through all of their files in order to find the sources of their information.

They both filed law suits challenging these surprise raids and in 1765 Lord Chief Justice Camden handed down the opinion in *Entick v. Carrington and Three Other King's Messengers*,¹ which is the great English common law landmark to our concept of personal privacy and editorial independence.

The Lord Chief Justice said: "Papers are the owner's goods and chattels; they are his dearest property, and they are so far from enduring a seizure, that they will hardly

The 1978 award to Jack C. Landau brings to a total of five the number of Nieman alumni who have been recipients of the Lovejoy citation.

The other Nieman Fellows are: in 1953, Irving Dilliard ('39), then the editor, editorial page, St. Louis Post-Dispatch; in 1959, Clark R. Mollenhoff ('50), then a reporter for the Cowles Publications in Washington, D.C.; in 1963, Louis M. Lyons ('39), then curator of the Nieman Foundation for Journalism; and in 1967, Edwin A. Lahey ('39), now deceased, then chief of the Washington bureau, Knight Newspapers, Inc.

bear an inspection; and though the eye cannot by the laws of England be guilty of a trespass, yet where private papers are removed and carried away, the secret nature of those goods will be an aggravation of the trespass, and demand more considerable damages in that respect. Where is the written law that gives any magistrate such a power? I can safely answer, there is none; and therefore it is too much for us, without such authority, to pronounce a practice legal which would be subversive of all the comforts of society."²

The warrant against Mr. Wilkes, signed by Lord Halifax, similarly authorized a search of the office of "authors, printers and publishers" permitting the Crown "to seize . . . their papers."³

The Court of Common Pleas, in awarding Mr. Wilkes damages, said that this was "a ridiculous warrant against

the whole English nation," and Lord Coke added that it was a practice "more pernicious to the innocent than useful to the public."⁴

There is no doubt that every American statesman during our revolutionary and constitutional period was familiar with this monument to freedom.⁵

The history of the Colonial printers, as Russell Wiggins has pointed out, was similar to that of their British brethren. Licensing, criminal sedition, seditious libel and prior restraints on publication — backed up by the hated General Warrant power — were the key tools used by the Colonial governors against the printers and other critics of the government.

The List of Infringements and Violations of Rights drawn up by the Boston town meeting in late 1772 complained that "our houses and even our bedchambers are exposed to be ransacked, our boxes, chests and trunks broken open, ravaged and plundered" by officers of the Crown armed with warrants.⁶

And Patrick Henry, in urging protections for individual privacy, told a meeting in Richmond, Virginia, that under the current law, officers (may) "go into your cellars and rooms and search and ransack and measure."⁷

When the Constitutional Convention convened in Philadelphia to draft the Bill of Rights, the evils of the previous four decades and the doctrine of *Entick v. Carrington* were reviewed. There were a number of patterns to be dealt with. Several of these patterns involved disparate individuals who were oppressed by the Crown. For example, there was the lawyer in Boston or the merchant in New York or the planter in Virginia who was prosecuted or fined for signing petitions or speaking out against the Colonial governors. For these individuals, the framers of the Constitution established freedom of speech and the right to petition the government.

And there was the Boston merchant or the Philadelphia tradesman or the Virginia farmer forced to incriminate himself and denied counsel. To correct this problem, the framers of the Constitution established the Sixth Amendment.

In addition to individuals oppressed by government, there were two identifiable institutional groups which had been subjected to continuous persecution in the preceding forty years — the religious dissenters and the Colonial printers. Because the framers of the Constitution were so concerned about these two institutions — the church which did not agree with the government's religion and the press which did not agree with the government's politics — the framers inserted specific and preferential protections in the First Amendment. They forbid the state from establishing religion; and they prohibit laws abridging freedom of the press.

In addition, they passed the Fourth Amendment to limit wholesale searches of all citizens' papers; but it is uncontested that the amendment obtained its historical impetus from the searches against the press. In fact, as both Mr. Justice Stewart and Mr. Justice White⁸ have noted: "The struggle from which the Fourth Amendment emerged is largely a history of conflict between the Crown and the press."

In short, two provisions of the Bill of Rights were intended to protect the press: the First Amendment by its specific terms and the Fourth Amendment by its historical evolution. Both amendments were aimed at insulating the institutional critics of government — the writers of handbills, the reporters, editors and publishers of newspapers, the authors of books — the press, as it was constituted in those days.

1971 — A PIVOTAL YEAR: THE PENTAGON PAPERS

Now, bear in mind the relative censorship goals of the Colonial governors and the response envisioned by the Constitution, and then go forward to the year 1971, which is in many ways a pivotal year for the situation today.

In June of that year, for the first time in United States peacetime history, a newspaper of general circulation was prohibited by the courts from publishing news. The newspaper was *The New York Times*. The news was "The Pentagon Papers." It is true that the Supreme Court voided the injunction. But the decision had three ominous portents.

First: The Supreme Court allowed the injunction to continue for two weeks. And it was not only against the *Times*, but it also had the effect of restraining publication by *The Washington Post*, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and *The Boston Globe*.

Second: The 6-3 majority decision was 200 words long and, far from offering a ringing denunciation of the injunction, was, at best, a grudging reversal.⁹

Third: Three Supreme Court Justices, including two now on the Court, would have continued the injunction.¹⁰ Two additional justices, both now on the Court, voted with the majority but suggested that — instead — the government could criminally prosecute the *Times* and the *Post* for violation of the Espionage Act.¹¹

And Mr. Justice Rehnquist, who is now on the Court, was at that time an Assistant Attorney General and had advised the government that it had the power to restrain publication of the Vietnam study.

Therefore, the Pentagon Papers case contained implicit messages; the press was not as free an institution as we thought it was, independent of the courts; the press was not immune from court controls on the content of news; and

despite the wording of the First Amendment — that the government shall not abridge freedom of the press — the Pentagon Papers incident sent word to judges throughout the land that under some circumstances the courts may decide what the public is going to read.

In 1971, the press was affected by certain other significant legal developments, the future importance of which was overlooked at the time. In April of that year, police raided a college newspaper, *The Stanford University Daily* in Palo Alto, California, rummaging through all of its files; and in January of that year the Nixon Administration had secretly begun to seize the telephone records of news organizations in an effort to discover their confidential news sources.

BRANZBURG TO FARBER

Also, in May of 1971, the Supreme Court agreed to review the decisions of three different appellate courts — from Kentucky, Massachusetts and California — which had ruled that the First Amendment did not protect confidential news sources when reporters were called to testify before grand juries.

A year later, in June 1972, the Supreme Court decided these three cases by a 5-4 vote¹² and said that reporters could be forced to testify before grand juries because “the public interest in law enforcement” must “override” any journalist claim under the First Amendment.¹³ This ruling, said Mr. Justice White, “involves no restraint . . . on the type or quality of information reporters may seek to acquire.”¹⁴

What were those three cases about?

In the federal case, the Justice Department wanted Earl Caldwell of *The New York Times* to disclose the specific identity of a single person in the Black Panther party who allegedly had made a threat against the life of the President.

Kentucky prosecutors wanted Paul Branzburg of *The Louisville Courier* to disclose the specific identity of two or three persons he had seen making drugs.

Massachusetts prosecutors wanted Paul Pappas to disclose the specific identity of several armed militants in a storefront office.

In each case, the scope of the information sought was very narrow: specific persons. The information was apparently important to the grand jury investigation, and the information was apparently not available from other sources.

This pattern, of only piercing the First Amendment shield for specific and critical information not available from others, was generally followed by virtually every state and federal court which has dealt with the more than fifty

subpoena cases that have been litigated in courts of appeal since 1972.¹⁵

Peter Bridge of *The Newark News*, who went to jail,¹⁶ was asked specifically about some very limited information in a housing scandal. Will Lewis of KPFA, who went to jail twice,¹⁷ was asked the specific source of a Symbionese Liberation Army tape. William Farr,¹⁸ then of *The Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*, went to jail. He had been asked to name the specific person who supplied him with information on the Charles Manson murder case. Four reporters and editors from the *Fresno (California) Bee*, all of whom went to jail,¹⁹ were asked for the specific source of grand jury information, and so forth.

Now bear in mind the specificity of these battles to protect the First Amendment, and move ahead to May 17, 1978. A subpoena is issued to *The New York Times* and Mr. Farber for “all” notes, “all” records, “all” memoranda, “all” correspondence, “all” recordings of “all” interviews with “all” witnesses for the prosecution and “all” witnesses for the defense. This witness list ran to more than one hundred persons in an investigation which took more than four months.²⁰

This subpoena did not call for the production of a specific document or even a dozen documents. It called for the production of more than 5,000 documents — virtually the entire file in this case.

And what was the justification? A single affidavit by the defense lawyer that, based on his “information and belief,” something in those files — and it was uncertain what — would be helpful to the defense. And so the whole file must be turned over to the judge.

As Justice Marshall noted in his opinion in this case, there really was no showing that even a single document was relevant, not to mention thousands of documents.²¹ So *The New York Times* subpoena was extremely broad in its scope. There was no showing that anything was critical to the defense and there was no showing that the information could not have been obtained from other sources. The result is well known — criminal contempt and a \$100,000 fine and civil contempt and \$5,000 a day and forty days in jail.

An important note: Mr. Farber said that if the defense could have shown some strong relevance, if they could have shown that a document was absolutely critical, he might have been prepared to deal with them. And of course, the irony of the whole case was that after a seven-months trial it took the jury only three hours to acquit the New Jersey physician, which certainly shows that the information held by *The New York Times* was of no importance to the case.

At this point, the question sometimes arises: “Well, isn’t there a conflict between the First Amendment right of a free press and the Sixth Amendment right of a defendant to obtain evidence in his behalf?”

There are several answers to this query.

First: We in the press argue that we must have confidentiality in order to do our jobs; we must be able to assure individual citizens who come to us with complaints that their identities will not be revealed. If we are converted into investigative arms of the courts — and made an appendage of government — citizens will no longer trust us and will no longer give us information, so that the First Amendment — if it has any meaning for an independent press — must mean that we cannot be converted into a government investigative agency.

There is no doubt that the framers of the First Amendment intended that anonymous sources of information should remain secret from the government because the Crown's efforts to identify anonymous sources of information were one of the prime Colonial censorship tools. The framers were well aware that John Lilburne was whipped, pilloried and fined for refusing to disclose the identity of anonymous sources of books and that two Puritan ministers, John Penry and John Udal, had been sentenced to death when their identities had become known.²²

Confidential or anonymous sources of information played a key role in the Colonial period because the patriots knew that identifying these sources would subject them to persecution by the government. The anonymous source of *The Letters of Junius* is unknown to this day. Even *The Federalist Papers*, written in favor of the adoption of our Constitution, were signed by fictitious authors.²³

Considering the great importance which the framers of the Constitution placed on the protection of confidential or anonymous sources, it seems inconceivable that the free press guarantee — as interpreted by the Supreme Court today — should exclude that privilege.

Second: Our argument for the importance of confidentiality is very similar to the argument of attorneys who state that what is told to them in confidence by their clients must remain privileged. And yet, unlike the press guarantee, there is no statement in the Constitution that the government shall not abridge the freedom of the legal profession.

So this allegedly sacred attorney-client privilege has been constructed out of whole cloth by the legal profession to protect itself. It is enforced by judges for their brethren. And yet precisely the same privilege for the press — even when passed by state law — is trampled by the courts.

If, in fact, a defendant is deprived of evidence because of a legal privilege, the courts are free to declare a mistrial. Mistrials are declared every day because the defense attorney or the prosecutors or the judge has permitted evidence to be introduced in violation of a constitutional or evidentiary rule — such as an invalidly obtained confession.

But is there an outcry from the legal establishment

when one of their own brothers creates a mistrial? Is the offending judge or lawyer or prosecutor held in criminal contempt or jailed?

Of course not. But when the evidence to be excluded results from the assertion of a privilege by the press, for some reason this evidentiary question becomes a cosmic disaster for the administration of justice.

Third: Compare the relative merits and value to society of the two privileges. The attorney states he needs a confidentiality privilege in order to adequately represent a single individual client — for example, a particular criminal defendant in a mugging case or a civil plaintiff in an auto accident case.

But the reporter does not assert the privilege for himself or for any particular individual. He asserts it in order to bring news to the public. His use of the privilege will benefit thousands, perhaps millions of readers and other citizens — as in Watergate — because he brings to them information about government mismanagement or crime.

Now there is something morally and constitutionally askew in the courts when they grant a privilege to protect a plaintiff in a \$200 automobile negligence case but will deny — despite the First Amendment and even a state shield law — the same type of privilege to protect the public's right to know how it is being governed.

STANFORD DAILY

Fourteen days after the Farber subpoena was issued, the Supreme Court decided, in *The Stanford Daily* case,²⁴ by a 5-3 vote, that the First Amendment does not bar police from making surprise searches on newsrooms and rummaging through the whole office in an effort to discover a particular document.

Once again, the court said that the First Amendment protection for confidential news sources was really no protection at all (and, incidentally, this was the argument put forth by the Carter administration, too). Or, as Mr. Justice White said: We are not "convinced (today) any more than we were (in 1972) that confidential sources will disappear and that the press will suppress news because of fears of warranted searches."²⁵

Many people in the press would certainly take issue with Mr. Justice White's statement that the impact of a possible search warrant raid has no chilling effect on the press. Robert Healy, Executive Editor of *The Boston Globe* quite recently gave a dramatic example of that chilling effect in Congressional testimony. Mr. Healy said:

Let me first off read a memo to you from one of our reporters.

'Yesterday morning [June 20] I received a call in response to a story published recently . . . The caller, who did not identify himself and who was calling from a pay phone, was seeking further information on the subject of my story.

'In the course of our conversation, it became clear that this person had information about a significant aspect of my first story and while trying to answer his questions in a general way, I pressed him about meeting with me. . . . The caller said he needed to protect his anonymity and I assured him I would do my best to preserve it if we met. . . . This morning the same person called, again from a pay phone . . . the caller said his superiors had told him that I could not protect his anonymity because of "the new law," which (it became clear) referred to the recent Supreme Court ruling that permits issuance of search warrants on newspaper offices. Again I told him we would do our best to preserve his anonymity and after some more conversation about the subject of my first story and his involvement, the caller said he might call again some time.'

*That is the end of the memo. It says more than perhaps anything I can say about the chilling effect of the Supreme Court's new decision.*²⁶

Of course one realizes that the great evil of the search warrant power lies in its complete lack of notice. The police just appear at the door and may use any reasonable force in rummaging through the news office. At least with a subpoena a person has the opportunity to oppose it in court because of prior notice; but, faced with a search warrant, one is helpless.

Furthermore, the search that the police conduct in looking for this document is not limited to specific information. They can go — and have gone — through every file in the office. They do not have to show on their affidavit that the information sought is critical. All they are required to show is that there is probable cause to believe the information would be helpful. And they do not have to show on their affidavit that the information is not available from other persons.

THE REPORTERS COMMITTEE v. AT&T

Ten weeks later, on August 11, 1978, the United States Court of Appeals in Washington ruled that, in the hope of discovering some information which might be helpful, the government may secretly seize up to six months of

telephone records of a news organization — and the home records of journalists, as well — records which show an hour-by-hour profile of every toll call contact made with every news source.²⁷

The justification for seizing six months of these telephone records — and these cases involve the Washington news offices of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, the Knight-Ridder newspapers, *The New York Times* and the home telephones of their reporters — was really that the informants were giving the press information which was embarrassing at that time to the Nixon Administration.

*

So the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press started out in 1971 trying to protect a specific source or a specific document of importance. Seven years later we journalists find ourselves in clear danger of losing every shred of editorial privacy and independence.

If the courts can authorize a search warrant and go through every file in any newsroom; if the courts can subpoena an entire file on a case of thousands of documents, and if the courts can secretly seize personal telephone records, what is left of the concept that the government shall make no law abridging the freedom of the press?

STATE SHIELD LAWS DESTROYED

But there is more to this story. In that 1972 decision in the *Branzburg* case, Mr. Justice White said in effect to the press — if you don't like this ruling, go out and get state shield laws.

"There is also merit in leaving state legislatures free . . . to fashion their own standards . . . with respect to the relations between law enforcement officials and the press."²⁸

Eventually twenty-six states did have shield laws which in one form or another protected confidential or unpublished information.²⁹ And what has happened? The courts have now started to destroy the state shield laws by inventing loopholes or simply voiding them.

In California, in the *Farr* case,³⁰ the courts ruled that the shield law illegally interfered with the inherent power of the court to enforce a gag order. Again in California, in the *Fresno Bee* case,³¹ the courts ruled that the shield law unconstitutionally interfered with their inherent power to protect grand jury secrecy.

In New York, in the *Attica* prison case,³² the courts ruled that the state shield law did not apply if the reporter had witnessed a crime. In New Jersey, in the *Peter Bridge* case,³³ the courts ruled that the law was not intended to cover confidential information, but only sources; in

Maryland, in *The Baltimore Sun* case,³⁴ the courts came to the opposite conclusion and said the shield law was intended to cover confidential information but not sources; and similar judicial destruction of state shield laws has occurred in Tennessee, New Mexico, and Michigan.

And then there is the New Jersey case, involving Myron Farber and *The New York Times*, where the court ruled that the state shield law can be voided any time a criminal defendant can allege that there may be something useful in a reporter's file.

SECRECY IN THE COURTS

There is another pattern developing in the courts which poses ironic contradictions. While judges, on the one hand, are moving to restrict the news media's protection of its information, they are also moving, on the other hand, to insulate themselves from press investigation and public comment.

In 1976 the Supreme Court ruled in the *Nebraska Press Association* case³⁵ that the courts could not stop anyone from publishing news obtained in open court. Well, some courts had already said to themselves, in effect: "You fellows in the press can't publish what you can't get." And they started issuing orders sealing proceedings, sealing documents and prohibiting participants from talking to the press.

It is possible to go down a long line of cases of judicially imposed secrecy on what we in the press thought were public court proceedings, such as sealing all records of all cases filed in a court of public record,³⁶ hearing secret witnesses,³⁷ sealing off an entire criminal trial and even,³⁸ — in Maine — requiring reporters to sign an agreement not to report parts of a public court proceeding as a condition for admittance into a courtroom.³⁹

But the two cases that should interest journalists most are now pending before the U.S. Supreme Court from the New York Court of Appeals,⁴⁰ which is the highest court in New York, and the Pennsylvania Supreme Court.⁴¹

These two decisions would permit judges to seal pre-trial proceedings any time the judges, virtually at their own discretion, think that information from the proceedings might prejudice the defendant's right to a fair trial.

This type of censorship of court proceedings contains two inter-related dangers.

First: Remember that eighty-nine percent of all indictments in this country are settled in pre-trial proceedings.⁴² So that if judges can seal pre-trial proceedings virtually at will, they can seal off from controversy and comment their own actions in eighty-nine percent of the cases in the criminal justice system.

Second: Local judges and prosecutors are an integral

part of the partisan political process.⁴³ They are appointed or elected, generally with support from the local political party, and they may even run on the same ticket. To permit wholesale sealings of criminal justice proceedings will insulate prosecutors and judges from any meaningful accountability to the electorate.⁴⁴

CONCLUSION

In 1973 a number of reporters (including the author), editors and publishers issued warnings to press organizations that a confrontation was developing between the courts and the press and urging reason and moderation. I think the press has tried to be reasonable and moderate.

There has been a series of in-depth studies and discussions by all sides, including reports by a committee of the American Bar Association (the Reardon report), a special committee of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York (the Medina report), the American Newspaper Publishers Association, and a committee of the Judicial Conference of the United States.⁴⁵ In addition, there has been a plethora of law review articles, twenty-three state voluntary bench-bar-press agreements⁴⁶ and thousands of hours and dollars spent by news media representatives, judges, and lawyers attending dozens of state-bench-bar-press conferences and scores of privately sponsored seminars every year.

And what has been the result of all this reason and moderation? The courts have authorized the police to search newsrooms. They have permitted thousands of private memoranda and files to be subpoenaed en masse and telephone records to be secretly seized. They have destroyed our journalist privilege laws. They have attempted to make our voluntary guidelines mandatory. They have sent our reporters to jail. They have held our editors in contempt. They have fined our publishers. And at the same time they are trying to prohibit news about themselves from being given to the public.

The conclusion seems clear: The judiciary of this nation is developing a state of mind which leads to the belief that it is above the laws and the Constitution. And the time has come for the press to stop being moderate and reasonable — to look to the response of our Colonial ancestors in the press — and to fight with every tool at our disposal.

First and foremost, this means that — as Katharine Graham of *The Washington Post* has said recently — we cannot become discouraged to the point where we begin "to pull back" and to "abandon some stories" and to engage in self-censorship in order to avoid subpoenas or other types of litigation.⁴⁷ This determination means that publishers must be prepared to spend money for adequate legal representation; and that, in fact — given the volume of

these threats — legal representation on First Amendment questions must be considered just as much a part of a news organization's budget as printing costs and employee salaries.

It must be made absolutely clear to the courts that journalists will oppose these threats by appealing and by writing news stories about the situation in an attempt to inform the public that their rights are being restricted.

But perhaps there is another solution, too. Until now newspeople have played this game and fought this battle on the turf of the judges, in their courtrooms where they have the last word. Perhaps we should start thinking more about fighting on our own turf — the area of public opinion and the legislative process.

There are already thirteen bills in Congress to reverse the *Stanford Daily* decision.⁴⁸ The American Newspaper Publishers Association, The American Society of Newspaper Editors, The Reporters Committee and several other organizations have testified in favor of such legislation.

Nonetheless, there are some members of the press who feel it is inappropriate or dangerous to seek legislative relief. They argue that what Congress can give in terms of First Amendment-type protections, Congress could take away.

There is no time to answer this argument in detail except to point out that, if this argument were in fact valid, women and civil rights organizations certainly would never have asked for additional protections under the Fourteenth Amendment for rights to vote or rights to equal job opportunities. The short answer is, how could Congress take away a protection the courts say we don't have anyway? Therefore, Congressional action could only be an improvement over the current situation.

In fact, something must be done quickly to bring the courts back under control. The legislative solution is a traditional route to redress grievances. We find ourselves in the position of others who in the past have lost battles in the courts — the people who opposed abortion, the people who opposed busing, and even the publishers who supported failing newspapers.

Each one of those claimants lost in the Supreme Court and turned to the legislative branch for some type of relief, because that's the kind of checks and balances our system allows. When citizens lose in one branch, they can go to the other.

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This presentation first discussed the censorship efforts of the British Crown and the Constitutional response, jumped ahead 182 years to the year 1971, a watershed year in our views of press freedom, and then moved on to survey in some detail the last seven years.

It is certainly true that the press and the government have changed since the mid-eighteenth century. Neither Madison nor Hamilton, who clashed repeatedly on the free press guarantee, could have envisioned the press we have today — with computer and satellite technology, with the great international press associations and the startling development of television news.

Nor could the framers of the Constitution have foreseen the great changes in federal and state government, from small offices dealing primarily with a rural constituency and a sparsely populated agrarian society, to the enormous technocracies of today guiding the lives of great metropolitan populations.

But despite these vast changes in the procedures of the press and the government — in the mechanics of the press bringing the news to the public and the mechanics of the government providing services to society — the principles of the First Amendment remain the same; and those principles are that the government shall not use its powers to intimidate, harass, or regulate the press; and that such regulation which is permitted is well-defined and narrow, such as the laws of libel or a clear and present danger to the national security⁴⁹ of our nation.⁵⁰

However, we are in fact facing the most serious censorship threat to the press within recent memory. Unlike the eighteenth century, we have no criminal libel, nor do we have John Lilburne, whipped and pilloried for refusing to disclose the source of printed material. What we have instead is the wholesale seizure of private notes and memoranda by court subpoena. Today there is no Crown licensing of the press. What we have instead is secret government inspection of news office telephone files. Today we have no criminal seditious prosecutions or high sheriffs with general warrants. What we have instead are surprise search warrant raids and rummaging almost as broad as the Colonial warrants.

The truth is that as the mechanisms of government have changed, as the mechanisms of the press have changed, so the mechanisms of censorship have changed. But the effect and goals of the judicial censors today are precisely the same as the goals of the Colonial governors — to harass, to intimidate, and to regulate the press in the free exercise of the printed and broadcast word.

What is the state of the First Amendment regarding the independence of the press, particularly its ability to protect its unpublished information? There is no doubt that it is under a most sustained attack and we journalists have, in fact, lost substantial ground since 1971. Recent developments are undermining the vitality of the press and we have no choice — as uncomfortable as this situation may be — but to fight back. □

Footnotes

1. *Entick v. Carrington and Three Other King's Messengers*, 19 Ho. St. Tr. 1029 (1765).

2. *Boyd v. United States*, 6 S.Ct. 524 (1886) at 531 (quoting *Entick v. Carrington*, supra).

3. *Stanford v. Texas*, 379 U.S. 476, 483 (1965) (quoting from Lasson, "Development of the Fourth Amendment, 43)."

4. *Stanford v. Texas*, supra, at 483.

5. *Boyd v. United States*, supra, at 530.

6. *Warden v. Hayden*, 387 U.S. 294, 315 (1967), Douglas, J., dissenting; quoting Rutland, *The Bill of Rights*, 25 (1955).

7. Id. at 316 (quoting 3 Elliott's Debates, 448-449).

8. *Zurcher v. Stanford Daily*, 98 S.Ct. 1970, 1981 (1978), White, J.; *Stanford v. Texas*, supra, at 482, Stewart J.

9. *New York Times Co. v. United States*, 403 U.S. 713 (1971). *United States v. Washington Post Co.*, Ibid.

10. Id., dissenting opinion of Burger, C.J., Blackmun, J. and Harlan, J.

11. *New York Times v. U.S.*, supra at 737.

12. *Branzburg v. Hayes*, 408 U.S. 665 (1972), In re Pappas, Id., *United States v. Caldwell*, Id.

13. Id. at 691.

14. Id. at 691.

15. See, generally, Goodale, *Branzburg v. Hayes and the Developing Qualified Privilege for Newsmen*, 26 Hasting L.J. 709 (1975); See, e.g., *Loadholtz v. Fields*, 389 F. Supp. 489 (M.D. Fla. 1975).

16. In re *Bridge*, 120 N.J. Super. 460, 295 A.2d 3 (1972), cert. denied, 62 N.J. 80 (1972), cert. denied 410 U.S. 991 (1973).

17. *Lewis v. United States*, 501 F.2d 418 (1974), cert. denied 420 U.S. 913 (1975).

18. *Farr v. Pitchess*, 522 F.2d 464 (9th Cir. 1975), cert. denied 427 U.S. 912 (1976).

19. *Rosato v. Superior Court of California*, 51 Cal. App. 3d 190, 124 Cal. Rptr. 427 (1975), cert. denied 427 U.S. 912 (1976).

20. In re *Farber and The New York Times*, No. A-78/79/80 (N.J. Sup. Ct., Sept. 21, 1978), petition for cert. filed (U.S. Sept. 28, 1978) (No. 78-540).

21. *New York Times Co. v. Jascalevich*, 4 M.L.R. 1161, Marshall, J.

22. *Burse v. United States*, 466 F.2d 1059, 1085 (1972), quoting *Talley v. California*, 362 U.S. 60, 64-65 (1960).

23. Id. at 1085.

24. *Zurcher v. Stanford Daily*, supra.

25. Id. at 1982.

26. Partial text reprinted; *The News & The Law*, Nov. 1978, p. 19.

27. *Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press v. AT&T*, No. 76-2057 (D.C. Cir., August 11, 1978).

28. *Branzburg v. Hayes*, supra at 706.

29. See Appendix A.

30. *Farr v. Pitchess*, supra.

31. *Rosato v. Superior Court*, supra.

32. *People v. Dan*, 342 N.Y.S.2d 731, 41 App. Div.2d 687 (4th Dept. 1973), appeal dismissed 32 N.Y.2d 764 (1973).

33. In re *Bridge*, supra.

34. *Lightman v. Maryland*, 15 Md. App. 713, 294 A.2d 149 (1972), 266 Md. 550, 295 A.2d 212; cert. denied 411 U.S. 951 (1973).

35. *Nebraska Press Association v. Stuart*, 427 U.S. 539 (1976).

36. *Charlottesville Newspapers, Inc. v. Berry*, Virginia Sup. Ct. #740463 and 74446, June 1974.

37. *Midgett v. McClellan*, U.S.D.C. D.Md., No. 71-1076 HM June 17, 1974.

38. *Oliver v. Postel*, 282 N.E.2d 306 (N.Y. 1972).

39. *Brunswick (Maine) Times Record*, April 23, 1973.

40. *Gannett Co., Inc. v. DePasquale*, U.S.S. Ct. No. 77-1301, U.S.S.Ct. No. 78-155, cert. granted.

41. *Philadelphia Newspapers, Inc.*, et al. v. *Jerome*, et al., appeal filed., U.S.S.Ct. No. 78-155.

42. President's Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Justice, 134 (1967).

43. American Judicature Society, *Judicial Selection and Detention in the United States* (Rev'd 1978).

44. See Generally, briefs Amicus curiae *Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press*, *Gannett Co., Inc. v. DePasquale*, supra, and *Philadelphia Newspapers, Inc. v. Jerome*, supra, p. 24-41.

45. 45 F.R.D. 391.

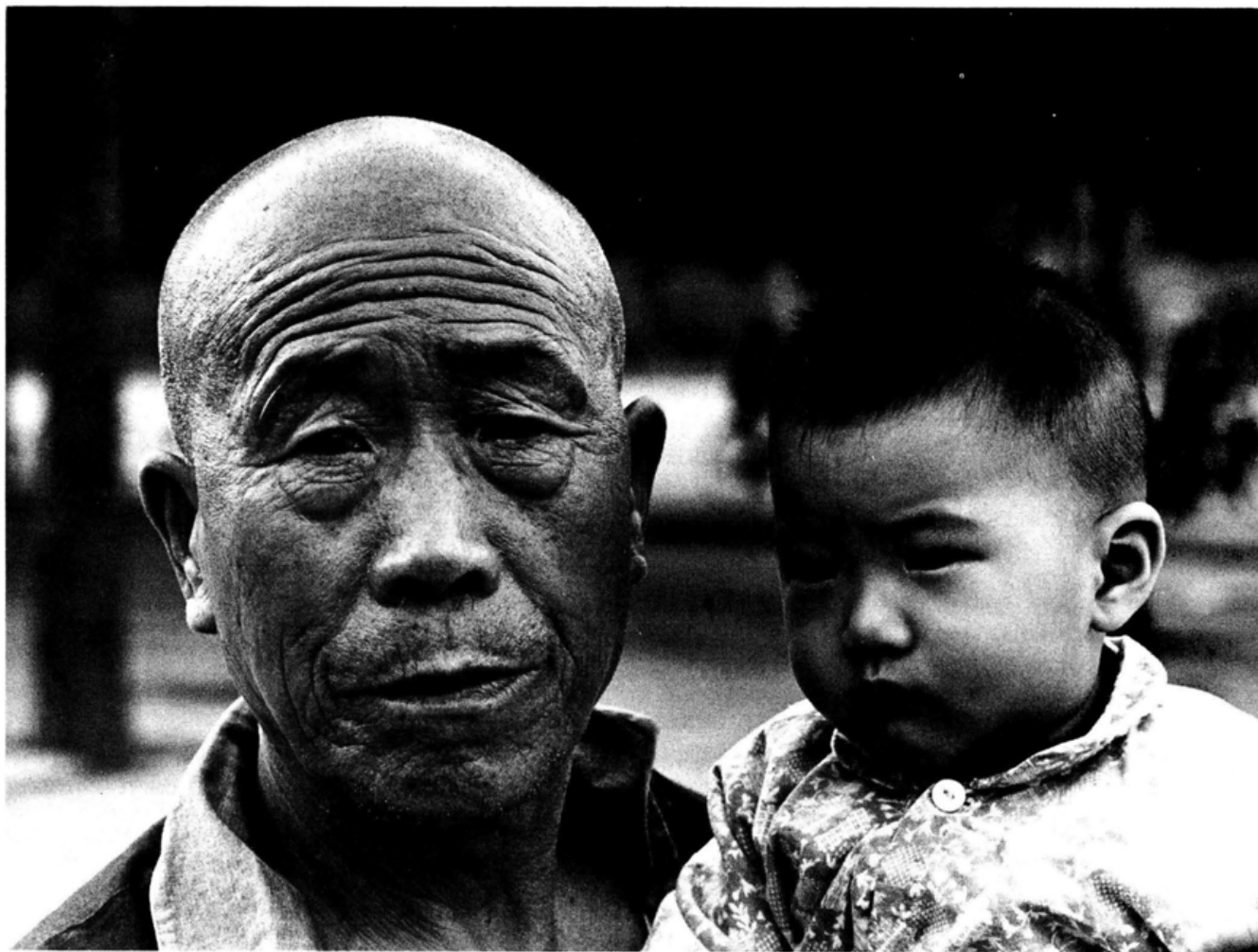
46. Arizona (1968), California (1970), Colorado (1969), Idaho (1969), Kentucky (1970), Massachusetts (1963), Minnesota (1968), Missouri (1968), Nebraska (1970), New Jersey (1972), New Mexico (1969), New York (1969), North Carolina (1966), North Dakota (1971), Oklahoma (1968), Oregon (1962), Pennsylvania (1971), South Dakota (1971), Texas (1969), Utah (1969), Virginia (1971), Washington (1966), and Wisconsin (1970).

47. Address of Katharine Graham, Chairman of the Board, The Washington Post Company, National Press Club, September 12, 1978.

48. See Appendix B.

49. *New York Times v. Sullivan*, 376 U.S. 254 (1964).

50. *Schenk v. United States*, 249 U.S. 47 (1919).



FACES OF CHINA

The following report is excerpted from William J. Woestendiek's series of articles on his recent three-week journey through the People's Republic of China with a group of American newspaper editors. Mr. Woestendiek, Nieman Fellow '55, is executive editor of *The Arizona Daily Star*.

WILLIAM J. WOESTENDIEK

Photographs by Gordon Converse

*Alone I stand in the autumn cold
On the tip of Orange Island,
The Hsiang flowing northward;
I see a thousand hills crimsoned through
By their serried woods deep-dyed,
And a hundred barges vying
Over crystal blue waters.
Eagles cleave the air,
Fish glide in the limpid deep;
Under freezing skies a million creatures
contend in freedom.
Brooding over this immensity,
I ask, on this boundless land
Who rules over man's destiny?*

--Mao Tse-tung 1925

"China looks like one big Hollywood movie set. The whole damned country is under construction."

That was the way one American newspaperman summed up his reaction to that immense and fascinating country. It's a greatly oversimplified but accurate comment about what is happening where one out of every five people in our world lives today. China is under construction in every way: politically, professionally, agriculturally, educationally, and culturally — in addition to the new apartment houses and factories going up across the nation.

China is an old country in a big hurry, a vast and beautiful land whose new government is trying to move rapidly to overcome the great losses of the past ten years caused by the cultural revolution, the inefficiency of its bureaucracy and the "pernicious influence and sabotage" of the Gang of Four.

To see what is happening in China, to try to find out where China is going and its prospects of getting there, to study life among 900 million people in China in only three weeks, is a fascinating and difficult task. That is what our group of American editors tried to do in a trip that took us to the dreary capital city of Peking, from whence all the shots are called; to see the Ming tombs and ancient art treasures; to Shanghai, the historic "city of sin" gone straight; to Hangchow, the beautiful sometime capital of China on lovely West lake; to Chungking and Cheng'tu in Szechwan Province, home of one hundred million Chinese and scene of important agricultural production and interesting political shenanigans (an area into which most Americans have not been permitted); to the port city of Wuhan; to bustling Canton; and for three fascinating days, a boat ride down the treacherous and beautiful Yangtze River.

We went as "important friends" of the Chinese people, as part of a continuing exchange program between American and Chinese journalists (each newspaper paid its

own way) and, while we saw much, we found that getting to see everything one wants to see is not easy in China. Our hosts were courteous, but could be politely indifferent to our requests if they did not want to grant them. We were free to roam at will in the streets and alleys of Chinese cities before breakfast and after dinner, to take fascinating walks among the real faces and real life in China, but frustrating because of the immense language barrier that kept us from talking with the average Chinese citizens.

But the language barrier did not prevent us from enjoying the warm cordiality, the open, pressing curiosity, and the apparent happiness and healthiness of the masses of people who thronged about us wherever we went.

Anyone who returns from three such hectic, exciting, interesting weeks in China and claims to be an expert, is full of baloney. What one can do is come back from a different world with vivid and distinct observations and impressions.

The politics, the philosophies, the personalities of China are complex and important. To at least one observer, however, the most impressive memories are the faces of China, the endless masses of people everywhere, the brightly-dressed, happy, healthy children; the drably-dressed millions of adults, the waves of bicycles on city streets, the continuous ringing of bicycle bells and the constant, headache-level blowing of horns by car, truck, and bus drivers. In this pedestrian-oriented country, people tend to ignore the traffic police who sit or stand in booths at intersections and energetically wave red and white batons.

We took early morning walks, we visited factories, newspapers, schools and communes, watched a tank division maneuver, climbed the breathtaking Great Wall in fog and rain, visited a prison and a hospital in Shanghai, watched an open heart operation, filed past Mao's body along with thousands of Chinese and foreign visitors, talked with government officials, watched volleyball and operas, rode trains, drank tea in inordinate quantities and ate several magnificent meals, including some that had as many as twenty-one different courses. We were involved in much talk about why the United States has not yet agreed to "normalization" with the People's Republic of China.

China is a country that does not unveil itself readily to the new observer. It unfolds in a hazy and confusing series of images, sometimes understandable, often complex, at other times more like a series of double exposures.

It is a country of conflicting contrasts, perhaps best illustrated by the government's efforts to move rapidly away from Mao Tse-tung's policies and values while continuing to pay at least lip-service to the greatness of his leadership. An even more confusing contradiction — at least to visitors who are lectured daily on the many terrible things blamed on the Gang of Four — is how Mao allegedly

could have opposed the "sabotage" of his wife and others, but failed over a period of years to restrain them effectively.

The other contrasts are quickly visible: The young and the old; people breaking up big rocks with small hammer-size picks while huge cranes reach skyward behind them as symbols of the new construction; the emphasis on cleanliness — women sweeping dirt yards with homemade brooms and men washing government cars, including the tires, at the same time that children are peeing and people are spitting on the streets — and hotel room floors remain filthy. Hard drugs and alcoholism are almost nonexistent but many Chinese smoke constantly.

New cars (only government officials have them) and army lorries pass old women laboriously pulling heavy carts up steep hills; store clerks rapidly tally sales on abaci while across the way in a hotel lobby, another clerk changes money with a pocket calculator. Elderly women with deformed feet (the result of the ancient, now outlawed custom of binding the feet of young girls) hobble painfully across a street while attractive young women wearing no makeup, hair in pigtailed, sweep by on bicycles as they jingle warning bells.

Although one sees more and more people everywhere, the government has stepped up an intensive birth control program (reputedly working better in the cities than in the country) that includes contraceptives handed out free at stores, bonuses for hysterectomies and vasectomies. If the relatively few pregnant women we saw is any indication, the program is working.

Visits such as ours are symbolic of the "new China," of a period of great Chinese openness to the Western world, of a time when new Chinese leaders are pragmatically and admittedly putting agricultural and industrial progress ahead of politics, putting technology ahead of ideology. It's a fascinating and exciting project, one fraught with obstacles because it is such a different idea for the Chinese. As one of our hosts put it:

"We are grappling with a very real problem, experimenting all the time, with some success, some failure. If we are to achieve our goals, terrific changes have to be made."

SHRUGS GREET MANY QUESTIONS ABOUT JUSTICE

The most efficient factory we saw in China wasn't a factory; it was a prison.

Not many Americans are permitted to visit prisons, but our group toured Shanghai Prison, where we watched the ultimate in cheap labor operate an efficient printing shop and turn out a variety of products, including watches, clothing, containers. In none of the shops did we notice any of the loafing or lack of effort spotted in regular factories.

Of course, these prisoners had an incentive, as one wall poster said, to "redeem yourself through deeds, not words." Developing a good attitude shortens a prison term there and we thought we noticed a lot of "good attitudes."

Posted on bulletin boards in every shop were letters written by prisoners urging other prisoners to improve the quality of their products to celebrate the national holiday, October 1. On one wall, obviously indicative of improved attitudes, were articles written by the prisoners expressing their thanks to Chairman Mao for "re-education, rehabilitation and another chance."

Prison officials were far more cooperative in letting us walk through the dingy, dreary building brightened by colorful political posters than they were in answering any questions outside of what they considered the pertinent facts. Those were: The prison has 2,680 prisoners, 200 of whom are women, prisoners work an eight-hour day, study politics for two hours, sleep not less than eight hours, can write letters to their families once a month, and receive visits once a month.

Male prisoners are paid approximately \$1.50 per month; women about \$1.85. Why more for the women? Our guide's explanation was "so that they could purchase toilet paper," which we interpreted as a slight misinterpretation.

Justice in China is a different ball game, one about which we could learn very little. Our requests to see a court trial or even a neighborhood mediation session were politely ignored or refused. A session with a group of judicial observers was not helpful. China has no lawyers because Chinese see no reason why the accused persons should not defend themselves, or have a relative or fellow worker do it. ("Why pay a lawyer?" asked one observer.) In serious cases that get beyond the neighborhood into court, the court seeks a majority opinion about the accused among his neighbors and co-workers, and then makes a judgment based on what the neighbors say, the attitude of the criminal, and the gravity of the offense.

Obviously, there are no specific penalties for specific crimes. The first two prisoners we saw (their cells are about five by eight feet, with wooden floors, straw mats and no lights, and a bunch of political reading matter nearby) told us they were in prison for rape, something that officially doesn't happen often in China.

Struck by the fact that the first two inmates were convicted rapists and by the fact we suddenly were not able to find out much about any of the other inmates, I asked the director of reform about the number of rapists. He answered our questions while the warden sat smiling nearby.

No statistics available, we were told, because the incidence of rape is so small. What's the sentence? Three-five years. Statistics were lacking on most things

throughout our discussion over endless cups of tea. We asked about executions. They are held outside the prison.

Where? How many? It was not their field of work; they did not know. But most of the people executed are murderers. Some German engineers working in Wuhan told us of homosexuals being executed, but Shanghai prison officials say they know of no homosexuality, not even among men and women confined in prison.

How about escapes? Nobody had ever escaped, we were told. There have been no suicides in recent years although, they said, that some prisoners had "thought about it."

Who had been in prison the longest and for what crime? They had no way of knowing, the director said repeatedly. But they knew the average age of the prisoners, thirty-five to fifty-five. The prisoners get porridge for breakfast, cooked rice for lunch and dinner daily, fish or meat three times a week. The guards have a canteen where they can get different kinds of food.

What crimes had most of the people in jail committed? Embezzlement, "sabotage of our economic order," corruption, and hooliganism. Counter-revolutionaries make up only one-tenth of the inmates, but they are segregated in their cells and studies. The prisoners may talk at work and during the rest hour, so long as they do not say anything that "is not conducive to self-reform."

Juvenile delinquency, the director said, is not very high although there is some serious juvenile crime. It had increased substantially during the reign of the Gang of Four, he added, but is now declining.

In 1949, Chairman Mao wrote: "Our prisons are no longer prisons of the past; they should be school, factory or farm."

What Shanghai Prison was in the past I don't know. It had been run by the British before the liberation and must have had its share of murderers, rapists, prostitutes, opium smugglers, et al. Today, it is most certainly an efficient, cheap-labor factory, turning out \$46 million worth of goods annually; and a solid political school, changing "bad attitudes" rapidly.

ARTS ARE ALIVE, GETTING BETTER

It is not exactly a Cannes Festival or a Lincoln Center tribute to the performing arts; nor is it a shining example of



freedom of the press, but along with educational and agri-industrial reform in China today has come a change for the better in both the arts and communications.

Neither culture nor communications is among the four major modernizations through which China hopes to catch up with the rest of the world by the year 2000, but there have been significant improvements in what the Chinese people can now see, hear and read at the theater, in their newspapers and on television.

On a pleasant evening in Shanghai, we had choice seats for a sixty-five-piece symphony performance that included the Roman Carnival Overture by Berlioz, the Blue Danube, Swan Lake, and some classical Chinese dances. The relatively young orchestra members played well under the somewhat gentle direction of their conductor and, while the choreography left something to be desired, the dancers and settings were good.

Even more important than the quality of the performance was the content. Two years ago it would have been impossible for the musicians or the dancers to have performed any of these numbers. (A Chinese audience is different; it talks steadily throughout the performance, never applauds, leaving it to the performers to applaud themselves — with a big assist from some enthusiastic foreigners.)

During the period of the Gang of Four, everything foreign, including music, literature and philosophy, was

outlawed. The Chinese, in the theater, on television or radio, could see or hear only eight operas and twelve songs, as plagiarized, revised and played by decree of Chairman Mao Tse-tung's widow, Chiang Ching.

That has changed. There is no longer an intense, obvious political message in every performance. We saw two operas, one live, one a movie, that emphasized women's liberation — not a burning issue in China, but a live one.

The live opera, seen in the resort city of Hangchow, tells the story of the widows of seven men who died in battle and the one-hundred-year-old great-grandmother who takes over the army after a funny debate in which the advisers try desperately to keep the emperor from agreeing with the women ... "How can so many women fight?" they snicker.

The women go to war, and win the battle in some fantastic fight-action dances done in exotic costumes. All of the lipstick, rouge and color — on both men and women in China — is on stage, not on the streets. As with most Chinese operas, it was far too long, but the rich movements of the hands and feet of the women were sheer poetry as contrasted with the harshness of some of the voices.

We saw in Cheng'tu a comic opera, "The Strange Romance of Mr. Chiaio," which also had no political message but involved a mistaken-identity kidnapping of his wife's boyfriend by a man who thought he was kidnapping a beautiful woman he planned to marry. Again, the costumes were a beautiful combination of blues, pinks and yellows, and the movements of the performers — whether flicking a wrist, kicking a leg or raising an eyebrow — were superb.

At the theater, against a backdrop of "no smoking" signs, people were smoking. The Chinese are heavy smokers, and there doesn't seem to be any intensive campaign to stop them — except one started by some of my nonsmoking editor colleagues on the trip.

"Why are they smoking when the signs say not to?" I asked of one of our interpreters. He shrugged his shoulders and said: "These people in Szechwan have been quite anarchistic for a long while."

Not all the performances we saw were so free of political content. On October 1, in the magnificent People's Palace, whose huge four-tiered theatre seats 4,500 — and it was jammed — we saw a musical show paying tribute to the country's national day. It was a gala occasion in Chungking. Provincial leaders and one of the country's famous generals during the war with Japan, Vice Premier Wang Chen — a nice old gentleman — came to help celebrate.

We watched a twenty-three-number song-and-dance show loaded with patriotic and political numbers. (But then one hears "The Stars and Stripes Forever," "God Bless America," our national anthem and similar numbers here

on the Fourth of July, the difference being our songs are to a country, theirs are to individuals.)

A sampling from the program: The first song was "In Praise of Chairman Hua," an old folk tune with obviously new words. This was followed by another song, "Guests from Afar, Please Remain." The performers on the large stage were singing and dancing under huge gold numerals emphasizing the occasion: "1949-1978."

"Throw away the drumstick and carry your spear," from an opera Chou En-lai had liked very much, came next.

A soprano soloist, wearing a white silk skirt and a red blouse, sang another "In Praise of Chairman Hua," and followed with an encore, a national minorities song called "Who Says Our Home Town Is No Good?"

Following a rather daring — for China — Ceylonese dance in which attractive, brightly dressed women did a few wiggles, a male accordionist and a female vocalist in a black pantsuit sang "Fresh Flowers for Chairman Hua."

While a bat soared and plummeted above the stage, an older alto, obviously very popular with the audience, sang: "Whenever I Sing the East is Red I Think of Chairman Mao" with tears rolling down her cheeks.

The important thing is that no longer must every song, show and painting be ideological; producers, performers and artists are interested in "giving pleasure to the people." And the people are enjoying some of the "old wine" in music, song and art that they were forbidden to taste for so long.

As Me Chen, a sophisticated, intellectual guide, explained: "Once again we can listen to Beethoven. There are new attitudes. Our young people, ten to fifteen years old, have never heard that music. They have just found something new." That's another of the encouraging new concepts in today's new China.

A further indication of change for the good: At a banquet in Szechwan, the editor of the local provincial paper was verbally attacked by one of the local leaders who said that the editor's paper was "not aggressive enough, way behind the People's Daily." The editor defended his product. It reminded some of us of a typical cocktail party or civic-club conversation at home.

Also sounding familiar was a Cheng'tu editor's response to the question as to what his readers criticized most. "They criticize us for not reporting enough about our particular area and want more information on local problems." Most of the letters, he added, are consumer-oriented, objections to the quality of products, to poor service, complaints about not being able to sell enough eggs and poultry to the government's commercial department.

Even with the mass circulation of the newspapers,

many Chinese get much of their information as to what's going on from reading wall posters in the big cities.

These posters may be official government news or declarations; they now also may be put up by individuals urging that the streets be kept cleaner. One we saw had been put up by an individual claiming that the army had taken over his house unfairly; another was critical of a school principal. Every time a poster goes up, the crowds show up — almost instantly — with insatiable curiosity.

Television broadcasts from Peking are in evening hours only, Monday-Saturday. They consist of an education service (math or physics) from 6-7 P.M.; domestic and international news from 7-8 P.M.; a movie, drama, opera or

sports event from 8-10 P.M., and a course in English until 10:45 P.M. On Sundays, there are entertainment programs for the children in the morning, a concert from 2-4 P.M.; and special shows (BBC, French, sports) from 7-10 P.M. The Chinese people like a special filmed series called "Scenes in Other Lands." Television is a luxury item. Color sets sell for about \$350, black and white \$160.

Chairman Hua, "unlike your president," has never used national television. But what an audience he may have some day if he does!

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MASTHEAD AND HEADLINE OF SPECIAL EXTRA ISSUE OF
JEN-MIN JIH-PAO

人民日报 号 外

一九七八年十二月十六日

中华人民共和国和美利坚合众国
关于建立外交关系的联合公报

Masthead: *Jen-min Jih-pao [People's Daily] EXTRA*
December 16, 1978

Headline: *Joint Communique' of the People's Republic of China*
and the United States of America on the
Establishment of Diplomatic Relations

The Harvard-Yenching Library has acquired an original copy of the one-page special EXTRA of the *Jen-min Jih-pao* which was published in Peking on December 16, 1978 to announce the normalization of relations between the United States and the People's Republic of China.

The EXTRA, printed in red, was not sent to foreign subscribers of the *Jen-min Jih-pao*. The Library acquired its copy through a Hong Kong book dealer who was in Peking at the time of the announcement. The EXTRA, with its complete text, is on exhibit in the Harvard-Yenching Library.

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Harvard University.)

The State of the Black Press in 1979

Without question, the future of the black press is in doubt.

HENRY G. LA BRIE III

This year the 152nd anniversary of Black Press Week, March 11-17, is filled with uncertainty, a lack of direction, and traditional economic woes.

Black newspapers have struggled to survive in the American media maze since 1827.¹ The first expansion period can be charted between 1910 and 1940, when the circulation of nationally-distributed papers such as the *Chicago Defender*, the *Pittsburgh Courier*, the Baltimore-based *Afro-American* and the *Norfolk Journal and Guide* reached hundreds of thousands of copies each week.² These papers relied on the racism of whites to attract black readers. They championed, "Don't buy where you can't work" and other campaigns and as conditions improved, the black publisher claimed he was crusading himself out of business. Not so.

The nationally-circulated black papers began to retrench in the mid-1940's and early '50's and sought, during this transition period, to address problems directly

related to their local audiences. Black newspapers became extremely independent, but managed to unite again when achievements needed recognition³ or when a critical human rights issue was at stake.⁴ Finally, in the two decades following the *Brown v. the Topeka Board of Education* (1954), the black press started a second important expansion both in circulation and number of papers. By the early 1970's, more than 200 black newspapers had a combined weekly circulation exceeding four million.⁵

During this second expansion period, the most interesting in the history of the black press, the civil rights movement reached its apex and there was plenty of news to fill the pages of black newspapers. Yet, suddenly the entire establishment media awoke to discover "minority affairs." The sleeping giant broke the black press monopoly on such news, and also began to hire away many of the most talented reporters from the mastheads of black newspapers.

Black publishers had to solve staff problems and they had to redefine their role in the community. These newspapers,⁶ mostly weeklies, were forced to seek fresh angles on the news or to provide in-depth coverage not available in the establishment press. Fortunately, the black press was buoyed by increased advertising revenues from many sources. Circulation profits, for years the chief source of income for many black newspapers,⁷ became the secondary means of support.

Henry G. La Brie III is author of Perspectives of the Black Press and A Survey of Black Newspapers in America, as well as numerous articles on the black press. A former National Endowment for the Humanities Research Fellow at Harvard University's Charles Warren Center, he is at present writing and farming in southern Maine.

New advertising dollars came from corporations which discovered the existence of a major black market that for years had been neglected and undeveloped. The black consumer was brand-conscious⁸ and by 1955, income in black America was over \$13 billion.⁹ The National Newspaper Publishers Association, a professional organization for black newspapers,¹⁰ moved quickly to take advantage of this corporate interest and in 1961 created Amalgamated Publishers' Incorporated, a New York-based advertising representative for the black press.

Although advertising income increased, the black press never obtained its fair share of the advertising budgets of major corporations and advertising agencies.¹¹ However, this new wealth carried the black press through a hectic, difficult era; by 1970, many of the newspapers had settled into a rather complacent posture. The job of re-staffing the newspapers was incomplete — worse still, the editorial page lost its importance,¹² and even today, few black newspapers carry hard-hitting editorial campaigns. A critical lack of nationally-syndicated columns¹³ compounds the problem.

A telephone survey of black publishers and editors conducted between October and December, 1978, revealed some startling information about the direction in which the black press is heading. As of January 1, 1979, 165 black newspapers were active in America and had a combined weekly circulation of 2,901,162.¹⁴ Compared to a similar survey completed in January 1973, this represents a circulation drop of twenty-nine percent and a membership decline of twenty-one percent.¹⁵

Will the black press fade and eventually lapse into the background, just like the foreign language press did? The answer is contingent upon how black publishers will attempt to solve a glaring number of problems now facing them.

At the January 1979 Mid-Winter Workshop of the National Newspaper Publishers Association, in Memphis, Tennessee, delegates began the arduous task of assessing the role that the black press will take in the 1980's. The inflationary spiral continues to increase production costs, circulations have fallen off, and more national and local advertising lineage is needed. It is impressive to discover the publishers seeking answers to business questions.

For years, working on a black newspaper was an avocation rather than a vocation. From 1827 to the early part of the 1900's, most black publishers were "something else first" and a newspaper publisher/editor second. That is to say, they worked as lawyers, postal clerks, printers, doctors, etc. during the day and they managed newspapers at night or on the weekend. In some cases, this condition remains true today.¹⁶

It was not until after 1905 that the black newspaper

For years, working on a black newspaper was an avocation rather than a vocation.

formalized itself as a business. Georgia-born Robert S. Abbott moved to Chicago where he started his *Chicago Defender* in 1905 and by the time the United States entered World War I, he was able to report a circulation exceeding 200,000. Eric Roberts, who worked for Abbott and later the *Atlanta Daily World* and the *Pittsburgh Courier*, recalls:

*By 1921, in the Post-War period, when the Yankees came marching home and the League of Nations died, Mr. Abbott was selling 250,000 copies per week. Mr. Abbott emerged as the Croesus of our time; he had all the big bounties a man could wish. And we knew then, by his example, by his financial success, by his ownership of a Rolls Royce automobile, that in the never-never world of tomorrow, there would be other Abbotts . . .*¹⁷

Ironically, the black press never would be credited with having attained this remarkable status. The literature available on the growth of black businesses and economic trends in the black community almost totally ignores the black press. Erwin Welsch, in his *Negro in the United States* (Indiana University Press, 1965), emphasized this fact, writing: "The Negro Press has become the most influential Negro business in the twentieth century . . . unfortunately, (it) has not received the scholarly research attention it deserves."

In January 1974, Berkeley Burrell, president of the National Business League, made a serious attempt to encourage the black press to concentrate on building its business image.

*I read that the success of the Black Press is not judged by its financial statements, its ratio of advertising to editorial space, but rather by its influence over its readers and by its ability to plead the cause and express the hopes of Black people. That perpetuates a misrepresentation. You and I have a tremendous task to convince America, once and forever, that indeed the Black Press must be taken seriously as a major factor in public opinion about Black America and as an influence of its people. But beyond that, it seeks to operate as an efficient and profitable business.*¹⁸

In March 1972, a Young and Rubicam media department report prepared for General Foods claimed that the black press was a costly and inefficient means of reaching the black consumer. Somehow, the black press, led by a formidable but fact-lacking rebuttal from John Johnson, publisher of *Ebony* magazine, and W. Leonard Evans, president of *Tuesday* Publications, managed to weather this attack. But little has been done to gather the sort of impressive media research that the Young and Rubicam agency later suggested should be made available to advertisers.

Of the present weekly circulation of black newspapers reported in the Autumn 1978 survey, only fifteen percent (435,557) can be substantiated as "audited." Only twenty-one of the 165 journals are members of the Audit Bureau of Circulations (ABC). This percentage has not changed significantly since the first telephone survey was completed in November 1970.

The largest circulation category is comprised of the twenty black newspapers with controlled distributions totaling 942,764 weekly. Heading this list is the eight-member Los Angeles *Central News-Wave* group with 240,455 copies per week.

In addition to the ABC papers and the controlled-circulation papers, there are two other groups: sixty-four papers make up the "publisher's statement paid" category which has a weekly circulation of 868,741; and thirty-six publishers report "paid and free" circulations totaling 654,100.

Very little has been done to lend credence to the circulation numbers reported by the publishers in the three unaudited categories. Many of the publishers explained that plans were being made to have Verified Audit of Circulations (VAC) of Santa Monica, California, examine their record-keeping procedures and methods of distribution. However, Alan Desser, president of VAC, reports that less than ten black newspapers are currently being audited by the three-step VAC program that includes not only sworn statements and in-office investigation but also an in-field analysis of 250 sample homes to further verify receivership of these newspapers.¹⁹

It is becoming increasingly difficult to understand why the black press is unable to adapt to these standards for successful advertising, especially when it has been made clear by corporate executives that advertising would be forthcoming as soon as circulation and marketing data had been ascertained. True, these standards may be alien to the proprietors of black newspapers, but they are necessary and will be expected of them. If the black press hopes to grow and thrive in the future, this sort of information and behavior must become an integral part of its operation.

Beyond these business constraints, the black press suffers from a number of professional journalistic problems. Although the NNPA has established journalism scholarships for minority high school students, little is known about the impact of these scholarships. What have these students accomplished since the creation of NNPA journalism scholarships more than ten years ago? Where are these students now employed, and what role have they played in the growth of the black press?

Since the mid-1950's, the black press has been forced into a talent competition with the establishment media. Many blacks who have worked on black newspapers vow never to return, frustrated by the fact that so little of the income derived by black newspapers is actually reinvested in the business. Others leave the black press with the belief that by working within the system, they will accomplish more.²⁰

Whichever the case, in almost every instance, the black newspaper cannot hope to offer comparable salaries and exposure to young and skilled journalists beginning their careers in the mass media.

The consequence of this gap in talent and short staffing has been products that are journalistically inferior. Technically, the black publishers have lost direct control over the production end of the papers because less than thirty of the newspapers actually own the presses they use.²¹

Professionally, copy is often poorly written or lacks depth in reporting. There are exceptions, of course, and some that come to mind are: *Boston Bay State Banner*; *Cleveland Call and Post* group; *Berkeley (California) Post* group; *Chicago Daily Defender*; *New Pittsburgh Courier*; *Baltimore Afro-American* group; *Miami Times*; *San Francisco Sun-Reporter*; *Sacramento Observer*; *Philadelphia Tribune*; *New York City Amsterdam News*; *Los Angeles Sentinel*; *Detroit Michigan Chronicle*; *Houston Forward Times*; and *New Orleans Louisiana Weekly*.

Attempts to establish an active black press news service for NNPA members have failed because of this lack of membership interest and financial support. A privately controlled organization, National Black News Service, was started in Washington, D.C. in April 1972.

NBNS serves today as the only interface among the black newspapers. Twice-weekly news packages are shipped to member papers at a cost of about sixty dollars per month.

"The good part about NBNS is that it includes national and international stories relating to the black community that we would otherwise be unable to print," explained *Boston Bay State Banner* managing editor Cynthia Bellamy.

"I wish they could go into more depth — perhaps beyond the six-to-ten inch stories we receive — and begin to offer some analysis."²²

It would be inaccurate to suggest here that all black newspapers are poor news products; but many are, and the concern journalism scholars should have is that the number of them is growing. It would also be incorrect to claim that advertising spent in black newspapers produces minimal, if any, results. Yet, it is a fact that few of these papers have provided the readership data and demographic information

needed to delineate the impact and influence of the black newspaper on the black community.

Without question, the future of the black press is in doubt. Whether the publishers of the tenuous black newspapers are able or interested enough to begin solving the crises they individually face remains to be seen. It is a difficult time for the black press. If the owners hope to survive, they will have to muster the type of energy and commitment which their predecessors exhibited when they crusaded against discrimination in America.

Footnotes

1. John Brown Russwurm and the Rev. Samuel Cornish are generally credited by press researchers as starting the first black newspaper in America, *Freedom's Journal*, in New York City on March 16, 1827.

2. CF Roland Wolseley, *The Black Press, U.S.A.* Ames, Iowa: Iowa State University Press, 1971 and Andrew Buni, *Robert Lee Vann of the Pittsburgh Courier*. Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1974.

3. Such sporting accomplishments as Sugar Ray Robinson's holding the welter-weight boxing title from 1946-51, Jackie Robinson's breaking the color barrier in professional baseball in 1947, Joe Louis' retirement as world heavyweight boxing champion in 1950, or Althea Gibson's participation for the National Tennis Championship at Forest Hills, becoming the first black accepted for competition.

4. The integration of the armed forces system and the crusade to desegregate American schools at all levels.

5. Henry G. La Brie III, *The Black Press in America: A Guide*. Kennebunkport, Maine: Mercer House Press, 1974.

6. CF Wolseley, *The Black Press* and Henry G. La Brie III, *Perspectives of the Black Press*. Kennebunkport, Maine: Mercer House Press, 1974. At present, there are four active dailies in the United States: the *Columbus* (Georgia) *Times*; the *Atlanta Daily World*; the *Chicago Daily Defender* and the *Brooklyn New York Daily Challenge*.

7. Henry G. La Brie III, "A Profile of the Black Newspaper," University of Iowa, 1973, unpublished dissertation, pp. 150-51.

8. D. Parke Gibson, *The \$30 Billion Negro*. New York: Macmillan, 1969.

9. Peter M. Bergman, *The Chronological History of the Negro in America*. New York: Harper and Row, 1969, p. 540. Today, income in black America is estimated to be \$70 billion.

10. The National Newspaper Publishers Association was founded in Chicago, Ill. in 1940 and originally called the National Negro Publishers Association.

11. Read Carlton Goodlett's "The Black Press: A Democratic Society's Catalytic Agent for Building Tomorrow's America," in Henry G. La Brie III, *Perspectives of the Black Press*. Kennebunkport, Maine: Mercer House Press, 1974, and "Black Media Less Efficient," *Advertising Age* (April 3, 1972), p. 68+.

12. Most black publishers believe that society news is the most important section of their newspapers, with sports and front page news next in order of importance. The editorial page was ranked behind these three sections in the belief that a majority of readers failed to look at this part of the paper. La Brie, *Profile of the Black Newspaper*, p. 159.

13. The most widely distributed columnists in the black press appear to be Vernon Jordan, Jr., executive director of the National Urban League who writes "To Be Equal," Benjamin L. Hooks, executive director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, Billy Rowe's social column entitled "Billy Rowe's Notebook," and topical columns by Congressman Gus Hawkins, activists Bayard Rustin and Dr. Nathaniel Wright, Jr.

14. Henry G. La Brie III, *A Survey of Black Newspapers in America*. Kennebunkport, Maine: Mercer House Press, 1979.

15. The January 1973 survey lists 208 newspapers and of this number, 202 reported a combined weekly circulation of 4,099,541.

16. Eugene Mitchell, publisher of the *St. Louis Argus*, and Carlton B. Goodlett, publisher of the San Francisco *Sun-Reporter*, are both medical doctors. At the Houston *Informer*, publisher-editor George McElroy doubles as a college professor. Mrs. Ophelia D. Mitchell, publisher of the *Columbus* (Georgia) *Times* is active in the modeling and cosmetic industries. Jesse Hill Jr., publisher of the *Atlanta Inquirer*, is an insurance executive.

17. Personal interview, Washington, D.C., July 2, 1971.

18. Berkeley G. Burrell, "Who Needs the Black Press? — Black People," presented in Miami, Florida, January 24, 1974 at the NNPA Mid-Winter Workshop.

19. Telephone interview with Alan Deser, January 31, 1979.

20. Read Thomas A. Johnson's "A Graduate of the Black Press Looks Back," in Henry G. La Brie III, *Perspectives of the Black Press*. Kennebunkport, Maine: Mercer House Press, 1974.

21. La Brie, *A Survey of Black Newspapers* (1979).

22. Telephone interview with Cynthia Bellamy, January 31, 1979.

Travel with Parents

D. B. NOYES

Benchley claimed that there are two kinds of travel — first class and with children. As a parent who has endured trips by car, bus, boat, train, and plane — with and without offspring — I agree; but as a grown woman who has survived and even enjoyed two vacations abroad with her mother and father, I offer a third category — travel with parents.

New England born and bred, my parents discovered Old England approximately five years ago. Until then, they had never been out of the country and seldom had crossed even their home state borders, except for occasional ventures to the islands off the coast of Cape Cod. Thanks to a fortuitous conjunction of events, my father received a modest grant to visit England, and my mother was sent to Great Britain on business. After this experience, these two Yankees who, like Thoreau, felt they had traveled everywhere in their home town, returned to the States as confirmed Anglophiles. Revisiting England the following year, they ventured even further and discovered Ireland. Months later, planning their third trip overseas, they surprised me with an invitation to go along. I was eager to accept, yet unsure of what to anticipate. What guidebook could tell me how to conduct myself in unfamiliar territory in the company of parents who, even at home, sometimes seemed different from the mother and father I knew when I was a child? I realized that my memories of growing up could not prepare me for this return to the nest in a strange land.

How is travel with parents different? The fact that we are parent(s) and child is inescapable. But, tempered by time, we no longer have to resort to the former methods of pleading, whining or crying to make our wants known. Travel with parents is putting up with each other, writ large. Unlike married couples whose arguments often lead to desperate fantasies of divorce, or parents of young children who can relax only after the kids are in bed asleep, we would have no escape hatch. In our case, mutual toleration would be the name of the game, and the rest should be, as my father says, a bag of shells.

D.B. Noyes, who works in the field of public relations, is the mother of two daughters who have not yet crossed the Atlantic Ocean.

One of the major daily adjustments was scheduling our activities. Each of us would list on paper the places we especially wanted to see, or the things we wanted to do. I should add that we rarely considered separating to pursue individual whims. We clung to the notion that traveling together was important, but we were usually faced with an assortment of more attractions than could be squeezed into one vacation. As we soon learned our limit — two sojourns per day — we negotiated constantly. In good democratic fashion we devised a voting system. Balloting was by number: *one* meant, "I really want to do this;" *two*, "My feelings are so-so;" and *three*, "No, thanks!"

In London, for example, with three days at our disposal, the slate totaled seventeen choices including a boat trip down the Thames (my father's yearning); a visit to the Museum of the City of London (my mother's); browsing in a shop that specialized in hand-beaded clothing (mine).

As we went down the list, my father and I repeatedly canceled out each other's vote: I gave the bead store a "one" and the Thames trip a "three." He gave the boat trip a "one" and then asked about the bead store, "Can you give something a 'five'?" My mother, who dislikes conflict, tried to abstain from voting on these hot issues, but we wouldn't let her. In revenge for being forced to take a stand, she voted a straight middle-of-the-road "two" on everything, which left my father and me to work out the situation as best we could. (We all loved the London Museum; the bead shop was fantastic; but the boat trip will have to wait for another time.)

IT'S ANOTHER WORLD

Once, when we did separate, the consequences were nearly disastrous. We were looking for a gift for my grandmother in Harrod's, the London department store which lures shoppers with promises that its emporium is "another world." My father, bored despite this extravagant claim, wanted to finger Harris tweeds in the men's section. We made a plan: My mother and I would shop for the gift, my father would go off on his own, and at noon we three would rendezvous under the clock at the doorway to the silver department.

My mother and I were at the appointed place on time, and after a few minutes of casual waiting, we became concerned as the filigreed hands on the clock moved toward

the half hour. An attractive woman in a tailored grey dress approached us. "Are you all right?" she inquired, in the manner of a model employee trained to be sensitive to the problems of Harrod's customers. We understood that she was not asking about our health, but was using the standard British phrase in lieu of the usual American question, "May I help you?"

"We've lost my father," I said with a gesture toward my mother. "And her husband." I hesitated. "He's tall, wears glasses. He's a gentleman with silvery hair and he's wearing a tan raincoat." I stopped. In London a raincoat was *de rigueur*; I could have been describing almost any man in the store.

"— And carrying a red rucksack!" I exclaimed. "Could we have him paged?"

"I'm sorry," the woman responded. "Harrod's has no facilities for that sort of thing." After a few sympathetic words, she left. I kept my post at the doorway while Mum departed to search in other areas. She returned. "He's not in the Food Halls; he's not in Notions; he's not in Small Leather." Next I set out and ventured to other floors, while she stood guard. Again, no luck.

At almost one o'clock, neither of us was in a mood to philosophize about this new twist on the lost child syndrome — the lost parent. We pictured every possibility: he had become ill (Tourist Suddenly Stricken in Harrod's); he had run away from stores and shopping (American Deserts Wife and Daughter in Fabled Harrod's); he had found an old friend (in London?); he had lost track of the time and was fingering silk cravats; he had been kidnapped (Tourist Abducted from Harrod's); or he was lost (Shopper Missing, Last Seen in Gentleman's Suitings).

Tardy by more than one hour, he appeared. In the classic position of not knowing whether to be angry or relieved, my mother and I expressed both emotions.

"Where were you?"

"Didn't you know the time?"

"Didn't you realize we'd worry?"

"What happened?"

Unlike a lost child, he was in the unique position of being scolded simultaneously by two generations. He explained that he had simply lost track of time, and when he tried to remember the place for our rendezvous, his mind went blank.

"I've been wandering all around this blasted store, trying to remember where I was to meet you. Let's get out of here."

We did.

PRISONERS IN THE CASTLE

One late afternoon in Edinburgh after the three of us had voted to see Holyrood Castle, my mother discovered a

shop with kilts on sale, somewhere along the Royal Mile. Since time was short, we agreed to separate. Mum promised she'd be quick, so my father and I proceeded to the castle to buy tour tickets and postcards. While we waited for her at the entrance, we took pictures of the wrought iron gates. Sunlight intensified the bright plaid uniforms of the guards as they shepherded groups one after another for the tour. My mother was not yet in sight. We realized if we did not join a group soon, we would not see

"We've lost my father," I said with a gesture toward my mother. "And her husband."

the castle at all. Tours for the day were almost ended, and we were leaving the city at eight o'clock the next morning.

With reluctance, my father and I queued up for the next tour. Our guide was pleasant but severe. To wander about was not permitted, and he waited until every person was in a room before starting his lecture. Uneasy about our missing person, we became restive and began to look out the windows. We were in a state bedroom on the second floor when we spied our Mum standing by the fountain on the lawn below. She appeared small and alone. The guard overheard our exclamations. "Stay with the group, please. Right this way."

"But that's my mother down there. We have to meet her."

The guard, with a face reminding me of a gargoyle, chided us. "Stay with the group, please. The tour will be ended in fifteen minutes. No leaving the group."

We thought of yoo-hooing to my mother, but the windows were shut tight. We could not even yell down a message; we were prisoners in the castle. We made a plan: We would not try to escape from the group, we would outwit them. We squeezed our way to the front and feigned eagerness and curiosity about our surroundings. We became so eager, in fact, that we started to leave each room just a few seconds before the rest of the sightseers, and thus were the first to move on and arrive in the next empty room. We scampered further forward into the room beyond, where we could see another group. We joined it, briefly. In leap-frog fashion, we soon found our means of escape — a staircase. We crept away from our newest batch of tourists. I remember thinking that under ordinary circumstances we are ideal visitors, completely absorbed in what our tour-guide relates, but this time we had become obsessed with rescuing Mum from her solitary post. Stifling our laughter, we ran down the stairs, rushed through the side entrance,

and found ourselves standing in the silence of ruins. The old abbey's skeletal roof arched above us. Gravel and shards of bone crunched under our feet. Walking away from the eerie atmosphere, we entered the castle grounds again. Mum was nowhere in sight.

"Lost something?" inquired one of the tartan-trousered guards.

"My mother," I nearly wailed, with a gesture toward my father. "His wife."

Although the guard clucked sympathetically, his manner conveyed how commonplace it was to listen to reports of missing persons. My father and I waited on the quiet lawn until the guard spoke again. "That's the last tour of the day inside there now. She must be with them."

Later, as people exited through the side door, we looked expectantly into the castle's dark interior. When my mother finally emerged into the sunlight, she was ecstatic. "Did you see Mary Queen of Scot's beautiful bedroom? Did you look at the staircase where they dragged the body of her lover? Wasn't the drawing room elegant?" Her voice trailed off, as she watched our faces. "Didn't you go inside the castle at all?"

We explained to her: We were prisoners in the castle; we were more intent on escaping than on sightseeing.

THE FAMILY THAT NAPS TOGETHER...

We lived through different series of adjustments. For instance, our budget usually dictated modest accommodations, so we stayed in bed-and-breakfast establishments. More often than not, we slept in the same room. Many B-and-B proprietors seemed loath to rent us a double and a single room if they thought that we could wedge ourselves into what is euphemistically called a triple — in reality, a double with a cot added.

In Ireland the smallest room we occupied was like a maze. We bumped and fumbled our way from bed to wardrobe to sink as we tried to avoid the suitcases and each other's feet. I soon found the most direct, least cluttered route from the door to my bed was to walk straight across my parent's bed and step across the twelve inches that separated us. Like Queen Victoria, they were not amused.

In order to cope with the typical B-and-B paucity of clothes hangers, we divided up the meager supply and used each one for several garments. My mother and I had assumed that only street clothing would have the benefit of a hanger until we found my father's bathrobe hanging wrinkle-free in the wardrobe. Indignant at this breach of our unspoken agreement, we banished the maroon robe and flung it in a heap on the bed of its presumptuous owner. We then draped almost enough clothes on the bent hanger to

last my mother and me for the remainder of our stay in Connemara.

Evenings called for a different kind of adjustment. At bedtime, after we had jockeyed ourselves in the best position around the inevitably inadequate light so that we could read ourselves to sleep with the help of Dorothy L. Sayers, Walter Macken, or Agatha Christie, I would savor the almost-silent turning of pages, and steel myself for what I knew would follow. Soon my father would put his book to one side, snuggle under the blankets, and close his eyes. Moments later, his snoring would rasp through the silence. With varying degrees of volume, pitch, and intensity, his snores would continue all night.

My mother and I would exchange sympathetic glances, shrug, and return to our reading. Next she would succumb, muttering, "Oh dear, I'm starting to fade," and let the book slip from her hand. Following the same pattern as my father, she would commence with her own mild and gentle snores. As for me, when the words on the page started a dance to the rhythm of my parents' duet, I would turn out the light and let the syncopation lull me to sleep. This nightly serenade acquired for me a sonorous, even peaceful, quality as I became accustomed to its predictable patterns of harmony in solo or duet.

My father has another sleep-related talent: He can snooze any time, anywhere. In Wales, we had been traveling all day on the narrow gauge railroad from Festiniog to Portmadoc, stopping to explore from time to time. Our delight was blunted around four o'clock, when we found out that we had been misinformed earlier. As a result, we had missed the last connecting bus to Festiniog, where another railway went to the town of Betwys-y-Coed, the place of our lodgings. The dismayed information clerk informed us that it was a very, very long walk to the nearest bus route to Festiniog. Nonetheless, we set out, and after a trek of about four miles, came to a highway. Eventually the bus arrived and got us to town with time to spare before the final train of the day to Betwys-y-Coed.

Tired, hungry and thirsty, we headed for the nearest pub — our panacea for all difficulties. Seated on a red plush bench at The Plumbers Arms, we encountered two other Americans, a mother and daughter, traveling together. We shared a table, tales of experiences abroad, and some pints of ale. We discovered that we were bound for the same village, so after an interval, we processed to the station together. The daughter — I'll call her Sylvia — dragged along a worn totebag mounted on squeaky wheels. Its top contents, visible to all, were two books, *The Complete Works of Oscar Wilde* and *Haunted Houses and Castles of Great Britain*. We learned that she and her mother were planning their itinerary with the aid of only these two volumes.

We were grateful to find a train waiting. After we settled down in the first car, Sylvia's mother announced that the pints had taken their effect. Assured by the conductor that the train was not due to leave for another ten minutes, she disembarked, and entered the station to search for the facilities. Sylvia continued to leaf through *Haunted Houses*.

My mother and I were daydreaming, waiting for the train to leave, when we noticed the stationmaster emerge from the building, close the doors, produce a key from his pocket, and lock up for the night. Sylvia's unsuspecting mum was still in the loo. Sylvia, watching, ran out of the train, but she was too late. The stationmaster had vanished. As if on cue, Sylvia's mum appeared on the other side of the door. "Sylvia!" she called, hammering her fists on the glass door. "Help me! Sylvia, Sylvia! Get me out of here!"

"I will, Mum," her daughter replied, probably already beset with visions of her mother's ghost haunting the Festiniog railroad station evermore. Over her shoulder, Sylvia eyed the train about to depart with all their luggage, and ran off to search for someone with the key. Her mother continued to yell and pound on the door.

Meanwhile, we in the train observed that the stationmaster, conductor and engineer were sitting together in the cab up front. They were oblivious to everything except the thermos of tea they shared. Our fellow passengers viewed the panic outside as calmly as if they were watching a television show. My mother and I had a fit of giggles.

Finally, the stationmaster rescued Sylvia's mother. Clutching each other thankfully, she and her daughter climbed back on the train, and everyone had a good laugh as we pulled out of the station. The silence that followed was broken by my father, who emitted a long, loud snore. That man could sleep through anything.

...SNAPS TOGETHER

Each of us had our own 35 mm camera, and we started our five-week trip with five dozen rolls of film, which should have been an ample supply but, as my father pointed out, was only two and one-half rolls per person per week.

We have our personal styles of taking pictures. My father squints at his subject through a frame of thumbs and forefingers and pivots his hands horizontally and vertically. My mother studies the scene, then usually queries, "Is that a picture?" Upon receiving an affirmative answer, she asks, "Do you want me to take it?" My own style does not include much forethought or discussion. I shoot first and ask questions later.

Our generous supply of film did become rapidly depleted, partly because we all would take a picture of the

same subject. A typical Irish cottage with a thatched roof elicited the same click-click-click response from us as did a team of Morris men dancing on the grounds of Hexham Abbey in Northumberland.

After capturing in triplicate virtually all the high points as we journeyed, a quick inventory of film revealed that we would have to curb our tendency toward photographic overkill. "Only five rolls of film left, folks," warned my mother. We agreed — no more click-click-click!

Our good intentions were in vain. On the Dingle peninsula we paused in our tour around Sleat Head. My

"My mother is lost," I wailed, with a gesture towards my father. "His wife."

mother took a picture of the rugged Blasket Islands. We were ready to get in the car and move on, when my father walked over to a spot less than one foot away from where my mother had stood, raised his camera, and — click!

When we protested this duplication of effort and use of film, he attempted to placate us by explaining, "I just wanted to take that view from a different angle."

From then on, "a different angle" became the unarguable justification for everyone, once again, to take the same picture.

Part of the enjoyment of traveling with parents is the security of knowing that whatever idiosyncrasies you, as the child, may have, it's a good bet that your parents are responsible for them. My mother and father, therefore, could hardly complain when I dragged them into one antique store after another, because they had taught me the difference between Hepplewhite and Chippendale. These treks usually turned out well.

In Dublin I found what I had been looking for — gold earrings I could afford. By a marvelous coincidence, my father found a Georgian coin silver spoon with his own initials engraved on the handle. In Westport, my mother splurged on a Victorian porcelain basket, flanked by a cherubic boy and girl, all in white. ("What do you want with that two-headed statue?" grumbled my father.)

Not all ventures into antique stores were so pleasant. At one place we had to ring a bell to request admittance. This should have warned us.

"How much for the gold earrings?" I inquired.

"How much were you prepared to spend?" countered the saleswoman.

"Oh, thirty or forty pounds," I bluffed, feeling out of my depth already.

"Our earrings start at one hundred pounds," she said without sympathy.

Despite the Irish drizzle outside, the crowded street with its tourists, natives, students, and tinkers, felt warm and comfortable after the icy atmosphere of that shop.

We enjoyed together; we suffered together. In Sligo, a cab driver charged us two pounds for a trip of half a mile. He had tried to justify the overcharge, we later found out, by taking us on a circuitous route for the normally fifty-pence ride.

At the hotel in Dingle, where we had sent a deposit of ten pounds several days ago and had also confirmed our reservation by telephone the previous day, we discovered that no rooms had been reserved in our name. The lass behind the desk heaped insult on injury by observing, "You're in luck. We happen to have two rooms available."

In Adare, our last night in Ireland, we had made reservations at a country inn, and our accommodations were charming. Already nostalgic, we threw monetary caution to the winds, and decided to dine in the fashionable restaurant of our elegant lodgings. We donned our finest clothes, but I must admit we were no great shakes after five weeks on the road.

While we had cocktails in the crowded pub, the

headwaiter brought us thick leather-covered menus with silk tassels. We studied the dinner selections, ordered, and waited for him to return and escort us to a table. We waited and waited. At last he appeared and led us into the dimly-lit dining room, past the few unoccupied tables with gleaming silver and crystal, past graceful couples dining by candle light, into a room at the back of the restaurant. In terms of ambience, this section was at least one notch below the front area. Instead of flickering candles, illumination was by the glare of electric lights. In place of small bouquets on each table, one flower arrangement on the mantelpiece sufficed. A survey of our dining companions revealed another American family — mother, father, and two pre-adolescent children, and a group of French people whose ages spanned at least three generations. My suspicions were confirmed: This was the "family room" reserved for those who would not make favorable additions to the romance and sophistication of the formal dining room. The snub, real or imagined, remains more memorable than the meal.

I often reflect on our adventures together, for they provided us with opportunities to enter into new places and new relationships together. We loosened our grip on our former roles as we learned to live comfortably with each other — again. It's apparent to mother, father, and daughter: Travel with parents is indeed in a class by itself.

What Makes A Newspaper Great?

DWIGHT E. SARGENT

The following excerpts are from a speech given by Dwight E. Sargent at the Seventh Annual Editorial Conference of Panax Newspapers last October in Bellaire, Michigan.

Mr. Sargent, Nieman Fellow '51 and former Curator of the Nieman Foundation, is a national editorial writer for Hearst Newspapers.

Today's newspapers are as good as they are because each century since the fourteenth has made a contribution that affects journalism in the twentieth. For example, the invention of moveable type was to communications what the wheel was to transportation.

In the fifteenth century, Johann Gutenberg invented moveable type. It revolutionized the transmission of ideas, and is correctly called one of the seven wonders of the world of information.

In the sixteenth century, a printer by the name of Giovanni Paoli brought Mr. Gutenberg's new type across the Atlantic Ocean, propelling the print revolution from the Old World to the New.

As for the seventeenth century, the American press would not be as free from censorship as it is today, if John Milton hadn't fought a British crown that wanted censorship, and written his great "Areopagitica" in defense of freedom of the press. By staying the censor's hand in his century, he helped to stay it in ours.

In the eighteenth century, John Peter Zenger, journalist and printer of the *New York Weekly Journal*, suffered abuse and imprisonment from the governor of that day. His trial for seditious libel, especially as it concerned the law of libel and freedom of the press, has long been considered one of the first steps in American liberty.

The nineteenth century produced many champions of good journalism. Elijah Parish Lovejoy became the first martyr to freedom of the press, and lost his life defending his right to oppose slavery. Another who upheld the free press was Horace Greeley, founder of *The New York Tribune* in 1841. That century also included Mr. Greeley's archrival, James Gordon Bennett of *The Herald*; William Randolph Hearst, an innovator in reporting and a champion of the oppressed; and his archrival, Joseph Pulitzer of *The New York World*.

Thus, when we ask, "What makes a newspaper great?" we can look to leaders in the past five centuries for answers. Those people built the presses, created the precedents and laid the foundations for today's newspapers. From them we inherited instruments and inspiration.

What do we in 1978 have to show for lessons taught in the previous five centuries?

What we have are some of the finest newspapers in the history of American journalism, and a fuller understanding of what makes a newspaper great: excellence in writing and editing, investigative reporting to keep governments alert, and technological progress.

However, many old-time journalists looked askance at the first publishers who built new plants without composing rooms. Most conservatives with years in the profession had

Contrary to what many critics say,
the press does engage in self-criticism.

minds more attuned to those wonderful contraptions built by Mergenthaler, Hoe and Goss, to the linotype machine and the flatbed press. They were unaware of what the age of the computer would bring.

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Our free and responsible press has on occasion been wayward. In 1951, for instance, forty-one Illinois editors were caught on the payroll of Republican Governor Dwight Green. Everyone involved, especially the editors, should have known better. Ironically, two newspapers, the *Chicago Daily News* and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, shared a

Pulitzer Prize for exposing their errant brethren. Contrary to what many critics say, the press does engage in self-criticism.

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The Wall Street Journal is a classic example of a newspaper that adheres to the old, even while it is innovative. Its attention to traditional techniques of good writing and editing makes it one of the nation's best-written and edited newspapers. Also, it is well known for its

He went about getting the facts like
a detective...and covered the dis-
tance between reporting and writing
like Seattle Slew.

imaginative news coverage. Many readers rely on columns three and six on page one for unusually resourceful stories not only on the economy, but also on opera, art and literature.

The Wall Street Journal, thanks to the genius of the late Barney Kilgore, speaks volumes about what makes greatness. It is no accident that through his leadership, the *Journal's* circulation rose from 35,000 in 1935, to 1,500,000 in 1978.

In a single year, three Pulitzer Prizes were awarded to John S. Knight's chain of newspapers. One, for distinguished editorial writing, honored Mr. Knight.

The Christian Science Monitor serves as an excellent textbook for anyone studying journalistic greatness. Its foreign coverage recalls the best of Richard Harding Davis, and its foreign editor, Geoffrey T. Godsell, is as fine a teacher as a journalism student could have.

To mention a few is to omit many, including great reporters, like the late Ed Lahey [Nieman Fellow '39] of the *Chicago Daily News*. He went about getting the facts like a detective, put them on paper like a wordsmith, and covered the distance between reporting and writing like Seattle Slew.

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What makes a newspaper great?

The answer lies in a mixture of tradition and innovation; a great newspaper has to blend conscience and craftsmanship. The heritage of the past five centuries must be combined with twentieth century creativity. Above all, what makes a newspaper great, is an abiding dedication to truth, honor and civic responsibility. □

Books

Further Antics

On Human Nature

by Edward O. Wilson

(Harvard University Press, 1978)

by NICHOLAS WADE

On Human Nature, as its ambitious title implies, is a work of high intellectual daring. Edward Wilson, a Harvard zoologist, attempts to lay out a biological foundation for the social sciences, describe the genetic basis of the mind, sketch out the design of the ideal society, bridge the gap between the two cultures, suggest how existing religions could and should be replaced with a kind of scientific pantheism, and answer Hume's questions about the nature of human understanding — all within a mere 200 pages.

Wilson may not be right in all or part of what he says. But he is certainly worth reading. Here is an accomplished biologist explaining, in notably clear and unprevaricating language, what he thinks his subject now has to offer to the understanding of man and

society. His purpose is to harness the new results of population genetics, ecology and ethology to a grand extension of Darwinian theory.

Darwin showed how man's physical form could be explained by the theory of evolution; Wilson, an expert on the behavior of ants and termites, believes that the same theory accounts for much of man's social behavior, including many features often assumed to be culturally determined, such as religion, ethical values, social structure, and certain aspects of sexual behavior and aggression. "The accumulated evidence for a large hereditary component (of human social behavior) is more detailed and more compelling than most persons, including even geneticists, realize. I will go further: it is already decisive," Wilson avers.

The implications of Wilson's thesis are rather considerable, for if true, no system of political, social, religious or ethical thought can afford to ignore it. Indeed, Wilson says explicitly in his

book that Marxism is based on "an inaccurate interpretation of human nature" and that Judaic and Christian theologians have founded their attitudes toward sex on an erroneous understanding of biology.

Why should anyone pay attention to this missionary myrmecologist bent on setting the world to rights? Wilson's first major book, *The Insect Societies* (1971) was a highly praised technical review addressed to his fellow scientists. It showed that he had a talent for synthesis in addition to the more usual scientific skill of analysis. Having summarized the nature of insect societies, he conceived the idea of a biological textbook built around sociality and the four major animal groups in which it has developed — jellyfish and their cousins, the ant-wasp-termite congerie, the vertebrates, and man. *Sociobiology*, which appeared in 1975, served as the manifesto of a small group of zoologists and anthropologists convinced that the time had come to explore the genetic founda-

tions of animal and human social behavior. Wilson's second book helped establish the credentials as well as the presence of the new discipline of sociobiology. It would become a standard source on the social behavior of animals, as well as containing "some of the new advances in general population biology and demography," wrote English biologist C.H. Waddington in *The New York Review of Books*.

What brought *Sociobiology* to the public's attention was not so much its generally favorable scientific press as a harsh political attack mounted by the Sociobiology Study Group, a Marxist-oriented collective of Cambridge-based academics and others, which merited attention not least because its members included several leading biologists. The thrust of their complaint was that genetic theories of society have repeatedly been used in the past to buttress abhorrent beliefs ranging from the social Darwinism of Herbert Spencer, who contended that public welfare was wrong because it delayed elimination of the poor and therefore genetically unfit, to the master-race delusions of National Socialism and contemporary fallacies about race and IQ tests. "Biological determinism," as the Sociobiology Study Group described the central feature of these theories, was a flaw they also perceived in Wilson's work. The last chapter of *Sociobiology* — the only chapter which discusses man — is in the group's view a pernicious justification of the existing political order since it argues a genetic and therefore immutable basis for practices such as male dominance and other unjust social arrangements "remarkably similar to the world which E.O. Wilson inhabits."

The somewhat personal nature of the Sociobiology Study Group's attack tended to distract attention from the importance of their critique, which was its sharp reminder of the past and

maybe future abuses that surround the subject. The same point was made by economist Paul Samuelson in an early review of *Sociobiology*: "How do you keep distinct a Shockley from a Wilson? A Hitler from a Huxley? . . . To survive in the jungle of intellectuals, the sociobiologist had best tread softly in the zones of race and sex."

It is a tribute to Wilson's intellectual courage that in *On Human Nature*, the third of the trilogy, he has ignored both Samuelson's advice and the warnings of his political critics. He stamps through the fraught zone of sex, declaring, for example, that "homosexuals may be the genetic carriers of some of mankind's rare altruistic impulses." (In primitive societies they may have perpetuated their own genes through caring for their relatives' children.) He delivers a frontal attack on his Marxist opponents with the declaration that Marxism "is sociobiology without biology." He blithely marches through the many savagely guarded territories into which the intellectual jungle is demarcated, announcing to the inhabitants that their disciplines, whether in the social sciences, humanities or ethics, are about to be subsumed under the more fundamental truths of sociobiology. Wilson's trespasses, moreover, are committed in a style so clear and unacademic that a child can follow his argument, which goes as follows:

The brain is not a blank sheet of paper. Like the brains of other animals, there are certain behaviors programmed into it, behaviors which have evolved because of the survival value they confer. In man's case, however, the genetically programmed behaviors are shaped by culture. Our distinctively human activities may seem to us to be entirely the product of culture but culture operates within the constraints set by the genetic programs. "The genes hold culture on a leash," Wilson says.

How can the genetic and cultural components of human nature be sorted out? Wilson believes that most of the genetic evolution of human social behavior must have occurred in the five million years prior to civilization when man lived in small bands of hunter-gatherers. Cultural evolution took place after the development of agriculture and cities some 10,000 years ago. Some genetic evolution may also have continued, but not very much, because industrial peoples are evidently similar to those of the surviving hunter-gatherer societies. Human nature, says Wilson, is "a hodgepodge of special genetic adaptations to an environment largely vanished, the world of the Ice-Age hunter-gatherer."

On Human Nature is Wilson's attempt to identify those traits of human behavior that are part of man's genetic evolution. In very few instances can any direct evidence exist, so Wilson's catalogue of genetically based traits necessarily depends heavily on his judgment. His method for spotting them is essentially to look for traits that both seem to be universal in human societies and which can be argued to have possessed some adaptive value in the hunter-gatherer's environment.

Wilson's treatment of the incest taboo provides one of the best examples of his method. The incest taboo has been intensively discussed by anthropologists. The explanation given by Claude Lévi-Strauss, for example, is that the taboo enables sisters and daughters to be used for power-building social exchanges instead of for mating. Nonsense, says Wilson. That may be a felicitous result but the deeper reason is that inbreeding produces offspring with a notably reduced chance of survival; natural selection has therefore favored the evolution of an aversion to incest. The aversion is not dependent on an actual

blood relationship: studies in Israel kibbutzim suggest that it automatically develops between persons who have been raised together to the age of six.

Wilson's explanation seems both simpler and more profound than Levi-Strauss's. His argument is less compelling, though nevertheless provocative, when he contends that man's universal propensity toward religion may also have a genetic basis. Religions, he suggests, may have conferred a selective advantage on their practitioners by promoting allegiance and group cohesion in time of warfare. "The mind is predisposed — one can speculate the learning rules are physiologically programmed — to participate in a few processes of sacralization which in combination generate the institutions of organized religion."

Wilson believes that aggression is inbuilt in man, but not as a general instinct. There is a genetic predisposition toward certain types of aggression, of which culture defines the form. The brain appears to be programmed, he suggests, into such attitudes as categorizing others as either friends or aliens, fearing strangers and solving conflict by aggression. These learning rules "are most likely to have evolved during the past hundreds of thousands of years of human evolution and, thus, to have conferred a biological advantage on those who conformed to them with the greatest fidelity."

Turning to sex, Wilson believes that there exist only "modest" genetic differences between the sexes but that these have been "amplified by culture" into universal male dominance. Societies in the future "can probably cancel the modest genetic differences entirely by careful planning and training." Sex, at least as practiced by humans, is not procreative in purpose so much as a bonding mechanism to keep couples together while children are reared. A more general bonding

behavior, the altruistic impulses that cement social groups, may also be programmed into the human gene set. By helping your kin survive, with whom you share varying proportions of genes in common, you help perpetuate your genes almost as fully as through your direct descendants. Kin selection, as the concept is known, accounts satisfactorily for the behavior of worker bees and ants; Wilson believes it undergirds the more generalized forms of altruism in man, such as the soldier's readiness to die in battle. Softer versions of the altruistic impulse furnish the social cement with which alliances are made. "Human behavior — like the deepest capacities for emotional response which drive and guide it — is the circuitous technique by which human genetic material has been and will be kept intact. Morality has no other demonstrable ultimate function."

If Wilson's theme can be put in a single sentence, it is that human nature is not the purely cultural artifact we assume it to be: the basic clay is genetic, even though culture shapes the form. For those who accept Darwin's theory, Wilson's general position is hard to deny. But scientific hypotheses are meant to be refutable, and a major difficulty of Wilson's is its untestability. It is all very well to posit genes favoring religiosity, but what is the use of the idea if it cannot be taken further? Wilson describes *On Human Nature* as a speculative essay, not a work of science. Yet he is evidently sure enough of some of his speculations to discuss the impractical consequences. With suitable education, societies, he maintains, could cancel out the genetic differences between the sexes if they felt it worth the effort. Through "conventional eugenics" (by which Wilson presumably means selective breeding) the species can change its own nature, installing "new patterns of sociality" in bits and pieces.

Wilson's most grandiose and least appealing scheme is to replace conventional religions with a mythology based on scientific materialism and incorporating a more objectively chosen value system. Gee-whiz wonders from the scientific textbooks — evolution, the Big Bang and so forth — would replace religious awe and the sense of the sacred. This false touch makes the reader wonder if Wilson here hasn't stepped too far afield. So does his complaint that magazines such as *The New Republic* "read as if basic science had halted during the nineteenth century." Wilson's grouse is that the literary and cultural life of the nation is too little influenced by scientists and their great thoughts and findings. If so, the fault rests squarely with the scientists: nobody is gagging them. The communications problem could perhaps lie with the conventions that at present require scientists, in their barely readable writings for each other, to pretend that their work is unmotivated by imagination, excitement, surprise or any other human quality.

On Human Nature, however, is a splendid departure from the dead-hand canons of the scientific "literature." Clarity, precision and boldness distinguish Wilson's attempt to complete the Darwinian revolution. He is dealing with matters that lie mostly beyond the reach of present scientific methods, and perhaps for that reason has chosen to present his ideas in a way that makes them accessible to the public at large as well as to his scientific peers. Don't listen to the cacophony now welling up from offended property-owners in the intellectual jungle: read Wilson's book and decide for yourself.

(Nicholas Wade is a reporter for Science magazine.)

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Champion of the First Amendment

Justice Hugo Black and the First Amendment

Edited by Everett E. Dennis, Donald M. Gillmor, and David L. Grey

(Iowa State University Press, Ames. 1978)

by RAY JENKINS

The fierce press attack on Hugo Black at the time of his appointment to the U.S. Supreme Court is well known. For "exposing" Black's Ku Klux Klan connections one reporter even won a Pulitzer Prize, an award which was hotly disputed since most of the relevant facts had been reported, long ago with little national notice, in the Alabama press.

What is perhaps not so well known is the story of the relentless attack aimed at Black by the Southern press from 1954, the year of the school desegregation decision, until around 1970. To illustrate the vehemence of this onslaught in the early 1960's, one columnist for an Alabama daily suggested that the state legislature appropriate funds to buy the birthplace of Hugo Black so that the ground could be officially and appropriately desecrated. Harvard lecturer and journalist, Anthony Lewis (Nieman Fellow '57) believes that the first experience, at least, left Justice Black with a lasting "distaste for newspapers."

In my limited acquaintance with the Justice, I never detected this attitude. Moreover, Black's brother-in-law, Clifford Durr, in whose home Black sought refuge from the press during the Klan controversy, always spoke of the episode as if Black almost relished the clamor over his fitness to serve on the high bench.

But regardless of his personal attitudes, it is now beyond dispute that in all history, the press never had a more dedicated champion than Hugo Black in his thirty-four productive years on the Supreme Court.

The book, *Justice Hugo Black and The First Amendment*, is a collection of a dozen scholarly essays, written primarily by journalism professors, who explore in unprecedented detail Black's libertarian views on the First Amendment.

The essays are largely appreciative in tone, but the book is not an uncritical celebration of Black's achievements. Since he first went onto the court, the Justice was not spared the criticism heard in more subtle or muted forms — most notably in the acerbic comments and sometimes condescending opinions of his faithful friend, Felix Frankfurter. Both respected scholars and Southern red-necks joined in accusing Black of reading tortuous meanings into the

Constitution that were unintended and unwise.

These criticism may be summed up in three areas:

1. Legal scholars attack his "absolutist" or "literalist" reading of the First Amendment as embracing an inflexibility that is alien to the law. Black prided himself on the dogmatic expression of what he called "a constitutional faith;" some would say it bordered on fanaticism.

2. Serious historians claim his reading of history was outmoded, too narrow and chauvinistic, and, hence, simplistically distorted. Some even accused him of writing "law office history," which is to say, history made up to suit the need of the case at hand.

3. Doctrinaire libertarian ideologues, as exemplified by Justice Frank Murphy who served briefly on the Supreme Court with Black, believed that Black was a hardliner, even a reactionary, when he dealt with other amendments in the Bill of Rights, most notably the Fourth Amendment prohibitions against unreasonable search and seizure, and even the First Amendment issue concerning "speech plus" — such as flag-burning and public displays of obscenity. One suspects that toward the end of his life, his critics, and even some of his friends, began to take seriously his self-deprecating remark that he was "a rather backward country fellow."



The authors of the essays attempt to isolate Black's First Amendment views as they relate to libel, privacy, obscenity, and contempt. In a book of this kind, there is inevitably a certain amount of repetition. Black's most celebrated remark — "'no law' means no law" — appears on the book jacket and at least a dozen times on succeeding pages.

Of all the essays, one is especially provocative; in a short, ten-page chapter, Paul Jess analyzes — and one should say, widely speculates on — Black's position concerning the application of the antitrust laws to newspapers.

Black was already near the end of his life when Professor Jerome A. Barron, in a *Harvard Law Review* article, suggested that Justice Black's First Amendment views were "romantic," and that perhaps there was a need to reinterpret the Amendment to encompass a "right of access" to the print media.

This proposal was tested legally, at least tentatively, and found wanting, when the Supreme Court declared unconstitutional a Florida statute requiring newspapers to provide a version of equal space for differing views. Jess believes Justice Black would not have countenanced such a direct and intrusive government regulation of the press.

He does believe, however, that Black might have accepted the same result had it been reached through a bold and imaginative application of the antitrust laws.

Jess believes, in fact, that the pending Newspaper Preservation Act — basically an estate tax-evading device developed by Representative Morris Udall out of alarm over what he perceived to be predatory chains gobbling up hometown newspapers — might be amended to require newspapers to divest themselves of their "captive printing plants."

This, Jess believes, would allow media corporations to return to the "primary function" of carrying information, rather than worry about the imperatives of big profits, great capital formations, and other traditional corporate problems which have nothing to do with the expression of ideas.

Somewhat ironically, recent observations by Chief Justice Burger indicate a glimmer of sympathy with this view.

But alas, so breathtaking is the scope of Jess' proposal that he leaves us with more questions than answers. Doubtless some of the answers will be forthcoming in future debate, because when publishers get wind of what is being suggested by the scholar, we will hear — as Hugo Black might have said — "spirited discussion."

This collection, albeit a bit repetitious and at times even tedious, succeeds in focusing on the importance of the major work of Hugo Black's life and philosophy.

One concludes that the debate is now only academic. Whether Black's law, his history, his analysis, and even his ideas about public policy were good or bad is irrelevant; his legacy is what counts.

Andrew Jackson, certainly no champion of judicial power, once observed that judicial opinions should have "only such influence as the force of their reasoning may deserve."

On the basis of this test, Hugo Black overcame his deficiencies. The sheer force of his words, which so often sounded like an impassioned country lawyer's argument to a jury, was such that as he neared the end of his life, a noted constitutional scholar observed that Black "passes a major test for a great judge on free speech issues. He displays the requisite passion."

(Ray Jenkins, *NF '65*, is a lawyer and editor of the editorial page, the Advertiser, Montgomery, Alabama.)

Stryking Out

Stryker

by Chuck Scarborough

(Macmillan, New York. 1978)

by PAUL SOLMAN

There have been novels as bad as Chuck Scarborough's *Stryker*. The only one I can remember finishing, however, was Jonathon Kozol's *A Fume of Poppies*, a hack collegiate effort written well before Kozol became a prominent educational critic (*Death at an Early Age*).

I used to wonder, after Kozol became crusading and famous, how he could look the author of *Poppies* in the face every morning. Or even occasionally. Then I spoke to him once and, after a decent interval, mentioned the book. I was relieved. Kozol explained that *Poppies* so shamed him that his major condition for selling the paperback rights to *Death* was forever removing *Poppies* from print.

I have never talked to Chuck Scarborough. Our relationship, in fact, has up to now been distinctly one-sided. When he anchored the nightly news on Boston's Channel 7 (a loose and lowly CBS affiliate), I used to marvel at his ability to read — competently, with ease and meaning — the most vacuous copy in Boston. (Given the general level of local TV news copy, "most vacuous" was no small achievement.)

But Scarborough had other hurdles. There was, in particular, a Channel 7 news feature called, I think, the *Newsreel*, which took footage from several "action" stories — fires, accidents, hold-ups — and spliced them together sequentially to form a quick-paced minute, framed in an artificial screen behind Scarborough's head.

Newsreel, however, had a special

touch. It was accompanied by music, just as its namesake of yore. So Chuck Scarborough actually sat there and narrated stock footage — "A two-alarm blaze tonight in Everett destroyed the home of. . ." — to the tune of, say, "The Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairies," or, perhaps, "The Theme from Goldfinger."

Chuck Scarborough persevered. He was a pro, never blanching, blinking, or balking. He looked good, he read good. And since God is just, Chuck's number eventually came up and he went to New York City and NBC where, if his book jacket is to be trusted, he's done a little bit of all right.

Then, suddenly, from out of nowhere, comes *Stryker*. It has the name "Chuck Scarborough" in 76-point on its satiny cover. It has the letters ISBN and a bunch of numbers stamped on it, looking like they're trying to pass as a Library of Congress ID. I mean, it looks like a book. It feels like a book. And, unfortunately, I stepped in it.

In deference to Chuck's real-life medium — TV news — I will dispense with *Stryker's* content as quickly as possible:

Benson Stryker, network news star, fallen to New York affiliate because, while covering President Nixon in heat of Watergate, he got pushed, lost temper, and said, "You damn idiot!" to Prexy in brief fit of anger. Recorded on film. National sensation. Stryker demoted. Since bats happen to inhabit his belfry, hero decides to kill Nixon.

Meanwhile, Stryker being manipulated by chairman of his TV network. Chairman knows Nixon *et al* out to whomp media. Chairman has own dirty tricks counter-brigade, led by ex-CIA Crawford, whose subplot features B&D (mainly D). Crawford coaxes Stryker's craziness, induces offing of Nixon with dart gun attachment to 35 mm camera. Poison in dart long-acting, dribbles through President, deranging gradually. Dart hits

leg — hence phlebitis. Potion causes lunacy, hence talking to portraits in White House.

Exit Chief. First Amendment salvaged. Networks safe. But if Stryker cracks, finger could point to. . .

Not to worry. Woman Stryker loves, lives with, runs New York bureau for network. Perfect match, she sundered from gay spouse, he great in bed, save for occasional nightmares. About murder.

Warning signal; Stryker's a risk. Bureau chief/lover puts him out of misery with own camera (quicker poison this time).

She sat directly opposite him with the Minolta trained on his neck, the cap nut removed from the tiny gun barrel that pointed just below the line of his gaping jaw.

"Wha-"

"Smile, Ben."

"Novel" ends. (Bureau chief/lover, of course, was working for chairman all the while.)

*

Assume, for a moment, that a zealous DA somewhere were to prosecute Chuck Scarborough for a crime against art. Well, since this is his only novel to date, Scarborough would probably, on the basis of *Stryker's* plot, be convicted, but get off with a suspended sentence. This is, after all, a first offense.

But then a judge would have to consider the book's characters which, if there are to be more, could cause a national cardboard shortage. Preventive detention on this count.

Finally, if Scarborough's use of language comes down in the indictment, he may be facing heavy time.

Oh, I don't suppose one ought to get so worked up. *Stryker* is just another lousy novel, after all, published

because a lot of people in New York recognize the name Chuck Scarborough these days and a lot of people in New York buy books. Book publishing is a business much like any other.

I guess it's Scarborough who upsets me. I mean, earning a fabulous living as a sincere, pretty face with a good voice — that's one thing. It's not Scarborough's fault that his genes are clean. Moreover, it takes some doing to hang loose while reading into a lens; it's not an art, perhaps, but it's certainly a skill.

It's not even Scarborough's fault that his chosen profession, television news, so often panders to the quick, the ready, the pre-arranged; that logistical considerations overwhelm those of content; that one is forced to ask if most TV reporters are journalists at all.

It is Chuck Scarborough's fault, however, that he wrote this alleged novel, crammed with the same dumb sensationalism and pat explanations that characterize television news at its worst. It is his fault that he doesn't even try to transcend his environment. It is his fault that on the back cover, these words appear:

Here's the truth of how network personalities are made and broken, how industry heads manipulate the public and the government to their own ends, and the depths to which men will sink to satisfy their own hungers.

Applied to *Stryker*, this blurb is an actionable lie. Applied to its author, it can only make one wonder.

(Paul Solman, as Business Editor of WGBH-TV's nightly Ten O'clock News in Boston, and Nieman Fellow '77, is trying to do serious TV journalism. He reports that it isn't easy. He is also East Coast editor of Mother Jones magazine.)

Frederick Merk 1887 — 1977

By Charles A. Wagner

The spell Merk cast at Harvard was not his memory's power
But putting him in front of a map was as good as erasing the hour,
For there he would stand with his pointer, an Adams
and Prescott combined,
Taking us through with the wagons, prairie dust stinging us blind,
Slapping across the Missouri, Indians dinning our ears,
(The mountain men and the gunfire, the creaking wheels
and the gears).
Sometimes he'd smile when he saw us helplessly waiting for more,
But when it was time he'd roll up the map like some delicate
music score,
Put down his pointer and slowly gather his books in his case
And slip away like a spirit with all of us glued to the place!

Frederick Merk, Gurney Professor of History and Political Science, taught Harvard and Radcliffe students for thirty-nine years. During that time he was one of three Harvard scholars who deeply influenced the teaching and writing of American history. His confreres were the late Samuel Eliot Morison and Arthur M. Schlesinger Sr.

Charles A. Wagner, Nieman Fellow '45, and one who attended Professor Merk's lectures, wrote the above verse in tribute to the eminent historian. Mr. Wagner is Secretary of the Poetry Society of America.

Westering with Merk

History of the Westward Movement

by Frederick Merk

(A Borzoi Book, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.,
New York, NY. 1978)

by WILLIAM M. PINKERTON

The image of Frederick Merk lecturing in Harvard Hall is firmly fixed in the minds of many fellows of the first nineteen Nieman classes. Merk, a short slight figure dwarfed by the great map above his head, would trace with a long pointer the day's adventures of migrants and immigrants always seeking a brighter horizon. He would speak earnestly in a high pitched voice, break occasionally into a warm smile after a jocular aside, and often casually drop a grand one-sentence summary judgment. His charm was his modest grace in sharing through his lectures his intimate acquaintance with Indians, explorers, trappers, hunters, farmers, miners, cattlemen, soldiers, sailors, capitalists, diplomats, politicians, scalawags and carpetbaggers. Each presentation was a beautiful set piece. The talks seemed informal, yet their organization made taking notes a pleasure.

Louis Lyons reminds us that "Harvard undergraduates used to comment on the eleven Nieman Fellows in the front row of old Harvard Three, where the wooden benches were carved with initials of students dating back into

time." Enthusiasm for Merk linked generations of Nieman Fellows, graduate students, and undergraduate — who fondly dubbed the course "Wagon Wheels." Off the podium, Merk was noted for the generous attention he gave to anyone with a special interest in his field.

Yet people complained that he didn't publish. Where was his book on the westward movement? Every summer he took pains to revise his lectures, incorporate the latest bulletins from the past and push the venture forward. We wondered why he didn't just print his polished lectures, and from time to time, someone would ask Merk. There were some problems, he would observe with a smile, that he wanted to work out. He kept digging, and periodically submitted articles to historical reviews. Meanwhile, we could find pleasure and search for truth in *Economic History of Wisconsin During the Civil War Decade* (1916), in his editing of George Simpson's *Journal: Fur Trade and Empire* (1932), and in *Albert Gallatin and the Oregon Problem* (1950).

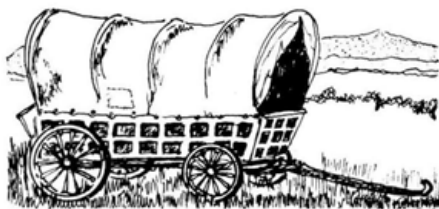
Now we have his masterwork. It brings the story right up to 1975. An Afterword closes the lifetime enterprise: "In one sense the frontier . . . still persists in the third of the national domain held by the government in the Far West, and in Alaska, and in a further domain under the sea. Increasingly, however, the open frontier has become one in the realm of science and technology, of man's control over the

environment, and of the relations of man to his fellow man."

By postponing publication of the *History* until he was fully satisfied, Fred Merk gave his life the symmetry of one of his lectures. Circumstances had placed him early at the moving edge of the story. He had followed his mentor, the great Frederick Jackson Turner, from Wisconsin to Cambridge. At Harvard, Turner taught the first half of "The Westward Movement," and Merk the second half — the always advancing frontier. After Turner's time, Merk taught the whole, weaving threads forward and back in the fabric and always moving the pattern ahead in time.

Once retired, he went daily to his study in Widener to work with his companion and colleague, Lois Merk. An outpouring of particular studies emerged: *Manifest Destiny and Mission in American History* (1963), *The Monroe Doctrine and American Expansionism, 1843-1849* (1966), *The Oregon Question* (1967), *Fruits of Propaganda in the Tyler Administration* (1971), *Slavery and the Annexation of Texas* (1972), and revisions of George Simpson's *Journal: Fur Trade and Empire* (1968), and of *Economic History of Wisconsin* (1971). He joined with two colleagues in writing *Dissent in Three American Wars* (1970). Finally, in 1976, he completed *History of the Westward Movement*, leaving galley proofs to be checked by Lois Merk after he died at the age of ninety.

"The locating and measuring by the historian of underground sources of expansionism," Merk wrote in 1963,



"is especially facilitated where newspapers are free, where diaries and private correspondence have become open to examination on a large scale and where masses of public archives and court cases are made accessible by guides and indexes and microfilming. In America, expansionism is examinable as under a microscope or with a seismometer. A process — world-wide and age-old — may be seen repeating itself in varying forms as in a test tube."

The *History of the Westward Movement* opens boldly: "This book is an account of one of the great migrations of mankind." Toward the end, Merk cites another great migration — the flight in twenty-five years (1940-1965) of approximately twenty-five million people from rural areas to the cities, "the result of mechanized farming and of the neglect of small farmers in the agricultural programs authorized by Congress for thirty years."

The story never sinks to mere statistics and tiresome details of migration routes. Throughout, Merk seeks the motive power — bad times and good times, the effects of wind and water, soil and seeds, hookworm and malaria, new plants and new planting and reaping methods, new machines and techniques, governmental policies, political strategies, and land speculation.

The Indians are always present, often mistreated and misunderstood. Those other unwilling migrants brought from Africa, and their enslaved descendants, are argued over in the press and in Congress, dickered over by politicians, diplomats and ambitious settlers. Slavery moves from the seaboard to as far as West Texas. All the way across the continent, our migration impinges on the interests of other nations: of France and her ventures "from the Far North to the Gulf of Mexico;" of Spain and Mexico in the South and West; and of Britain

and Russia in the North and West. Merk keeps alive, however, "a fundamental pioneer trait, a conviction that the best and most attractive lands were those just a little further on." The story knits economic, political, social and cultural strands, all carefully researched and clearly related.

The artifacts and human resources of the migrants are detailed in clean prose. Of the first Mongol-like arrivals on the unpeopled continent (whom Columbus later christened "Indians" — the race "could not protest, and has lived with the name ever since"), Merk reports:

Culturally, early man in North America was in the paleolithic Age at the time of crossing (from Siberia). He knew the arts of chipping stone to his needs; he manufactured utensils such as stone knives and scrapers for butchering and skinning game, spear points for projectiles that were hurled by an atlatl, and choppers used in a variety of work. He did not know the arts of the bow and arrow or the polishing of stone. He had not yet domesticated animals such as horses or cattle, though he had the dog. He knew the fishing arts and used them when near the water. He understood the uses of fire and the means of producing it. He knew nothing of the arts of the wheel.

To get the sea otter furs prized by nineteenth century Boston merchants for trade with China, Merk tells us later that Indians in kayaks would quietly form a circle around a sea otter sleeping on the surface of the water. "Then, with a loud shout, they would dash in on him. The otter would wake up and dive. The kayaks would then swiftly spread out and wait until the otter rose to the surface. Then they would noisily dash on him a second

time and force him down. The operation would be repeated again and again until the otter was so exhausted he could not quickly submerge. Then the Indians would get in range of him as silently as they could and shoot him with arrows. The Indian whose arrow struck the otter nearest the ear was the one that got the fur." Also of high trade value were pelts from beavers trapped in the interior.

Merk traces in the South experiments carried out with varieties of cotton and the progress made with mechanical cropping, cleaning and spinning. In the North, he follows from farm, forest and range the making and marketing of flour, lumber and iron. He rides the cattle trails of the Great Plains to markets in Omaha, Wichita and Kansas City, and rides the railroads to lands of wheat and corn. He explains vividly the simple process of panning for gold and the complex process of froth floatation of copper and other metals from low-grade ores.

He describes the damming of great rivers, the irrigation of parched lands and the regional planning of the Tennessee Valley Authority. He discusses other New Deal measures, such as the planting of shelter belts of trees in the Dust Bowl and the attempt to stabilize farm prices.

"Too thick to drink, too thin to plow," he tells us, was once the popular appraisal of the Missouri and Arkansas Rivers. "Keep the land out of the river and the river off the land," was the motto of the TVA. Merk notes than an 1853 report linking flood control and navigation — low water in seasons after high water — was resurrected in the twentieth century and acted on.

He quotes an early enthusiast for the California climate: "There never was a man who had malarial chills except one. He was from Missouri and carried the disease in his system. It was such a novelty to see a man shiver and shake with the chills of malaria

that people traveled from a radius of fifteen to twenty-one miles to see it."

He traces the hide and tallow trade of Boston merchants in California and the "romantic and profitable" Boston trading from Hawaii to the Northwest Coast to China and home again. "For sailors the great attraction in the Hawaiian Islands was the Hawaiian maidens, whose ideas of modesty and virtue were the same as the sailors'."

The surge and ebb of the American movement is watched, and reacted to, in the capitals of Europe. Power struggles abroad hasten or hinder the advance. Merk follows these interactions through the clear lens of his microscope. Momentous decisions in

Paris after the American Revolution, for instance, involve France and Spain as well as Britain, realities of the Old World as well as the New. In Washington and London, Merk listens to the arguments and reads the correspondence during the long negotiations over the Northwest boundary between the United States and Canada. The 1937 agreement sharing the power of the Bonneville River between the two countries he praises as "a demonstration to other countries of international cooperation in water use."

Of the characters who pass in the caravan, Merk's human judgments can be warm or stern. Captain John C. Fremont "was a man quite without

judgment, as his whole subsequent career indicates." A 1965 act making river-planning a permanent policy of the government "was a tribute to the vision of George Norris," the Senator from Nebraska.

This is my sampling. I urge readers to the pleasure of finding their own gems in this rich lode, for this is as close as any of us will get now to those magical mornings in Harvard Hall.

(Before his recent retirement to Cape Cod, William Pinkerton, NF '41, former News Officer for Harvard University, also served as Assistant to the Vice President for Government and Community Affairs at Harvard.)

... And Windmills

Wind-Catchers: American Windmills of Yesterday and Tomorrow by Volta Torrey

(The Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, VT. 1976)

by WILLIAM M. PINKERTON

The sobering prognosis concerning the availability of the oil we have been taught to need makes us think again about nature's ever-present energy — in sunshine, water, and wind. Could they provide the heat, light, and ergs of energy now supplied by materials we dig and suck out of the earth's limited stores?

Volta Torrey (Nieman Fellow '40), surveys the history of wind machines, and provides a lively footnote — with

instructive pictures — for the epic of Frederick Merk. As the pioneers moved west, windmills, squat or tall, drew their water, ground their grain, and supplied energy for their machines.

The story of wind-catching starts in the tenth century when Persians harnessed wind power for irrigation. In Europe and later in America, men trained the wind to turn axles vertically ("merry-go-rounds") and horizontally ("pinwheels on stilts"), and to do work that humans and animals had labored at for ages. The

machines caught the wind with bamboo stalks, wooden slats or paddles, triangular sheets of cloth, metal blades, and (for one ingenious Nebraskan) half-sections of old oil drums.

Pioneers brought the wooden machines to this continent. The early styles can be seen in the "Big Turtles" of Cape Cod, in smock mills on Long Island, and in post mills in the South — the entire structure balanced on a sturdy stanchion. Each type trailed a long pole for turning the sails into the wind.



Many Midwest farmers built their own windmills. The resulting designs were ingeniously simple — a paddle-wheel called "Battle Axe," for instance. But a major industry rose to supply the need: "Little Giants" were made in Wichita, "Colorado Wind Engines" in California, "The Halladay" in Philadelphia (with hinged blades for putting the wheel "in sail" or "out of sail") and the popular "Eclipse" (which had a small vane automatically turning the wheel into the wind) was manufactured in Beloit, Wisconsin.

Now most of these structures are idle relics. Ironically, Roosevelt's program of rural electrification helped to shut them down. "Although a half million windmills were reported to be still upright a few years ago in the United States and Canada, many were in bad shape," Torrey reports. By the 1960's most of the windmills in Wisconsin "were dismal blots on the landscape. The wind had beheaded some, and vines had mercifully covered the rusting skeletons of others."

Cheer up. With modern ideas for "aerodynamic engines," Torrey also gives us a beckoning introduction to future possibilities. A new generation of wind-catchers is at hand, with names like "egg-beater," VAWT (vertical axis wind turbine), Aerowatts (France), "brushless wind-plant" (Australia), aerogenerator (Switzerland), and "Noah" (Germany).

At places like Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the University of Massachusetts, California Institute of Technology, Princeton University, and Oklahoma State University, engineers who have been trained to invent vehicles for travel above the atmosphere and into space, are working on "airfoil sails (for windmills) designed as scientifically as airplane propellers." Some take weird shapes, but they "fly."

In 1972 a panel of the National

Science Foundation reported that "the power potential in the winds over the continental United States, Aleutians arc, and the eastern seaboard is about ten billion kilowatts."

Torrey's account is as easy to read as Merk's. He takes pains to seek out the human stories of the tinkerers, designers and users, and to put into

plain English the science and technology of the enterprise.

Yet his enthusiasm is muted. "The windmill's whole history has been a comedy of errors," he remarks, but "the machines have survived so many vicissitudes that they will surely live happily forever — after a few more troubles."

The Hong Kong Formula

(Continued from Page 2)

the wider world of mainland and overseas China. (Virtually *all* Chinese agree that Taiwan is part of China, and that China itself is indivisible.) A further refinement of this idea has been what is called "the Hong Kong formula," but amended.

Hong Kong is still a British Crown Colony on China's turf, expanded by territories whose lease expires near the turn of the century. Hong Kong and environs, a showcase of rampant capitalist entrepreneurship, happen to earn Peking some thirty percent of its annual foreign exchange — an invaluable cushion as Peking seeks rapidly and expensively to modernize. China is also essential to Hong Kong's prosperity as well as survival. The relationship therefore seems to fall easily within Peking's concept of "mutual benefit." And no one in China breathes a word of "liberating" entirely defenseless Hong Kong from those colonialist Britons.

In recent decades it has seemed self-evident that if only the political and ideological *claimancy* factor could be put aside (and also the offensive United States treaty, seeming to underwrite that claim), Taiwan might become an even larger and more vital Hong Kong — meaning, two different

Chinese communities, under radically different economic systems (and their attendant politics), living side-by-side and benefiting greatly from each other.

Is this some pipe dream? Not if one is to judge by both the actions and the words of the Peking authorities before and after the New Year's Day normalization. Nor if one is to judge by the illicit trade that has already been seeping between the island and the mainland for decades. (One key question will be, of course, how the rulers of Taiwan respond to Peking's overtures.)

No, not a pipe dream. Unless of course, America's domestic politics succeed in obstructing the new path of rationality that three disparate Presidents have at long last helped open in our relations with the people of China.

All we don't need now, twenty-nine years later, is a renewal of the China debate that so disastrously poisoned both our politics at home and our policies in Asia for an entire generation. Senator Goldwater and supporters should therefore reflect upon the true well-being of Taiwan's people, as well as our own — and then cease and desist.

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TV or Not TV

A Child's Journey by Julius Segal and Herbert Yahraes (McGraw Hill. 1978)

by JAY T. WRIGHT

Dr. Segal, psychologist and writer, and Herbert Yahraes, writer and Nieman Fellow ('44), have collaborated on this book. Their intention is to provide parents and professionals with an updated account of carefully selected research studies that the authors feel are significant to the field of child development in this country. It is a resource book for professionals and sophisticated parents.

The areas covered include discussions on the physical equipment present at birth, genetics and emotional illness, origins of a child's temperament, the child and the family, child abuse, schooling and peers, poverty and racism, and the child's mental health. The orientation is scientific investigation and the application of scientific findings to the daily life of the child at home, in the school, and in the community.

The authors have performed a herculean task in examining a mountain of research studies and selecting those which meet their criteria for publication. The task bears some relation to differential diagnosis. It imposes a heavy burden on the professional integrity and awareness of the authors. They have attempted to combine the cold hard look of the scientist with the warmth parents feel at the first sight of their newborn child.

In the final chapter, the authors develop a perceptive summary which would have made an excellent beginning. It excludes many of the weak-

nesses which flaw this material, and seems to be the outline of the book that was not written, but should have been.

This is an important, but seriously flawed, book. The jacket propaganda features an effusive and euphoric tribute by Dr. Selma Fraiberg, Professor of Child Psychoanalysis at the University of Michigan. "Segal and Yahraes have produced a monumental book about Americans' children, one that speaks eloquently for the promise of childhood and the promise of our contemporary science of child development. This book must be recommended to everyone in the field as well as to all informed laypersons. There is nothing important that I can think of that is left unsaid. An enormous work."

With this psychiatric information the authors can enter the periphery of the medical battleground, which tells more about the state of development of psychology than about the book. We are still in the adolescent identity crises in our dependence on psychiatric approval.

The authors seem preoccupied with the word "scientific." They are determined to place the studies of child behavior squarely in the scientific domain. The implication is that the field of child development depends upon a scientific structure for its acceptance and integrity. The imperatives of science then determine the structure, which in turn determines the substance. As all of this is developed, it raises some serious questions.

This is a cohesive book, all of the parts are compatible and fit together in a logical whole. The structure has been achieved by the character of the selection process. There are no studies reported which contradict or even raise

questions about the findings reported.

What criteria were used in the selection process? Why were these particular criteria used? Did the studies reported fit the philosophy of the authors or were they chosen at random? Was the selection process itself scientific? Does "scientific" contraindicate all selection processes in a case like this?

The assumption that scientific methods guarantee a scientific result may be true in the basic sciences where exact replication is possible. But it is questionable in the social sciences, especially mental health. Here the infinite number of variables in the human being make exact replication almost impossible. They do not fit statistical tables or graphs, and many of them are too subtle to chart or are buried in the unconscious. Under these circumstances, most professionals and all parents are placed in an untenable position. As they have no facilities or opportunity to examine the hundreds of research projects in child development, they must depend on the skill and integrity of the authors and accept on faith their conclusions. In like manner, the authors accept the research and state: "We can turn increasingly now not to unfounded theories, personal biases, or arbitrary 'how-to' manuals, but rather to the growing body of exciting and instructive scientific information being gathered by today's new breed of child development researchers." At last, we have "the word." This statement sounds like a pronouncement by a group leader in a technocratic nation.

The authors go on a de-mythologizing spree. With a wave of the hand, all "superstars, like Freud, Gesell and Spock," are banished into the wings of history's vast stage. We are asked to

replace "superstars" with an army of unfamiliar faces selected by the authors. With their graphs and percentages, they represent the new breed of scientific investigators.

Freud is downgraded and dismissed because he did not produce clinical data. All he had was an analytical mind, and a capability for unusual creative thinking. Freud has been judged out of the context of his social and professional culture. He lived in a period when Dr. Semmelweis fought a desperate battle to persuade eminent surgeons to wash their hands between operations — such was the state of the scientific community.

Gesell, who produced an enormous amount of clinical data including photographs, controlled experiments, longitudinal studies, etc., is dismissed because allegedly he "never budged from his belief that it is primarily germ plasm — the bearer of genetic information — that directs the child's life." In their chapter on "Born That Way," the authors state: "Indeed the weight of recent research suggests that the child's makeup is largely constitutional, or something that the child is born with, something inherent in his or her body and mind." Reading Gesell's *Infant and Child in the Culture of Today* along with *A Child's Journey* reveals considerable areas of basic agreement including their observations on the strong role of physical inheritance.

Spock, internationally known by parents, and the consummate "how-to" adviser, is labeled "ubiquitous" and dismissed with indifference.

In their zeal to demolish the myths of the past, the authors ignore the relentless calendar and the dynamics of discovery. Today's truths are often tomorrow's myths.

Although Segal and Yahraes repeatedly reject "how-to" books, they state: "The book provides guidance and direction — based on the best evidence available — for protecting

the mental health of our children." Can it be possible to guide and direct parents without telling them how to avoid mistakes? What steps can be taken to assure good mental health?

For example, what will this book do for the typical mother who awakens every day to the management of the house, and is surrounded by the constantly changing climate of interpersonal relationships with her children? She is bewildered and frustrated by her lack of understanding. What solace will she find, if she ever has time to read it, in *A Child's Journey*? She will find a blizzard of unfamiliar names, fragmented descriptions of important scientific research studies, a preoccupation with the pathological in the child, and some abstract guidance. Most likely she will not derive any satisfaction from statistics or clinical descriptions.

Segal and Yahraes may have attempted an impossible task — to join scientific research in human behavior with the needs of parents who are in the process of relating to their children — because there is almost no common ground for the two human experiences. If a book is written for professionals, a particular cultural understanding and atmosphere promotes communication. If it is written for parents, the imperatives are dramatically different. Reading this book is similar to the experience of looking at one of Diego Rivera's giant murals. The panorama is so vast and the details so intense that one cannot grasp the full meaning nor absorb the small elements; the perspective is lost.

One notes with interest and surprise the lack of mention of important forces that shape a child's world. Art, music and drama, which play such a large role in growing up, are totally neglected. The book is also barren in the areas of ethics and morality.

Ironically, these authors in the field of mental health have written a book on the world of the child, and devoted

only one brief comment to the part television plays in the child's journey. The authors must be aware of the numerous studies dealing with the effect of television on our children, and the existence of national organizations, publications, and lobbying groups — not to mention the interest of the federal government in the problem. The authors rationalize their indifference by stating that TV violence is a single-emphasis situation. If that were true, would it not be worth scientific attention? TV is one of the most pervasive educational influences in our culture. The number of hours spent before the tube must have some effect on the child. One perceptive mother remarked: "You can tell that this book was written by two men who haven't spent endless days caring for young children, and watching them glued to the tube for hours at a time. The heroes of these children are R2D2, Speed Racer, and Wonder Woman."

The simple fact is that violence is only one of many issues in the viewing of television by children. Forget, for the moment, the effect of TV violence or advertising on the child's development. On the positive side is the whole area of educational television exemplified by programs like *Sesame Street*, *The Electric Company*, and *Zoom*.

This lack underlines the most serious flaw in the book — the central emphasis on pathology and the abnormal. Little attention is given to the normal developmental patterns of the child — except by the inference that normal is the result of the absence of the abnormal. This is the standard medical approach fastened on to a non-medical problem; it tends to create an atmosphere of scientific objectivity with the hard, cold look at the facts. Missing is the humility, the warm compassion for human failure and the profound respect for individual development, which characterizes the work of Robert Coles (who is not mentioned) and Gesell.

"The culture of tomorrow will be dependent in no small measure upon the adequate sciences of child development and of human behavior. Our present-day knowledge of the personality of infant and child is extremely meager and fragmentary. Science can and will in time supply a

fuller understanding. And this understanding will have a refining and humanizing effect upon the culture itself. Or shall we say that such science generously expended is an expression of an improving culture?" (Arnold Gesell, M.D., 1943)

A book review is expected to be an

objective reaction to the work of the authors, with minor criticisms and judicious praise. Realistically, it means a personal, subjective reaction plus a free copy of the book.

(Jay T. Wright is a family and marriage counselor.)

An Autobiography from Fleet Street

Point of Departure

by James Cameron

(Oriol Press, Stocksfield, Northumberland, England)

by ROBERT C. NELSON

This is the reissue of Mr. Cameron's 1967 autobiography. It is one of the eleven books by the well-known Fleet Street journalist who held one of those charmed briefs in newspapering that took him to the scene of most of the sensational news events of mid-century.

His itinerary ranged from New York to Tibet with stops in between for an atomic bomb test in the South Pacific and wars in Europe, Korea, Vietnam, and Laos. He wrote analyses of Eichmann, Schweitzer and a broad range of others.

Americans may remember (and resent) him most for what he said, after a visit to Hanoi, about U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia. "I think your Vietnam war is wrong and cruel and senseless for them and for you and for me. I hold your values to be false and your ambitions unreal."

Americans alarm Cameron — "so rich, so strong, so vulnerable, so generous, so blind, so bountiful, so clumsy, so kind, so perilous, so unmanageable in their simple-minded

craftiness, the brutal innocence of their lethal benevolence."

This is Cameron's style at its most authentic, honest and blunt.

The most important paragraphs here, however, are not the ones that tell of travel, exotic encounters, and journalistic savvy, but the few — and it is sad there are not more — that hint of personal life-lessons accrued.

"It may well be that I was never the true material of a political observer: I have not the absorbed technical dedication to the detail of party conflict to sustain much curiosity in ... a game that seems to me to have become so enmeshed in its piffling mechanics of personalities that it no longer invokes the issues of peace, social justice, and mutual comprehension, except as threadbare abstractions ...

"Today, we journalists spend our time splashing in the shallows, reaching on occasions the rare heights of the applauded mediocre. It looks, perhaps, easier than it is. To the individual in this machine it brings its own dilemma: the agonizing narrow line between sincerity and technique, between the imperative and the glib —

so fine and delicate a boundary that one frequently misses it altogether, especially with a tight deadline, a ringing phone, a thirst, and an unquiet mind. Accept that, and the game is up.

"Freedom of conscience must be an elusive thing; more often than not it requires not the adhesion to a script, but the departure from it."

Cameron admits the loneliness of lives like his and, poignantly, if cryptically, warns that such experience "engenders the wrong responses to love, and there is nothing wherever it may be to compensate for that."

Point of Departure is the work of a journalist whose career reveals both a brash sensationalist public figure and a well protected, tender personal one. To learn more about the latter some day, might help to explain the restless compulsions of the former.

(Robert C. Nelson, Nieman Fellow '70, former American News Editor of The Christian Science Monitor and later a London correspondent, now advises the Church of Christ, Scientist, on media matters.)

