

NIEMAN REPORTS

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Media Superpower Sidney James

Three Journalists Look At Election '82

Children Of Crime



Photographs by Anestis Diakopoulos

Notes From Abroad: China in the 1940's
Poland, Afghanistan, Africa in the 1980's

Librettos, Padlocks, and Sovereigns

During the past three months communication in the Republic of the Philippines has been an especial ambiguity — that is, if one accepts the definition of “communication” as information transmitted from one person to another via the written or spoken word.

Recent events in the 1,700-island archipelago have opened one channel of information and closed another. Print news has been severely restricted to what is palatable to the Marcos Government, but mythical accounts of violence and deeds of valor may be expressed without restraint — when set to musical scores. One mode conveys reality; the other, fantasy. Today Filipinos are allowed only the latter, and its beginning was wracked by controversy.

In November, a group of more than 80 Boston musicians, faculty members at all of the area's leading universities and conservatories, and nine members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra sent a letter to Sarah Caldwell, artistic director of the Boston Opera Company, to protest her collaboration with Imelda Marcos, First Lady of the Philippines, in setting up an exchange to result in performances of opera in Manila, supervised by the Opera Company of Boston personnel, and the presence of Philippine musicians and administrative interns in the Boston Company.

The letter charged that the American opera group had aligned itself with “a Philippine dictatorship whose record of abusing human rights, on the basis of recent reports of Amnesty International, distinguishes it as one of the most repressive regimes on earth.”

Although the signers recognized the financial problems of the Company, which reportedly will receive \$100,000 a year under the five-year contract, they

stated, “There comes a point at which we, as artists, must say no, must draw the line, must be true to the humane and moral values so long associated with the culture we represent.”



Caldwell replied that the nature of her program was misunderstood, that basically it is educational and will involve sending teachers to the Philippines to help upgrade the level of musical performances, while accepting students in Boston for the same purpose.

“If we were to withhold music from every country where injustice could be traced or whose current political system or leadership met with our disapproval,” she added, “I suspect that music might cease to exist.”

Undeterred, the protesting musicians scheduled a speaker from Amnesty International to address the human rights situation in the Philippines in a special session to which members of the Opera Company staff and its board were invited.

In December, while singers and musicians were rehearsing in Manila for the debut of the Philippine Opera Company, President Ferdinand E. Marcos ordered soldiers to padlock the premises

of the twice-weekly newspaper *We Forum*, a popular tabloid critical of his regime, and to arrest the editor-publisher, Jose Burgos Jr., and nine employees on charges of subversion and involvement in a conspiracy to overthrow the Government. (The date was December 7th, Pearl Harbor Day.)

Forty-eight hours later, Mr. Marcos placed former newspaper publisher Joaquin Rocas, 69 years old, under house arrest as a “principal figure” and supposed financier of the purported anti-Government conspiracy. Rocas had been head of *The Manila Times*, the country's largest English-language newspaper (circulation, 186,147 [m]; 222,250 [s]), until Marcos closed it down when he declared martial law in 1972. It never reopened, even after martial law was lifted in 1981.

In January, the Philippine Opera Company was formally launched. At its opening performance on the 12th, the cast presented Mozart's *Magic Flute* — a curious choice, under the circumstances. Eight American singers and a Filipino in the lead tenor role enacted the fable featuring the Queen of the Night, a benevolent figure who, to everyone's surprise, turns malevolent. Things are not always what they seem.

Meanwhile, following the country's first crackdown on the media since the lifting of martial law, outside news organizations sent strong messages of protest to President Marcos.

Peter Galliner, Director of the International Press Institute, said that the Institute was “most concerned to understand that the esteemed editor-publisher of *We Forum*, Jose Burgos Jr., and nine of his editorial colleagues have been arrested and accused of subversion, and

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The Power Of The Media

How I Watched It Grow And Grow

Sidney L. James

A senior journalist reflects on the media's growth — from
homemade radio sets to Comsat's satellites.

The power of the media, which is a continuing phenomenon of present-day life, has lately held a special fascination for me. I began serious cerebrations about it a few weeks back, when I realized I was becoming a fixed target of its power — like a duck in a shooting gallery — and so, perhaps, were all of us.

This notion was forcefully brought home when twice in a brief period President Reagan came into my living room in full, living color to enlist my emergency aid on his side in two special causes he had espoused against Congressional opposition. During the same period, I was being made a daily eyewitness to an ugly war being fought thousands of miles away, smack dab in a capitol city I had once visited and about which I had joyful memories. But now I saw bombs fall from high-flying aircraft and explode among the city's buildings in great bursts of fire. I heard the thump and crackle of large and small arms fire. I saw and heard mighty tanks rumble through rubble-strewn streets. I was taken into a hospital to see hapless civilians in bloody bandages. I even saw one of the alleged perpetrators of it all grinningly kissing babies!

It occurred to me that though I was more or less neutral when I turned on my television, I was suddenly being targeted as a participant. I was being asked to take sides in the President's dispute with Congress and I was being subtly nudged by bloody reality toward a decision as to who was right and who was wrong in Beirut, Lebanon.

All of this was only the latest manifestation of the growing

power of the media. This power lay, it seemed to me, in its instant effect on my mind and the minds of countless millions of passive viewers throughout the world. Let us first consider how it all came about.

It used to be that mass communication was achieved through the printed word at a reasonably digestible pace, largely in newspapers, magazines, and books. That day is gone forever. What was once called the press is now identified by a newly appropriated label — a label so new that it is not yet adequately defined in most dictionaries. The press is now the media. And this new media is television, radio, newspapers, magazines, and books. It is more than mass communication. It is *instant* mass communication.

To begin to understand the evolution from press to media and eventually from mass communication to instant mass communication, one's mind must be focused on the most astounding fact of my generation. In a few short years of my generation — i.e., the generation that was born in the early 1900's — there were more scientific and technological discoveries than there had been in the entire history of the human race.

The extent, variety, and far-reaching consequences of this discovery explosion boggles the mind. Little wonder that in A.D. 1983 we are all confused as we try to cope with these still mounting consequences.

For the purposes of this discourse, I will ignore such awesome consequences of my generation's discovery explosion as the atom bomb, nuclear power, laser beams, satellites, wonder drugs, computer chips, miniaturization, robotics, and be concerned only with instant mass communication — the media. I will try to do this in understandable human terms by tracing the steps — leaps, really — as observed and experienced in my own life and career as a journalist. In other words, how I watched the power of the media grow and grow.

My own realization that there could be such a phenomenon as instant mass communication came at an early age and in a dramatic way. I was a few months past my eleventh birthday and living in the city of my birth, St. Louis, Missouri, when the country went to the polls to choose between Woodrow Wilson and Charles Evans Hughes for the presidency. There was, of course, no radio or television in those days,

Sidney James started his journalistic career as a reporter with the St. Louis Times; he later joined the staff of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. He has been national affairs writer for Time magazine; Chicago bureau chief for Time-Life News Service; assistant managing editor, Life magazine; publisher and founding editor, Sports Illustrated; and vice president of Time Incorporated. Since 1970 he has served as board chairman, Greater Washington Educational Television Association (WETA); and is first vice chairman of the board, Public Broadcasting Service.

so some bright apple with the local electric utility had a bright idea. If Hughes were elected, a master switch would be jiggled at the main power plant so that the lights in all of its customer households in St. Louis and St. Louis County would flash off, on; off, on. If Wilson were elected, they would flash three times — off, on; off, on; off, on.

The prospect of staying up late on a school day was exciting enough for my brothers and sisters and me, but we did have at least a passing interest in the outcome, as our father was a writer on the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and an ardent Wilsonian Democrat.

Finally the signal came. Off, on; off, on, went the lights. Wow! Hughes was elected! Here were two exhilarating historic firsts: we had stayed up until near midnight on a school day, and instant mass communication had been achieved. Our vague disappointment with the results notwithstanding, we went to bed tingling with excitement over the drama of it all.

It was not until several days later, when the count came in from faraway California, that it was revealed that Wilson — not Hughes — had been elected. As far as I know, this bungle of the prevailing technology was not regarded as a portent of things to come in instant mass communication, and any cynicism detected in me should not be traced that far.

My next important exposure to mass communication, such as it was, came in 1918 after we entered World War I. This time, the government in Washington was faced with the monumental task of organizing for war a nation that had been at peace for generations. There was still no television or radio, and flashing lights could not transmit stirring words. The movie theaters — the nickelodeons — were even more popular gathering places in those days than the churches. Primitive though they were, the movies were a rising novelty of a new age of entertainment. The admission price was low and whole families attended together.

Soon after the war was declared, "Four Minute Speakers" became a feature of each performance. In four minutes after the feature movie, their accomplished and informed mini-orations brought home to us straight from Washington the needs of the hour and the duties that lay ahead if we were to beat the Germans. The speakers had a special effect on us kids, for it was the first time we had ever heard such purposeful, persuasive, and organized use of the spoken word. This four-minute interlude contrasted agreeably with the movies, which were silent. We quickly became patriots in knee pants. We would keep the home fires burning. We would show the Kaiser. Presently, French "Blue Devils" in their powder-blue uniforms and jaunty berets were brought across the ocean directly from the battlefield for nightly stand-in performances and we were more fired up than ever when their few exotic foreign phrases were interpreted. Thus, my second brush with mass communication.

But the war finally ended. The Blue Devils in their powder blue were on their way home and the achievement of a just and permanent peace was the weary world's new problem. Wilson, whom our flashing lights had once defeated, had emerged from the war as the leader and hope of the world.

His "Fourteen Points" were seen by many as the formula for peace everlasting. But not so by a militant and determined isolationist bloc in the Congress, which had to ratify his plan before it could be offered to the world. What Wilson needed was a demonstration of vast public support to thwart this stubborn band. The time was short and mass communication was required, but, alas, there was still no radio.

We quickly became patriots in knee pants. We would keep the home fires burning. We would show the Kaiser.

So Wilson got on a train, the only rapid transit of the day, and chugged out on a tour of the larger cities of the country where he would take over the biggest auditorium and make his plea, face-to-face, to as many citizens as could crowd in. I had an advance inkling of the fate that awaited him when he got to St. Louis and spoke in the jam-packed Coliseum. My father, a more ardent Wilsonian than ever, went to hear him and reported afterward with alarm that Wilson, usually a meticulous speaker, had slurred a number of words during his speech. Some days later, farther west on his desperate journey, Wilson broke down completely and had to be taken back to Washington, a man broken in body and spirit, never again able to conduct the duties of his office. His plan for lasting peace died a less lingering death than he.

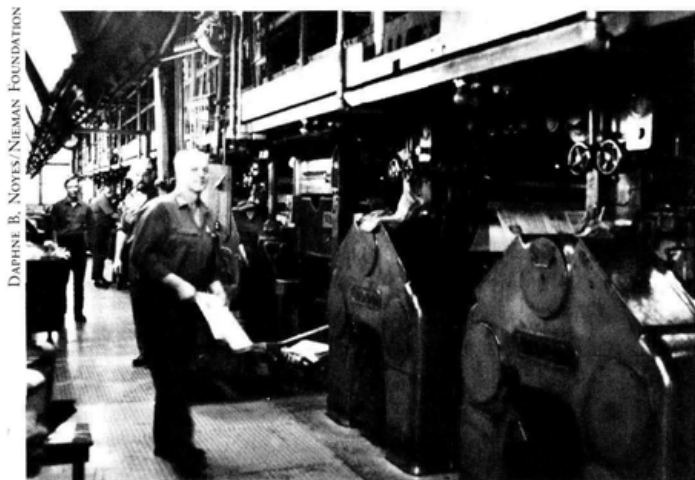
Today, of course, without leaving his office and without the slightest wear and tear, the president can, and does, take his case by television to all the people in their homes. How different history might have been if the scientific explosion had come in the generation before mine and Wilson had had color television at his disposal to overcome the isolationist bloc.

It was some years after Wilson had passed into history that a new medium, radio, became a factor in communication and national life. By this time, I was cub reporter on the *St. Louis Times*, an afternoon paper waging a losing struggle with the mighty *Post-Dispatch*. During the Hoover-Smith presidential campaign, I was assigned to cover a parade that was to carry Herbert Hoover from the Forest Park railroad station to a rally in the Coliseum. It would have been more convenient to bring the campaign train into Union Station, a few blocks from the Coliseum, but the local Republican Committee, eager for added exposure, opted for the parade.

But the train was late and a quick decision had to be made. The National Republican Committee had bought a specified half-hour of radio time to carry the Coliseum speech beyond the Coliseum to the nation. Thus, the radio networks had cleared a specific time in their schedules and if the candidate did not get to the microphone on time, the rest of the country would not hear all that he had to say.

Consequently, when the train finally rolled in, we were

all in our assigned seats in the ten or so limousines that were originally scheduled to parade sedately through the city's prosperous west end section to give the candidate a chance to wave to curbside crowds. We were ready to roll, and roll we did as soon as Hoover was seated and the door of his car was closed. Led by motorcycle police outriders with sirens screaming, we were soon hitting midblock speeds of 60 miles an hour and screeching around corners at only a slightly decelerated rate. Hoover's car, by prearrangement, pulled right into the Coliseum and he was a little breathless when he got to the podium, but the National Committee got the full half-hour it had paid for.



Even as news rolls off the press...

There was something faintly ludicrous in the sight of the "great engineer" being hurtled through the city between rows of swivelling heads, but this newest medium of instant mass communication, radio, which, by the way, Hoover's opponent, Al Smith, was still calling "raddio," demanded the frantic effort. I remember writing in my account the next day that Hoover seemed "hell-bent for election." Actually, he was succumbing to a new power that was to affect us all.

Shortly after Hoover's death-defying dash to the microphone, I had moved on to the *Post-Dispatch* and by 1936 I had moved on again, this time to New York to write for the National Affairs section of *Time*, the weekly newsmagazine, which had only recently emerged as a successful new journalistic invention in the world of mass communication. In the course of my work, it was my privilege occasionally to go down to Washington for a Roosevelt press conference.

These conferences, which are still looked back upon as journalistic milestones, were wildly different from anything that would be tolerated by today's media or even today's public. At the time, though, they were considered models of openness. Openness, my eye! As a magazine writer, I would not have been admitted to them if I were not the special guest of a newspaper reporter who belonged to the White House Correspondents'

Association. *Time* had taken on this member-reporter as a paid "stringer" for just this reason. Magazine and radio reporters were not eligible for this closed association, so to us, at least, the conferences were far from models of openness. Nevertheless, they were lots of fun and a closeup look back at this mode of mass communication, which was new and novel then, is in order.

Because he was crippled, the President had to be put in place before the conference began. Thus, it was the gentlemen of the press (I never saw a lady of the press at any conference I attended) who made the grand entrance when the stage was set. As the doors were opened, there, at center stage, sat the President, frequently in shirt-sleeves and with that inevitable cigarette holder jutting aggressively upward from smiling lips. As the twenty or so reporters strode in to bellyup in a crescent before the President's cluttered desk, the litany of "Good morning, Mr. President; good morning, Mr. President" was answered by a series of gracious smiles and nods.

Then, while the crescent was still forming, the holder was lifted slowly from the lips with a deliberate flare and the smoldering cigarette was pointed directly at a columnist who had just arrived. That morning his by-line had appeared over something that the President didn't like at all and he proceeded to tell him in his own patented, bittersweet, joshing way just how lowly he regarded a journalist who could be so careless. The condescending whimsy and demeaning jibes that sprinkled his running banter before the conference had started left no doubt as to who was the boss and who would be the star of this performance.

It was the rule, apparently cheerfully accepted by the remarkably affable press of that day, that the President could not be quoted directly unless he granted specific permission. Much of what he had to say, therefore, had to be attributed to a nameless White House source. He would occasionally grant a request for direct quotation (usually after an approving nod from Steve Early, his press secretary) and then restate it "for clarity," sometimes changing it ever so subtly as pencils flew over copy paper. (There were no mini-tape recorders, another product of the discovery revolution, which are more important than pencils to today's journalists.)

At other times, he would simply refuse to answer a question or throw his handsome head back and laugh derisively at the questioner. His stellar performances, however outrageous at times, were usually received with indulgent, if nervous, laughter, for his listeners considered themselves members of an exclusive club — which indeed they were — and they were anxious to remain in good standing.

But when President Roosevelt wanted to reach his public in his own way, without the press intervening, he appropriated the radio networks for one of his famous "Fireside Chats."

Who in my generation will ever forget hearing him on that fateful Sunday evening when he told the country from his cozy fireside that, come Monday, not a single bank in the United States would be open? Monday came and there were no riots, no runs, no panic. So persuasive, so reassuring, so lucid was he that it can be said he had accomplished the most specu-

larly effective use of instant mass communications in history. Indeed, the history of purposeful instant mass communications began on that faraway Sunday evening half a century ago. The lady, still my wife, who sat with me on a sofa in a St. Louis living room and heard this history being made, agreed with me that he seemed to be talking to us personally. We learned later that our next-door neighbor had the same warm feeling and, indeed, all of our friends had experienced this sense of intimacy. It was a performance that matched the importance of the new medium.



... it has already been viewed, and re-viewed.

In the early 1950's, I was assistant managing editor of *Life*, and I personally participated in an episode that again illustrated the growing power of the media in a special way. By the most fortuitous of circumstances imaginable, I obtained for *Life* the rights to Ernest Hemingway's "The Old Man and The Sea." The important condition, which Hemingway readily agreed to (for \$40,000), was that we could print it in its entirety before it was published as a book.

By then it was an accepted fact in the world of literature that Hemingway was through as a writer. He hadn't written anything for years and his last book had been soundly panned.

But none of that made any difference when *Life* came out. With Hemingway on the cover and the event elaborately promoted, "The Old Man and The Sea" was delivered to at least 15 million readers in two or three days of a single week, and it was estimated that in that short time more people read it than had read all he had written in his long career. There had never been such an impact on the literary world. It won the Pulitzer Prize and a year later Hemingway, the forgotten writer, was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature.

Had it not been for advancement in the printing arts due to the great discovery explosion, *Life* could not have printed and distributed "The Old Man and The Sea" in such vast num-

bers and with such speed.

This brings me to another personal experience that had to do with the evolutionary advance of communications. When we made our decision at *Time* to publish *Sports Illustrated* in 1954, I was its founding editor. Big league sports — baseball, football, basketball, hockey — were almost totally confined in those days to the northern tier of the United States east of the Mississippi and north of the Mason-Dixon Line. Because of this confinement, we had a great problem in our early years. We found it difficult, and at first well-nigh impossible, to convince advertisers and the advertising fraternity (Madison Avenue) that there was a market for goods and services that could be exploited through a national sports magazine. But there were two important fallouts from the discovery explosion that turned out to be more powerful than our salesmanship, and success came handsomely when it finally came.

These fallouts were the large, fast jet airplane and television, which had only recently gone national when the coaxial cable was extended coast to coast. Presently we were seeing in color what we had marvelled at in black and white. Cities began to scramble to get big league teams and many of them built sports arenas with taxpayers' money to house them. Today practically every sizeable city has a hometown baseball, football, basketball, and hockey team to root for. Jet planes made it possible for these far-flung teams to meet schedules, and Madison Avenue soon realized that broadcasts of their contests and *Sports Illustrated's* literate accounts of them were creating vast new exploitable markets for their goods and services. Advertising revenues rose exponentially and today television networks pay billions of dollars for the rights to broadcast big league contests, and six-figure salaries for the athletes are commonplace. The two modes of fast communication also accounted for high purses in other sports. A California high school junior was winning \$100,000 a week playing tennis, and two welterweight boxers fought for a purse of \$10 million each. Needless to say, *Sports Illustrated*, a beneficiary of these two technological advances, profited handsomely too.

Now we come to another historic coincidence. Black and white television sets were being replaced by color sets as fast as they could be manufactured. At the same time, Comsat was shooting things off into space and we soon had an entirely new mode of instant mass communications. It doesn't matter that few in my generation will ever understand how these things work. The simple fact is that signals sent from the earth could be bounced off Comsat's satellites as they orbited 22,000 miles up in outer space, translate them into words and color pictures, and send them simultaneously into living rooms all over the world. Presto! Now, magically, for the first time we had instant mass *world* communications.

Shortly there was yet another coincidence, this time an unhappy one, that resulted from Comsat's orbital revolution. We were fighting a war half a world away in Vietnam. We didn't call it a war, though 50,000 of our troops were involved, along with countless billions of our wealth, and inestimable cubits of our reputation and good name.

Suddenly the horrors of this non-war were coming into

our homes nightly in full color on the evening news through the aid of the high-flying satellites. The public, already uneasy from what it had been reading, did a slow burn that turned to shock and then disgust. The nightly diet of gore and violence was just too much for the American mind and stomach. There was nothing ennobling in the sight of a marine putting a Zippo lighter to the thatched roof of a peasant's home, or a heavily armed soldier in thick boots prodding a bent old man in black

When Lyndon Johnson, a man who had a lifelong lust for power, relinquished the very seat of power, we had witnessed the ultimate new power of the media.

pajamas and felt slippers out of his native village. Television anchormen and commentators were using 25 words to explain pictures on our screens that could not have been explained adequately with 10,000 words. Presently there was marching in the streets, then rioting, then the horror of Kent State.

The climax came when the President of the United States, Lyndon Johnson, abdicated. Though no polling places were opened and no ballots were cast, he was effectively voted out of office by a landslide of public opinion. Oh yes, he actually served out his term, but he saw the phantom landslide and he surely knew he could just as well have finished out his term back home in Texas.

When that man, who had a lifelong lust for power, relinquished the very seat of power, we had witnessed the ultimate new power of the media. The world would never be the same again.

But there was one event that established forever in the minds of the whole world that television was the miracle of the age. This was the moon landing of 1969. If I marvelled at the fact that the discovery explosion in our generation had produced the technological miracles that could be used to transport a man from the earth to the moon and back to earth again, the fact that I, a mere earthling, was seeing it live and in color was even more overwhelming. The awe, the joy, the pride I felt on that glorious evening was instantaneous and universal. Instant mass communication had gone cosmic. Now the universe would never be the same.

In quick succession, other displays of this new and growing power were played out before us. Consider these:

► I watched and heard the lengthy Watergate hearings, looking President Nixon's accusers right in the eyes, and another president went out of office on a landslide of public opinion.

► When Anwar Sadat decided to initiate his plan for peace, he did not organize a peace commission or go before an international tribunal, he turned to Walter Cronkite and CBS, and I saw on the nightly news with my own eyes his first personal

overture to Prime Minister Begin.

► When part of the apparatus malfunctioned at the Three Mile Island nuclear power plant, no one was killed, or even hurt, but the vast nuclear power industry, which I had thought vital to our future, may never recover from the media's frantic day-by-day coverage.

These are only three of the more spectacular items that attest to the media's growing power. The power is real and it is having a demonstrable effect on our lives.

The enormous impact of television, I concluded, inevitably engenders a herd instinct in all media — print and electronic. Events are pounced upon with near hysteria that can sometimes best be described as mindless overkill. Insignificant events, if they are pictorially dramatic enough, are blown out of proportion, while more solid items and pertinent facts are buried in a frenzy of competition for ratings. This kind of dramatic overkill has a telling effect on the public, on you and me. Our minds are agitated toward instant conclusions and opinions while our knowledge is incomplete or distorted. We clamor for quick remedial action when the problem is no clearer to us than the solution we clamor for. As politicians and bureaucrats always run scared, we frequently wind up with a remedy worse than the problem that made us so clamorous. Vietnam and Watergate uproar, for instance, brought us the all-volunteer army, which the Pentagon would now like to get rid of, and it also led to the shackling of the CIA in a way that many now argue has reduced its capabilities for carrying out its mission.

My mind sometimes races back to the flashing lights of my boyhood which brought us the wrong election results in St. Louis with such dazzling efficiency. We have come a long way since then, but we still have a long way to go before we realize the huge promise of this phenomenal new luxury of instant mass world communication.

After my retirement from Time Incorporated, where my main concern was the use, effect, and distribution of the printed word and still pictures, I became actively interested in television. I had, of course, been an interested watcher of television since its inception, but I had naturally viewed it as a putative competitor. As chairman of the Washington Educational Television Association, which operates WETA, the public television station in the nation's capital, and as vice-chairman of the Public Broadcasting Service, I was actually embarking on a new career, and it brought my involvement with the media to full circle.

Now that I am retired again and a mere watcher from the sidelines, some personal thoughts are in order about media power as I have watched it grow and grow in my lifetime.

Television, magazines, and newspapers are vastly better than they were, say, twenty years ago, but the constant stream of new technological advances continues to bring new problems that are still unresolved. What to do? Well, since television is dramatically out front in instant mass communication, it must eventually lead the way in delivering events great and

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U.S. Elections

The following three articles share a common theme: the national elections of '82.

In one, an academic journalist considers the largely unrecognized implications of the voting patterns in California's gubernatorial race; in another, a political reporter long familiar with George Wallace's stance glimpses the private man behind the politician; and a columnist presents his view of press performance at election time.

What Happened In The California Gubernatorial Election?

Thomas F. Pettigrew

"The man was right, the time was right,
democracy was on trial, and democracy
flunked the test."

History seemed to be in the making. The son of a Texas sharecropper had reached the brink of becoming the nation's first black American to be elected governor. Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley had won California's Democratic Party gubernatorial nomination handily. He led his Republican opponent, State Attorney General George ("Duke") Deukmejian, in *every* major published survey conducted on the race. Indeed, the media even announced Bradley the winner when the polls closed because of his comfortable lead in exit interviews of voters conducted by the California Poll throughout the state. Yet the Los Angeles Mayor went down to defeat by the closest proportional margin in the history of California's gubernatorial races — roughly 49 percent to 48 percent, a mere 53,000 votes out of 7.7 million cast.

What happened? Judging from media commentary, white Californians appear to have attained a comfortable consensus to explain away Bradley's defeat. Whatever the reasons, goes the conventional wisdom, Bradley's failure to become the nation's first elected black governor was *not* caused by racial bigotry among the state's white voters.

Alternative explanations abound. The Los Angeles Mayor lost because of differential turn-out between liberals and conservatives. Jerry Brown's unpopularity dragged down the Democratic party ticket. Or, goes a particularly artless argument, it can be attributed to Bradley's "colorless" personality (as if Deukmejian were a charismatic leader).

The most popular, "anything-but-race" explanation involves the Proposition 13 vote against handgun controls. This proposition, it is argued, attracted out the far-right electorate in opposition; and once in the booth it voted solidly for the Republican ticket. Somewhat heavy turn-outs in Orange County and some other pro-gun areas, where Bradley ran

poorly, support this view. Indeed, there is some evidence to lend credence to each of these non-racial explanations.

THE CENTRAL QUESTION

But a closer examination of the voting patterns of last November 2nd presents serious problems for this comfortable reasoning. All these explanations, save the alleged "colorless" factor, should have hurt the entire Democratic ticket. Yet the party did well in California. After Brown and Bradley, Democrats swept the lesser state offices, strengthened their hold on the State Senate and Assembly, and picked up almost a fourth (6 of 26) of their entire national gains in the U.S. House of Representatives. Thus, the central question becomes: *Why should the popular Mayor of the state's largest city, as opposed to an unpopular Governor, run so far behind his ticket?*

Survey data make this question even more interesting. Extending over 15 months, every published survey of California's voters showed Bradley in the lead — sometimes by as much as 24 percent (California Poll, August 1982) and 14 percent (October 1-4, 1982). (The table supplies the results from thirteen Field surveys.) While his lead narrowed at the June primary and final elections, the Mayor still went into the election with a measured 7 percent advantage. A late Republican surge comparable to the national Democratic surge in 1948, rolling in after the last survey had been completed, is not a viable explanation for the inaccuracy of this final reading. The exit interviews on election day indicated a similar Bradley lead. Moreover, the same pre-election survey had Brown trailing Pete Wilson by 5 percent in the Senate race — and he lost by 6 percent. Indeed, the outcomes of all other races and propositions unfolded as the final survey had predicted.

The plot thickens when we note the inaccuracy of even the 5,000 exit interviews conducted by Mervin Field on election day. Such interviews, drawn from a probability sample of precincts, are generally far more accurate than phone surveys for two reasons. First, all interviews are conducted with known voters emerging from the voting booth. This eliminates a major source of error for pre-election surveys: predicting who will vote. Second, exit interviews ask respondents to tell what they have just done rather than answer a hypothetical question about how they might vote were the election held that day. Yet the Mayor's lead even in these data was large enough for the experienced and cautious Field to project a Bradley victory

for his media subscribers.

There were several technical reasons why the surveys overestimated Democratic voting strength. The election day exit interviews were conducted at a probability sample of precincts, but apparently not a sample stratified by race. Field later reported an overrepresentation of minority precincts among those covered. This error would not have occurred in a racially stratified precinct sample. Another preventable source of error involved differential non-response. Usually refusals of exit interviews are limited and pose no problem. But apparently con-

Why should the popular Mayor of the state's largest city, as opposed to an unpopular Governor, run so far behind his ticket?

servatives leaving California's polls last November 2nd refused to be interviewed in considerable numbers and more than liberals. Field's projections apparently did not correct fully for this differential non-response.

But these reasons alone cannot explain the differential performance of Bradley. One obvious reason is that some white voters must have told the pollsters they were voting for Bradley when they actually voted for Deukmejian. Before we consider this factor, let's look more carefully at the leading "non-racial" explanation — "the anti-gun control effect."

THE ANTI-GUN CONTROL EFFECT

First, we must ask some questions. Why was the political left not also attracted out in equally large numbers to vote for gun control and the nuclear weapons freeze? Even if there were a special incentive for pro-gun voters, why did their differential turn-out not affect the entire Democratic ticket instead of just Bradley? Indeed, the same final pre-election surveys that had Bradley up by 7 percent also showed correctly that the handgun proposition was going to be resoundingly defeated.

Second, the expected voting patterns did not appear throughout the state. Consider the results from the 24 districts of Santa Clara County, better known throughout the world as "Silicon Valley." The gun control explanation requires that areas that cast heavy votes against Proposition 13 should have sharply opposed Bradley and had high turn-outs of voters. But this was not the case in Santa Clara County. Anti-gun control voting was centered in pro-Bradley districts — Gilroy, Milpitas, Morgan Hill, Santa Clara, and two Mexican-American districts in San Jose (Alum Rock and Central). And all these districts had voter turn-outs below the state average. Directly opposite from the predicted pattern, then, gun control support was correlated negatively with Bradley support (-.32) and pos-

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Bradley vs. Deukmejian August 1981 to November 1982

	Bradley	Deukmejian	Undecided and Other Candidates
Final Election Results, November 2nd	48.65%	49.35%	2%
November 2nd Exit Interviews	Bradley Well Ahead		—
October 29-31, 1982 Survey	49%	42%	9%
October 24-26 Survey	47%	41%	12%
October 1-4 Survey	53%	39%	8%
August Survey	47%	38%	15%
June 8th Exit Interviews	45%	42%	13%
Early June Survey	49%	44%	7%
May Survey	52%	39%	9%
March Survey	50%	40%	10%
January Survey	50%	39%	11%
October 1981 Survey	54%	33%	13%
August Survey	55%	31%	14%

Source for Surveys and Exit Interview Data: Field Institute

itively with turn-out (+.46). The important correlates of the Bradley vote in Santa Clara County were positive with the nuclear freeze proposition (+.66) and negative with turn-out (−.83). In spite of help from the successful nuclear freeze effort, Bradley forces failed to “get out the troops” in the county as throughout the state. But this failure did not occur because of the gun control and nuclear freeze propositions.

Finally, even if the “gun-control turn-out” argument is correct for some parts of the state, it does not rule out the importance of race. Sigmund Freud demonstrated long ago the over-determination of most human behavior. That is, far-right voters may well have come to the polls to vote against *both* gun controls *and* a black American governor. The two motivations are highly compatible, and both may have been necessary to attract people who do not generally cast ballots in non-presidential elections.

POLITICAL FACTORS

To be sure, political as well as racial factors determined the outcome. California's new Governor, Deukmejian, is a mild-mannered conservative, not a member of his party's far-right wing. He seemed “safe” to voters and, like Bradley himself, a welcome break from the succession of flamboyant governors many Californian voters no longer trust. A more extreme right-wing opponent who frightened moderates and liberals would have aided Bradley's cause. Moreover, the last of the flamboyant governors, Jerry Brown, headed the Democratic Party ticket. Save for negative television commercials, Brown ran an indifferent, lackluster campaign and obtained only 45 percent of the Senatorial vote. Deukmejian linked Bradley with the unpopular Governor throughout the campaign. The full impact of this drag on the ticket is difficult to estimate. But

with at least a half-million Democrats and most Independents not voting for Brown, the damage to Bradley must have been considerably greater than the mere switch of 27,000 votes needed for victory.

While Deukmejian's blandness appears not to have hurt him among conservatives, Bradley's cautious style undoubtedly dampened liberal enthusiasm. So, too, did the comforting surveys repeatedly showing Bradley ahead. These factors help to explain the low turn-outs in northern California. Even Willie

Why was the political left not also attracted out in equally large numbers to vote for gun control and the nuclear weapons freeze?

Brown, the black liberal Speaker of the State Assembly, described both gubernatorial candidates as "uninteresting" — though he supported Bradley.

Herein lies a generic dilemma for black candidates who need strong white support. An unthreatening demeanor is essential if the black candidate is to appeal to "moderate" white voters. But this same demeanor often lacks the charismatic appeal required to ignite that part of the white electorate most likely to favor a black American's candidacy — the liberals.

THE INFLUENCE OF RACE

Almost any factor can be called decisive when a political contest is lost by six-tenths of one percent. In this trivial sense, race was clearly a deciding factor in Bradley's defeat. It is more interesting, however, to derive a conservative estimate of the lowest possible "race effect." That is, what percentage of California's voters on November 2nd would have voted for the Democratic nominee for governor had the nominee been white? Only detailed analysis can provide a definitive estimate. But at this point two different rough methods yield a plausible *minimum* estimate of about 5 percent. Ironically, Deukmejian's campaign manager was dismissed several weeks before the election for publicly speculating that "the race effect" was precisely this same figure!

One of our crude methods uses survey data, the other voting data. The survey estimation begins with the 4 percent of voters who told Field interviewers on leaving the ballot box that they had voted for Deukmejian because they did not want a black American governor. Let's assume conservatively that an equal additional number of voters, 4 percent, also voted for Deukmejian for largely racial reasons but did not admit it. But from this 8 percent anti-black vote we must subtract the pro-black vote. This consists of white voters who supported Bradley because they wanted to see a black American become governor but otherwise would have either not voted or voted

Republican. And it also includes those additional minority voters who came to the polls to support Bradley but otherwise would have either not voted or would have voted for the Republican. Estimating generously, let's put this pro-black vote at 3 percent. By these calculations, we obtain a minimum 5 percent race effect.

A similar result emerges when we compare Bradley's vote with the Democratic candidate for state office who ran next poorest — the controversial liberal, Leo McCarthy. He defeated the conservative Republican, Carol Hallett, by 52 percent to 44 percent for Lieutenant Governor. The application of McCarthy's proportion of the major party vote to Bradley produces a 4.9 percent shift of votes from the Republican to the Democratic side of the ledger. This shift constitutes roughly 364,000 votes. *In short, our minimum estimate of the race effect translates into a decisive Bradley victory of over two-thirds of a million votes had he been white.*

This estimate of a large race effect helps to explain many of the unusual phenomena that characterize this contest: the consistent overestimation of Bradley's support by all the available state surveys over a 15-month period; the heavy turn-out of conservative white voters (also seen in Cleveland, Gary, Newark, Los Angeles, and other cities the first time a black candidate ran for mayor); and the special force of this conservative turn-out against Bradley but not the rest of the Democratic Party ticket for other state offices.

THE GUBERNATORIAL ELECTION IN PERSPECTIVE

Bishop H. H. Brookins, Bradley's political mentor and his pastor at the First A.M.E. Church, summed up the episode succinctly. "The man was right, the time was right, democracy was on trial, and democracy flunked the test."

One can agree with such an assessment of disappointment, yet still recall the larger context within which the contest must be judged. Bradley had also led in the polls back in 1969 in his first run for mayor of Los Angeles, only to lose by a close margin. Who would have thought following that disappointment that the same man would rebound, win the mayor's office three consecutive times, win his party's gubernatorial nomination, and then come within less than 1 percent of winning the state's highest office in the midst of a conservative era? Bradley has already expressed interest in another try for the governor's post in 1986. Given his history of determination and eventual success in Los Angeles, the result next time could well be different.

In sum, pessimists can bemoan the racist influence on, perhaps, at least a third-of-a-million white California voters. Optimists can note that at least 2.6 million white Californians (about 44 percent of white voters) supported a black candidate to be the state's "captain of the ship." Thus, though Bradley's defeat represents a lost opportunity for both California and the nation, his very rise and near-miss signify at once the slow erosion of our nation's racist legacy and its continued persistence. □

George Wallace Again: Fighting Time And Pain

Frank Van Riper

His fourth — and probably last — race for governor was remarkable for what it showed about Wallace himself.



DAVID L. RYAN/The Boston Globe

MONTGOMERY, ALA. — It took three tries before he heard the question in the noise of the political rally just ended, but his hearing aid had been sensitive enough to pick out the word "Hinckley."

George C. Wallace, whose memories still run blood red from the day ten years ago that made him a cripple, let his feelings come rushing out.

"I think it's ludicrous and a sad indictment of our system for a man, just because he's got money, to have a lot of folks confuse a jury, as they did — [a man] that shot the President right in open view of millions of people in the country, and then get out of court.

"He is... he is... he is..." Wallace said, groping and sputtering for the right word, "a kook! — but that *don't* mean he doesn't know right from wrong. He ought to have been sent to the penitentiary for life!"

Wallace's muscular arms pushed him out of his wheelchair and deftly swung his lifeless limbs into the back seat of the black limousine.

The door was about to close, but Wallace hesitated and turned his deeply lined face to his questioner.

"I'm so proud there wasn't any permanent injury to our President," Wallace said, as his aides placed his worn wheelchair in the trunk. "Because you know that one shot coulda hit him a little bit further and he might be in the shape I'm in. I was very prayerful and thankful to the Lord for not letting him get permanently injured.

"And I'm sure sorry about Mr. Brady and the policeman and all of them that was shot," Wallace went on. "That man [Hinckley] ruined Mr. Brady's life and made it miserable. And for him to get out that way..."

He hesitated. Then his face grew hard and his dark eyes went cold.

"I think attempting to shoot the President ought to be an electric chair offense."

George Corley Wallace, 63, and a victim of his own would-be assassin, was running for an unprecedented fourth term as governor of Alabama.

He had toned down his rhetoric from the open race-baiting of the 1960's to position himself to the left of the firebreathing rightwinger who opposed him, Republican Mayor Emory Folmar of Montgomery, a moneyed Reagan clone who in profile even looked like the President.

It was a shallow attempt to hold on to the black vote in this state, for Wallace knew he didn't have to do much. Black voters, who totaled anywhere between 350,000 and a half million, could either have voted for Wallace or have stayed home. As it turned out, they voted — in near record numbers — and helped give Wallace a surprisingly one-sided win over the 52-year-old Folmar, despite the most serious Republican run at the Alabama governorship since Reconstruction. Though he outspent Wallace by more than three to one, Folmar never had a chance.

"Listen, I appointed blacks before; there's nothin' new about that," Wallace told me confidently as I covered him in the closing weeks of the campaign. He noted that even in the 1960's, his angry brand of populism always got him a third of the black vote — not to mention most of the poor white vote. "I had blacks in my cabinet, blacks in my office, blacks on boards. I was the first governor to have a black cabinet member."

But his fourth — and probably last — race for governor was remarkable for what it showed about Wallace himself. How clear it became that he was running not just for the office, but for a new fix of the political attention and power that sustained him through the dark and terrible nights of his affliction. He was running for his life.

His face is deeply lined now, his hearing nearly gone. He is said to be in pain a good deal of the time, pain marked by grimaces that bare tobacco-stained teeth. His mind sometimes wanders in mid-speech though he retains a successful politician's uncanny ability suddenly to remember faces and names. ("Din' I see you at the airport?" Wallace asked a black state worker at a Montgomery rally. "Yes, guv'nuh, you sure did," the man replied. They parted, each beaming.)

On election night, an exhausted and subdued Wallace said he intended to be "governor of all citizens of Alabama, whether they voted for me or not." Despite the size of his victory margin, though, it is doubtful whether Wallace's election has any deep national significance. A Democratic party pro summed it up. "Alabama is a special case," he said, "especially because of the singular personality and appeal of George Corley Wallace."

At the height of his political power, as a third party presidential candidate in 1968, Wallace — then known as the "segregation forever" governor for his theatrical opposition to civil rights laws — scared the hell out of establishment politicians by seriously threatening to throw the race for the presidency into the House of Representatives. He carried five states — Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Louisiana, and Mississippi — after a venomous campaign against war protestors ("I'd throw 'em under the jailhouse"), court-ordered busing, big government and, as many perceived it, uppity blacks. He vowed to do better in 1972. And he did, until he stumped in Laurel.

On May 15, 1972, at a campaign appearance in Laurel, Maryland, Arthur Bremer emptied his pistol into Wallace and the dreams of the White House were gone forever.

The bullet that bruised his spinal cord left him paralyzed for life. The others that perforated his intestines nearly killed him. In 1974, campaigning in a wheelchair, Wallace was elected governor for a third time.

"I'm running because I can *win*," Wallace said the fourth time around. "I can win because I got experience and I believe

that being known over the country and the world makes me a man who can bring some new industry and new jobs for Alabama. . . Why, this campaign — or my campaign, anyway — was front-page news in the capital of Saudi Arabia."

But Wallace admitted to me he hadn't been overseas in nearly a decade and that many of the leaders who stayed still long enough to be photographed with him are no longer in power. It didn't matter. In a state whose more than fourteen percent jobless rate was second only to Michigan's, Wallace kept peddling the hope that he would be the Pied Piper of "jobs, jobs, jobs!"

In testy response, Folmar dismissed Wallace's claims, declaring, "Anyone saying Margaret Thatcher is gonna send you 20,000 jobs is not playing with a full deck."

Folmar's campaign manager, Tom Coker, a disagreeable bear of a man, also bellyached loud and often about the attention Wallace was getting from the out-of-state press.

"We gonna win despite all you Yankee press comin' down here writing about George Wallace," Coker said, clamping down even harder on his dead cigar.

And there *was* quite an out-of-state presence, especially in the latter part of the campaign. Wallace's attempt at a political comeback commanded prominent play in nearly all the major dailies — stories written either by regional correspondents or visiting political writers. There were pieces in *The New York Times*, front page display in *The Wall Street Journal*, a raft of *Washington Post* Style section pieces and my own effort in the *New York Daily News*, to name a few.

By contrast, in Alabama, coverage of the Wallace-Folmar race was almost desultory.

"It really has been dull," one local reporter told me, almost apologetically. It was as if Alabamians had gotten used to Wallace and didn't need daily infusions of ink about him.

And Wallace himself set the languid pace, rarely appearing at more than one or two major events a day — inevitably fueling rumors about his health. The contrast carried over to the two candidates' headquarters.

Folmar's campaign headquarters, on the outskirts of Montgomery, were in an efficient-looking storefront in a shopping center with sentry-like receptionists and floors covered in brown outdoor carpeting patterned to look like oak panels. (It actually looked like fuzzy wood.)

By contrast, Wallace's headquarters were in a cavernous former furniture showroom several miles away, with desks plunked down randomly on torn grey carpeting and metal folding chairs scattered all about. This contrast may have been cultivated.

At times Wallace's opponent, a towering Babbit who made his money in real estate, seemed a parody worthy of Stanley Kubrick. Emory Folmar, who had served as a paratrooper in the Korean War, relished his image as a tough guy and presided over the Montgomery city council like an *imam* (earning the nickname "Mayoratollah" in the process).

He'd sometimes pack a pistol to public gatherings and left no doubt that his law-and-order message was aimed at blacks and anyone else who didn't get with his program. During a

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court suit on a Folmar-backed redistricting plan that allegedly lessened black voting strength, Folmar coolly conceded that blacks probably viewed him as "their enemy."

"It really is a sad sight," said Jerome Gray, field director of the state's black caucus, the Alabama Democratic Conference, shortly before election day. "We are saying to the nation that we couldn't do any better than this." (An even blunter assessment came from Mary Weidler, state director of the ACLU, who called the campaign a race between "a vegetable and a Nazi.")

Reluctantly, the Conference endorsed Wallace (the first time it ever had done so) because bad though Wallace was, Folmar was worse, and a black boycott of the polls would only help the Republicans and hurt the blacks on the Democratic ballot.

It was a bitter political pill for veterans of the civil rights turmoil of the 1960's and 1970's. And the race took its toll on Wallace as well.

The fourth time was the hardest. He was fighting time, horrible memories, and the growing whispers that he was but a shell of himself. He was forced into a primary runoff against moderate young Lieutenant Governor George McMillan, darling of the blacks — and of crossover Republicans who didn't care a whit for Democrat McMillan's politics, but who viewed McMillan as far more beatable in a general election than Wallace.

But Wallace eked out a 19,000-vote runoff win. ("If Jesus Christ himself were running, there'd still be people who'd vote Wallace," grouched one Folmar man.) Sensing that Wallace might finally be vulnerable and provide the GOP a much-needed governor's seat in the anticipated 1982 gubernatorial bloodbath, the GOP targeted Alabama with money and speakers, including Nancy Reagan and Vice President Bush. If that weren't enough, Wallace's ex-wife, Cornelia, announced in the final days that she was voting for Folmar. She claimed that in the first year after the shooting, she had to keep Wallace's pistol and sleeping pills from him because he was suicidal. "Even now," she said, "I know he suffers a great deal of pain."

In response, Wallace waged a feisty "rich vs. poor," Democrat vs. Republican campaign, telling questioners with bravado that the real problem today is that too many politicians are "paralyzed from the neck up." But there was a significant addition this time. Now, George Wallace admitted, segregation was wrong.

He did it in private — and only under questioning, lest he antagonize his hardcore redneck support. On the stump, it came out like this: "Regardless of your color, we're all in the same fix. We can't pay our bills so we must join together to see all black and white Alabamians have opportunities in schools and jobs." And he boasted often and with justification about the free textbook policies and technical school programs he rammed through as governor to help poor kids, black and white.

Ironically, many blacks who refused to call Wallace a demagogue in the 1960's because they figured he came naturally by his racism, were more willing to make the charge this time, after Wallace, in effect, had gotten religion.

Jerome Gray noted that, for all Wallace's talk about equality, he steadfastly refused during the campaign to endorse extension of the 1965 Voting Rights Act (passed largely as a result of Wallace's and other Southerners' intransigence), or to endorse the appointment of two well thought of black judges.

But the most telling example of Wallace's expediency, to Gray anyway, came at a late summer rally when Wallace was handed, and later signed, a petition calling for early release of two elderly black women convicted of vote fraud by an all-white jury and given maximum prison sentences. As soon as it became obvious that reporters had seen the incident, Wallace claimed he didn't know what he was signing and that he thought he was merely signing his autograph.

(Similarly, when I asked Wallace about the Voting Rights Act, he replied that since he was not then an elected official, "I was not in a position to support or non-support [sic] it." And besides, he claimed, "nobody asked me about it.")

The clouds were growing darker over the state capital — humid, threatening skies — as scores of state officials in shirt-sleeves and doubleknit suits milled about, waiting for "the governor" to be wheeled out of the building and set beside the bunting-draped table on the capital steps.

They were Wallace's long-time cronies and looked to him to keep them in office. When the candidate showed up, you couldn't hear him for the rebel yells and the cheers.

Even the coroners were there. ("For the Republican funeral," cracked Senator Howell Heflin.)

Wallace, his nomination sewn up and confident of victory, was in a mood to be a good Democrat. (An "Alabama Democrat," he specifies, since he did bolt the party in 1968 and refused to back McGovern in 1972.)

"People of all races who are Democrats have come together on this Democratic Solidarity Day," Wallace enthused. And everyone cheered.

You could see the tonic work. At a Chamber of Commerce speech the day before, Wallace rambled pitifully, referring at least three times to his shooting, and punctuating his talk at one point with a long and irrelevant joke before the emcee tried unsuccessfully to cut him off.

But with adulation from people beholden to him, Wallace sat straighter in his wheelchair and grinned like a child.

The skies grew darker and Wallace cut the rally short to avoid the rain, but it never came and he lingered to work the crowd. Finally, he got back to his car and talked about John Hinckley. More handshakes and not a few embraces through the open limousine window. "Hang in there, George!" somebody said. Then, there was no one left to pay court.

Wallace banged his right hand down on the car door, hitting it with his huge gold initial ring.

"Fellas, let's go," he said, and the big black limousine disappeared. □

No Runs, A Few Hits, And Many Errors

Chuck Stone

A post-election appraisal of the press's political coverage in November 1982.



LAST WEEK AN ASSOCIATED PRESS reporter called me and asked how I felt about the anniversary.

I said, What anniversary?

He said, One year anniversary.

I said, I don't know what it is.

He said, You don't know?

He couldn't believe it. It was just one year ago that I was involved in a hostage situation in Graterford (Pennsylvania) Prison. I helped negotiate the release of six hostages who were held for six days by seven inmates who had four guns: a double-barreled shotgun, a single-barreled shotgun, a .38 and a .22.

I think I blocked out the two days I spent negotiating in there.

But that incident has a sense of finality, a sense of achievement, a sense of victory. And these senses relate to my analysis of what the press did in the most recent election and how badly we did it.

THE sense of finality is always important, the sense of achievement. When that particular hostage thing was over, and the inmates had surrendered and the guns were turned in and the hostages were released, we were sitting in a large hallway. There were about one hundred state troopers milling around with high-powered rifles and machine guns; I was sitting there — the only newsman on the scene — writing furiously, because here's the obvious scoop; the inside.

I was drained of energy. I was so tired I couldn't write my column that night — I had to dictate it — but I was writing then, when a black guard, Lieutenant Williams, walked up to me and said, Chuck Stone, man, you still writing?

And I said, Yeah, bro', I got an exclusive.

He said, What are you still writing for? It's all over; we done *did* this shit!

And I thought, that's true. We done did it.

So that sense of finality, of achievement, is what I want to talk about. And the metaphor "no runs, few hits, and many errors" is apt.

I find that today among the American people there's a kind of ambivalence about what we do in the press. I've been in this business now for twenty-four years and I get a sense of being challenged more, being disputed more, of our wisdom not being accepted *prima facie*, of more dissent from our Olympian wisdom. Why is this happening?

This has always existed. Thomas Jefferson is able to sum up how people feel about us:

I shall never take another newspaper of any sort. I do not take a single newspaper, nor read one a month, and I feel infinitely happier for it.

He says, in the next breath:

To the press alone, checkered as it is with abuses, the world is indebted for all the triumphs which have been gained by reason and humanity over error and oppression.

He continues:

I've been deceived for a while, but as long as the presses can be protected, we may trust them for life.

And goes on to say:

Advertisements contain the only truths to be relied on in a newspaper... Nothing can be believed which is seen in a newspaper. Truth itself becomes suspicious by being put into that polluted vehicle... The man who never listens to a newspaper is better informed than he who reads them... Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without government, I would not hesitate to choose the latter.

The kind of ambivalence that Jefferson felt about our craft is exemplified among today's newspaper readers.

There's a feeling that some of our pristine credibility has tarnished. To readers, we suffer from vulnerability, culpability, and — worst of all — inability. To an increasingly sophisticated readership we're no longer the dispensers of wisdom. Our editorial biases are challenged more and more in letters, in public criticism, in polls, in the courts, by groups vulcanized by ideology and special pleadings. We are guilty of not ventilating their causes more often and more frequently. To a paradoxically more educated public, we are perceived as more prone to errors.

And the most serious development of all: We are becoming just one more special-interest group which attempts to protect its corporate and political interests — whether or not the public believes that newspapers gain a more virile exercise of their First Amendment rights by stepping down from the pedestal of being an arbiter and becoming a combatant.

This is very important: There are a number of areas where we have become corporately oriented, rather than oriented toward our freedom of expression. Sigma Delta Chi has registered as a lobbyist; the American Newspapers Publishers Association is fighting AT&T.

With this in mind, I want to get into five aspects of how the press handled the elections of this past Tuesday: the sterility of predicted validity; the souring of the lactile connection; the electronic Atari syndrome; the interpretive inconclusiveness; and the tawdry love affair with psychometric prostitutes, more propitiously worshipped as pollsters.

I am taking the approach of what I call the determinate pattern of life. When the guard said to me, We done did this, I realized once again how everything in life moves toward conclusion or resolution; process is a magnet for attracting a decision.

Every institution contains a super-order of roles: king, president, director, pope, world series champion, NBA champion, superbowl champion, valedictorian, speaker of the house, and most important of all, editor. Some one person always triumphs, some one institution invariably emerges as superior, some one political party wins what Pericles called the garland of victory in the race for valor.

After the 1982 election, however, you would never know this law of history — Stone's law of history — to exist. The five bothersome aspects of reporting the election neither enhance our credibility nor facilitate support for our reputation.

THE STERILITY OF PREDICTED VALIDITY

What will we try to predict, or prove, or report, if you — like me — read and tried to understand how many seats the Democrats would gain or the Republicans would lose? You would be totally confused by the numbers because each person had numbers, but had a different framework for them. For example, *The New York Times* of October 24 listed all the presidents going back to 1946 — from Truman to Reagan — saying “Losses in the House by Party Holding the White

House in the Nine Off-Year Elections Since the War.” That averaged out to 29 — the average of seats lost.

On October 18, *Time* magazine said, “The average for the party out of power in midterm elections since World War II is 12.” See, everybody had different qualifications. So now, we have 29 and we have 12.

Then, we go to *U.S. News & World Report*. They said the party in the White House had averaged a loss of 36 House seats in midterm elections in this century, 30 in a president's first term. That's four different figures now.

If I'm suffering from this kind of confusion, think what the public must be going through.

Then we have our various pundits. They all had wide variances of predictions on what was going to happen: Peter Hart said the Democrats would gain 23 seats; Robert Strauss said 20-plus; John Sears said 30; Robert Squires said 36; Richard Viguerie said 24 — he was very close; David Broder said 10 to 15; *The Christian Science Monitor* said 10 to 12; Richard Brody said 10 to 19.

I'm saying that we surfeited the public with a lot of predictions that were really irrelevant, because we kept qualifying — since 1946, since World War II, the party in power, and so on.

This, then, is the problem I call the sterility of predicted validity. There was no valid way you could predict what was going to happen — and no one did.

THE SOURING OF THE LACTILE CONNECTION

I learned the word *lactile* when I was a cadet in World War II — I'm an ancient person — and we had to learn what a cow does. One thing a cow does is produce lactile fluid. So here is another of Stone's laws: If money is the mother's milk of politics, then PACimony is the breast-feeder. PACimony, of course, is the money that PACs — political action committees — give to various candidates.

Is that true? There was a good article by Adam Clymer in *The New York Times* that said, “Campaign Funds Hold a Key to Outcome of House Races.” Wait, I said. All House races? All 227 races? Then I read the article and it said, further down, commenting on the study that Charles T. Manatt made, “The Republicans' money advantage gives Republicans 10 or 12 seats.” The Republicans — who are usually behind in these matters — concurred.

Mr. Manatt's estimate sounds plausible to me, but nobody did a statistical analysis of how many seats were actually won. In other words, there's a fine art to the way you do this. What do the polls say a week or two before election? Then, how much money was poured in — and did it influence the elections?

Instead, what Adam Clymer did was to list the 6 Democratic seats and 29 Republicans with 55 percent of the voter list, and campaign funds of \$50,000 or more, resulting in their victory.

In November 1982, columnist Chuck Stone held a seminar with the Nieman Fellows, the week after national elections. This transcript of their meeting has been edited for publication.

In addition to writing his column for the Philadelphia Daily News, Stone is senior editor of that newspaper. He is also a member of this year's Nieman Selection Committee.

You can say, of course, that those were factors; I say that the reason they won was because so many of them had large statistical advantages in their victories for 1980 — as much as 60 to 75 percent. But by reading this you couldn't tell which of the 10 or 12 seats of those 29 Republicans were gained. Moreover, if it was only 10 or 12, the headline was wrong. It's not the "outcome of House races"; it's the outcome of some seats. Ten or 12 out of 435 is a very small percentage.

So I say we're not precise in our reporting and interpretation. *Newsweek* said the same thing: that money alone was not enough — but it was still enough to guarantee 10 or 12 seats.

On the other hand, while we're saying how much money affected or influenced the outcome of House seats, money had no impact in two gubernatorial elections: In Texas, where Clements spent \$14 million, and in New York, where Lehman spent \$7 million. In the Senate race in Minnesota, Dayton spent \$5.6 million. All that money meant nothing; they all lost. So I wonder if we can show the relationship between the amount of money that was spent and whether or not it had an impact. These large amounts of money should have some impact; PACimony does have influence; but to what extent? I think the press was deficient in not going into that.

THE ELECTRONIC ATARI SYNDROME

We have discovered the Atari game and we are mesmerized by it. Television is having a ball. *Newsweek's* analysis of this sums up the syndrome from which we are suffering. It said, "At times the networks' whiz-bang pyrotechnics suggested a video game arcade. At CBS, a computerized map of the nation suddenly turned three-dimensional and took on GOP or Democratic colors, then twirled into demographic breakdown charts. NBC introduced a monstrous, equally surrealistic scoreboard complete with animated elephants and donkeys. Ironically, ABC, which pioneered such glitzy graphics, appeared relatively subdued this time around." And that was just fine with this new old pro, David Brinkley.

All we did was to try to jazz up the reporting of the election which of course was very dull unless there was a major upset. We kept looking for something to happen, some kind of convulsive, catastrophic results — and they never occurred. So we kept playing with the Atari computer to make it look jazzy and sexy. There's an obsession with that.

INTERPRETIVE INCONCLUSIVENESS

How can we find out what really happened? Did or didn't the Republicans suffer defeat? Was Mr. Reagan reduced, as *The New York Times* suggested? *The Philadelphia Inquirer* said, No, it was inconclusive.

We had so many different interpretations of what really

happened — although all life moves toward determinate outcomes and conclusions, you never would have known it by reading the newspapers after November 4th. So many times the reports would go into great detail about what happened — then qualify it by some kind of interpretive caveat.

For example, *Time* magazine said that in one instance the Democrats had gained 26 seats; they gained 7 governorships; and control of 11 state legislatures. However, post-election polls — exit polls — said that people were unhappy with the Democrats. So you had this feeling that, well, maybe nothing really happened after all. Maybe Mr. Reagan is right in saying, "I feel very good about what happened." I quoted him in my column and pointed out that other great men in history have said the same thing: Gerry Cooney, Robert E. Lee, Edsel Ford, Robert Custer — they all have said, "I feel very good about what has happened." And of course we believe that.

Here is another thing we do so poorly: We quote people and the comments are meaningless. In *The New York Times* there was a quote from one of the experts at MIT, who was trying to explain what would happen on Election Day. He said, "A bad economic situation can increase the turnout if the unemployed seek revenge against the Republicans. On the other hand, the lack of alternatives offered by the other side to the existing order can discourage people from voting — a lot of them could just give up and withdraw from the election process."

In other words, some people may vote, and some people may not vote.

So here is a really great authority who said absolutely nothing. All the election analysts said on-the-one-hand, on-the-other-hand.

This inconclusiveness is bad for the people. Something happened: either the Democrats won or they didn't win. The Republicans did win 1980, and now I think the Democrats won 1982, but we are loathe to surrender that fact.

PSYCHOMETRIC PROSTITUTES

I am bothered by the fact that we have given so much publicity to the polls and they were all wrong, just wrong.

In fact, *The Washington Post* had an article by Ward Sinclair, and the headline said, "Pollsters agree on one thing: They were all wrong." That article was placed on page 26, at the bottom. Sinclair indicated the number of polls that spelled out what was going to happen, yet they were all wrong. He cited Jim Thompson; several Congressional races; statements that Cuomo was leading by 13 points, yet he won by only 3 points — a whole series of elections where pollsters were wrong. And they continue to be wrong; Harry Truman lives again.

Finally, my other concern — the press as a developing corporate interest group. I'm not at all sure that this is good. It may be a response to a feeling of being besieged — the *laager*

continued on page 59



ANESTIS DIAKOPOULOS

Children of Crime

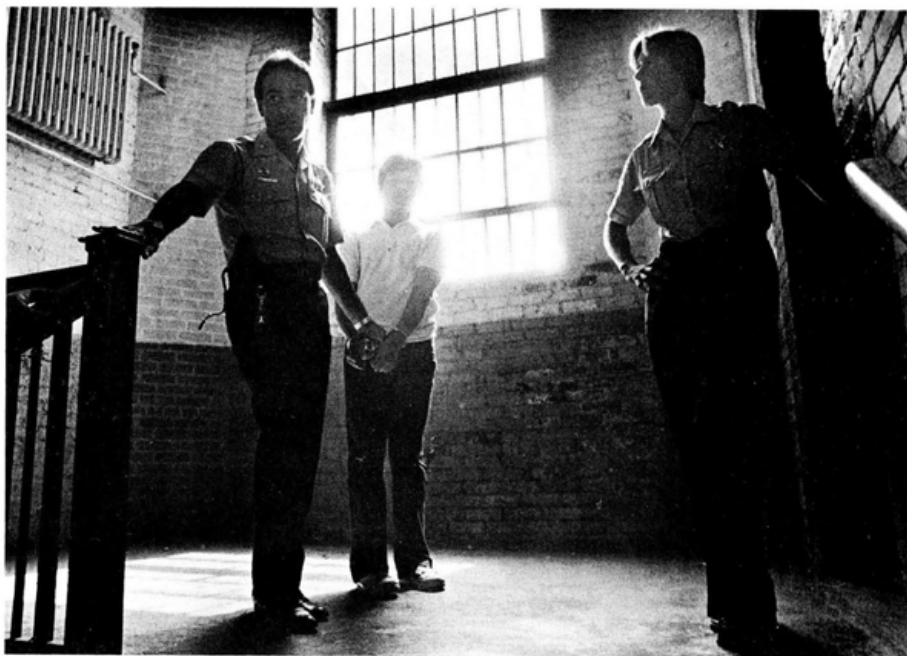
Although health, charity, and lunacy are no longer teamed together in the delivery of social services, Howe's words of more than a century ago still ring true. Nationwide, minors account for 21 percent of arrests. In Rhode Island, where the figure reaches 31 percent, many in the state's juvenile justice system say that kids commit as many crimes as adults.

In February 1982, the *Providence Journal-Bulletin* published "Children of Crime," a week-long series examining the state's system of juvenile justice. Reporter **Stephen P. Morin** and photographer **Anestis Diakopoulos** spent six months getting inside the lives of young delinquents, following them through high-crime neighborhoods, through the Family Court, to the Training School, and — for some — to adult prison. Several of the youngsters they interviewed ran away. Many others committed more crimes. One was murdered. Another took fifty Valium and died.

On these pages, we hear the voices and see the faces of the people on both sides of the locks and bars that remain central to our concept of justice. The photographs and text are extracted from a 16-page reprint of the entire series, which was recently honored with The Newspaper Guild's Heywood Broun Award.

"When dealing with delinquent boys, we must rely on people more than on locks and bars."

—Samuel Gridley Howe
First Commissioner of Health, Charity, and Lunacy
in Massachusetts, ca. 1870



"I think that once a kid gets into the system — and that means once he gets arrested and brought before the court —

the odds are that he will stay in the (criminal justice) system for the rest of his life."

—John McManus, Director,
Department for Children
and Their Families



DIAKOPOULOS (ALL)



"What I see is these kids are very hateful. They're robbing somebody. They're b-&-e'ing. Stealing cars. They hate society because society gave them the screws. They haven't had love. They look at TV and see Mom and Dad sitting down and talking with their son. 'Where the hell does that happen? I don't see nobody like that. If that's true, I'm getting ripped off. I'm gonna have what they have on TV. Because no one is gonna give it to me, I'm gonna have to go out and get it.'"

—Detective Steve Cross,
Juvenile Bureau,
Providence Police Department

"We live and die for our money on Cranston Street."

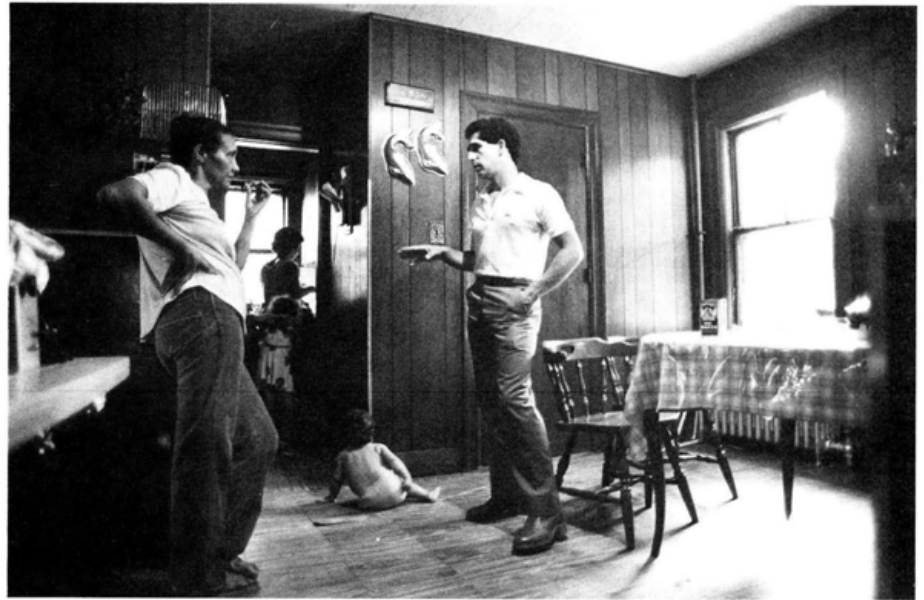
—14-year-old girl

"The drain these kids take on our society is unbelievable. They contribute to violence in the schools; they've made the streets unsafe."

—John McManus

"Everybody says I'm gonna end up in prison. I don't think so. Well — there's a chance of it."

—17-year-old boy,
resident of Youth
Correctional Center



"You could solve a lot of problems of the juvenile justice system if there were some way we could interact at an earlier time with the families. I'm convinced that the families are absolutely more responsible (for delinquency) than anyone else."

—Judge Thomas Fay

"The judges are always ready to release these stupid kids back to the parents. Marty was released one day and on the way back he said, 'See, I told you I'd go home. I go to court, the judge says shame on you, you've been a bad boy, naughty-naughty, and go home with your mother and behave.' That's exactly how these kids think about it. They don't worry about punishment."

—Mother of three delinquents

"The natural process of growing up solves a lot more problems than we can solve."

—Chief Judge Edward P. Gallogly,
Family Court

"We know he steals bikes, but we don't know if he stole this bike. If he brings it back, maybe the victim will be happy."

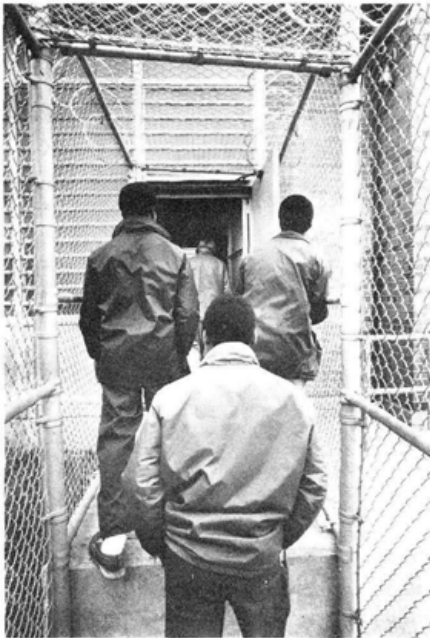
—Detective Joe Carnevale,
Juvenile Bureau,
Providence Police Department

DIAKOPOULOS (ALL)





DIAKOPOULOS (ALL)



"I have all these problems and they build up inside me and I just blow up."

—14-year-old girl

"We have substituted 'diagnosis' for 'treatment' in our juvenile justice system. We know what their problems are, but we don't do anything about it. We give these kids a label and they drift through the system while we pretend to have done our jobs."

—Linda D'Amario, Deputy Director,
Department for Children
and Their Families

"I never feel guilty about robbing old people. My friend is real vicious. He likes to beat them up. Not me. I just want their money."

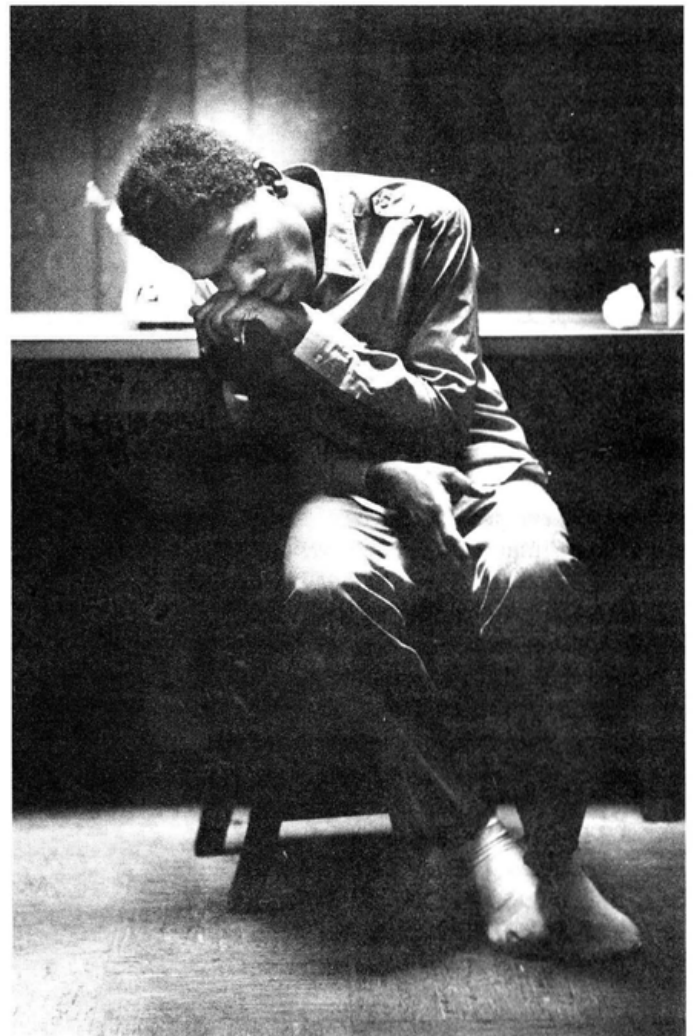
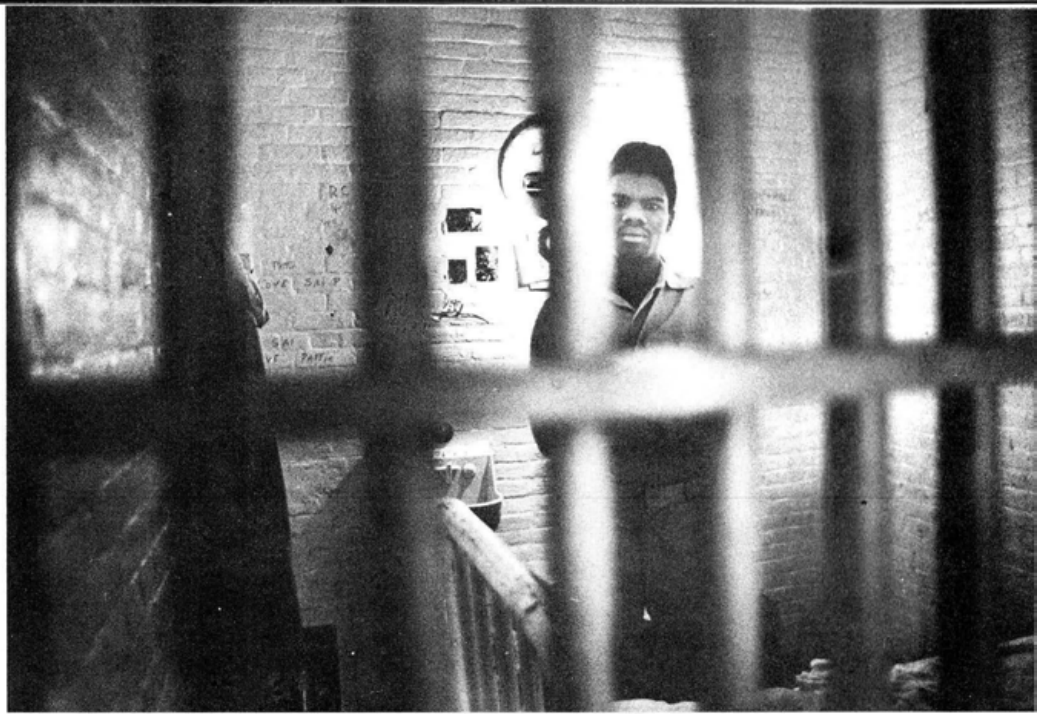
—Kevin Walker, 16 years old

"I think if I had any brains I should have gone and done one big score like a diamond store or a bank; planned it out, really smart. Like everybody says, It can't be done, but I know it can be done if somebody has the brains. Like a Bonded Vault robbery. \$80,000 ain't bad. But I want really big money so I'll never have to work again."

—16-year-old boy

"He knows he's getting out in six months, whatever he does. That means we are trying to combat in six months what the kid has been exposed to for sixteen years."

—Linda D'Amario



DIAKOPOULOS (ALL)





"I have to say we've had very limited success. I see far too many failures. We don't address the roots of these problems. You look at the buildings we have for kids. Group homes in terrible shape, in bad areas. Furniture at the Training School falling apart. Then you look at the money we spend on hospitals, a new federal office building, a new Family Court. Not many people care about these kids. They have no real advocate. We, as a society, are satisfied with marginal programs. We've taken only a half step for them. We've gotta take a full step."

—John McManus

Since the age of 15, Tyrone Powell has been convicted of 30 crimes; he was found delinquent of dozens of other crimes as a minor. When he was 10 years old he was a resident of the State's Training School. Now 29, he is serving a 12-year sentence at Supermax, Rhode Island's \$7 million, computer-run prison. He would now like to persuade delinquents from following him: "I don't want to be no idol. . . . It makes no sense to throw your life away. No sense getting into that trouble. It's not worth anything to go to jail or the Training School. I don't care if I stole \$1 million, it's not worth it for me to do ten years in here. To live in this bathroom, deprived of my loved ones. No way is that worth anything." □



DIAKOPOULOS (ALL)



Bits Of The Globe

What began as a random choice of articles has resulted in fortuitous pairings of subjects.

Herewith, two pieces in the context of Eastern Europe that focus on Poland and Yugoslavia; another includes visits to the African countries of Zimbabwe and Malawi; and others turn to Asia, where one author gets a fleeting look at present-day Afghanistan, and two veteran China-watchers reflect on the reporting of forty years ago.

Not To Be There For A While

Andrzej Wróblewski

Poland crossed a point of no return in December 1981,
and journalists especially faced a new challenge.

Walden Pond.
It is like any pond. Lots of water.
So this is the Mecca of American pastoralism. This is where Henry Thoreau would escape from harsh reality, and where he found truth, honesty, and calm? Is this who some contemporary Americans want to follow, disappointed in technological progress and in the political system, believing that closer to nature they will find what Thoreau found at Walden?

An excursion to a pond is one of a few luxuries that I could afford at home in Poland. But I could not eat ham or drink coffee. I could not read whatever I liked and whenever I liked. I could not take a year off, away from reality. One has to do something for a living. Those delights are awaiting me, though, in a few months, when I go back and, together with other compatriots, enjoy our Polish poverty.

It was a miracle that I could have come here, or a double miracle, since not only has this American university granted

me the Fellowship, but Polish authorities issued the passport as well. The day that turned my life and my whole nation's, seems from this perspective, as far away as multiply ocean distances. It is only a year, though.

That day, as any other morning, I switched on the radio to learn of new strike threats, new government warnings, what the spokesman of Solidarity said, and how a foreign politician responded. It was Sunday, but during that warm political season, political life did not cease for weekends. Instead of news I heard the speech of General Jaruzelski announcing imposition of martial law — and I felt relief, as if the second shoe had been dropped.

The first shoe had dropped sixteen months earlier in August 1980, when the Gdansk agreement was signed. This "international" agreement (as it was named because on the one side there was the Polish nation; on the other, Polish government) opened a nervous but hopeful period of reevaluation of our national life. Many themes which formerly we could only whisper now were openly debated. We discussed whether a socialist government is reformable and, if so, how far it could be reformed. Many people acted as though they had forgotten

Andrzej Wróblewski, Nieman Fellow '83, is the editor of The Organization Review, a scientific monthly magazine published in Warsaw, Poland. From 1959 to December 1981, he was employed at Polityka weekly, most recently as political editor.

Poland's place on the map; they seemed to believe that the Yalta Treaty, which in 1944 had divided Europe into Eastern and Western parts, could be revised. But I did not believe that could happen. I was waiting for the second shoe to drop. That day came that Sunday, December 13, 1981.

How it looked was many times described. Telephones went dead. My wife and I picked up my friend and all three walked together through the Warsaw streets amidst snow and sunshine. The walls, which only the day before had been covered with hand-painted slogans of Solidarity, were posterized with white announcements of how any disobedience would be fined. We attempted to read, but the letters were jumping in front of our eyes. In a major intersection there was a tank; the soldier waved us to go away when we stood by. I said, "It is good that he is ours." The friend replied, "I would prefer him to be a stranger. The situation would be morally pure then."

We talked with other people who lived close by; some were full of joy, anticipating that law and order would be restored; some protested, calling this an undeclared war against our own nation; some went along with us, while someone else warned that too many of us could be considered a gathering. I felt one big noise in my mind and although what had happened was hardly a surprise, I could not align my thoughts. One thing I knew for sure, however: *We, as a nation, had crossed the point of no return and especially we, the journalists, faced quite a new challenge.* Tomorrow, I thought, some will enjoy and some will despair — but that tomorrow will be dramatically different from yesterday, which will never come back.

Tomorrow was Monday, the first work day under martial law and the last when our staff could meet and exchange opinions: The office of *Polityka*, like the offices of almost all other media, was to be locked and sealed. Nobody knew for how long, or if the magazine would reappear. Nobody knew why some colleagues were missing — had they been arrested? And nobody knew whether we should wait for the editor, who was busy in the government somewhere, or if we should start debating without him. And what about? The discussion began by self-ignition and was careful and restrained at the beginning. Although we had known each other for years, nobody would press the others against the wall; it was not clear who would act how.

"It is very sad that some hundreds of people had to be arrested," said Karol, an eternal opportunist — two days earlier he had portrayed himself as the supporter of Solidarity — "but we must admit there was no other solution. If our words were not sufficient to cool down hot heads, the barrels of guns had to do that."

"I congratulate your self-assurance," answered Jadwiga, "because in my opinion our words have quite a different task than to cool. They have to inform. We have to be servants, not the teachers of our readers. And as to the internees, there are some thousands, if not some dozens of thousands of them, including some of our friends perhaps."

"Words, words, words!" cried Stanislaw, always peppy. "Something much more important than words, than principles

even, was at stake: the state! The state could not function that way, provoked and disbanded any minute. The state had to react against anarchy and good that it did! The only pity is that it did so late."

He was not so much a Communist as a patriot who believed that the state must accept the ideology which comes out of international relations. For Poland, squeezed between Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, and East Germany, the choice was more than clear.

It became more and more apparent our always consistent staff was dividing into groups and sub-groups. Maria attempted to ease tensions, saying:

"If there had been less stupidity and vehemence, and more patience and tolerance, maybe what has happened could have been avoided. And we have to be patient and tolerant now —"

"What are you talking about?" interrupted the fellow who had walked with me the previous day and who would prefer to see a Soviet soldier instead of a Polish one. "Has it been too little patience, thirty-five years? From the very beginning the Gdansk agreement was a lie! The authorities, the party wanted to gain time and to initiate a counteraction! The illusions have gone now, naked truth remains, the compromise between ruling and ruled is impossible. And, by the same token, our work has become impossible!"

"Do you mean you're leaving the job?" asked Karol. Although it was a hit below the belt, his question made everybody understand that jokes were over, that we were playing for real money, and that we had to assume responsibility for our words. Each person who took the floor deepened the divisions. Each endorsed chain reactions in both camps: those inclined to leave and those inclined to stay.

I did not try to hide my decision either, although it caught some colleagues by surprise. But before I repeat it, I must go back to the very beginning of Solidarity, whose birth I witnessed and whose growth I watched and covered closely, and not always with the enthusiasm of some of my colleagues. Walesa's famous statement, made after signing the Gdansk agreement, that "a Pole will always come to terms with a Pole," was in my opinion naively nationalistic and dangerously illusory: in Polish society, as in any other, there are differences of interests, of functions, of responsibilities. They would not disappear even if Walesa became president. My more radical friends were annoyed when, interviewing Walesa twice, I pressed him hard; I thought, however, that it was my duty to closely examine this new powerful organization on the political stage.

It was one thing to write critically on Solidarity when it could talk back, another when its leadership was behind bars. I hated to be pulled into the battle, where I probably couldn't retain control over my writing — it would be instrumental in the hands of the victors. And besides I did not like to have my readers thinking of me as a notorious ally of the victors, and of my articles as going always with the wind.

"We should cease to edit our magazine," I said. "The era is over. But even if I am alone, I am leaving."

Some colleagues were surprised, since I was always a man of compromise rather than of extreme. The idea of the majority of our society and the hopes they cherished with Solidarity were clear to me, but on the other hand I understood the argument of the government as well. *I shared the belief that the Polish state may exist only as a socialist state, like it or not.* Did not we have examples of Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Afghanistan? Were we not dependent on the Soviet Union in all possible respects — politically, militarily, economically? I had asked Walesa what Solidarity would do if the Soviet Union, retaliating against too independent and therefore anti-Soviet actions, decreased supplies of oil, iron ore, cotton, and other commodities, worsening the economic crisis and causing unemployment. He answered: "As the labor union we would demand of the government to provide people with jobs, of course."

This government, it was true, had failed to persuade its people of the "interests of the state" and had therefore interned the most outspoken of them. For that should I leave? Instead of serving my readers as best I could, could I afford the luxury of individual views? Those are difficult questions and although I have been asked them many times, each time I had different words in mind. Let me phrase them this way:

In my country, where people vote, but do not elect; where there is no democracy, but a single "people's democracy," where there is no alternative, but ideology instead, a journalist must — willing or not — assume the role of a politician. He has not only a readership. He has an electorate as well. He works for them; it is as if he represents them. Therefore, when the crucial moment comes, as it did on December 13, he has to act like a politician and not seek asylum in the ivory tower of professionalism, claiming that he does not care about ideas, but only how to cover them. If his program has been defeated, he must assume the defeat.

My program was not the one of Solidarity. It was the program of compromise. I had illusions that socialism might be reformed, that it might be reborn in a more democratic and pluralistic shape, that partial opposition of a labor union might ennoble it. But my illusions had been crushed. One always has to pay for illusions.

Our last meeting was coming to an end. The managing editor was nervously glancing at his watch; at noon came the deadline when he had to deposit keys with the military commissar. We went out, but the talks continued. Maria, who had claimed to be patient and tolerant, kept asking me what my position was and said that in her eyes it was not a reason to leave, but rather good material to be printed when the magazine reappears. "You will see that everything will settle somehow and we will serve our readers as usual. Life will go on."

I answered reluctantly. I felt really tired. I dreamed of the silence at the lake's shore (as Thoreau had 130 years earlier?) where neither a patient-and-tolerant nor a decisive-and-militant mood (like the one who would prefer Soviet soldiers to ours) would force me to answer their questions. I had twenty-four

years' experience in a socialist press and I knew the doctrine of the ruling: *Those who do not control the media, do not control the power.* The tool of information is simultaneously the tool of propaganda. In order to rule, one has to control what people know and what they don't; how often upbeat themes are debated and how rarely negative ones; what can be discussed and what remains taboo. Censorship, which our Western colleagues, flushed with an almost prurient interest, inquired about so frequently, is only *part* of the system.



Ed Rado, Niman Foundation

From Warsaw to Walden Pond: the journalist-turned-philosopher contemplates the seasons.

I had to accept this system and I will have to accept it when I go back. Instead of a frontal assault on the thesis that "those who do not control the media, do not control the power," it is better to interpret it in a flexible way: to narrow the control to very substantial themes, to widen the area of truth, to pass as much information as possible to the readers and hope they will somehow guess the rest. If one rejects that system altogether, one can't work in the media of a socialist state. If one accepts that system without reservation, one can't calmly look in the mirror while shaving. There is a golden middle point

somewhere. But where?

For twenty-four years I had believed I was close to that golden point. But now I assumed the compromise would no longer be possible; one would have to go too deep into murky water. The people who had to employ tanks to control the power will control the media with not much more subtle instruments. I said to Maria, who had asked me to put my thoughts on paper, that I was sorry and wished them well, but that they would have to write something else themselves.

I could already then imagine how the reappearance of my magazine would look and how my eventual article would be evaluated: "You know, that is a valuable piece, original approach, right opinion, but how about a little different deployment of accents? Why say that Solidarity was the biggest organization ever on Polish soil? The majority is not necessarily right. On the other hand, why forego the question of strategic balance of forces in Europe? The reader should realize we are part of the socialist camp and what comes of that. Why not soften that phrase and make this a little tougher? Why not edit this out, and write that instead?"

After such a retelling I wouldn't recognize my own child in print.

I became unemployed by my own choice and the map of my social contacts began to change: some friendships got weaker, while some others, merely acquaintances, grew closer. Together with other unemployed journalists — volunteers like me or those who had been fired — we met in St. Anna's Church bell tower in Warsaw Old Town, where shipments of food sent by Western journalists' unions were stored: We would repack flour, sugar, margarine, and powdered milk and distribute parcels to those who needed them the most. It was relief for them, of course, but could not replace a stable job; it helped them to survive difficult times, both materially and morally, and let some make a choice that fit their consciences.

Western colleagues used to appear in person, too. They described how the country under martial law looked. They counted how many hours it took to buy a piece of meat. They asked how people would change their ration of soap for, say, shoes, and whether Solidarity would organize an uprising. They were delighted to see Polish friends who had made a final choice and abandoned the profession. Of these, the greatest successes were a television host who became a taxi driver; a political commentator who ran a second-hand bookstore; and an economic journalist who became a carpenter. I know these people well and like them very much, but it is not they who represented the true dilemma of our profession.

The real dilemma was not in how to make a living; not everybody could be a carpenter or had a car to use as a cab. *The real dilemma was the struggle between the mind and the heart: what could be accepted by one was rejected by the other. In the conflict tearing Poles apart there was no one side white and another one black. Both were gray.* The journalists, who had heads not only to wear hats, should neither leave nor stay;

each solution had plenty of disadvantages.

My perpetual Hamletization was broken by our departure to Cambridge. From here we can watch the whole globe and its universal problems: technology and civilization, influence and power, moralism and realism. I feel a citizen of the world, not of a medium-size country in central Europe, where always something is boiling and where one can't remain neutral. Yet sometimes I go to Widener Library and pick up a copy of *Polityka*, where one-third of the staff is made up of refugees from other papers, who believe perhaps that newer is safer. Reading, I attempt to imagine what would have been if I had not left the magazine.

I have never regretted my decision, a feeling that became stronger than ever while reading the story of Mr. Frasiński's trial. That young bus driver from the town of Wrocław was one of a few top Solidarity leaders who had managed to escape the first night of martial law and was not caught until ten months later, having organized some strikes and street riots. The court, trying him, based proceedings upon the law — the martial law, designed by the authorities not to leave the opponent any room to maneuver.

But the trial took place in the country, where in each town there are streets named after people who at one point had offended the law, and later were recognized as heroes: the militants against foreign oppression (Traugott, Rutkowski); against social injustice (Sempolowska, Kasprzak); against past political systems (Warski). Even the office of *Polityka* is located at Dubois Street, named for a radical socialist before World War II, tried and convicted at that time. The judge can not think of that — but the journalist has to!

The story, written by a young woman who has recently joined the staff, is dry and biased. If readers did not understand what is going on in Poland, they wouldn't understand Mr. Frasiński's motivation. And, what's more, the story *had* to be like that. In a struggle where verdicts are so harsh (Frasiński got six years), a journalist can't remain unbiased. Maybe the author did not realize that when she accepted the assignment. Or perhaps she could not refuse. Or perhaps she had written her piece otherwise and later had to agree to numerous corrections. In any case, having read the story, I felt relief again, that the questions don't concern me now. The ground of compromise that I walked on for twenty-four years, had turned too soft; was now a quagmire. Perhaps quicksand, even.

How good that I am not there for a while, and how bad that I am not there! Everybody knows how difficult it is to break a love affair, and I was in love with my readers. Sometimes I think I had so much to say to them — but I realize the whole thing is over, as when you feel that never again you will look at the eyes and kiss the face you love. The publication I will work with when I go back has a hundred times less circulation than *Polityka*.

But usually I don't think of that. Usually I am focused on my study. That calms me down. My Walden Pond is in the midst of the industrial state of Massachusetts, in downtown Cambridge, on the corner of Kirkland and Francis, in Lippmann House — not far from the real one. □

An Evening With Tito's Old Friend

Brian Dickinson

The Soviet brand of communism is very different
from communism in other countries.

BELGRADE, YUGOSLAVIA — "I am Djilas." The man, carrying a flashlight, has emerged from the apartment building onto the darkened sidewalk to greet his American visitors. He apologizes for a power shortage that has left his district in blackness, shakes hands and leads his guests up a darkened stairway to his apartment.

Milovan Djilas, once the right-hand man to Marshal Tito, talks readily with acquaintances from abroad. For years he has been Yugoslavia's most celebrated dissenter. Spurned by the regime he helped to shape, he cannot leave the country or have his books published here, and foreign visitors provide some of his few contacts with the outside.

In his book-lined study, lit only by candles and a handsome kerosene lamp, Djilas and his charming wife, Stefica, settle the visitors and bring forth Turkish coffee. More than most, he is a man shaped by his extraordinary past — the early fervor for communism, the long talks with Stalin, the fighting with Tito's partisans against the Nazis in World War II, his role as Tito's chief propagandist and ideologue, his expulsion from the party in 1954 for "revisionism," and his long years in prison. But now Djilas, at the age of 71, is more pensive. Tonight his conversation focuses on the future of Yugoslavia and the Soviet-bloc nations, which he sees facing great internal convulsions.

The East-bloc nations face a "structural" crisis, in his view, because their system and its management are basically flawed. Djilas sees inefficiencies and inflexible leadership pitted against years of citizen frustration and pent-up demands for improved living conditions.

"I think the period of the rotting of the Soviet system is beginning," he says. Ironically, he adds: "But this may prolong the system, because the Soviet ruling class is fairly stable, and is based on expansionism."

This period of "rotting," he adds, is likely to be very dangerous and this requires that the West remain strong, particularly in terms of conventional military forces, if further Soviet expansion moves are to be checked.

The Soviet brand of communism, says Djilas, with the conviction of first-hand observation, "is very different from communism in other countries." Economically, says Djilas, the Soviet system has evolved into "something like industrial feudalism," while on the world scene the Soviet Union is "basically a military empire. And military empires, as we know from history, change only very slowly."

With a soft smile, Djilas describes himself as no longer a Communist but as some form of social democrat. Later, he calls himself a "former revolutionary," but modifies the label: "Maybe I'm still a revolutionary, but not by violence."

Poland, since the formation of the Solidarity union two years ago, appears to Djilas as a country poised at the brink of real revolution.

Hungary in 1956 represented a national revolt against Soviet power, he says, and the 1968 rebellion in Czechoslovakia was largely the product of intellectuals. Poland, however, is experiencing both a national and a social revolution, where control of both power and property — "two elements of any revolution" — are being challenged. Poland, he notes, is the most "homogeneous Slavic nation and the one with the strongest national tradition." For these reasons, adds Djilas, "I think that this process which is going on in Poland cannot be suppressed."

For a man who has been officially silenced, and who spent a total of 13 years in prison for his political views, Djilas is curiously matter-of-fact about conditions in his own country. Restraints on most Yugoslav writers are less stringent than in other countries of Eastern Europe, he says, but no one is allowed to criticize the Communist party or the regime.

As he talks, Milovan Djilas projects a quiet toughness and a detachment that must have been his trademarks during his years of power. Now, almost as an aside, he says that today there are "400 Albanians" as political prisoners in Yugoslav jails. The fact that many Yugoslavs also remain jailed for their dissident views is shared knowledge that is not discussed.

Brian Dickinson, editorial page editor of the Journal-Bulletin, visited several countries in Eastern Europe last fall. The above article is printed by permission of the Providence Journal-Bulletin.

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China Reporting Re-Visited . . .

James C. Thomson Jr.

Something astonishing and rare in American self-understanding happened late last autumn in a most improbable setting. Some 40 years after the events, the surviving reporters of the Chinese Civil War convened with a corps of historians to figure out whether (and if so, how) the press had got the story right. The locale was about as far as you can be from the Chinese revolution: that affluent quintessence of the Sun Belt — Scottsdale, near Phoenix, Arizona.

Journalism, it is said, is the first draft of history. But seldom do journalists submit themselves to interrogation by authors of the succeeding drafts. By then they've moved on to other stories in other parts of the forest — or perhaps out of this world entirely. Furthermore, as a group, newsmen seem skittish about admitting their role as players on the stage of history. They just get the facts; it's all in the copy; no time or need to look back.

"War Reporting: China in the 1940's" was the title of the Scottsdale conference on November 18-20, 1982. How its chief organizers at the Center for Asian Studies, Arizona State University, persuaded such a galaxy of reporters to participate in the experiment remains something of a mystery. For more than a few, China was a bitter memory, thanks to recriminations back home as Mao Tse-tung swept to victory. For others it was a return to a subject long ago shelved.

But central to the attraction, it seems, was the mixed lure of a reunion — with old friends, yes, but also with arch-rivals and even former enemies. No one knew quite what to expect. A few stayed away, perhaps preferring — as one had put it — not to "wallow in nostalgia." But most chose otherwise, and wanted to be there in case something happened.

So there they were, some 35 veterans (including a few

working spouses) who had reported on the China convulsion for major papers, magazines, and agencies — including the U.S. Government and its Office of War Information (OWI) — between the Japanese invasion in 1937 and the Communist triumph in 1949. They were joined by nearly 20 academic specialists in Sino-American relations, many of whom had written of the wartime years but knew first-hand only China of the 1970's and 1980's. Such people had studied the documents, the output of wartime observers. But what they wanted was that elusive other ingredient: what underlay those documents in the thinking and practices of the journalists.

Even for people old enough to have read newspapers 40 years ago, the names of Scottsdale participants may ring few bells — in part because wire services and newsmagazines seldom used by-lines. But here are some names (together with their chief affiliations in the 1940's) of those who came to the conference:

Peggy and Tillman Durdin (NF '49) (*The New York Times* and freelance), John Hersey (*Time-Life*, *New Yorker*), Henry R. Lieberman (*The New York Times*), A. T. Steele (*New York Herald Tribune*), Hugh Deane (*Christian Science Monitor*), Israel Epstein (United Press), Philip Potter (*Baltimore Sun*), Annalee Jacoby Fadiman (*Time-Life*), A. Doak Barnett (*Chicago Daily News*), Mac Fisher (United Press, OWI), Harrison Salisbury (United Press in Moscow), Albert and Marjorie Ravenholt (*Chicago Daily News*, and freelance), Julian Schuman (Associated Press, ABC), Walter and Mary Sullivan (*The New York Times*), John W. and Sylvia Powell (*China Weekly Review*), and John and Pegge Parker Hlavcek (*New York Daily News*). The questioners and commentators also included some notable observers — among them, John and Wilma Fairbank of Harvard University, Dorothy Borg of Columbia University, and retired diplomats John S. Service and John Melby.

Given the cast of characters, the psychic electricity at the first night's dinner was galvanic: embraces, shouts, shrieks, and kisses; senior China watchers peering into faces, making out familiar shapes from the past; watching the veterans, junior watchers exhilarated by archives turned into flesh and blood. ("Annalee Jacoby!" I gasped, not letting go of her hand. "I never thought I'd meet you." When she asked why, I merely mumbled; I couldn't tell her that I had thought she was long since dead.)

That night Arizona State's president, a self-described "stu-

James C. Thomson Jr., Curator of the Nieman Foundation, is a specialist in Chinese history and U.S. foreign policy. He grew up in China in the 1930's as the child of missionary educators, spent the year 1948-49 traveling there during the climax of the Chinese Civil War, and was an East Asia policy aide at the State Department and White House, 1961-66.

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. . . The Crucial 1940's

Walter Sullivan

SCOTTSDALE, ARIZONA — Two dozen of those whose reporting from China in the 1940's helped shape American attitudes and policies in the years culminating in the Communist victory met here recently to discuss with historians whether they did an adequate job.

They were asked if, charmed by so charismatic a figure as Chou En-lai, they had misled the public regarding the consequences of a Communist victory. Or had they failed to make it clear that popular support for the Nationalists was vanishing and a Communist victory was inevitable?

Historians seeking to determine the forces that influenced reporting from China questioned the correspondents on their attitudes and biases — the “intellectual baggage” they brought with them to China. Facing the historians were those who had represented the major news services and newspapers. Also present were two newsmen who had stayed on in China after the revolution. One, Julian Schuman, now edits *China Daily*, an English-language paper in Peking. The other, Israel Epstein, former United Press correspondent, edits the magazine *China Reconstructs*.

The meeting was organized by the Center for Asian Studies of Arizona State University in nearby Tempe to provide material for a book exploring the role of American journalists' reporting on China during the critical years after World War II. It appears to be the first time scholars have assembled reporters who covered a particular period and region in an effort to understand what happened.

A number of the participants blamed such publishers as Hearst, Scripps-Howard, and Henry R. Luce, head of Time Inc., rather than their correspondents, for playing down the news of a probably inevitable Communist takeover and the

deep-seated reasons for it. John Hersey, former *Time* correspondent and winner of a Pulitzer Prize, told how a reversal in attitude by Mr. Luce transformed *Time's* coverage of China under the aegis of Whittaker Chambers, then its foreign news editor.

Another former *Time-Life* contributor, Annalee Jacoby, now Mrs. Clifton Fadiman, said a large part of her interview with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, leader of the Nationalists, was fabricated in New York — presumably by Mr. Chambers. Mrs. Fadiman, who co-authored the book *Thunder Out of China* with Theodore H. White, said her interview with Chiang was published “with questions I did not ask and answers Chiang did not give.” Former correspondents for several major newspapers including *The New York Times* said, however, that their reports, when published, were not substantially altered.

Mr. Hersey told of his early close relationship with Mr. Luce based in part on their both being “mishkids” — the children of missionaries in China. Originally, he said, Mr. Luce warmly supported such programs as the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives that set up model projects in remote areas including those under Communist control.

Then Mr. Luce underwent a basic change of view. Unlike other missionary offspring, Mr. Hersey said, he could not believe that a Communist victory was fast becoming inevitable. Mr. Hersey placed primary blame on two figures: Mr. Luce's wife, Clare Boothe Luce, who was becoming converted to Catholicism, and Whittaker Chambers, *Time's* foreign news editor, who had joined *Time* in 1939 after quitting the Communist party and becoming obsessively anti-Communist. It was his testimony that later helped send Alger Hiss to jail after Hiss was accused of being a Soviet agent.

By 1944, Mr. Hersey said, such correspondents of *Time* as Theodore White and Mr. Hersey were deeply disturbed by the “monotone of paranoia” they felt Mr. Chambers had imposed on the magazine. Mr. White threatened to quit in protest at treatment of his material.

When Mr. Luce asked the correspondents to evaluate Mr. Chambers' editing, “the replies were unanimous” Mr. Hersey said. They resembled his own response, in which he said his copy was “torn” out of context and tailored to *Time's* “editorial bias.” Mr. Hersey refused Mr. Luce's offer of managing editorship. Both he and Theodore White quit the magazine and it was not until later that such gross doctoring of copy at *Time* ended.

Walter Sullivan, science editor for The New York Times, was in China during the climactic period of the revolution, 1948-49, as the traveling correspondent for The New York Times. He ventured as far west as Sinkiang and remained for another year on the periphery of China, primarily in Korea and Hong Kong.

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dent of room noises," gave the gathering highest marks as a family or class reunion. Conference chairman Steve MacKinnon then decreed that, reunion aside, two other purposes must also be served: enlightenment of the public (all sessions would be taped and open to outsiders), and something he chose to call "an intellectual quest."

Later that evening, an ad hoc steering committee grappled with the ultimate confounding question: *What question to try to answer*, given the precious human resources so fleetingly assembled? The winning and rather cosmic candidate was: How does American journalism look at a society undergoing drastic change? To arrive at an answer in the case of wartime China, one had to make less cosmic inquiries: Who were the China reporters? What kinds of "mental baggage" did they bring to China reporting? How did they operate, and who were their sources? What was their influence — in China, but especially back home in America?

So the course was generally set; and over the next two days historians and journalists would do their best to find useful answers within a structured format.

From the outset, however, a problem surfaced. Several academics had been commissioned to write brief papers about influential reporters not present at Scottsdale — one living abroad (Jack Belden); and others no longer living (forerunner Thomas Millard; and also Agnes Smedley, Anna Louise Strong, Christopher Rand [NF '49], Henry R. Luce). They had planned to talk from those papers, and some did. But the reporters had come to reminisce, not to hear treatises, and they seemed taciturnly restive.

Quite soon, as a result, the conference was somehow shifted into the realm of oral history. In fairly random fashion the veterans were asked to summarize their China careers. As the formal structure began to crumble, disorder worked its wonders. With old memories awakening, the war years took over the hall. Anecdotes disinterred forgotten episodes; accounts were challenged or corrected, then reconfirmed; old disagreements re-emerged, but not with rancor; and horror stories coexisted with bursts of marvelous hilarity. A mysterious chemistry was slowly at work, and it continued for two days — an experiment beyond controlling.

It would be impossible to distill clear "findings" from the Scottsdale experiment. One does not envy its sponsors, who still resolutely plan to turn the palaver into a coherent book. The task of transcribing, interpreting, writing, and editing is awesome to contemplate.

Yet even at this stage some facts, insights, and themes emerge that can point toward answers to those large and lesser questions about wartime China reporting. Here are a few that seem to me significant:

► Most reporters came to East Asia "by accident" — as wire-service people, free-lancers, or student travelers prior to 1937, or perhaps as employees of the OWI after Pearl Harbor. Virtually none had studied Chinese — and still agree today that "there is no correlation between good reporters and good linguists."

"In China, and later Vietnam, we knew all the seaminess of the right-wing groups; but we knew nothing of the seaminess of the revolutionary side."

► Many belonged (as did that pioneer Edgar Snow) to the "Missouri Mafia" as graduates of the University of Missouri's School of Journalism. The Missouri connection often led to employment in The Associated Press or United Press, and the UP's Roy Howard was said to have a special "romantic interest" in China.

► "Romantic" is also a word that the veterans used frequently to describe the atmosphere in the heyday of Chinese resistance to Japan, the years of the United Front between Nationalists and Communists from 1937 to 1941. In Hankow, the temporary capital after the fall of Nanking, the Romantic Era peaked. Suddenly, "we were part of the big world scene," one recalled. "We were reporters of a just cause." Before Hankow, journalists had largely worked out of that worldly Western metropolis, Shanghai; later they would moulder in the Nationalists' dank far-inland hideaway, Chungking.

► It was in Hankow that these reporters first met the notable Chou En-lai. Of all the names mentioned during Arizona reminiscences, none was cited more frequently than that of Mao's chief emissary. Chou was accessible, articulate, and charming both in Hankow and later in Chungking. One after another, these skeptical precursors of Henry Kissinger confessed their "captivation": there was simply "no one more magnetic" than the suave and open Chou. Even when he told untruths, or something less than the truth, he commanded their admiration. ("Why," wondered Hank Lieberman, "can only high-level Communists have a sense of humor?")

► Once lodged in Chungking, locked into a war of attrition (with the United Front in shambles) the press corps found little "romance." Nationalist propaganda was patently non-credible, while Nationalist censorship increasingly rankled. Not even Madame Chiang Kai-shek, who captivated millions on her 1943 trip to America, could dispel the realities of corruption, inflation, and mismanagement. "It was impossible to like Madame Chiang," said one who knew her well. "She had eight

personalities," said another. Now blockaded by Nationalist troops, Mao's capital at Yenan became for many frustrated Chungking correspondents "the Camelot of China."

► Frustration: here was a theme that coexisted with romance. Prior to 1937, it seems, China reporters had found few back in America who would print (or even read) their stories. China news had to relate to home-town readers — perhaps a locally known missionary who survived a warlord shootout (while 700 Chinese, parenthetically, did not).

Also of occasional interest were tales of the Mysterious East. As "Eppie" Epstein recalled, even well after 1937, in the middle of the Pacific War, "a story that got headlines in much of the American press was that the clever Chinese in Chungking, during the Lunar New Year, could make eggs stand on their small ends. Someone even suggested that Einstein be approached for the scientific reason why." To serious journalists watching history unfold in China, such attitudes among editors, publishers, and readers (as well as the chronic absence of "feedback") could breed deep frustration. Real China news was too often hard to sell.

► There is, of course, a famous special case in the creation of a different frustration, and it was examined in some depth at Scottsdale: the case of Henry R. Luce and the China coverage of *Time* magazine. In a memorably brilliant luncheon speech, one-time Luce protégé John Hersey probed *Time*'s editor-in-chief's "idolatry" of the American nation, his obsession with China and anti-communism, and his use of foreign editor Whittaker Chambers to grossly alter the dispatches of *Time*'s correspondents. Hersey's testimony was fully confirmed by others who had experienced Chambers' transformation of fact into "total fiction."

► One key revelation was the degree of "sympathy and cooperation" between reporters and U.S. officials, the press and the government, in covering the China story. "The war," one journalist explained, "gave us all the same goal." A diplomat agreed: "It was a continual game, finding out what was going on"; and essential to the task was "a sharing of information," a two-way exchange.

► After Pearl Harbor the press-government partnership was strengthened by the journalists' need for logistical support. U.S. military and civilian officials provided a vital network of communications for dispatches as well as planes and other facilities. Such cooperation in the field continued even after the Pacific War ended and the Chinese Civil War began anew. Also continuing was the customary exchange of information, sometimes consultations of journalists by high-level officials.

► 1945 was, however, a watershed. With the death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, a new group came to power in Washington. And in China, General Patrick Hurley, the right-wing Republican ambassador, resigned, firing off a salvo of charges alleging pro-communism and disloyalty among State Department and embassy staff — charges that would help polarize American politics in the coming Cold War and make China policy a poisonous issue for the next several years. Inevitably, China reporters became singled in the combat. Suffice

it to say that at Scottsdale there were three (the Powells and Julian Schuman) who were indicted for sedition, then treason, but finally won their case after seven long years; and also present was one (Israel Epstein) who chose to stay in China after 1949 and became a Chinese citizen.

► On the matter of General Hurley, regarded by many as the godfather of McCarthyism: One of Scottsdale's times of highest drama was the utterly credible account by Annalee Jacoby of the Ambassador's terrifyingly advanced senility. An empty-headed Hurley was familiar to many; but Hurley demented was something new and troubling, for this was a man who shaped history by trying to "mediate" between Mao and Chiang Kai-shek.

► Were the reporters biased in favor of the Chinese Communists? The answer from the veterans, not surprisingly, was no. They were all well aware, they said, of efforts by both sides to manipulate them; and so, they added, their common denominator was skepticism. They reported what they saw and knew. But nonetheless, as one put it, "In China, and later Vietnam, we knew all the seaminess of the right-wing groups; but we knew nothing of the seaminess of the revolutionary side." Or, as another cautioned, one must distinguish between American journalists' attitudes towards revolutionaries "before and after they achieve power." A. T. Steele recalled one interesting dilemma: How to report good things about the Communists without appearing pro-Communist to an American reading public that was traditionally anti-Communist? One possible "stratagem," he added, was to deny that the Chinese Communists were "real Communists."

After three days of return to the past, the Scottsdale conferees inevitably wondered aloud how well they had done — those China war reporters of nearly 40 years ago. John Fairbank, the historian, offered a somber Niebuhrian response. "We all tried but we failed," he said, "in one of the



great failures of history. We could not educate or communicate. We were all superficial — academics, government officials, journalists. We were a small thin stratum. . . . We never talked to a peasant.”

But the Fairbank view ran counter to the mellow reunion spirit. Even Israel Epstein, fresh from Peking, was genially upbeat; what the journalists had unwittingly covered throughout was the latter stage of a process he termed “China’s War of Independence.” Given the reporters’ fine reporting, he added, “Recognition shouldn’t have taken 22 years.” Diplomat John Service was even more supportive. “All things considered,” he judged, “this group did a good job of reporting in China.”

But it was Henry Lieberman who pronounced the major benediction. To him, his journalist colleagues “participating in history” were “seekers about truth,” men and women endowed with “a philosophical turn of mind.”

“All told,” he tersely concluded, “we did a pretty goddam good job.” □

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There was wide agreement among newspeople and historians at the conference that even though they reported the steady decay of the Nationalist position and its loss of popular support, little attention was paid to this at home. Americans were unprepared for what happened.

The result, according to John K. Fairbank, professor emeritus at Harvard University and a leading authority on China, was “a first-class disaster for the American people.” What he called “non-acceptance of a new order in the Chinese Empire” led, he said, to American involvement in Korea and Vietnam.

John Melby, who had been a Foreign Service officer in China, said that as anti-Communist fears took hold in the United States little attention was paid to what the press or Foreign Service reported from China. Mr. Melby coordinated preparation of the Government’s 1949 White Paper, documenting American involvement in the events leading up to collapse of the Nationalists.

It was agreed that a very different situation existed during the Japanese invasion of China in the 1930’s. The accounts by such correspondents as A. T. Steele of the *Chicago Daily News* and Tillman Durdin [NF ’49] of *The New York Times* helped align American public opinion on the side of China, particularly after they provided eye-witness accounts of the so-called “rape of Nanking.”

Journalists at the meeting were asked whether they had failed to convey what was really happening because they did not speak the language or remained tied to the big cities, whereas the “real China” was rural. It was pointed out that

at least some correspondents, such as Jack Belden who worked for United Press and *Time-Life*, lived with the peasants or traveled with the armies. So did Agnes Smedley, a graduate of Arizona State (that sponsored the conference), who reported for the *Manchester Guardian* and *New Masses*, becoming a champion for the Communist cause.

Both John Hersey and Theodore White quit *Time* magazine and it was not until later that gross doctoring of copy at the magazine ended.

A few correspondents, such as Mr. Hersey, and Foreign Service officers, such as John S. Service, a conference participant, were “mishkids” in Mr. Hersey’s term and fluent in the language.

The correspondents were asked by several of the historians whether personalities colored their reporting. It was agreed that Chou En-lai was an extremely engaging individual whereas Chiang Kai-shek and his wife were not. The journalists, however, admitted to no bias in their coverage. The Communist communiqués were depended on, they said, because they almost always proved accurate whereas the Nationalist ones were usually not.

Correspondents who visited the Communist headquarters at Yen-an saw what was described there as “the new democracy.” The contrast with the autocratic and corrupt atmosphere at Nationalist headquarters in Chungking was dramatic, according to A. T. Steele. “It was like going from hell to heaven,” he said. He conceded that the “redness” of the Communists that later emerged was deemphasized because of growing anti-communism at home. “We were reluctant to paint them as real Communists,” he said, “because we knew that would go against the American grain.”

“We were all very young men, ignorant men, unskilled men,” wrote Theodore White in a letter sent because he could not attend. “China was a mystery to all of us as it remains to this day a mystery to the most learned scholars. We never knew who was doing what to whom and why; we could not penetrate Chinese politics. We lived on the slope of a volcano; we could see it steaming, record an eruption now and then, knew the landscape was heaving, and all of us sensed that this volcano would blow its top.”

It was a remarkable meeting, bringing together those who, from radically different perspectives and backgrounds, had seen the Chinese revolution run its course. So much time had elapsed since the participants had seen one another and discussed such issues that, for at least some of us, it was like meeting in heaven and looking back in serenity at a period when, as Teddy White put it, we were young, ignorant, and immersed in one of the greatest upheavals of human history. □

Inside Afghanistan

Bruce Stannard

In a timeless country, conquering armies come and go.

Ever since the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in December 1979, reporters with a sense of Boys' Own Annual bravura have taken what's become known a bit derisively as the "Dan Rather Route," traipsing across the border from Pakistan, dressed up and bearded like Afghan guerrillas.

Because no Western correspondents were allowed inside the country, the *mujahadeen*, operating out of Peshawar, were running quickie media trips the way that any slick Madison Avenue public relations outfit would. As a result, reporters were filing pieces full of derring-do but containing very little about what was really going on inside Afghanistan.

The only "news" coming out of Afghanistan was filtered through rather dubious "diplomatic sources" in New Delhi. These sources were, and in fact still are, American diplomats who fly out of Kabul to brief selected foreign correspondents in the U.S. Embassy in Delhi every Wednesday.

Journalists attending these briefings do so on the strict understanding that any information they use is to be attributed only to "diplomatic sources" in the Indian capital. Journalists are not permitted to ask questions and the information is of course virtually impossible to check.

Under the circumstances, it seemed plain enough to me that the only way to get the real story on Afghanistan was to be on the spot.

Late in 1980 a group of British Socialist-Left Members of Parliament were at the centre of an uproar in the House of Commons when they returned from an Afghan government-sponsored trip to laud the achievements of the Soviet-backed Karmal regime and heap scorn on the foreign policy of the Conservative Thatcher government, and indeed, on most of the Western nations which had fallen into line behind a United States-led boycott of the Moscow Olympics, as well as trade with the Soviet Union and Afghanistan.

I read about this 12,000 miles away in Sydney, picked up the telephone, and called one of the Socialist M.P.s in his office in the Commons. That was the beginning of a long series of unrelenting pre-dawn telephone calls to the other side of the world. About a year after I first phoned the Socialist M.P.,

the Pakistani-born secretary of the Anglo-Afghan Friendship Society in London called me and instructed me to go alone to Delhi where I was to discuss the question of visas with the Afghan Ambassador. In India after a week of dickering with



Afghan bureaucrats, I felt confident enough to call my colleagues in from Sydney. In July 1981 our camera team became the first Western journalists to enter Afghanistan proper since the Soviet intervention. This is a brief account of that two-week visit in which we made a thirty-minute documentary for Australian television.

Even in the merciless heat of the Afghan summer, the mighty Hindu Kush remains defiantly snow-capped, as if in perpetual warning of the bitter winter to come. Through the grubby windows of an Afghan Airlines jet, bucking, rearing, and plunging its way down into Kabul, all the rest seemed pale-brown, dusty desolation. The Afghans call it *khak*, a word that's now passed into the English language as *khaki*, the color of camouflage capes worn by the Pathan tribesmen who so soundly thrashed Queen Victoria's armies here in the nineteenth century.

Kabul sits on a high, oval plain shrouded in a silver smoke haze and overshadowed on three sides by a great defensive arc of mountains. Our final approach came so dangerously close to these sheer granite walls that I fancied I might leap off the wing-tip onto the back of a mountain goat or perhaps into a Soviet anti-aircraft missile site. Both goats and Russians stood gaping at us as we dived kamikaze-style toward the airstrip. My fellow travelers, all of them grinning Afghans, seemed to enjoy the spectacle of pale, cringing foreigners convinced they were about to crash. We no doubt confirmed their suspicion that weak-kneed Westerners have no stomach for aerobatic thrills such as these. They were right. I much preferred to be down on the ground, and even surrounded by Russian soldiers.



Landing at Kabul is a lot like coming into Tan Son Nhut at the height of the Vietnam war. Missile batteries, anti-aircraft guns, and tanks were all dug in right around the airfield. On the far side of the strip where the mountains rise almost vertically from the plain, two squadrons of Soviet fighter-bombers were parked wing-tip to wing-tip. Near them were the huge grey M-24 helicopter gunships which were carrying the fight to the rebels in the mountains. Transports were busy disgorging men and supplies. The Russian troops looked very young, very pale, and very hot. It was, after all, 93 degrees Fahrenheit.

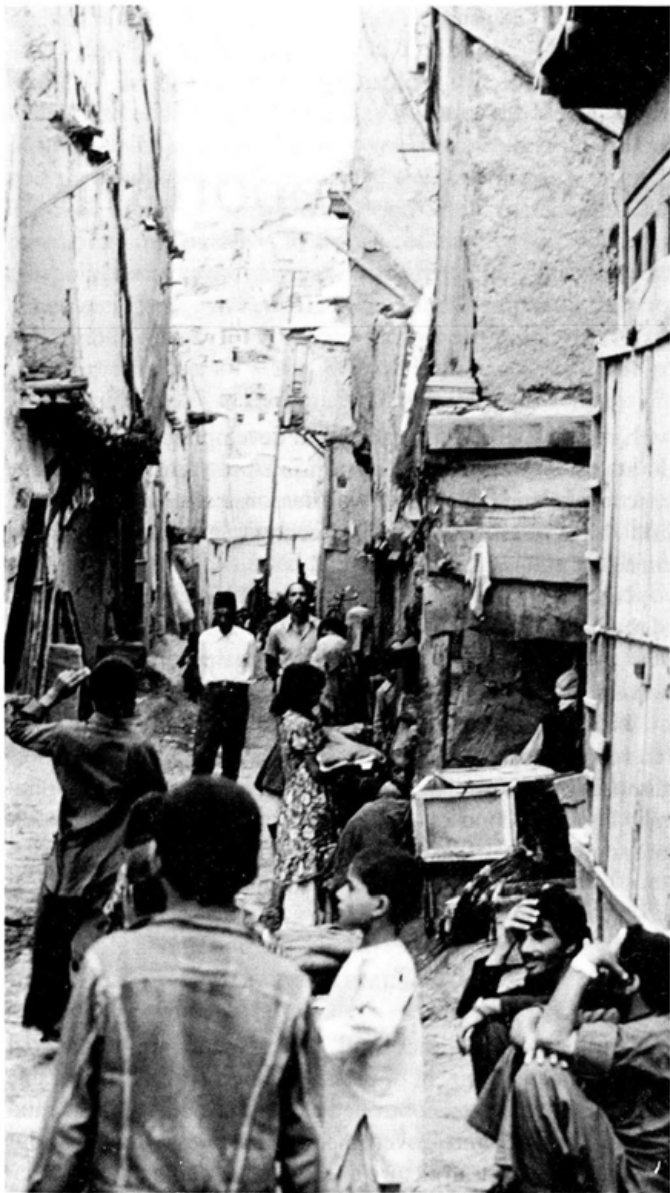
In the airport terminal there was plenty of evidence that the Soviets were in Afghanistan for more than just a brief visit.

An avalanche of battered cardboard suitcases tumbled half-way across the reception area. Nearby stood row upon row of shiny chrome-plated baby carriages, lined up in precise military style like the fighter-bombers on the tarmac outside. I shall never forget the look of utter astonishment on the faces of a group of Russian officers as they watched us haul our small caravan of film gear out of the airport to hail not one, but three, cabs. Aside from the fact that we were Western journalists, I think the sight of both the cameraman and the soundman dressed in shorts and sneakers also had much to do with their looks of amazement.

Invading armies tend to put a bit of a damper on the tourist game, so we found ourselves the only guests in the brand-new 400-bed Kabul Intercontinental. It was almost like living in Buckingham Palace. The staff-to-guest ratio was about twenty-to-one. Needless to say we had good service. The hotel is perched on a hill that gave us an excellent view of troop movements and action within the city. The Soviet pilots used the hotel as a guidepost for their daily sorties. With rocket-pods bulging, their helicopters flew directly over my balcony at seven every morning; in a macabre way the crews seemed eager to wave and grin at me as they flew off to rain death on the *mujahadeen* (literally, "holy warriors").

We spent a week in Kabul and two days in Jalalabad, the provincial capital near the Pakistan border. I asked to be allowed to travel overland to Kandahar in the southeast and to Mazar-i-Sharif in the northwest. In saying no, the Afghans were also candid enough to say why. They admitted they were no more in control of the countryside than they were in control of Kabul at night. Bandits, they said, were everywhere. Evenings, while sipping German beer in the hotel bar, we often heard the crack, crack, crack of small arms and saw the red tracers whizzing into the blackness.





There was a midnight curfew in Kabul and each night just before twelve o'clock, the Afghan armored units swapped places with the Russians at the city's strategic intersections. Afghan army defections were high and Pathan gunners could not always be relied upon to open up on their tribal brothers, even if they were "bandits." Coming back late one night from a tour of the city's hashish dens, we saw this curious changing of the guard; the Afghans being sent back to barracks and the tough professionals getting on with the job. There is something at once ludicrous and terrifying about the sight of a column of tanks lumbering down dirt alleyways where the mud-walled houses on either side have changed not at all since the time of Christ.

Two Russian tanks were on guard at the vital rotary at the bottom of the hotel and on one occasion an eager young NCO leapt out of his cockpit to demand our film. Having been through this routine many times before in Iran, Argentina,

and in Spain's Basque country, we were preparing to hand over our ever-ready can of unexposed film when a very courteous Soviet officer intervened, reprimanded the NCO, and apologized. The fraternal forces of the Soviet Union were after all, he said, in Afghanistan at the invitation of their Afghan brothers and since we too were official guests of the Afghan government we were free to do as we wished.

But we found the Russians were not quite so free to do as they pleased. Whenever we saw them shopping in the bazaar, the women were always accompanied by at least three soldiers armed with Kalashnikovs. When Russian men were seen on the streets, they invariably had their right hands hidden deep inside natty little Italian-style leather purses where it was thought they held pistols.

We saw off-duty Russian soldiers wearing T-shirts emblazoned with stenciled U.S. Army insignia and festooned with mock-military decorations.

The *mujahadeen* approached us wherever we went in Kabul. They turned out to be shopkeepers, waiters, messengers, car drivers, and even small boys. They warned us that our interpreter-guide was an officer in Afghan Intelligence (something we had already figured out) and they told us of



battles fought in and around the capital. They were, of course, winning, they said.

They confirmed they were using American-made weapons including automatic rifles, anti-tank guns, and even land mines although they claimed not to know where the weapons came from.

It was going to be a long and bloody struggle, they said, but since God was on their side there was absolutely no chance of their losing.

Conquering armies had come and gone in Afghanistan since the beginning of time, they said. The Russians would go the same way. □

Bruce Stannard, Nieman Fellow '83, is producer for "Sixty Minutes," the Nine Network, in Sydney, Australia.

Zimbabwe and Malawi: Views and Backgrounds To Reporting

Bernard Rubin

RHETORIC IN THE NORTH-SOUTH DEBATE about international communications systems tends towards sweeping statements. Since the highly emotional exchange of views initiated in the 1976 UNESCO conference in Nairobi, more media attention has been devoted to charges and counter-charges than to new, practical programs to foster cooperation between journalists and their countries.

A privately sponsored exchange of editors and reporters between Nairobi's daily, *The Nation* (circulation about 100,000), and the *St. Petersburg* (Florida) *Times* is a significant arrangement that goes beyond vague intentions. A swap of four from each paper is scheduled for next year, and for an extended and undetermined number of years thereafter, and is funded at \$20,000 per year for each newspaper. The Aga Khan, owner of *The Nation*, is credited with proposing the cooperative efforts. Surveying each other's way of reporting and publication for periods of three months, the practitioners will learn more than techniques. They will learn how to push the frontiers of journalism ahead in each society. Presumably, the Kenyans will understand more about how the First Amendment of the American Constitution serves as the foundation to U.S. reporting. Undoubtedly Americans will become more knowledgeable about national development or nation-building work in the context of present-day African realities.

There is much ingrained authoritarianism in the Third World. Its level varies from country to country but it is a fact of life. It is also true that we Americans consider freedoms of the press, speech, assembly, petition, and religion fundamental to the still revolutionary democratic approaches to politics and government. How do we reconcile our objectives

with realities, in the struggling and developing nations? How do advocates of a free and responsible press learn to negotiate practical relationships that will demonstrate our beliefs and find ways that will assist democratic aspirants in newly emergent states?

If there are to be many more practical international efforts of the type devised between *The Nation* and the *St. Petersburg Times*, it is the duty of those of us in the United States to become more acquainted with Third World realities.

Here is one First Amendment enthusiast's observations of recent developments in Zimbabwe and Malawi. These glimpses of what is happening in two economically and politically insecure countries are the result of talking with key people and a great deal of listening to those from every walk of life.

ZIMBABWE

Zimbabwe's politics and government are conducted in an environment of persistent tension and considerable turmoil. Government-controlled electronic media and the mixture of private and government print press organizations operate with no clear picture as to whether democratic foundations will be threatened by internal upheaval or maintained or even washed away by the powers that be.

Prime Minister Robert Mugabe heads a government which might be drastically reshaped in favor of a one-party state system; he has strongly suggested that he wants to lead the nation in that direction. Hopes for multi-racial harmony are being tested by much arbitrary government action that is excused in the name of national security. White suspicions are rising steadily about the worth of their own political or civil roles, rights and protections. White flight from Zimbabwe is perceptibly eroding the existing technological, industrial, and commercial base in that country. Mr. Mugabe makes overtures to the whites he characterizes as non-racist and patriotic while flailing at those whose activities seem to him colonial — meaning they are left-overs of the Unilateral Declaration of Independence (UDI) regime, led by Ian Smith.

Responding to a scare that hit the community of foreign residents, Mr. Mugabe told the Italian Club in Harare that the government would not make victims of the foreigners who

Bernard Rubin is Professor of Government Affairs and Communication, Boston University. He spent a month this past summer traveling and lecturing in Malawi, Zimbabwe, Lesotho, and South Africa under the sponsorship of the United States Information Agency. He spoke on "The New World Information Order: American Viewpoints" and "Communication for National Development: Roles for Free and Responsible Media." This account of his sojourns in Zimbabwe and Malawi is the second of a two-part series.

decided not to take up Zimbabwean citizenship. "You are part of us, and if you are part of us in Zimbabwe — then as in Rome — do as the Zimbabweans do." The Prime Minister, who is also addressed as Comrade, as is usual for the members of his ZANU-pf party (Zimbabwe African National Union) and those who depend on it, told the Italians, and through them the whole of the resident foreign citizen population, "We have committed ourselves to a policy of national reconciliation, the policy which should make for greater togetherness and defies racialism. . . tribalism, regionalism, and the insularity of religious dogma in the sense that people in one region are superior to others." ("No Witch-Hunt Over Citizenship, Mugabe Pledges," *The Herald*, Harare, Zimbabwe, July 19, 1982.)

Mugabe is emphasizing his goal to change from a multi-party to a one-party political system by 1985 or sooner (see Stephan Taylor's report filed from Harare, "Zimbabwe Changes Law on Detainees," *The Times*, London, England, August 5, 1982). An avowed Marxist and a highly pragmatic politician, Mugabe stresses the word "democracy" to describe his projected one-party state. His view is that Zimbabwe cannot afford the luxury of the Western parliamentary model of government. No longer much concerned about the substance of white political power, except where insecurity amongst white groups leads to white flight, the Prime Minister concentrates on what Mr. Joshua Nkomo's rival ZAPU (Zimbabwe African People's Union) party is up to. Nkomo is not in a good political position. For one thing, he leads the Matabele tribespeople, who cluster in rural villages of the southwest; they constitute only about nineteen percent of the population. Mugabe claims to represent the political ambitions of the Mashona tribespeople, who constitute about seventy-five percent of the population.

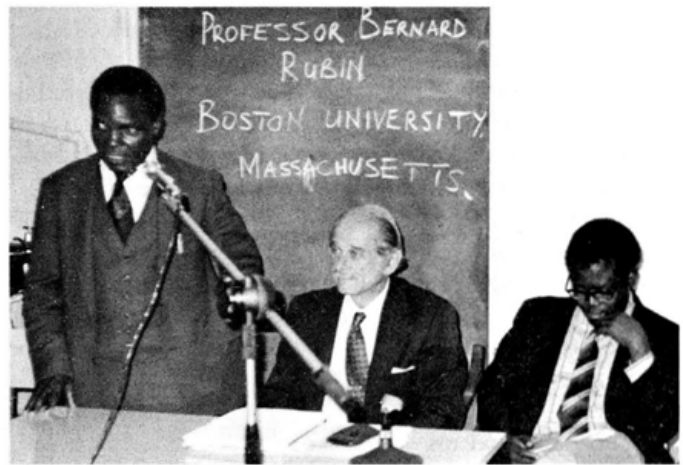
When I asked about the number of whites in Zimbabwe, and I asked different individuals who had different axes to grind, the speculations ranged from 150,000 to 200,000, with stress on the lower side. A "Background Notes" report on Zimbabwe issued by the U.S. Department of State in January 1981, cites the figure of 240,000 whites (approximately) in Zimbabwe as of December 31, 1979. In that estimate as well were about 10,000 Asian-ancestry residents and about 20,000 coloureds (persons of mixed racial backgrounds).

The turmoil in the country, dramatically evident in the period of my stay has continued. Most of the bad news made its way immediately on to the international wire services. To illustrate, six tourists were kidnapped near Victoria Falls, allegedly by revolutionary forces sympathetic to, but disclaimed by, Mr. Nkomo. It was a dreadful incident among many others in Matebeland, where government troops are engaged in putting down rebels. At this writing, no trace of those tourists has ever been found. Later on, three motorists were killed by parties still unknown.

On July 25, at Zimbabwe's main air base, thirteen Air Force craft were blown up by infiltrators who got away without a trace. Four of those war planes were new, having been delivered within the previous ten days from a British manu-

facturer. Rumors and suspicions of South African government complicity circulated quickly in Harare.

Just prior to the forementioned terrible events, which shook the Zimbabwe scene, a modest confrontation of considerable consequence disturbed Harare and made headline material in cities round the world. A minor traffic accident led to a white woman being dragged from her car and verbally abused by a black government official. The government was embarrassed by the untoward actions of a wayward official and took pains to dampen racial speculations which ran counter to its goals for inter-racial harmony. Typically, all these dramatic stories



Professor Rubin at the government's Mass Communications Training School (Zimco) in Harare, Zimbabwe.

were circulated widely even while the world press disregarded the more complicated developmental stories about Zimbabwe.

Effective organization of Zimbabwe's public information services is a prime goal of the government. Its leaders look back about three years to the long period of UDI administration and to the colonialism which preceded it, and are determined that the black majority's news will never again be virtually ignored by government and private mass media.

In conversations with the Director of Information of Zimbabwe, Mr. Justin Nyoka, who briefed me on the government's overall media aspirations, I learned that one point of concentration for news services was to be rural developments. He told me that, for the first time, the journalists were being directed to report about all of the people of the country.

The present government has opened some thirty district information offices and aims to train hundreds of young men and women at the Zimbabwe Institute of Mass Communications (ZIMCO) in Harare. There are fifty students in each class at the nearly two-year-old Institute. They concentrate on majors in News Agency Journalism, Radio Broadcasting and Production, or Radio Technical Operations in the one-year program of theoretical and practical studies.

The first class consisted of a mix of young high school and other secondary school graduates, as well as slightly older veterans of the armed struggle for the creation of Zimbabwe.

It was representative of the racial groups in the country and demonstrative of high hopes for the cooperation of all Zimbabweans. Still to be noted over the next few years are the ways in which this Institute's graduates will work together and what directions they will set for the mass media. At present the program is as optimistic as possible. The Director of ZIMCO, Mr. E. M. Makunike, spoke of the hurdles they faced during the preparatory stages and in the first year of actual operations. Apart from recruiting a staff and creating a curriculum, more than 3,000 applications had to be scrutinized before selecting the first fifty students.

With an emphasis on practical training, rural news highlighting developmental works, and nation-building in general, the hopes are high. The Chairman of the government's Mass Media Trust, Dr. Davidson Sadza, told the first graduating class, "I said that there was a need for a new breed of journalists who would establish new and revolutionary concepts in journalism. We shall therefore be keenly watching and observing the growth and development of that new breed. . . . Always remember the professional ethics instilled in you by your various and experienced lecturers and instructors. . . be constantly sensitive to the needs of our new country, remembering that your activities can build or destroy the very aims and objectives for which many of our people died." (*The Sharpener*, laboratory newspaper, ZIMCO, Vol. 1, No. 3, January 1982.)

The Zimbabweans I met and had long discussions with are not dogmatically ideological, although I have no doubt that others in key places are. The Marxist rhetoric has not yet been taken up very seriously among the African population there. No one knows what the news or general media activities will look like a year or a decade hence. After my long talks with prominent individuals who were most interested in why I was such a strong advocate of a free and responsible press, I can't help but feel that their minds are not made up, but that they want practical solutions. A lot depends upon what we in the United States do to join other Western nations in programs in aid of the free press concepts in the Third World.

As to practical solutions for the Zimbabwean press, there is good evidence that Mr. Mugabe and his administration willingly veer toward the establishment of clear control, which is in keeping with Marxist ideology. There is the parastatal Mass Media Trust which took over, via purchase (with financial assistance from Nigeria), the forty-two percent share the South African headquartered Argus Group had before January of 1981. Proprietorship over five major newspapers was acquired: the daily *Herald* and the *Sunday Mail* of Harare, the daily *Chronicle* and the *Sunday News* of Bulawayo and the *Umtali Post Weekly*. Prior to that purchase, the other South African media influence in Zimbabwe was eliminated with the purchase of the Inter-African News Agency.

The Zimbabwe Broadcasting Corporation is also government-run — three radio stations and one television station (in Harare). A government newspaper, *The People's Weekly*, also confirms the high degree of centralized journalism.

There can be no complaints, in comparison with the situation in the UDI period when Ian Smith's regime imposed its ideas. Indeed, in journalism there is now a heartening interracial environment which may be harder to maintain if white flight is not curtailed through more government stability and assurances. In training programs and on the job, black reporters are numerous. Black editors now work on a par with white colleagues. Television news anchors share the spotlight which shows the viewers blacks and whites, males and females. Post-independence reportage of all media features deals with all the people of the country, and ranges from news about economic and social developments, to the political, to overtly ceremonial (weddings, graduations, and the like). Much of this is responsive to the pledges of the Prime Minister and his colleagues to encourage racial, ethnic, and political reconciliation.

There is also an energetic government Information Department. Director of Information Nyoka has indicated how news flow plans reveal a "new information order. . . throughout the country." The thirty district information offices act as a reportorial distribution network feeding headquarters.

Most of those stories are used by the government newspaper, *The People's Weekly*, by Radio Two's programmes of "Zvinobira mumaruwa" — "News from the rural areas" and other programmes. . . "Hard or hot news" . . . is phoned to the Department of Information's press room for subsequent distribution to other media outlets like *Moto* monthly magazine, *The Herald*, ZBC and ZTV.

Director Nyoko and his staff are described in a *Moto* article entitled "News for the People" as operating in directly opposite manner to the pre-independence service "that sought to brainwash all the people within and beyond the country with dangerous politico-cultural drugging." (See *Moto*, Vol. 1, No. 3, July 1982.)

The ZIMCO students and reporters and government officials I encountered often found common ground with me in the conclusion that free press concepts are not easy to carry to fruition in places on this earth where life is so hazardous and politics so dangerous. That in mind, there was much general realization that authoritarian alternatives were ruinous to the well-being of journalists and ordinary people and to productive plans for national development.

Put yourselves in the place of many of the individuals I talked to. They grapple first-hand with national problems of illiteracy, malnutrition, disease, and drought. They must deal with crucial economic, social, and political difficulties in the context of every working day.

They have been indoctrinated with one aspect of the free press story, i.e., much of the Western press is devoted to frivolity and far too little attention is given to reporting issues of basic national development. It is no wonder they are tempted to conclude that their country is too underdeveloped for such a press. When they have learned that behind the meanderings of a free press lies its fundamental vitality as the enhancer, protector, and advocate of civil rights and freedom of expres-

sion, they will recognize the idea emerging — that national development must be based on such basics. A free and responsible press, unfettered by government while doing its rightful work, then becomes much more practical and appealing.

A deep curiosity about the practices and consequences of an American-style press system's appropriateness for the developing world became apparent when I spoke to the officers in training for foreign ministry posts in Zimbabwe's embassies abroad. An intensive program of studies completes the preparation for highly educated and politically reliable students, whose previous education ranges from undergraduate levels to post-doctoral work.

When I was there last summer, the director of the program was the Honorable E. Debrah, formerly a Ghanaian Ambassador to the United States. Not surprisingly, he and his students were leery of my negative critiques of the long-range virtues of any government-controlled popular press, and my strong advocacy for a Zimbabwean review of the benefits of press freedom à la First Amendment. One accomplishment of my visit, consisting of a talk and a lengthy question period, with a group of approximately thirty, was that the officers put their scepticisms on the table, as it were, disagreeing and agreeing with me as each saw fit. I found most of them willing to come half-way on the substantive issues dividing the pros and cons of free press from an avowedly Marxist leaning group. I must add how one of the men scowled from the time of my arrival to my departure.

At the start of the session Mr. Debrah told me that the proper way to address the officers was to use the title "comrades." I respect customs as a matter of personal inclination but I felt that such an instruction, however gently made, stuck in my throat, given the audience and their sophistication. So I decided to call everyone "colleagues" and told them I had come to deal with them on the basis of the common ground we share. One speculates on outcomes of such discussions. Personally, I thrive on give-and-take sessions where argument is honest all around. My talk was well received by serious listeners; the question and answer session, sometimes at a mini-debate level, was held in a most cordial atmosphere. The scowling man put on an especially deep frown when Debrah thanked me, and the class also did so in the usual warm manner.

One of the more outspoken and forthright leaders I talked with during my stay was the Deputy Ministry of Information, Posts and Telecommunications, Dr. Naomi Ngiwatiwa. She had suffered much during the fight for Zimbabwe; she has earned her place as one of the stalwarts. Despite her pronounced bitterness toward all who led the UDI regime and her resentment for all of the privations and dangers they and their cronies inflicted upon her during the years of civil war, she told me when Mr. Mugabe stated to his followers that *when in government one must follow a policy of reconciliation and reconstruction*, she knew that he had to be right. Perhaps there is a good omen behind all the bad news one may hear from Zimbabwe as it struggles to achieve true nationhood.

One takes some encouragement from the editorial "Finding

Fault" in the government-controlled daily *The Herald* of Harare, of July 21, 1982. The editorial writer was being supportive of a speech given to university students by the Minister of Education and Culture, Comrade Dzingai Mutumbuka. "In short, no one in Zimbabwe is above criticism. But criticism must be constructive and based on fact. To allow this, even to encourage it, the public must be kept as fully informed as possible on important national and local issues. People who try to withhold or suppress such information without good reason must be viewed with the deepest suspicion."

Zimbabwe, more than many of its African neighbors, has a chance to develop economically. Though presently depressed because of the long period of war and deprivations which recently devastated all sectors, manufacturing is still a high twenty-five percent of the gross national product. There is an abundance of minerals to sustain much industrial-commercial growth. Agriculture, the chief source of income for more than seventy percent of the population and the source of more than one-third of Zimbabwe's earnings, has a high potential for growth. There is an existing base of heavy and light industry to stimulate better exploitation in every sector of the economy. Rural development and general education schemes of the government have the potential to transform the society. All of this augurs well for the nation.

Less certain is how Zimbabwe will develop politically. Will the official policy of post-war reconciliation lead to harmony

between the major tribal groups? Will the government continue to downplay white participation in political life, and intimidate — or worse — old political foes? Will the new leaders risk taking the steps to encourage reasonably open and fundamentally free exchange of ideas in the media? In the situations of stress to come, will Marxist rhetoric evolve most stridently, in a surprising mirror-image of the *laager* mentality of the hated Afrikaner leaders of South Africa? Are Zimbabwean government leaders willing to listen and to make widely known in their country ideas they may not agree with? On that point, I am uncertain, though encouraged, by the media dissemination in the government-influenced press of the key thoughts I expressed. The Zimbabweans are presently willing to argue, and that is a very good sign. They ask, in their days of national beginnings, that we see virtue in some of the ways they handle problems. One sentiment indicative of this came repeatedly to my ears: "Remember that Commander Mugabe is a pragmatically motivated leader."

Despite the political difficulties, my impression is that this is a time for practical initiatives toward mutual involvement media programs between the private American press and the Zimbabwean press organizations. A key consideration in the exchange of practitioners should be technical cooperation. Also, to avoid any implications that such cooperation would in any way make authoritarianism more efficient, the major subject should be training reporters to cover stories objectively. The black Zimbabweans I dealt with tended to be wary, more than a little suspicious of the outside world, but also genuinely impressed by the Fourth Estate traditions in the United States.

MALAWI

Paternalism is basic in the governmental and political spheres of Malawean life. Life President Dr. H. Kamuzu Banda, 84 years old, holds the reins of power. Administration of the country is centralized. Independent since 1964, this small country has achieved success in an important area: There is sufficient food for its inhabitants. However, population growth looms to threaten that beneficial development and is a major concern of government and private sector planners.

Under Dr. Banda's guidance, Malawi is strongly pro-Western in foreign policy while it is opening some channels, not necessarily diplomatic, for communication with many nations. Dr. Banda is an admirer of the American system which he came to know at first in his student days in Ohio, Illinois, and Tennessee from 1926 to 1937. He spent forty years as a physician in the United States, England, and Ghana prior to his return to his homeland and his instrumental efforts which led to the replacement of the British protectorate of Nyasaland with independent Malawi.

The approximately six million Malaweans are constantly exhorted by the Ngwazi ("conqueror"), Dr. Banda, that the one natural resource which they can tap without limit is their own hard work. The peasant villagers (nine-tenths of the popu-

lation) have heard repeatedly such sentiments as "We have no mineral resources like our neighbors, no gold, no copper. Our goldmine is the soil. We must all work hard to make that goldmine work."

A good deal of the economic base, estimated at one-sixth of the gross national product, is controlled by Dr. Banda. What began as a newspaper consortium in the late 1960's, as Press Holdings Ltd., is now a dominant force in many industries, including tobacco, baking, sugar, coffee, tea, timber, ranching, hotel, banking, insurance marketing, press, real estate, distilling, and others. Press Holdings Ltd. is credited (see Bruce Johns, "The Conqueror Maintains His Tight Grip," *African Business*, February 1982, p. 23) with producing something on the order of one-sixth of Malawi's gross national product in 1980 as above. As is true in other key business organizations, its management is composed of nationals, both black and white, augmented by expatriate specialists.

One of the distinctions of this agricultural-industrial-commercial empire is that outside observers conclude that only a modest portion of the profits ends up as rewards for the managers. It is an accepted practice that the greater portion of profits — indeed most of the earnings — are directed into creating social facilities for Malawi, including hospitals, schools, clinics, and the like. Careful checks are maintained on employees of the consortium in the interest of honesty and propriety of actions. Malpractitioners are punished by the courts.

Free enterprise, pro-Westernism, anti-communism, and paternalistic management appear to be key elements of Malawean ways. Paternalism extends to rules for decorous dress for Malaweans as well as foreigners. Among managers, the three-piece suit for men and the long-skirted dress for women is usual.

Malawi, a country categorized as one of the twenty poorest in the world, has a per capita income hovering at little more than 200 kwacha a year. To illustrate, in 1982 the kwacha was artificially set by the government as equivalent to U.S. \$1.09, primarily so that visitors could have a convertibility standard. However, the kwacha is not accepted abroad in exchange for other currencies.

The press of Malawi is dominated by government. At the apex is the Department of Information and Tourism. Its headquarters in Blantyre include the Malawi News Agency. MANA has two dozen district representatives who file reports and stories for regional offices. They play dual roles of government information officers and general reporters. All news, foreign and domestic, is funnelled through MANA headquarters for redistribution to the major newspapers, to Reuters, and to the Malawi Broadcasting Corporation. All presidential, ministerial, congressional and Malawi Congress Party news is so handled.

The Department's paternalistic role is clear. Its policy explicitly calls for obligations to keep public opinion well-informed by building national pride and by encouraging "awareness of independence . . . enthusiasm for national development" and "popular support for government programmes." It "shall ensure ideological protection to the govern-

ment and people of Malawi against misrepresentation and unreasonable criticism of the country's policies abroad." (See Crispin Mkandawire and Rod Nesbit, "Communication and Development," *The Malawi Review*, Vol. 1, No. 1, Zomba, Malawi, 1982.)

Another reason proffered to me in support of controls by Malawi government people is Dr. Banda's long and careful direction of his country's policies, his steering a practical course, and standing for the New Africa — with all of its spirited rejections of racism and colonialism — while still maintaining a relationship with South Africa, made necessary by the perilous Malawi economy.

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Mbumba arrive in W. Germany

ROBIN, Monday
FIFTEEN leaders of the Malawi Women's League and thirty Members of Parliament arrived here today to begin their three-day visit to West Germany.

Members of the League of Malawi Women who arrived in West Germany yesterday for a three-week visit.

RESERVE BANK WARNS PUBLIC Some currency is counterfeit

LILONGWE, Monday
THE Reserve Bank of Malawi today advised the general public to employ extra care in accepting currency as it has lately been discovered that counterfeit foreign currency was in circulation in the country.

Intruder at Queen's Palace

LILONGWE, Monday
BRITISH Members of Parliament who were on a visit to Malawi today were informed that an intruder had been seen near the Queen's Palace.

Ngwazi approves new prices

LILONGWE, Monday
THE President, H.E. Hastings Banda, today approved new prices for various commodities to be paid to the producers.

The Reserve Bank of Malawi today advised the general public to employ extra care in accepting currency as it has lately been discovered that counterfeit foreign currency was in circulation in the country. In a press release to the National Bank of Malawi, the Reserve Bank of Malawi said that the counterfeit currency was in circulation in the country. The Reserve Bank of Malawi said that the counterfeit currency was in circulation in the country. The Reserve Bank of Malawi said that the counterfeit currency was in circulation in the country.

'Join forces in educating youth'

LILONGWE, Monday
The Government of Malawi and the Government of the United Kingdom today announced a joint venture to establish a new institution for the education of young people in Malawi.

There are two principal newspapers in the country, *The Daily Times* (published weekdays) and *The Malawi News* (weekends); both tabloids. *The Daily Times* attempts to balance its presentation of subjects, and offers a sampler of late-breaking local, national, and international news, and features. *The Malawi News*, owned by the Malawi Congress Party, the only national political organization, has become in part a magazine, stressing matters of Party priority. Both newspapers are published in English; the Congress Party organ offers a section in the vernacular language, Chichewa. Circulation of *The Daily Times* ranges from 8,500 to 10,000. It serves as a main advertising outlet with forty to eighty-five percent

of the total space devoted to commercials. *The Malawi News* has a circulation of about 17,000.

There are four periodicals: *Boma Lathu* (government/monthly/Chichewa/circulation approximately 20,000, with 50,000 copies distributed free of charge); *This Is Malawi* (government/monthly/circulation approximately 6,000); *Moni* (missionary/monthly/circulation approximately 30,000); *The African* (missionary/fortnightly/circulation approximately 27,000).

Radio is the only electronic mass medium. It is government-run by the Malawi Broadcasting Corporation, which estimates that it reaches 150,000 receiving sets and makes contact with 600,000 weekly listeners. The typical daily fare is divided between music (forty percent), news and news analysis (thirty percent), education and schools (fifteen percent), farming and development projects (ten percent), as well as programming for women and children (five percent). During daylight hours most broadcasts are in Chichewa; at night they are in English.

The modest communications scene is completed by five indoor theaters (four in Blantyre, the commercial center, and one in the new capital, Lilongwe, with a total seating capacity of 2,500), supplemented by drive-in theaters in both cities. Films come primarily from Great Britain (fifty percent), the United States (thirty-five percent), and India (fifteen percent).

In view of the foregoing, one would expect few mass media surprises of significance. However, this observer was impressed by the import of several developments that deserve to be known more widely.

In visiting the headquarters of Blantyre Printing and Publishing Company, Ltd., where the *Daily Times* is put together, I found a modern plant featuring state-of-the-art equipment for the production of newspapers. A well-trained staff utilized new printing and editing facilities that would be the envy of some U.S. publishers. It was invigorating to see this modern plant and to meet its skilled technicians. The general association of Blantyre Printing and Publishing, Ltd., with its sub-organizations Blantyre Print and Packaging and Blantyre Newspapers, Ltd., serves as a center for a diverse band of print media. These facilities provide an impetus for the newspaper business and for all publishing.

I was taken around a large manufacturing plant which included many operations, among them, a unified approach to printing publications for national development. At one end of the huge complex, employing nearly 900 people, was the newspaper and its affiliated interests, with all of its machinery and editorial segments carefully organized. At the opposite end was a large work force devoted to the production of boxes for soap powder and the like. The colorfully printed cartons were rolling off the presses assigned to packaging and similar needs. Not far away was a design section where employees worked on a wide variety of commercial advertising projects.

In the middle of the complex, with its subsidiary components, was the printing press center for textbook production for the country's school system. Handsome, well-illustrated paperback books, in series for different subjects,

were rolling off the presses, being bound, and made ready for shipment to schools. Thousands of books were in stacks; thousands more were produced weekly. At other points of this publishing center, one noted the magazine being produced for Air Malawi, *Malawi International* — as sophisticated a multi-colored in-flight journal as is to be seen anywhere in the world. At this unique publishing plant, they had just printed the first issue of *The Malawi Review*, which deals with problems of development at a scholarly level.

Given all the advanced technology at the Blantyre plant, one might assume that there is a lively training program for journalists, but such is not the case. The editorial side of publishing depends upon expatriate assistance, and on a relatively small cadre of Malawians who either have been trained out of the country or on the job. In addition, there are those virtually self-trained journalists who seem to defy all educational odds, and who crop up everywhere.

Journalists in Malawi are keen to see the establishment of professional level university training in communications, including strong emphasis on all phases of journalism. One "Catch-22" situation should be mentioned. When I asked leaders in different fields, ranging from government to industry to journalism, what was the reason for the usually lack-luster reportage of local and national subjects, their answers were complementary. Government people replied that the political situation was strong enough to allow for energetic journalism, but they were sorry to say that the typical stories reflected the low level of journalistic expertise. Journalists themselves told me that there were few well-trained members of their corps and that politicians and managers of industry and agriculture used this as an easy excuse to fend off their more serious inquiries. All the leaders I spoke with, whether self-serving or not, emphasized the need for the professional training of journalists. (I am convinced that it would further democratic interests in Malawi if the United States gave assistance to make possible the education and certification that the Malawians have requested.)

Malawi is fortunate to have a key person who, with his colleagues at the University of Malawi, is interested in measuring the progress of education in general communications to supplement the existing basic technical courses. Dr. David Kimble, the Vice Chancellor of the University (the Chancellor is Dr. Banda), has spent more than thirty-five years in Africa as teacher and consultant in a number of countries.

I first saw him in action chairing a lengthy summary session of a three-day conference on national development at the Zomba main campus. The papers presented and discussed earlier at topical panels were subjected to critical review by a group consisting of Dr. Kimble and topical panel chairpersons (expatriate and indigenous), representing high level offices of the scholarly, governmental, and private enterprise spheres. In a spirited session of brickbats and accolades, Kimble insisted upon getting substantive and worthwhile results to use in future planning.

Later the Vice Chancellor invited me to his home for a leisurely private chat about what was needed in a developing

nation like Malawi. He took me into his study where I was pleasantly surprised to see, in that large orderly library/workroom adjacent to the living room, the editorial center for one of the world's most important area studies periodicals — *The Journal on Modern African Studies*, a quarterly published by the Cambridge University Press in England. Its editor for more than a quarter of a century, Kimble has had the world of African scholars beating a path to his address in Zomba. He is extremely well-versed in communications and knows the African continent as few others do.

An important topic in our discussion was journalism-communications training. Dr. Kimble is most anxious to promote good ideas based upon press practices in developed nations like the United States.

Malawi is a country where much can be accomplished, despite its inherent handicaps to freedom of information. Even with problems such as the repressions of the Jehovah's Witnesses in the 1970's; the powers of the government's Special Branch policy which have been harshly applied to opponents; and the tight control over administration that curbs political dissent as well as inefficiency; there is reason for American press executives to consider giving Malawi assistance in training programs for journalists.

Malawean politicians, journalists, and professionals from other fields who came into my view did not seem timid or even intimidated. They want to build their country, and they know that communications can act as a catalyst to effect worthwhile and national changes.

To the visitor who reads the press adulations of the Life President or listens to them on the radio, such testimonies must be placed in the framework of that poor nation's political realities. To give Dr. Banda his due, he has paternally steered Malawi from independence day in 1964 to the present time and has been successful in keeping on a relatively peaceful and constructive course in a very troubled area.

There is also a spirit in the country. First, from a Zimbabwean government information officer, an outside view. When I told him that I had just come from Malawi and that I had found both Malawians and his compatriots to be very friendly, he replied, "I must be truthful, we are very friendly, but even we feel that the Malawi people have something extra in their cordiality."

Then, in Malawi, I experienced for myself this special quality. At the marketplace of Lilongwe, a large field is dotted with sheds where food, construction materials, clothing, and all other items needed for daily living by ordinary citizens are for sale. My wife and I passed a man selling six-inch nails. Customers were sparse, and I wondered how he kept himself and his family going with that one heap of nails on the ground before him. As we went by, we were truly embarrassed to look into his eyes because business was so poor and he was so startlingly real. There he sat, with rope-like legs pulled cross-ways over his chest, frozen for his lifetime in that position by some awful affliction. He caught our eyes and smiled in an open and glowing manner. To ease *our* distress, he said, "I hope you have a splendid day in my country." □

The Iranian Papers Case

William Worthy

Paperbacks from Tehran add another kind of weight to unaccompanied luggage.

IN EARLY AUTUMN 1982, I received a victorious phone call from Mark H. Lynch, Washington staff counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union Foundation.

His call came just ten months after the FBI, at Boston's Logan International Airport, had confiscated, from our unaccompanied luggage arriving from Tehran, eleven volumes of Iranian reprints of secret documents seized at the U.S. Embassy in Tehran. His news: the four agencies involved — Customs Service, FBI, CIA, and State Department — had agreed orally to terms for an out-of-court settlement.

The terms: payment of \$16,000 in tax-free damages to me and my colleagues Terri Taylor and Randy Goodman; destruction of "any fingerprint or other investigative materials developed as a result of the seizure and detention" of the paperback books; and the return to us of "any material or documents or copies of same [i.e., correspondence and other personal papers] seized from plaintiffs' luggage."

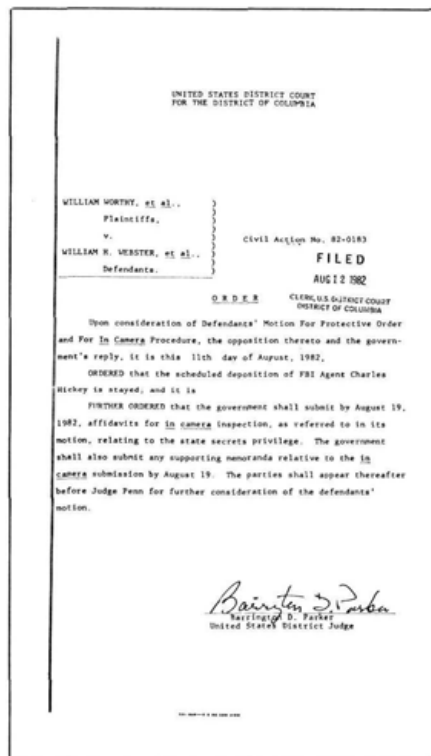
With their covers discolored by fingerprint-lifting chemicals, the books themselves had been abruptly turned over to Attorney Lynch and his co-counsel, Susan W. Shaffer, on March 12, 1982, just before one of several court deadlines had forced policy decisions and action on a foot-dragging bureaucracy.

Given infighting among the four agencies and their hard-pressed attorneys — the Tort Branch, Civil Division of the Justice Department — it took until December for the settlement to be reduced to writing, signed by lawyers for both sides, and filed for signing by U.S.

House, headquarters of the Nieman Foundation. The terms were a sweeping reaffirmation of the First and Fourth Amendments; they upheld the public's right to know, and scotched the dismal prospect that the government could get away with illegal searches and seizures of the personal effects of journalists and other Americans returning home from abroad.

Politically — and all such cases become political in direct proportion to the amount of protective publicity generated — the settlement represented a complete climbdown from the government's three-month-long threat to prosecute the three of us under the Theft of Government Property Act. Knowing firsthand the prolonged disruption of one's life by federal indictments (on two occasions I've been through it, once as a conscientious objector, and once for the novel crime of coming home from off-limits Cuba "without bearing a valid passport"), I for one did not take the threat lightly. This is not to deny the untenability of the official claim that books printed on Iranian paper and on an Iranian press and sold in bookstores all over Iran and in Europe were somehow U.S. government property.

What finally aborted prosecution was the belated realization in Washington that, in order to convict us, CIA officials would have had to testify in open court that the documents were authentic! The "Tehran paperbacks" (as *The Washington Post* later dubbed them) contained, among other politically sensitive materials, a critical CIA analysis of Israeli foreign intelligence and security services, as well as the names of U.S. agents operating in the Mideast,



District Judge John Garrett Penn, to whom the case had been assigned on January 20, 1982, when the ACLU filed suit in our behalf.

Both the filing of the suit several months ago and the settlement on December 9, 1982, were announced at news conferences at Walter Lippmann

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and instructions to protect their cover. Under those circumstances, cooler heads, presumably in the State Department, prevailed. We were not indicted.

There were other factors as well. When we landed at Kennedy Airport, Customs didn't notice in our hand luggage another set of the documents. A few days later, a *New York Times* editor, upon learning that we had them, prevailed on us to turn the papers over to him. A week later, "intelligence specialists" in his Washington bureau, to whom they were rushed for analysis, rejected them, to the dismay and chagrin of the enthusiastic editor in New York.

Meanwhile, Scott Armstrong at *The Washington Post* had called to ask if we might have a duplicate set. Within an hour after the *Times*' final decision, one of Armstrong's assistants had picked them up at the *Times*' bureau. For the next six weeks, Armstrong carefully checked the documents. When *The Post* put everything in the public domain with Armstrong's front-page syndicated series that ran from January 31 to February 6, 1982, and when *The Boston Globe* ran a simultaneous series based on a set of the books obtained in Paris, the thought of federal indictments became even more ludicrous.

Nevertheless, the ideologues and hardliners in the Justice Department didn't yield graciously. For months thereafter they played games in order to keep the elusive Boston FBI agents and also FBI officials in Washington from testifying, under oath, at pre-trial depositions. Finally, on August 11, our out-of-patience ACLU attorneys had brought FBI Agent Charles Hickey to Washington under subpoena. On that very day, in the absence of Judge Penn (who was on vacation), four Justice lawyers — citing the state secrets privilege — prevailed upon Judge Barrington D. Parker, who was totally unfamiliar with the case, to sign a Protective Order staying Hickey's scheduled deposition.

The government also petitioned for an *in camera* and *ex parte* hearing on the state secrets privilege (i.e., a hearing in the judge's chambers from which our attorneys would be excluded).

Through this maneuver the Justice

lawyers won a very brief period of grace. Judge Parker tossed the proceedings back to Judge Penn. Since it was highly unlikely that the Secretary of State and the director of the CIA would have personally trivialized the rarely invoked state secrets privilege by signing off on the final papers, the government stopped playing hardball and began talking settlement.

...when *The Boston Globe* ran a simultaneous series based on a set of the books obtained in Paris, the thought of federal indictments became even more ludicrous.

The case — a totally unexpected culmination of our eight weeks in Iran under contract with CBS News — had its ironies. When the discolored books were returned to us in March, all the bindings had been broken. Our attorneys learned that the FBI had photocopied everything and rushed copies to all the other U.S. intelligence agencies. With all the resources at its command, it seems inconceivable that the CIA hadn't previously obtained copies. But apparently that was the case.

Still another irony: After the Justice Department attorneys had finally brought the FBI, CIA, Customs, and State Department on board and won their assent to the settlement, one of the attorneys telephoned Mark Lynch at the ACLU to say, with considerable embarrassment, that the FBI was already under court order not to destroy *any* of its records without the judge's permission and without clearance, as provided by law, from the Archivist of the United States.

This time it was the Quakers who were on the FBI's back. The American Friends Service Committee had obtained that broad court injunction at a time, a couple of years ago, when the FBI was destroying documents in order to conceal wrongdoing and to head off lawsuits.

So, pending compliance with that injunction, the settlement in our case reads:

"...the FBI will place all copies of the records to be destroyed in sealed envelopes and maintain them in a special locked file cabinet. Upon the outside of the cabinet the following legend will appear:

The FBI has agreed to destroy all investigative records in this file cabinet pertaining to William Worthy, Teresa A. Taylor and Randy Goodman, in settlement of their claims in *William Worthy, et al. v. William H. Webster, et al.* . . .

They are not to be disseminated in any way pending their destruction upon review by the National Archives and Records Service in accordance with all present and future Orders of the Court in *American Friends Service Committee, et al. v. William H. Webster, et al.* . . ."

After the full text of the settlement was made public at our triumphant December 9 news conference, those reporters who managed to get through to the Justice Department spokesperson got a firm "No comment whatsoever." The Associated Press dispatch read: "John Russell, a Justice Department spokesman designated to comment on the case, did not return four telephone calls from a reporter."

At the news conference I remarked: "Thank God for the Bill of Rights, and thank God for the American Civil Liberties Union."

While we three plaintiffs helped to constrain the government by generating worldwide publicity, the real heroes of this case are the ACLU attorneys, including national staff counsel Charles S. Sims, who slugged it out in the trenches with their official counterparts and ultimately forced them to the negotiating table.

And a very special note of thanks is due to Nieman Curator James Thomson for agreeing to the ACLU's request that the two news conferences be held, with all the helpful symbolism, on the Nieman Foundation's prestigious home turf. □

BOOKS

Daily Fare For The Financial Community

The Wall Street Journal

Lloyd Wendt. Rand McNally & Company, New York, 1982, \$16.95.

by William Marimow

One warm summer night, while quaffing Heineken beer in the wood-paneled library of a Cohasset, Massachusetts, house known as "The Oaks," the great-great grandson of Clarence W. Barron intimated to me that his illustrious ancestor had started his career as "just a reporter."

Barron's journalistic roots, as described by my friend Crawford Hill, surprised me because I had a longstanding and firmly held belief that Barron, rather than a mere journalist, was more a business tycoon — one of those larger-than-life figures, like Andrew Carnegie, Henry Ford, and Andrew Mellon, who dominated American industry in the early twentieth century. Barron, I believed, was a powerful publisher whose attention must have been riveted more squarely on the bottom line of Dow Jones' financial statements than on the editorial style, content, and structure of *The Wall Street Journal's* lead story.

In fact, Barron had all of these interests (and aptitudes) and many more. As recounted by Lloyd Wendt in his centennial history of *The Wall Street Journal*, which Barron bought in March 1902, Hill's great-great grandfather was not only an extraordinary publisher, but also an incisive, determined reporter, a skilled and sensitive editor, an economist with a great clarity of vision, and a figure (all five-feet five-inches and 330 pounds of him!) who commanded the attention and respect of political leaders

and captains of industry throughout Europe and the United States.

Yet even though Wendt's book bears the subtitle, "The Story of Dow Jones and the Nation's Business Newspaper," his work is not an institutional biography so much as a working biography of eight outstanding journalists whose acumen in reporting and editing business and economic news was complemented by their skill in guiding a business enterprise, *The Wall Street Journal*, toward its preeminent status as the business newspaper in America.

During Barron's stewardship, which ended with his death in 1928, the *Journal* developed into the nation's most complete financial newspaper. Under the guidance of his successors, the *Journal* became one of America's best written and best edited newspapers. By 1979, it had overtaken the New York *Daily News* to become the biggest newspaper in the United States, with a circulation estimated at 2,040,800 and a readership of 6,291,000, according to publisher Warren Phillips.

Crammed with colorful, illuminating details of the *Journal's* business, editorial and production history, Wendt's history traces the evolution of Dow Jones from its founding in a drab, unpainted basement office at 15 Wall Street, behind Henry Danielson's soda fountain, to a diversified, international enterprise, which in 1981 amassed revenues of \$641 million and whose activities included cable television, textbook publishing, and a myriad of information services.

Barron was not the first reporter to become the chief executive of Dow Jones. That distinction was shared by Charles Dow, Eddie Jones, and Charles Bergstresser, who were the founding fathers of *The Wall Street Journal*. The three men divided the responsibility for managing the newspaper, gathering the news, and editing. Dow, according to his successor as *Wall Street Journal* editor Thomas F. Woodlock, covered the stock market and was a fixture at the Wall Street brokerage houses; Jones functioned as sort of a day city editor, generating story ideas, assigning them, and editing the finished product; Bergstresser circulated throughout the financial community and had a special knack with the difficult interview. Wrote Woodlock (as recounted by Wendt): "Jones used to say that Bergstresser could make a wooden Indian talk, and tell the truth!"

Barron himself was a distinguished reporter. Writing for the *Boston Transcript* in 1877 about the newly formed Bell Telephone Company, Barron reported presciently: "The rapidity with which Professor Bell's telephone is coming into practical use is truly astonishing. Scarcely do his public exhibitions cease, when the little black box begins vibrating in almost every city on the continent. . . ."

In January 1887, Barron resigned from the *Transcript* to create a financial news service patterned after Dow Jones' fledgling venture in New York. In establishing his service, Barron worked indefatigably, taking personal charge of every facet of the business, and he became so gaunt from his labors that his friends began to call him "Skinny." "He was a slave to his work," wrote Wendt, so much so that when the Great Blizzard of 1888 knocked out his telegraph lines, Barron could be seen "scrambling over the shingles and icy tin roofing of Boston rooftops to restring his wires" and beat the competition.

Dow, Jones, Bergstresser, and Barron began the successful tradition, still prevailing at Dow Jones, that the chief executive should have a broad background in reporting and editing news.

Since Barron's death, there have only been four chief executives, all newsmen — Casey Hogate, Barney Kilgore, William Kerby, and Warren Phillips — each leaving his distinctive imprint on the *Journal* and Dow Jones. But each man's contributions represent a consistent, logical progression — not a radical break — from the traditions of *The Wall Street Journal*.

Casey Hogate, Barron's handpicked successor, was personally recruited by Barron as a young editor at the *Detroit News*. At 300 pounds, Hogate rivaled Barron in girth, but in Wendt's words, he "carried his 300 pounds more gracefully than did Barron" on his six-feet, two-inch frame.

Like Barron, who considered him the son he never had, Hogate, writes Wendt, "loved food and people, including those not his peers and not the source of news and influence."

Said Cyril Player, a former editor of Barron's cited by Wendt: "Some executives listen to their people's personal problems for business reasons, but Casey Hogate was interested in you as a person."

If Hogate was interested in people, he was also passionately interested in the contents of *The Wall Street Journal* — from the main stories on page one to the routine financial reporting which filled the inside pages. In Bill Kerby's 1981 autobiography, *A Proud Profession*, Kerby wrote that as chief executive, "for the first time, I sympathized with my old boss, publisher Casey Hogate, who felt compelled to work until midnight so he could read every word the *Journal* intended to print in its next issue."

With Hogate's death in 1947, the corporate reins were turned over to Barney Kilgore, who in Wendt's analysis "would become the most admired and loved executive in the *Journal's* history...." Like Hogate, Kilgore was a graduate of DePauw University in Greencastle, Indiana, and just as Barron had personally hired Hogate, Hogate

met Kilgore on campus in 1929 and invited him to join the *Journal* staff at the exorbitant salary of \$40 a week.

Kilgore revolutionized the *Journal*, emphasizing to his reporters that a story's lead should be well-written and alluring regardless of whether it related the "who, what, where, when, and how" of a news event. He also insisted that the story be tailored for the *Journal's* typical reader and not the reader with the most technical expertise. "Don't write banking stories for bankers," Kilgore would say. "Write for the banks' customers. There are a hell of a lot more depositors than bankers...."

The *Journal's* front page is the daily legacy of Barney Kilgore's editorial vision and genius. Its highly readable stories range from trenchant economic analyses to a profile of an aspiring high fashion model to a description of the battle for survival among Philadelphia's newspapers. When Kilgore died in November 1967, his long-time colleague Vermont Royster, then the *Journal's* editor, explained that Kilgore had not "the slightest need for self-aggrandize-

ment or personal publicity to nurture an uncertain ego. If you ask what he did, you need only look at this newspaper you are reading."

Kerby, who was hired by Hogate in 1933, succeeded Kilgore and led Dow Jones into its acquisition and diversification program. When Kerby retired in 1977, Phillips, who had been a foreign correspondent in West Germany and Great Britain, a deskman and an editor in New York, became the chief executive officer. And it was Phillips, who in a letter published in the *Journal* on January 11 of this year, recommitted the newspaper to the editorial precepts of Clarence Barron, which he quoted: "Never write from the standpoint of yourself, but always from the standpoint of your reader. Economize his time...."

William Marimow, Nieman Fellow '83, and a reporter with The Philadelphia Inquirer, has won awards for his investigative work in the field of law and justice.

Atlantic Solo

Moxie, The American Challenge

Philip S. Weld. Little, Brown and Company, Boston, 1981, \$16.95.

by Gerald B. Jordan

What can you do in 17 days, 23 hours and 12 minutes? Reminisce about school days, first love, family? Can you survey the good fortune of having come through World War II safely? How about a single-handed sailing trip across the Atlantic?

Philip S. Weld, former president and publisher of the Gloucester *Daily Times* and associated newspapers on the Massachusetts North Shore, combined all these events in *Moxie*, a vivid and entertaining book about his victory in the 1980 Observer Single-handed Trans-

atlantic Race (OSTAR). But *Moxie* is not an idle ramble, a series of disjointed musings good only for keeping Weld's wits intact during the 2,180-mile race. The book is an achievement in that it escapes potentially boring delivery. *Moxie*, much like the then 65-year-old Weld, is meticulous — a story that uses flashback and anecdote to wrap around a chronicle of achievement.

And achievement is stressed, without apology. Weld entered the OSTAR in 1972 with his trimaran *Trumpeter*, but misjudged the weather and was becalmed in the Azores. He completed the Plymouth, England, to Newport, Rhode

Island, race in 39 days. While en route to the 1976 OSTAR race in his larger, faster trimaran *Gulf Streamer*, Weld and shipmate Bill Stephens were capsized by a monstrous, 40-foot rogue wave that stranded them for five days somewhere just north of Bermuda.

The trimaran *Moxie*, then, represented Weld's underscoring the cocktail-glass slogan "Living well is the best revenge." This boat was built to win the OSTAR. Of solo sailing, Weld said:

"There's nothing in the world I'd rather be doing than what I'm doing right now. This race, as 50 super-8 film cassettes from the on-deck sound camera will testify, has been, not an ordeal, but a joyful experience. It helped to know right from the start that *Moxie* was fast enough to win. Midway across, when victory seemed possible, I anticipated a Newport press conference. I wrote out questions and answers, among them: 'To what do you attribute your win?' Answer: 'Three Ps — Perseverance, Preparation, Pocketbook.'"

But the lack of stated ordeal and the apparent abundance of money to compete in the race might obscure the genuinely good story told in *Moxie*. Weld, first of all, is a good writer. His story is offered in well-crafted prose that manages to avoid the stilted repetition of most diary entries. Like his preparation for the OSTAR, Weld's thoughts are organized. The flashbacks to Burma in World War II, to meeting the love of his life, Anne, and the turbulence of *Gulf Streamer's* capsizing enhance the story. Like the trimaran, it moves smoothly, rising to meet the challenge of the sea with considerable strength, yet gentle enough to savor the quietness of a short nap.

Weld's descriptive passages put readers right on board *Moxie*:

"Soon I have her moving at 5 knots in 3 knots of true wind. In the 6-knot puffs that can now be seen in the first light of dawn ruffling the sea's glassy surface, my glorious craft springs ahead at 7, 8, 9 knots. So delicately do we glide over the water that the bubbles of our wake endure for no more than a boat-length in the sheen of the rising sun. The hulls greet the dawn with the traditional,

good-natured hiss that a Harvard professor can raise from his class with a scholarly pun."

Weld even had help from the Greek god Aeolus, a factor he attributed to his ardent support of windmills as alternate energy sources:

"Ever since I got becalmed in the Azores on the 1972 OSTAR, I've strongly disapproved of crabbing about the wind by anyone aboard my boat. I had turned to Robert Fitzgerald's translation of *The Odyssey* for comfort. I learned that in seagoing matters to do with sailing, Aeolus, even more than Poseidon,

is the god to avoid offending. He's the Wind King who can 'rouse or calm at will' and that's a power that can influence a boat race."

Maybe a fair amount of *Moxie* is the story of Yankee values, pride, and ingenuity, but the heart of this book is quite a personal story of a man who caught all the dreams he pursued.

Gerald B. Jordan, Nieman Fellow '82, is radio and television critic for The Kansas City (Missouri) Star.

A Spiritual Epic Of The Land

Fair Land, Fair Land

A. B. Guthrie, Jr. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1982, \$14.95.

by Dale A. Burk

The topic of wilderness and humankind's relationship to it has long been a theme of American literature. From James Fenimore Cooper to William Faulkner, American writers sensitive to such things have sought understanding of the American penchant to penetrate and subdue and develop — some would say despoil — the continent's wilderness.

Most often that theme is explored in the context of an inexorable, advancing history — the sequential conquest of a vast American wilderness from the time of the Pilgrims to the present. Traditionally, the perspective has been one of an outside force — be it called civilization, progress, greed, industrial-military complex, or whatever else — coming to the wilderness, taking what it wants, changing things forever, and then thoughtlessly moving on to repeat the cycle in some other uncultivated region. Most often, too, this is seen as tragic — personally, as in Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales*, or collectively insensitive, as in Faulkner's classic, *The Bear*.

Now A. B. Guthrie, Jr., has elevated literary exploration of this theme to a level that no American writer before him has accomplished, Cooper and Faulkner included. In what I believe will ultimately be recognized as his best and most serious literary effort, Guthrie has us examine not simply the question of humankind's relationship to the land, but our insensitivity to the community of life in this fair land, including its people, who are also targets for conquest.

In another period, for example, the time in which he won the Pulitzer Prize for *The Way West* and multiple honors for *The Big Sky*, Guthrie probably would have received the Pulitzer and other awards for his newest book, *Fair Land, Fair Land*. More than likely he won't today, because the book has been perceived and reviewed as a "western," and a simple link in the sequence of his earlier novels, a recitation in story form of the close of one epoch — the final subjugation of the American Indian in the form of the Blackfeet — and the opening of another.

Now that's unfortunate, but to be

expected. To be sure, *Fair Land, Fair Land* is all those things. It is set in the American West. It does complete a time link in Guthrie's sequence of novels exploring life in the early American West, covering an historic period of roughly 1845 to 1870; it follows *The Big Sky* and *The Way West*, and comes before *These Thousand Hills*.

Fair Land, Fair Land also gives us, in Guthrie's melodic and exquisitely tight handling of the English language, a palpable sense of the inevitable end that comes to any way of life, any epoch.

Like any other long-standing reader of Guthrie's works, I was interested in how he would handle the return of his main character, Dick Summers, to the high plains country of the Blackfeet, in a place now known as Montana. I too wondered how he would again mingle the lives of characters from *The Big Sky*, such as Summers, the Blackfoot woman Teal-Eye and the brutish protagonist of that major Guthrie novel, Boone Caudill.

How he brings them together, and why, was an initial disappointment — particularly in the case of Summers' reunion with Boone Caudill. But as the story progressed to its conclusion, I realized that each incident — and the manner in which Guthrie presented it — was essential to bring the reader to that same deep, personal understanding of a real wilderness, one in which land and humanity and all Creation are one. The author also had to make us share the feeling of our ultimate helplessness in the face of time and circumstance and, finally, a land that is beyond our control and perhaps our immediate understanding.

Guthrie suggests this graphically in describing the thoughts of Summers' mountain man companion, Hezekiah Higgins: "Three winters, one hard, they had passed on the Teton, with nothing to do but chop wood, kill meat and try to keep warm. For a man who wanted to be footloose, Summers sure had hobbled himself. Father to a boy more than two years old, guardian to a blind one, near-husband of Teal Eye. Once in a while Higgins could see the far look in Summers' eyes, the look of things un-

done maybe, the look of other times, other places, ahead or behind. Who could tell?"

Ultimately Guthrie brings us to an understanding of this eternal theme of wilderness, but he doesn't leave us there. That, finally, is the impact of *Fair Land, Fair Land*. If he had just created the impression of such a relationship, he would have written only another component of his series of novels on the American West, no matter how excellently crafted. Instead, in a five-page ending so compelling, so evocative, so stunning — especially when held in tension with the first 257 pages of *Fair Land, Fair Land*

— Guthrie makes us realize that life's meaning, whatever the context, whatever the time, wherever the place, is to be found in understanding how things are inescapably intertwined, related, universal — and inevitably, subject to change.

Dale A. Burk, Nieman Fellow '76, is president of Stoneydale Press Publishing Company, Stevensville, Montana. He is the author of eleven books, and was formerly an editor and columnist with the *Missoulian*. A. B. Guthrie, Jr. is a Nieman Fellow in the Class of 1945; he lives in Montana.

Researching The Tube

Sign Off, The Last Days of Television

Edwin Diamond. The MIT Press, Cambridge, Mass., London, England, 1982, \$17.50

by Gerald B. Jordan

Edwin Diamond takes a long view of television, accented by caustic commentary. Those who know his work (*The Tin Kazoo* and *Good News, Bad News*) have grown to appreciate the tongue-lashing that Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Professor Diamond gives television. *Sign Off, The Last Days*

of Television is Diamond's latest in a series of books written through the help of MIT associates and his class, the news study group.

In spite of the extensive research provided by his political science students in Cambridge, Massachusetts, *Sign Off* is not a definitive work on television. Perhaps it's fair to the author to disclose that he makes no such claim; but the range of topics covered in *Sign Off* and the somber subtitle suggest there need be no more said on the topic.

The book reflects Diamond's clever, often condemning views of television. Even the chapter titles ("Disco News," "Thy Neighbor's Channel," among others) are vintage Diamond. He is safe in his far-ranging opinions on the vast subject of television; his assurance lies in the wisdom that Tom Shales, television critic for *The Washington Post*, has spoken, "Anything you say about television is true."

With that in mind, you could argue with Diamond — he would gladly take you on — about the foundation for his



conclusions, but you could not say his claims about the medium are unheard of.

Sign Off doesn't pull the plug on television; the book is a collection of Diamond's views on the state of television as cable, satellite technology, and what has been called the "new media" emerge. The networks — NBC, CBS, and ABC — are losing audiences to other sources of television entertainment, among them video games. On the road to tomorrow, Diamond notes that some things still look like yesterday.

For example, the coverage of racial disturbances on the network news hasn't changed much, Diamond says, because television news still needs drama and won't tackle complicated stories that convey ideas.

"NBC, for example, had quoted Miami Mayor Maurice Ferre: 'There's no way that those of us who live in air-conditioned comfort with two cars outside and a \$30,000 boat in this community can live side by side with people who live ten to a room . . . infested with rats.' There was no follow-up of this story of the two Americas, or any clues to its coverage in the 1960's style guidelines. At least one network, let it be said, did dispatch a top correspondent and crew to Miami, but they had little time to develop the story, and then found themselves called back home, to go to Detroit for the Republican National Convention, joining 13,000 other journalists covering certified mainstream news."

If Diamond's views seem at times to be well-placed daggers, the veteran newsman (associate editor for the *New York Daily News* "Tonight" edition, senior editor at *Newsweek*) displays a sort of loyalty to journalism in his real concern that the process of gathering and disseminating news survives.

"After watching the start-up of Ted Turner's 24-hour-a-day, 7-days-a-week Cable News Network, one conclusion seems inescapable to me: I've seen the future and it doesn't work — yet."

Diamond agrees that the networks' nightly news broadcasts are not from formats carved into stone and says the Turner concept will certainly survive.

The cable news channel idea was copied by Satellite News Channel last summer in a joint venture by Westinghouse and ABC Television.

If you don't watch much television, the book is easy to understand. Diamond's witty writing takes sides with those who view the medium in moderation. If you watch television a lot, then you'll be interested in Diamond's appraisal of how television covered the issues and events that the networks often

point to as their best work. You'll be surprised at how little you saw.

But the careful monitoring of the networks by Diamond and his associates at MIT leaves one large question: What is the study group going to do when the nation's 81 million television homes are scattered fairly evenly over cable systems that have scores of channels? It'll be a big job to monitor, perhaps impossible, but one that surely will land another provocative book from Diamond.

Traveling To Adulthood

Growing Up

Russell Baker. Congdon & Weed, New York, 1982, \$15.

by Michael Gartner

Russell Baker's mother — a miraculous woman — was 80 years old and nearing the end of her life. She was hospitalized, and, says Mr. Baker, "her mind wandered free through time." Some days she was a little girl again, some days a bride, some days the young mother cooking big Sunday dinners.

As her son sat to visit with her in the late 1970's, she was beyond explaining what he wanted to know about the world she grew up in and the world she reared him in. "These hopeless end-of-the-line visits with my mother made me wish I had not thrown off my own past so carelessly," he writes. "We all come from the past, and children ought to know what it was that went into their making, to know that life is a braided cord of humanity stretching up from time long gone, and that it cannot be defined by the span of a single journey from diaper to shroud."

"I thought that someday my own children would understand that. I thought that, when I am beyond explaining, they would want to know what the world was like when my mother was young and I was younger, and we two relics passed together through strange times.

I thought I should try to tell them how it was to be young in the time before jet planes, superhighways, H-bombs, and the global village of television. I realized I would have to start with my mother and her passion for improving the male of the species, which in my case took the form of forcing me to 'make something of myself.'

"Lord, how I hated those words. . . ."

So Russell Baker wrote a book that is joyful and painful, frolicsome and touching. There simply is no book quite like *Growing Up*.

Mr. Baker, a columnist for *The New York Times*, was born in the mountains of Virginia in 1925. His mother, a smart, strong-willed schoolteacher, was 27 and pregnant with Russell when she married his father, an uneducated, hard-drinking, diabetic, 27-year-old stonemason whose own mother was also a woman of iron.

Though his mother and grandmother scorned each other, they both loved him, and Russell's early boyhood was idyllic. Life in the backwoods of Virginia in the 1920's was like life in the nineteenth century. "It was summer days drenched with sunlight, fields yellow with buttercups, and barn lofts sweet with hay. . . . On a broiling afternoon

when the men were away at work and all the women napped, I moved through majestic depths of silences, silences so immense I could hear the corn growing. Under these silences there was an orchestra of natural music playing notes no city child would ever hear. A certain cackle from the henhouse meant we had gained an egg. The creak of a porch swing told of a momentary breeze blowing across my grandmother's yard. . . . I could hear the swish of a horse's tail and know the horseflies were out in strength."

Death struck Mr. Baker's father when Russell was five. Russell couldn't believe it. "Bessie said I would understand someday, but she was only partly right. That afternoon, though I couldn't have phrased it this way then, I decided that God was a lot less interested in people than anybody in Morrisonville was willing to admit. That day I decided that God was not entirely to be trusted. After that I never cried again with any real conviction, nor expected much of anyone's God except indifference, nor loved deeply without fear that it would cost me dearly in pain. At the age of five, I had become a skeptic and began to sense that any happiness that came my way might be the prelude to some grim cosmic joke."

Mr. Baker's mother, poor, struggling, proud and hating the mother-in-law who ruled her life and her town, decided she must move. It was 1931, and there were no jobs, but a brother in New Jersey offered to take her in. Russell's mother packed up Russell and his sister — and bravely and touchingly gave away, forever, her third baby to relatives — and headed north.

North to the Depression. From an idyllic rural boyhood, Russell moved, overnight, to a rough-and-tumble boyhood of urban New Jersey. Of course, the Bakers weren't alone in their lives of hope and despair, humor and heart-break. They weren't alone even in their own household. "That winter, with the birth of their second daughter, the household expanded again. With his \$30 a week and the few dollars my mother contributed from her salary, Uncle Allen was now supporting a wife and two

baby daughters, his older sister and his niece and nephew. Uncle Charlie was also with us now, and Uncle Charlie was jobless and penniless. There was more to come. Just around the corner was not prosperity, but Uncle Hal."

During this period, Mr. Baker's mother determined that her boy would make something of himself. "She would spend her middle years turning me into the man who would redeem her failed youth. I would make something of myself, and if I lacked the grit to do it, well then *she* would make me make something of myself. I would become the living proof of the strength of her womanhood. From now on, she would live for me, and, in turn, I would become her future."

At that point, Russell was eight years old.

The plan worked, and through pluck, luck, and hard work, Mr. Baker and his mother did make something of him. He

got a scholarship to Johns Hopkins, he started a newspaper career, he married a (of course) strong-willed woman and he became famous.

Now his children will know what went into his making. And now those of us who read Mr. Baker in the *Times* can understand how he looks at the world from a different angle than we do, how he can keep his perspective when we're losing ours, how he can be funny about sad times and sad about funny ones. But even if you've never heard of Russell Baker and never read his columns, read this book. It is wonderful.

Michael Gartner is president and editorial chairman of the Des Moines Register and Tribune. A member of the Nieman Advisory Committee, in 1979 he served on the Nieman Selection Committee.

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Nigel Wade ('83), Moscow correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph*, received first place in the Riverbend Park Photo Contest, sponsored by People for Riverbend Park, a Massachusetts non-profit trust instrumental in raising funds so that a portion of Cambridge's Memorial Drive can be closed to traffic on summer Sundays and used for recreation. Wade's photograph will be included in an exhibit of outstanding images entered in the contest.

Cassie Mackin: Remembrances of Nieman Classmates

Jerome Aumente

Cassie Mackin's photograph came up on the screen behind Jessica Savitch. It had been only a few short years before when Cassie sat in the same television anchor spot for the weekend NBC News.

The announcement was brief but deeply felt. Catherine Mackin had died that day after a year and a half bout with cancer. Jessica Savitch went beyond the formula words of the broadcast brief to speak of Cassie's qualities and her work, noting that she had been at NBC before moving over to ABC.

On the ABC network news at 11 o'clock that evening, David Brinkley did the voice-over for a collage of Cassie Mackin's television career. He recalled working with her at NBC, and reminded viewers she was the first woman correspondent from a television network to cover a national nominating convention from the floor. It was 1972 in Miami, and there was a clip of Cassie looking up toward the booth, microphone in hand, the earphones and antenna on her head, blessed with the television broadcaster's badge of technological honor (but wasn't there a trace of a wide-eyed youngster in a school play, enjoying herself immensely, and with good humor, not taking the whole thing too seriously?).

There were other slides and news clips of Cassie at work as a network correspondent, as a member of the 20/20 team, and in the last phase, as a col-

league on Brinkley's *This Week* Sunday show on ABC.

The public persona: a diligent, tough-minded, highly intelligent journalist who must be put in the first row when listing those who chopped through the forest of television's largely male preserve, clearing enough space and creating enough sunlight to make their presence felt as first-rate broadcast journalists.

In 1982, at the time of her death, it had become common to see women on the networks and local television stations anchoring news broadcasts, covering every story, any story, and not being relegated to the equivalent of back-of-the-bus. But when Cassie was breaking into the networks shortly after her Nieman year in 1968, the sight of a first-class woman broadcast journalist covering a choice White House spot or the Hill was less common. In fact, during my occasional trips to Washington during this period, Cassie and I would meet to catch up on our doings, and the intense level of determination to succeed, despite the barriers, still lingers in my memory.

If anything helped prepare Cassie for the transition from a Hearst paper in Baltimore to the network screen, one must include the crucible of Harvard and the Nieman year.

She and I both were interested in urban and metropolitan affairs coverage and spent some time checking out the offerings at Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology. For a time, we took a seminar together on urban affairs but both decided that the two faculty running the show were mean-spirited about the cities, and, to us at least, out-of-focus on what seemed to be happening in them. I had just come from a heavy bout of writing about urban issues

in major cities, and covering the civil disturbances in Detroit.



The academic view of the cityscape did not mesh with our observations, but who is to say where the truth resides? With her Irish temper, street smarts, and impatience to get on with things, Cassie was a strong ally. We had both grown up in cities, and not with silver spoons in our mouths, but more the flatware variety made for promotional use at the local movie house.

I cannot reach back for specific quotes through all of the many dinners and beer-and-cheese events during our Nieman year. But there is always the sense of her good questions — driving, informed, probing, skeptical, but always gracious, never insulting, considerate in ways that can set men and women apart, regardless of whether they are reporters or in some other trade.

Shortly after her death, Nieman classmate Brandy (Harry Brandt) Ayers, editor and publisher of *The Anniston* (Alabama) *Star*, and I met at a farewell dinner for Norman Isaacs, retiring chair-

Jerome Aumente, Nieman Fellow '68, is professor and director of the Journalism Resources Institute at Rutgers University and chairperson, Department of Journalism and Mass Media.

man of the National News council. We had both been struggling at our typewriters to try to decipher our sense of personal loss, and we agreed that I would solicit comments from our 1968 Nieman colleagues, and I would put them together. The holidays and a tight deadline prevented a full roundup but many tributes have come from all over.

Each Nieman class is bound together by its own idiosyncracies: the accident of interests, of the times, of career drives and personal pressures, of all the uncertainties that bring us together like lottery winners who have never met before but are dazzled by all the sudden attention. The bonding, if accidental, endures.

With Harvard's careful parenting, we become a family. Our class was destined to share a common loss, and experience disbelief when one of our own was taken in midflight, at the peak of a brilliant career, rather than in retirement — when one assumes actuarial tables and a longlife span may ease the shock of death, if not its pain.

Brandy and his lovely wife, Josie, were often in touch with Cassie, but Brandy's strongest memory is of a small country inn in Vermont, during the fall of 1967 at the start of our Nieman year. It was "a cascade of buttery yellow and flaming crimson flowing down the hills of Vermont," Brandy writes, and it was a good time for the three of them to talk of family or growing up in Baltimore (Cassie's hometown), Raleigh (Josie's), or Anniston (Brandy's).

Even then, he writes, "Cassie was a serious reporter, tough, smart, tenacious; her world was the world of celebrity and power, a whole universe of mega-personalities. Yet in our minds we have her fixed permanently in a small country inn — a young woman — could she have been only 25? — who was pretty and nice.

"Cassie was a pro: one of the best in the tough, often mean world of bigtime network television," Brandy adds. "She had a personal dignity that rejected assaults on her privacy from preying,

gossipy voyeurs on the periphery of her professional universe. She was a person who commanded respect from everyone who knew her, including the famous personalities she covered."

Yet, he writes, the country inn and that quiet time is the most important memory, that "... she was totally unaffected by the world of power and celebrity. She had values which Josie and I first began to see in Vermont. She was on to something more lasting than a two-minute spot on the evening news: the values of her church, her family, and friends."



Edmund B. Lambeth, now a professor at Indiana University's School of Journalism writes: "In everything she did — in newspapering, in her transition to television — one sensed a fierce determination to excel. And that sense of commitment undoubtedly carried over to her family as well. I distinctly recall how impressed I was by the care she took to share the Nieman year with her mother, who came to visit her at Harvard. My impression is that Cassie never did things half-way. In work, in family life, in friendship, she gave everything she had, and then some. It is a legacy worth remembering."

Phil Hager, now based with *The Los Angeles Times* in San Francisco, writes:

"When I think of Cassie Mackin, I can't help but remember the Saturday

morning she integrated the Harvard (Men's) Gymnasium. There were seven of us, as I recall, agreeing to make our way through the snow and ice and into the gym for a spirited, half court game of basketball.

"Into the facility we went; male jaws dropped at the sight of Mackin in black leotards, her blonde hair flowing. 'Hey, there's a girl!' more than one of the young guys in the gym said. But no one stopped her and when our turn came, we took the court just like any other group of class-weary students.

"We went at it, sweating and stumbling around the courts, 4 against 3. With gentlemanly generosity, we'd made Cassie the 'extra man,' but as I remember it she wasn't bad at all. She was quick on her feet, aggressive on defense, and had a fair two-hand set shot. Afterwards, she declined the traditional post-game shower, but she did join us later for a beer or two. I doubt that it's ever been quite the same in the Harvard (Men's and Women's) Gym.

"There are a lot of other memories, of course, and many more serious attributes of Cassie Mackin," Phil concludes. "But I don't think she'd mind being remembered for, among other things, breaking a modest gender barrier on the basketball court."

One of the magnificent seven on the basketball court that day was Floyd McKay, now news analyst for KGW-TV8 in Portland, Oregon, and he also cherishes the day the '68 Niemans "integrated" the men's gym with "Cassie, bundled in jackets and scarves, shuffling past the entry cage" with her male colleagues.

"It wasn't until we had a fast game of basketball going that the gym proctors realized the fellow in the long blonde hair was no fellow at all. Typically, Cassie played better than most of us, and insisted upon no quarter," Floyd writes.

"Professionally, Cassie and I ventured into television about the same time, and I watched her development with the knowledge of one who was going through the same discoveries and frus-

trations," Floyd recalls. "Every time we worked on a story together, I rediscovered what a good reporter she was.

"Perhaps it was her intensity that stood out, and her absolute insistence that she was producing a news piece and not entertainment. Sometimes, this worked to her disadvantage — she had trouble 'softening' her image (intensity again) — to fit the demands of television. She demanded a lot from those who she worked with, but even more from herself. We need more like her."

From the *Miami Herald* came a note from Gene Miller who collects Pulitzer Prizes instead of stamps. A note attached to a newspaper clipping said: "What a damn shame. I feel so bad about her death." The clip was a feature on Cassie that Gene wrote in 1972 when she covered the Miami national convention, and he suggested I might lift a line or two for the article.

It is a gem. The subhead reads: "The First Lady on the Floor" and the headline: "Catherine Packs Charged Coverage."

With his characteristic eye for the small enlightening detail, Gene led with the fact that there is a lady in high heels on the convention floor who carries a Saks Fifth Avenue Purse (\$10.75 marked down from \$18.95), and it is loaded with 12 pounds of batteries. Gene wrote that her "antennaed male colleagues, sometimes feeling like stringless puppets, hid their batteries under their doubleknits," but Cassie had to rely on the purse.

Further details in his profile of this historic breakthrough of the first woman broadcaster on the convention floor: Cassie was a Virgo, "blonde, blue-eyed, dimpled pronouncedly, quick, direct, and a damn fine newspaper reporter in the old Hearst fireball tradition. She gave up the pencil for the microphone without so much as a flubbed syllable. Electronically, she is a natural."

Cassie herself described the experience to Gene: "It is like going over a waterfall.

"There are women doctors, women lawyers. AT&T has women climbing

telephone poles. I am a political reporter who happened to be assigned a job," she told him, dismissing the "historic first" or any suggestion that the push in women's liberation might be the reason: "If it had happened before, they would have used another copout excuse."

In his reflection, Gene was amused over a lapse in her political instincts, and it tells us much about Cassie. She was in Johnson City, Texas, as a pencil correspondent from Washington. Lyndon Baines Johnson was leaving a church service, and from his limousine invited Cassie to spend a day at the ranch. "I haven't gone to Mass yet," Cassie replied — rejecting the offer — and drove off to Austin to attend the church of her choice, after covering the President of the United States and his.

Gene adds more to the profile: a cum laude graduate at the University of Maryland, a major in literature and drama, an avid Shakespeare reader who scrimped enough to visit Hamlet's castle in Denmark after graduation; at Harvard, she quit a two-pack Winston habit, sipped occasional bourbon, and played basketball at the Harvard gym until someone painted a yellow sign on the door saying "No Women."

Among the pressures of convention reporting was a curious one — Cassie got "sick of smiling." As for marriage, Gene relates, when he was interviewing her for his profile piece, she told him, "I've been to the precipice a couple of times, but I've never regretted not jumping."

From London, Lewis Chester, who is with the Features Department of *The Sunday Times*, wrote: "Cassie was a great mate. Whenever I scrounged an opportunity to go to Washington, it was always with the hope that Cassie would be in town. Usually she was and it made for cheerful times. I can't think of much that we ever agreed on — as Niemans, she was for Bobby; I was for Eugene — but she never let that stop her helping me on my misguided way. Saintly, however, she wasn't.

"Last time I was in her town she took me on a long mystery drive to a dinner

party comprised of 'people you'd like to meet.' It turned out to be a small hoard of Kennedys and Shriver. Cassie watched unmoved as I was shanghaied into a game of charades and subjected to indescribable menaces by a seasoned Mrs. Shriver. It was later divulged that Mrs. Shriver was enacting 'The Rape of the Sabine Women' — a family favourite when innocent guests/victims were involved.

"I was really looking forward to getting Cassie over to London so that I could stage some equally hideous revenge on my own turf. Alas, that's one pleasure I'll have to pass up now. She was a good and mischievous friend and is still, bless her, one up."

Gerald Grant, now a professor and chairman of the Cultural Foundations and Curriculum department at Syracuse University's School of Education, remembers that as he was reading the announcement of Cassie's death, he had an immediate memory of someone "driven . . . wanting desperately to be at the top, to be the best."

"One liked her," he writes, "because she was decent, caring, and while driven, never unkind or self-seeking in a narrow sense.

"And then the struggle of a woman in a male profession — a very beautiful, even stunning, woman who had to fight to get anyone to take her ideas seriously, to notice the brains under all the lovely blonde hair. Perhaps in a world that treated women more fairly, she would have lived longer," Gerry speculates.

There was one other woman in the Class of 1968, Atsuko Chiba. She could understand Cassie's fight better than any of us. Atsuko herself is fiercely independent and unorthodox by Japan's culture-bound standards, and she wrote a book about this, which was another wave in her movement to break through the field of economic and business writing — a feat she has marvelously achieved. Just as important, she has succeeded in forcing people to look beyond her dark-haired attractive self and her

poetic gentleness, to see the substance and professional journalistic excellence of which she is capable.

Atsuko first learned of Cassie's death from my letter and immediately began calling me and other classmates in the United States for details, but could not reach anyone. She then stayed up the rest of the night to put together her thoughts and reminiscences.

The last time she was in Washington, in 1980, she called but did not make contact with Cassie. "I always wanted to sit down with her and really talk, which I didn't for all those years, about ourselves and issues that both of us were concerned with — but chances are lost," Atsuko writes.

She remembers that when she came back to journalism in 1975 after some business experience, she began writing for overseas publications and Cassie sent her an encouraging note.

"And after the Nieman year I saw her just once in Tokyo, when was on her holidays to Asia and Australia. She was pretty and really beaming."

They once went to a Radcliffe Institute luncheon and Atsuko recalls: "After the lunch, we were taken to the library. Cassie was very pleased to find her name in the Who's Who in Journalism or something of the sort in the library. . . . She was only a year older than myself, but seemed already established, and she was always very confident of herself."

Word has just come from Jahee Nam today — a postcard from Korea saying that because of the "busy job as a national assemblyman at the year end," he did not get his "memories about Cassie" to me in time. He had heard about her death from an NBC man in Seoul. His card was a lovely abstract of curled yellow petals and flowers on a rippling body of water. The petals are being drawn to some force at the center as if in a whirlpool.

It is not easy to bind such memories together — to capture both the time and the moment, filtered by our indi-

vidual remembrances. How, for instance, would the Class of 1968 remember the night that Senator Robert Kennedy had been invited to meet with us for dinner at a Cambridge hotel? It snowed heavily and the Senator was delayed, and delayed again, by the weather and Senate matters. Cassie had arranged the visit and kept phoning to check the progress of our guest, who never did show up. Then each of us in the class became the speaker, standing or sitting, as a round robin ensued. We spoke what was on our minds, ran up an enormous bar and dinner bill, but found this accidental "event" coalescing us, bringing us together into a common sharing, perhaps even readying us for the mutual sadnesses that no one could anticipate.

On New Year's Day, NBC had a year-end review of 1982 on the nightly news. In the midst of the hard news

events came a collage of slides, one dissolving into the next, without comment, and with a background of soft music. John Belushi, Leonid Brezhnev, Leon Jaworski, Henry Fonda, Ingrid Bergman. . . and Cassie Mackin, among the gallery of notables who had died in 1982.

She was on the screen for such a fleeting second you could easily miss her radiance. Attractive, strong-willed, assured, talented, professional, self-confident, delighted — the image was mixed with all of these qualities.

But I prefer Brandy Ayers' memory of that quiet Vermont inn where he and Josie saw values in Cassie that they realized would last longer than a two-minute spot on the evening news.

"Josie and I respected Cassie, all right, but — damn it to hell — we loved her too," Brandy wrote.

And so do the rest of us. □

Committee To Select Nieman Fellows Named

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. — Four journalists and three members of the Harvard Faculty have been appointed by University President Derek C. Bok to serve on the committee to select about a dozen Nieman Fellows in journalism for the academic year 1983-84, the 46th year of the Nieman program.

Members of the committee, whose chairman, ex officio, is the Nieman Curator, James C. Thomson Jr., are:

Mary Anne Dolan, Editor, *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*

Jeffrey C. Gralnick, Vice President; Executive Producer of World News, ABC News, New York City

Nathan I. Huggins, W.E.B. Du Bois Professor of History and of

Afro-American Studies, Harvard University

A. Michael Spence, Professor of Business Administration and of Economics, Harvard University

Prudence Steiner, Lecturer on English Literature, Harvard University

Chuck Stone, Senior Editor and Columnist, *Philadelphia Daily News*

Thomas Winship, Editor, *The Boston Globe*

Nieman Fellowships provide a year of study at Harvard University for persons experienced in the media. Announcement will be made in early June of the American journalists appointed to the 1983-84 class of Nieman Fellows. □

Librettos, Padlocks, and Sovereigns

continued from page 2

also that the paper has been closed down." He continued, "We had hoped that your government would not use such measures and we hope that the reports which led to these harassments and persecutions will be proven untrue.

"We would ask you to use your influence to see that the editors are released without delay and that the paper will be able to re-start publication."

Brigadier General Hamilton Dimaya of the judge advocate general's office replied: "The state cannot stand timid while sinister forces are actively plotting to create an atmosphere favorable to a violent takeover of government." The General was one of several military authorities who recommended as early as two years ago that Mr. Burgos be arrested.

A little later, in response to opposition claims that the government was shackling the press, Information Minister Gregorio Cendana made a statement asserting that press freedom was not at stake in closing the 20,000-circulation tabloid and the jailing of several of its staff because "most of those arrested and detained are not even legitimate members of the media."

Amid the trappings of progress in Manila, the visitor is dazzled by luxury hotels, cultural exhibits, and modern buildings — but the city is coy. In the blocks surrounding these cosmetic areas, the *barrios* reek. Families crowd in shelters made from scrap metal; community faucets provide running water; other plumbing is non-existent. One foreign correspondent reports that living conditions in these places are wretched beyond any he's seen in most parts of Southeast Asia.

Yet the country itself is not poor. It is rich in timber (and one of the world's

largest producers of lumber); its agriculture yields ample crops of sugar, rice, and pineapple; fishing is a major industry; its mineral wealth includes deposits of gold, silver, iron, copper, chrome, among others; and its industrial development accounts for a wide variety of manufactured goods, ranging from cordage, wood and rattan furniture to shoes and hats.

Bands of offspring from these unequal economic unions flourish in remote pockets of the mountainous terrain and in hiding places folded into the configurations of 21,500 miles of irregular coastline. Like the volcanoes conspicuous on the landscape, the revolutionary groups smoulder and occasionally erupt — but even their rebellion can be suspect. It is said that their loyalties are so corrupt that they will come out of the jungle and put on a show of recanting their guerrilla activities and rueing their independence, as they claim a new allegiance to the Marcos Government — all for pay, and for the benefit of the waiting media.

Over the years, the abundance of natural resources has made the Philippines vulnerable to exploitation. As early as the tenth century, adventurers from China came to barter for spices and gold. In the sixteenth century the explorer Magellan brought Europeans their first knowledge of the archipelago. Its history of successive conquest by the Spanish and the Dutch, its insurrection against the United States, and its later administrations under American governors general, suggest that the country is used to wrenching division and oppression. In contrast, the latest "invasion" of the Boston Opera Company is a gentle one. The baggage of librettos and musical scores that Sarah Caldwell brought with her included a concept, i.e., the individual's right to

report the news and the expectation that it will be disseminated — a freedom that appears to be contraband in that republic.

Nonetheless, the cordial and robust relationship established by the beginning of the twentieth century between the United States and the Philippines continues. American funds enabled the construction of hospitals and schools; Fili-



pinos became teachers and nurses under U.S. training. During World War II, Moro and Igorot tribesmen proved to be fearless warriors and the saviours of countless U.S. military personnel in battles against the Japanese invaders and the intricacies of jungle warfare.

One token of longstanding goodwill between the countries is to be found at Harvard's University Hall in the form of an ornate narra table, over which the President calls to order the Faculty of Arts and Sciences whose members are seated in a vast room lined with portraits of Harvard titans. The table and set of highbacked chairs were donated to the University by W. Cameron Forbes after he retired as Governor General of the Philippines. Further ties are evident in the *Directory of Harvard Alumni/ae* which lists 450 Filipinos; seven of them are Nieman Fellows.

The Philippines were named after Philip II of Spain. Current events in the islands seem reflective of the Spanish monarch's unpredictable behavior. The extremes manifested by his contradictory nature are legendary.

For example, among his many

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talents, Philip was a builder who conceived one of the finest of architectural accomplishments — the Escorial. As a church, library, monastery, mausoleum, and palace, it still stands north of Madrid, in a perfection of harmony and beauty; yet its basic design — the pattern of a gridiron — represents the instrument of torture for St. Lawrence who, it is said, was slowly burned to death.

Today communication in the Republic of the Philippines appears to be consistent with such a mixed message. The

Marcos Government suppresses the news and orders newspaper plants and their employees locked up, but welcomes those who can teach the musical scale, so that Filipinos can sing of eighteenth-century fairy tales.

Nonetheless, an item worth pondering is that the year 1847 marked the printing of the first daily newspaper in the Philippines — *La Esperanza*, "the hope." Its history has become lost, but in its name, promise persists.

— T.B.K.L.

An Evening With Tito's Old Friend

continued from page 28

In his own country, with its unique and home-grown variation of communism, Djilas sees trouble ahead. "Yugoslavia now is headed for total disintegration," he says flatly. As one cause, he cites ethnic pressures among the country's six national republics. But more important, in his view, is the shaky management of the Yugoslav economy.

"In Yugoslavia, from my point of view, there is a structural crisis," he says, "not merely a temporary phenomenon." Agriculture, with much land divided into small plots, is "backward"; farm managers make decisions "without any serious influence from the peasants." Industrial modernization has focused on factories that need expensive imported raw materials, not on those that could use domestic resources. Apartment rents have been subsidized at an artificially low level, inducing severe shortages.

But central to Djilas's complaint is the leadership of Yugoslavia. The "cadres" that run industry, he says, with a stern nod of his head, are chosen not on the basis of talent "but by their ideological partisanship."

Such a comment is striking, coming from one who gained influence as a Communist leader and ideological tac-

tician in the early Tito years. But Milovan Djilas has had nearly thirty years as an outsider for reflection, and there are few Yugoslavs — perhaps none — with a stronger claim to speak of the country's present from an intimate knowledge of its past.

Yugoslavia's current leadership, says Djilas, "is really not interested in serious reform." Without major structural changes in the Yugoslav system, Djilas sees any evolution toward open elections as "absolutely impossible." But he notes, almost as a footnote, the spread of worker discontent in his country. "It's passive resistance," he says, "and no one has conquered it."

It is not hard to see why this courageous figure has given heart to dissidents across Eastern Europe. By writing from conscience and insight, he has thrown the light of realism on the contradictions that beset state communism. His countrymen could benefit from reading his books, but this seems unlikely to happen any time soon. His visitors thank him and his wife, and take their leave, Djilas guiding them down the gloomy staircase, flashlight again in hand, until they reach the street. They return the next day with a gesture of flowers, and the Djilases are both surprised and pleased. □

The Power Of The Media

continued from page 8

small to the public with more completeness, calmness, and clarity. This is currently being accomplished more satisfactorily in print, except when the print media is sucked into whirlpools of hysteria created by television.

Since its main mission in life is to sell goods and services for its advertisers, rather than to inform, or even to entertain, commercial television has a special problem. The most entertaining show imaginable will be dropped when its individual ratings slump and so will the most informative public affairs program. Thus, in commercial television, numbers triumph over content every time. This is the crux of commercial television's problem.

But there is hope. Maybe public television, which might be called pauper television, so meager is its budget, has a role to play. Its nightly *MacNeil-Lehrer Report*, which examines a single current subject or national problem from every pertinent angle in a prime time half-hour with qualified experts, is the best public affairs program on the air. It is planning to expand to an hour, which is good news, but, even more important, the commercial networks seem to be tuned in. ABC's new Sunday David Brinkley show, which digs a little deeper for an hour in the manner of MacNeil-Lehrer, is a small encouraging step in the right direction. The announced intention of the networks to consider expanding their nightly news shows to an hour is good news, too, provided they aren't merely planning to use the extra half-hour to double the number of dramatic incomplete snippets of news they now offer.

Maybe public television could push commercial television into a role of leadership by devoting more of its budget to trail-blazing public affairs programming. Unhappily, though, the irony of the day is that public television,

which has limited funds, has unlimited unaffordable dreams of out-entertaining commercial television when it might better be dreaming and spending wisely to out-inform it. At the same time, commercial television, which has unlimited funds, limits its dreams almost solely to out-pointing its competitors in the race for Nielsen ratings.

Perhaps the problem of program content will solve itself naturally when television's entrepreneurs are replaced by men and women less dazzled by the technological marvel that gets pictures and sound instantly from here to there and more interested in *what* goes from here to there. After the marvel of Gutenberg, the print medium began efforts to solve this by breeding responsible editors to make intellectual decisions on just what the new movable type would say to merit deathless print.

Thus, the day must surely come when commercial television's anchor-men and women will be perceived as sound journalists — which a good number of them actually are — rather than merely high-priced anchormannequins.

But then again, maybe they are all on the way out. Maybe a new miracle of my generation's discovery explosion — "videotex" or "teletext," say — will make them as obsolete as the galena crystal radio set. □



No Runs, A Few Hits, And Many Errors

continued from page 18

mentality. (The *laager* describes a defensive maneuver by South African settlers who draw their wagons into a circle to protect themselves against the marauding Zulus.) But this *laager* mentality is beginning to be felt by many of us in the press, and we are now developing the role of special interest pleaders: the registration of Sigma Delta Chi as a lobbyist representing 20,000 Americans; the American Newspapers Publisher's fight against AT&T's efforts to publish electronically information of its own through use of airwaves; and the fact that *Time* magazine has a PAC — *Time* magazine gives money to candidates.

The ANPA is supporting legislation

to block AT&T from publishing — and as one Senate aide pointed out, "You don't pick a fight with a man who buys ink by the barrel." So publishers have clout not only because they are publishers, but through their efforts to block AT&T.

Should *Time* magazine give money to political candidates? I asked my class and they were kind of casual in their response, saying, What's the difference between writing an editorial supporting a candidate and giving money?

I believe there's a great deal of difference between Chuck Stone writing a column to endorse a candidate and giving him \$1,000 for his campaign. And if we can't make that kind of moral distinction as journalists, we're in trouble.

An Open Letter To All Nieman Fellows

The publisher and the editor of Nieman Reports join in reminding Niemans of the importance of Jerry Aumente's research on continuing education for working journalists. To produce a complete and accurate section on the Nieman Fellowships, Aumente requires maximum participation from the alumni/ae. The data from his study will be invaluable to the Nieman Foundation and also, we believe, to journalism.

—J.C.T. and T.B.K.L.

Dear Nieman Colleagues:

You all should have received the Nieman survey mailed during the month of January. It is the final element in my study of the Nieman Fellowships. As a research associate at the Nieman Foundation, I have studied the archives of the program, conducted oral history interviews with the principals involved, including program administrators, Harvard faculty and staff, and a cross-section of Nieman Fellows. These interviews continue.

While on faculty leave from Rutgers University and with support from the Ford Foundation, I also visited most of the major continuing education programs for journalists in the United States. I have shared preliminary results of my findings with the Association for Education in Journalism and Mass Media at its national conference; Sigma Delta Chi, the Society of Professional Journalists, at both a regional meeting and national conference; and other universities and groups, public and private, that support continuing education for journalists. My review of the Nieman Fellowships in regard to foreign journalists was also a factor that resulted in a grant of additional funding to the program from the Ford Foundation.

What we are learning about continuing education programs for print and electronic media professionals is important to the field of journalism, and to undergraduate and graduate programs for students preparing for journalism careers. I intend to publish the complete results of my studies, but before full publication, and in an effort to help shape future program ideas at Walter Lippmann House, I plan to share the

Nieman phase of my research with Curator James Thomson, Executive Director Tenney Lehman, and University President Derek Bok.

I have also used my earlier findings to help design the Journalism Resources Institute at Rutgers University which works with print and electronic journalists and media professionals in seminars, conferences, research, and special projects. Since 1979, more than one thousand journalists have participated in over twenty programs.

The Nieman program is important in its own right, and for the "seeding" of others — many run by Nieman Fellows. For example, the programs at the Washington Journalism Center, and the National Endowment for the Humanities Fellowships for Journalists at Stanford University and at the University of Michigan come immediately to mind.

I hope by now that you have completed and returned the Nieman questionnaire, but if you have lost or misplaced it — or not received it at all (keeping the current address list "current" is always a problem), I will be glad to send out another immediately. Just get in touch with me at the address or telephone number below.

As we know, the Nieman program is one of the most influential, nationally and internationally. What you have to share with other journalism professionals and educators about the Nieman experience and its effect on your work can have a major impact on future programs, and on our efforts to protect a free and responsible press.

Many thanks for your help.

Jerome Aumente
Nieman Fellow '68

Professor and Director, Journalism Resources Institute, Rutgers University, 185 College Avenue, New Brunswick, New Jersey 08903
U.S.A. Telephone: (office) (201)932-7369/
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NIEMAN NOTES

A careful reader of these alumni/ae notes will discern a strong trend: We now have news of those whose parents are Nieman Fellows. (See the Classes of '49, '74, '79, and '82.)

Among the following items, there is an announcement of the newest baby's arrival; word about a 13-year-old Nieman son; correspondence from another, aged 17; and a personal visit from yet another son, now grown to adulthood.

We are delighted to foster such ties. After all, in a program observing its 45th year, it is in the order of things to boast of one's progeny and indeed, we are proud of our Nieman offspring.

— 1945 —

A. B. GUTHRIE, Pulitzer Prize-winning novelist, is the author of *Fair Land, Fair Land*, published in September by Houghton Mifflin Company. Guthrie makes his home in Choteau, Montana. For a review of this latest book, see page 49.

— 1949 —

GRADY CLAY, author of several books and editor of *Landscape Architecture* magazine, headed a jury of seven who chose Maya Ying Lin's design of a Vietnam Veterans Memorial from more than 1,400 entries. Clay, a resident of Louisville, Kentucky, in November attended the formal dedication ceremonies in Washington, D.C.

Earle M. Holland, son of ELMER HOLLAND Jr., paid a surprise visit to Lippmann House late one afternoon in November. He had been at a conference in the area and wanted to see Nieman headquarters before returning home to Ohio. His father is no longer living; Earle had only reached his first birthday during the family's Nieman year, so he had been too young to have a sense of the Cambridge experience. He asked if it would be possible to see his dad's file. Although these dossiers are considered confidential, when a family member makes such a request, we are glad to comply.

The following is excerpted from a letter received shortly after Earle's visit:

"I must admit that I more than half-expected to be shuffled to and fro when I asked to look at my father's Nieman file. After all, asking to view 40-year-old files at the drop of a hat is not a request that would be happily accommodated at most places. Your willingness to help simply reinforced all of the positive feelings I have held for the Nieman program.

"You should understand that our family does and always has revolved around journalism in one sense or another. For as long as I can remember, the fact that my father was a Nieman was something we kids knew to be significant, something to hold in high esteem.

"But my intent was not to follow in my father's profession. My route was due more to a disinclination towards mathematics that preempted an engineering career than it was to any well-thought-out plan. And yet, here I am in the role of journalist.

"I spent much of last night reading over the material from my father's file. I found out how hard it was financially for my parents to make ends meet during my childhood. I discovered how tremendously frustrating those times were for an educated newspaperman trapped at a conservative Southern newspaper. I realized how humanly sensitive he was in dealing with those pressures. And I learned in just how high esteem he placed his, and our, year as a Nieman Fellow, how much it affected the rest of his life.

"So you see, I have been shown how really close I was, and am, to my father. For that, there can never be enough thanks expressed to the Foundation and all it stands for."

Earle M. Holland is a University Research Editor (resident science and medical writer) at Ohio State University in Columbus, where he teaches a graduate course in science writing. In addition, he is Assistant Director, Office of Communications Services at the University. Holland also writes a weekly column on medicine and science for the Sunday edition of the *Columbus Dispatch*.

Earlier in his career, he was for five years a general assignment reporter for the *Birmingham News*, the newspaper where his father worked for many years.

— 1950 —

WILLIAM GERMAN, managing editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle* since 1977, was promoted in December to the position of executive editor. He joined the *Chronicle* in 1940 as a copyboy and has held various editorial positions there, including news editor, foreign service editor, and executive news editor.

German was involved with public television in the late 1960's as managing editor of KQED's *Newspaper of the Air* and as moderator of that station's *Profile Bay Area*.

— 1951 —

ROY FISHER, former dean of the University of Missouri's School of Journalism, and long-time editor, *Chicago Daily News*, is currently on sabbatical leave from teaching at the University to write a book.

Fisher served on a panel of five judges to select the winning entries for the First Annual World Hunger Media Awards, presented in November at the United Nations. The World Hunger Awards, totaling \$80,000, are said to be the richest prizes in journalism.

— 1953 —

MELVIN MENCHER, professor at the Graduate School of Journalism, Columbia University, was recently on sabbatical leave. A spin-off of his time away from New York was the article "Everglades Interlude" in the Travel section of *The New York Times*, December 19. Mencher describes his visit to the Anhinga Trail in Everglades National Park and his stay at Flamingo. The area is a naturalist's Eden. Good reading for Northerners on a wintry Sunday afternoon!

— 1955 —

SELIG S. HARRISON, a senior associate of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, visited Pakistan in November. He is the author of *In Afghanistan's Shadows* and three earlier books on Asian affairs.

— 1960 —

EDMUND J. ROONEY, assistant professor of communication at Loyola University of Chicago, has been appointed director of a new national Center for Freedom of Information Studies at that University.

He is also vice president of the Chicago Headline Club and chairman of its Freedom of Information committee.

PETER BRAESTRUP, editor of *The Wilson Quarterly*, is the author of *Big Story*, a thorough study of "How the American Press and Television Reported and Interpreted the Crisis of Tet 1968 in Vietnam and Washington." Originally published in 1977 by Westview Press in two volumes, it is now available in an abridged one-volume paperback edition (Yale University Press) with emendations and a new introduction by the author.

Braestrup reported on the Vietnam War and was in Saigon during the Tet offensive.

— 1962 —

JOHN O. EMMERICH, Jr., editor and publisher of *The Greenwood* (Mississippi) *Commonwealth*, is one of three judges selecting the winners for the Walker Stone Awards of the Scripps-Howard Foundation. The prizes honor outstanding achievement in the field of editorial writing in 1982.

MARTIN GOODMAN, late president of *The Star*, is to be honored in the naming of a five-mile trail on Toronto's lakefront. Goodman was an intense athlete and physical fitness enthusiast; he had a passionate belief that the city's amenities should be opened up to all its citizens.

The Goodman Trail is to be opened by autumn 1984, when Toronto celebrates its 150th birthday. *The Star* is contributing the initial \$90,000 of the \$380,000 estimated cost; the balance is to come from the city and the province.

The project was announced in January by Mayor Art Eggleton and *Star* president David Jolley.

Jolley said, "This city was one of Martin's great loves and he was a vigorous proponent of anything that allowed both residents and visitors to derive more enjoyment from Toronto."

"It's a part of the exciting new waterfront of Toronto," Eggleton said. "It's most appropriately placed and most appropriately named to honor Martin Goodman. He was

concerned about athletics and about the waterfront, and he made a very valuable contribution to the achievement of good standards of journalism in this city."

Goodman died in December 1981 at the age of 46, after a year-long struggle with cancer.

— 1964 —

MORTON MINTZ, author of several books and reporter with *The Washington Post*, served as one of four judges to select the winning entry for the 1982 Newspaper Guild's Heywood Broun Memorial Award. This annual competition, established 42 years ago, is in memory of the Guild's founding president, columnist Heywood Broun. (See also page 19.)

— 1965 —

A. W. MALDONADO, editor of *El Reportero*, a Puerto Rican daily, is on leave and a senior associate at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in New York.

— 1966 —

ROBERT A. CARO's latest book, *The Path to Power: The Years of Lyndon Johnson*, has been named winner of the general nonfiction category in the 1983 National Book Critics Circle Awards. Published in 1982 by Alfred A. Knopf, it is the first of three projected volumes about the former President.

Caro's biography of Robert Moses, *The Power Broker*, won both the 1975 Pulitzer Prize (for biography), and the Parkman Prize of the Society of American Historians.

Ina, his wife, is an historian who served as Caro's full-time assistant with the 882-page book that took seven years to produce.

A \$2.5 million programming grant from the General Electric Corporation will underwrite a third season of *Inside Story*, the PBS series that examines media performance. HODDING CARTER III, the former State Department spokesman and newspaper publisher, will continue as anchor and chief correspondent of the series, which will be telecast on PBS stations nationally on Thursdays at 8:30 P.M.

"There will be a greater emphasis on coverage of foreign stories this season, with more field reports from European-based cor-

respondents," Carter said.

The grant will allow the series to expand to twenty half-hours beginning in April and will also provide total financing for the production of a one-hour special edition.

ROBERT METZ, who for sixteen years wrote the daily financial column "Market Place" for *The New York Times*, began his new business and financial column for United Feature Syndicate in December.

Metz is also New York bureau chief and managing editor of Financial News Network. A licensed attorney, he is the author of eight books including *CBS: Reflections in a Blood-shot Eye*, *How to Shake the Money Tree*, and most recently, *Future Stocks*.

— 1968 —

CATHERINE "CASSIE" MACKIN, a television correspondent based in Washington, D.C., for ABC News, died November 20, 1982, in Baltimore, Maryland, after a long battle with cancer. She was 42 years old.

Cassie had previously been with NBC News for six years. In 1972 she was the first woman to work as a television reporter on the floor of the Democratic and Republican National Conventions.

At ABC, which she joined in 1977, she was a Capitol Hill correspondent. In 1980 she covered Senator Edward M. Kennedy's unsuccessful bid for the Democratic presidential nomination. She later helped cover the Democratic National Convention and reported on major Senate races. Cassie also reported frequently for *20/20*, ABC's weekly news magazine show, and had taken part in David Brinkley's *Roundtable Discussion*, televised on Sundays. Early in 1982 she received an Emmy award for a news program on drunken driving.

Cassie began her television career at WRC-TV in Washington, where she worked from 1969 to 1971. She had reported for the Hearst newspaper chain from 1963 to 1969, and was the only woman reporter Hearst assigned full-time to cover the president and the White House.

A native of Baltimore, she was an honors graduate of the University of Maryland. She leaves her mother, Catherine, of Baltimore; two sisters, Margaret Mackin Ruth of Towson and Michaeline Mackin O'Neill of Baltimore; and two brothers, Michael J. Mackin of Baltimore and Jerard J. Mackin of New Orleans.

See page 53 for tributes to Cassie from some of her Nieman classmates, among them

Jerry Aumente, who gathered and edited their reminiscences.

— 1971 —

THEUNISSEN (TON) VOSLOO, editor of *Beeld* newspaper in Johannesburg, has been appointed deputy managing director of the Nasionale Pers group as of March 1983. He will be based in Cape Town and will assist the managing director, Mr. D. P. de Villiers, until the latter's retirement in 1984. Since becoming editor of *Beeld* in June 1977, Vosloo has seen the newspaper grow to become the biggest Afrikaans daily in the country.

— 1974 —

The January cover of the magazine *National Geographic WORLD* pictures Caleb Daniloff as he performs a gymnastic exercise in front of St. Basil's Cathedral in Moscow. He is the son of NICHOLAS DANILOFF, foreign correspondent for *U. S. News & World Report*, and Ruth Daniloff, also a writer and the author of *WORLD's* lead article, "An American Gymnast in the USSR."

She describes how 13-year-old Caleb and his seven classmates attend gymnastics school five days a week; each class lasts for two and a half hours. The following, excerpted from her piece, appears with permission of the *National Geographic WORLD*:

As soon as we settled in Moscow, I enrolled at a gymnastics school, the Special Youth Sports School of the October District of Moscow. I was the first U.S. citizen to be accepted there. It is one of many schools and clubs that train candidates for the Soviet Olympic team. I also go to regular school, during the morning and early afternoon.

Soviet gymnasts seem to put more emphasis on developing strength than U.S. gymnasts do. When I first took up gymnastics, I did a lot of weight lifting. Now, I try to do one hundred sit-ups and fifty pull-ups every day.

A gymnast's hands have to be tough. When I first worked out on the rings, I got blisters. Everyone congratulated me about them. That's a custom among Soviet gymnasts.

About once a month, the school holds a competition. . . . The routines require strength, balance, and timing. Ten points is a perfect score in each event. In the last

competition, my score was 53 out of a possible 60. I was very pleased.

I think I'm lucky to be going to a Soviet gymnastics school.

— 1975 —

GENE PELL, chief correspondent for WCVB-TV in Boston, returned to Washington in February to begin broadcasting live satellite-transmitted reports from WCVB's newly opened D.C. news bureau. The ABC affiliate's operation is the first of its kind by a New England television station.

Pell is concentrating on coverage of the Massachusetts and New England congressional delegations and the White House. Administrative and judiciary department activities that affect the state of Massachusetts and the region also will be among his priorities.

Word recently received at Lippmann House announces the marriage of GUNTHER VOGEL and Hannelore Richter on January 8, 1983, in Mainz-Lerchenberg. Vogel is editor and director with ZDF television in Mainz, Germany.

— 1976 —

DALE A. BURK, who worked for the *Missoulian* as a writer, editor, and columnist from 1968 to 1978, is chief owner and president of a new book publishing company, the Stoneydale Press, with headquarters in Stevensville, Montana. Plans are to publish four to six books a year in such categories as outdoor recreation, history, art, biography, nature, and culture.

"Our intent is to publish in those areas overlooked by, or of little concern to, large national publishing enterprises," Burk said. "We will have a strong regional flavor in our publications." An initial offering was *Montana Fishing*, which has gone into a second printing.

— 1977 —

HENNIE VAN DEVENTER writes from Bloemfontein, South Africa:

"I wrote when I was appointed editor of *Die Volksblad* in September 1980, but evidently the news did not filter through to your records. *Die Volksblad* ('the people's paper'), the major paper in the Orange Free State and the Northern Cape, is where I started my journalistic career at the beginning of the

1960's. In other words: I have come home.

"Though I do miss the pulsating energy of a big city (in SA terms) and *Beeld* where since my Nieman year I became an assistant editor, I enjoy the experience of editing my own paper and the fruits of a smaller city without traffic congestion and industrial pollution.

"My family is keeping well, John now being eleven years old and Marisa an aggressive eight.

"How and when I do not know, but to set foot again on Harvard Square remains one of my major ambitions."

— 1978 —

KEN FREED sends a note from Buenos Aires: "I'll be ending my three-year tour as South America bureau chief for *The Los Angeles Times* this coming May and, after some vacation and home leave, will be moving to Toronto as bureau chief sometime in July or August. With my wishes for a bountiful New Year."

— 1979 —

FRANK VAN RIPER reports on his class:

Herewith, as promised, a batch of stuff for Nieman Notes. The holiday season brought travel, good fellowship, a measure of prosperity, and a new baby to the Class of '79.

NANCY DAY gave birth to a strapping son, Hartley Barrow Waggener, shortly before Thanksgiving, so that sister Alison will have someone to play poker with.

PEGGY ENGEL hosted another of her famous parties, this one a pre-Christmas bash December 19 at her lavish new digs in a renovated vintage apartment building in D.C. Among those oohing and aahing at the funky decor were Mary Fran and BILL GILDEA, PEGGY SIMPSON, and FRANK VAN R. Peggy E., who never stops, has another job in addition to her reporting duties on *The Washington Post*. She is now Washington editor of *Glamour* magazine.

LAWRENCE WALSH spent the holidays in China, teaching journalism at Fudan University in Shanghai. "China overwhelms," he wrote, "and Shanghai obliges. Poor/splendid; fresh/dog-eared; cosmopolitan/xenophobic. Man, you've got to see it for yourself. I am well cared for — people take me on expeditions all the time and we put away a little beer now and then. I've been two hundred miles (and ten centuries back) into the countryside."

Before heading off to China, Walsh

stopped off on Long Island to visit and hoist a few with Marcia and BOB PORTER-FIELD. Bob, an acclaimed China scholar, briefed Walsh on the Tang dynasty, but unfortunately, after just a few beers, lapsed into Chinese so Walsh didn't understand a word.

MICHAEL McDOWELL, writing for *The Globe and Mail* in Toronto, happily reports that he has been named the paper's Foreign Affairs writer.

FRANK VAN RIPER, who one year ago was fearful that the Nation's Largest Daily might be forced to fold, is delighted to say that the New York *Daily News* has bounced back. "We'll start turning a profit this year and figure to be around for a long time to come," Frank reports. Welcome evidence of the turnaround, he says, is new money for travel. As national political correspondent, Van Riper was able to spend a week in Alabama covering George Wallace's comeback campaign (see page 13), and recently toured with John Glenn as the Ohio senator and presidential hopeful tried out his speech-making and schmoozing in Texas.

Van Riper also reports his photography is going well. The Touchstone Gallery in Washington, which represents him, recently mounted a major exhibition of his work with that of sculptor F. L. Wall.

That's it.

The editor's addenda:

The parents of Hartley Barrow ("Hart") Waggener, who was born on November 21st, are NANCY DAY and Tom Waggener. The family lives in Newton, Massachusetts.

Last summer Nancy returned to her former post as assistant city editor at the *San Francisco Examiner*. Prior to that stint, she had been teaching at Boston University's School of Journalism, where she will resume her duties in the fall of 1983. Currently she is free-lancing; her by-line will appear in the March issue of *Redbook* magazine above an article about para-professional jobs.

Tom, a bio-engineer, is with the Joint Program in Neonatology of Harvard Medical School; he does research on breathing patterns of newborn infants.

MICHAEL McDOWELL spoke at the University of South Carolina in November on the topic "The Ulster Question" with U.K. Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, James Prior. McDowell told us that the Columbia area is "a real Scotch-Irish country." While in the States, he visited Washington, D.C., and spent some time with Nieman classmates

Peggy Simpson, Peggy Engel, Frank Van Riper, and Bill Gildea.

DONALD J. WOODS, South African newspaper editor exiled five years ago because of his criticism of apartheid, came to Boston in December. He visited Massachusetts Governor Edward J. King and urged him to sign a bill requiring the state to divest itself of its pension fund holdings in companies that do business in South Africa.

Woods said the governor listened attentively but asked no questions during their meeting. "I was able to tell him the attitude of black South Africans and briefly sketch the situation in South Africa," said Woods. "I took great pains to say what support Massachusetts would receive for this decision all over Africa and what a morale lift it would be for black South Africans."

Since his exile, Woods has been living in London, where he is establishing the Lincoln Trust, an organization designed to bring American and British pressure to bear on South Africa to change its policies of racial discrimination.

The following excerpt is from *The Boston Globe*, January 28, 1983:

The government of South Africa was the largest single spender on lobbying in Massachusetts last year, shelling out \$300,000 in an unsuccessful effort to head off a law requiring public pension funds to sell off their investments in companies doing business in South Africa.

Former governor Edward J. King tried to kill the bill, but the Legislature overrode his veto only hours before the 1982 session ended on Jan. 4. The Senate rejected the King veto by a 23-5 vote, and the House rejected it by a vote of 123-2.

The state has three years to divest nearly \$120 million in stocks and bonds as a protest against South Africa's policies of white supremacy.

— 1980 —

STANLEY FORMAN, Pulitzer Prize-winning news photographer, resigned from the *Boston Herald American* in December to become a cameraman with WCVB-TV in Boston. Forman had been with the Hearst newspaper since 1966.

— 1981 —

PETER J. ALMOND, formerly a reporter with the now-defunct *Cleveland Press*, sends

word that in August he joined the staff of *The Washington (D.C.) Times* as foreign affairs correspondent. Prior to taking his new post, he was in the U.K. for the Falklands wrapup in May.

The Almonds' new address: 5501 Williamsburg Boulevard, Arlington, VA 22207.

DAVID LAMB is the author of *The Africans*, published in January by Random House. Lamb spent four years roaming sub-Saharan Africa for *The Los Angeles Times*. Before that he was their Australian bureau chief and was a battlefield reporter in Vietnam for UPI (it was Lamb who named Hamburger Hill). He has reported for *The Los Angeles Times* from more than a hundred countries and all seven continents. At present he is stationed in Cairo.

The Africans is an alternate for the Book-of-the-Month Club and the History Book Club.

LAUREL SHACKELFORD was named city editor of the *Louisville (Kentucky) Times* in November, a promotion from assistant city editor of the *Courier-Journal*, a post she had held since 1979. Earlier she was a reporter for the *Times*. She is co-editor of a book, *Our Appalachia*, published in the mid-1970's while she was working on an oral history project in eastern Kentucky.

The marriage of NANCY WARNECKE, staff photographer with *The Tennessean*, and Richard Rhoda, executive assistant with the Tennessee Board of Regents, took place in Nashville on January 29, 1983.

Among those joining in the festivities were Nieman classmates Jo and JIM STEWART, Susan and HOWIE SHAPIRO, and ROSE ECONOMOU. Others included: ALEX JONES ('82), Natalie and FRANK SUTHERLAND ('78), Dolores and JOHN SEIGENTHALER ('59), Camilla and NAT CALDWELL ('41), Ali Dor-Ner, whose spouse ZVI DOR-NER is a member of the Class of '77 and, from the Nieman staff, Daphne B. Noyes.

— 1982 —

CHRIS BOGAN of *The Spokesman-Review* in Spokane, Washington, writes about his summer travels and subsequent return to his newspaper:

"After Japan, coming back to Boston was rushed and sad. I packed in a hurry and

began an epic journey across America. The road from Bean Town to Spokane measures about 3,500 miles. I took the 7,000-mile trail, winding first through Washington, D.C., and the South. Among the highlights of this first leg of the journey were visits with PETER BROWN and JOHANNA NEUMAN, and then a wonderful sojourn at Hilltop, the home of Alex Jones' parents. They are wonderful folks. I learned something about Southern hospitality.

"From Tennessee I crept into Arkansas and traveled in the Ozarks. Then came Oklahoma and oil country. It gave way to the Texas Panhandle and then New Mexico. Here I completed a circuit of sorts. Our Nieman year was filled with conversations about the nuclear arms issue. And for those of us who went to Japan, there was an emotional trip to Hiroshima. Consequently, I decided to visit Los Alamos, the home of the Manhattan Project. Colorado, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Montana, and Washington State followed. It was a wonderful trip.

"Things have gone well for me here. I am writing a column once a week, filing stories from throughout the Inland Northwest. I am also the chief writer of a special assignments team. The column, which is new to me, has most of my energy and enthusiasm.

"Worried that I would feel shocked upon leaving the sublime atmosphere in which Nieman Fellows thrive, my editors were very considerate upon my return to the paper. My first project was calculated to be elevating. I had to write a profile of evangelist Billy Graham. He was in Spokane for a crusade. The deadline was immediately upon me. I didn't have time to fret or feel morose. Suddenly I was a born-again journalist."

ANITA HARRIS, formerly a reporter with *MacNeil-Lehrer Report* in New York, has been made a Visiting Scholar at the Henry A. Murray Research Center of Radcliffe College, where she is working on a book about women professionals.

ALEX S. JONES, editor and editorial page editor of *The Greeneville (Tennessee) Sun*, has been designated chairman for the Education Committee of the Southern Newspaper Publishers Association.

We note the by-line of FAY SMULEVITZ JOYCE in *The New York Times* Travel section, January 16, 1983. Her article, "To Each His Own Fantasy Land," is a Florida

sampler and includes highlights and attractions in such places as Pensacola, Tampa, St. Augustine, Sarasota, St. Petersburg, Miami, and the Florida Keys.

As we go to press, we have learned that Joyce has left her post as political editor of the *St. Petersburg Times* to join *The New York Times*. Her plans call for six to twelve months on the metro staff, then reassignment to a *Times* bureau.

STEVE ONEY, formerly a writer for *Atlanta Weekly* magazine in Georgia, is a contributing editor of *California* magazine. He writes that he's rented "a nice bungalow in the Hollywood Hills where there's a great view of the sunsets."

AKE ORTMARK, senior editor in the News Department of Swedish Television, Stockholm, is on a three-month leave of absence. He telephoned from Washington, D.C., just as we were putting these notes together to say that he will be there until the end of April as a member of the Joint Economic Committee for Senator Edward Kennedy (D-Mass.), working with industrial policy.

Ortmark was a Visiting Nieman Fellow last February and March. He has written several books on politics and economics, and is co-author of *Television and Political Life; Studies in Six European Countries*.

EDWARD WALSH, reporter with *The Washington Post*, was assigned to Jerusalem at the end of his Nieman year. Ed and Michelle are the parents of two teenagers — Michael and Catherine (Cathy).

In November Mike wrote to describe his initial reactions to the move from D.C. Excerpts from his letter follow:

"Israel has been a major shock to my system. My dad told me how I looked after I finally set foot on 'The Promised Land' after over twenty-four hours of traveling and zillions of miles. It wasn't funny.

"All that seems so long ago now. School started on August 31st and from then till now things have gone better than I expected. My school is incredibly small compared to CRLS [Cambridge Rindge and Latin School]. There are about 300 students in grades K-12. There are more Americans here than anyone else; we can wear almost anything we want, just so it isn't too 'provocative.' Not many of my clothes, except for my birthday suit, fit that description, so I don't have to worry

about it much. We say prayers and sing songs every morning at assembly. I've gotten used to that, though. As for sports, I am on the basketball team and the softball team. There are no other teams to be on, though. That's too bad because I really wanted to run track.

"I'm really getting into biking here. Israel is a great place to tour because of its size. So far I have made two trips. Each one was more than 100 miles.

"The first trip involved me and two friends. We set out for Enbedi which is half-way down the Dead Sea. As you know, the Dead Sea is the lowest point on earth. Jerusalem is about 4,000 feet above sea level and Enbedi is about 1,200 feet below sea level. So we had a lot of downhill to cover. It was absolutely fantastic! Twenty-five miles of sheer downhill with only two uphill to interrupt the ecstasy. We got to the Dead Sea in about an hour and a half. That is very good time by the way. From the beginning of the Dead Sea to Enbedi we had about twenty-five miles to cover. We cruised along through the hot desert. The desert is very unusual and in a way pretty. We had a good pace and stopped many times for water. We arrived in Enbedi at about 10:00 in the morning, only five hours for that trip. It was about five times slower than a car.

"Enbedi was very disappointing for me. There were millions of people, and the fresh water waterfalls, which were a big reason for the trip, were crowded as hell. We camped on the rocky beach and I barely slept. Now comes the hard part. We left the next day at 6:00 A.M. You remember the twenty-five miles of downhill, don't you? Well, the next way is obviously uphill! So me and my two crazy as hell friends went up. I have never been closer to death. It took us ten hours, twice as long as going down, to get to Jerusalem. I'm telling you, I never thought I could ever be so happy to see Jerusalem. But I was and when we got home we all collapsed. Then like total idiots we went to see *Rocky III*.

"The next trip was better. This time there were five of us and we were headed for Tiberias which is half way up the Sea (Lake) of Galilee. This trip was one hundred miles one way. This time, however, we took a bus back up the hill. There was no way I was going to do that again. Anyway, we had a great time in Tiberias. We stayed one day and two nights, and had two good secluded places to camp, about six miles south of Tiberias. We fished and swam and basically just messed around the whole time.

"I really miss Cambridge. I miss so much being able to walk in the Nieman House,

grab a Pepsi and a bite to eat, and watch some TV. When I get back to the U.S. I think I will be shocked by the modernness and the cleanliness I used to take for granted.

"My mom, dad, and sister all say hi. Don't ever let the new Niemans forget how lucky they are."

— 1983 —

In January, DAVID HIMMELSTEIN was one of the winners in the third annual screenwriting competition sponsored by the Writers

Guild of America. He has received a stipend, and has been paired with an experienced screenwriter under the Guild's "mentor program" to read and appraise his work, which traces the quest of a baseball scout to find a "phenom," thereby saving his own career.

Himmelstein is a reporter with the *Maine Sunday Telegram* in Portland.

KARL IDSVOOG has been awarded first place in the Chicago International Film Festival as co-producer, with Sue Lavery, of "The Raleigh Hills Investigation" — a look into the pricing and medical practices in a chain of

alcoholism treatment centers. The producers found markups of medical costs to the patient were as much as one thousand percent. There will be no awards ceremony for the prize announced in November; it was canceled because of the state of the economy.

Idsvog is director of the investigative unit of KUTV Inc. in Salt Lake City.



RANDOM NOTES

JAMES C. THOMSON Jr., Curator of the Nieman Foundation, was a participant in the conference, "Vietnam Reconsidered: Lessons from a War," held at the University of Southern California, Los Angeles, in February. Thomson chaired the panel discussion "The Roots of U.S. Involvement in Vietnam." Chairing other panels were ROBERT SHAPLEN ('48) and KEYES BEECH ('53); panelist speakers included ROBERT MANNING ('46) and PETER BRAESTRUP ('60). DAVID GREENWAY ('72) and DOUG MARLETTE ('81) were among those attending the four-day gathering.

The conference, which also featured a film series and exhibits of war photography and editorial cartoons, was sponsored by the University of Southern California School of Journalism, Center for Humanities, and School of International Relations in cooperation with the Immaculate Heart College Center.

Two Nieman Fellows have received first place awards in the annual Pictures of the Year competition sponsored by the University of Missouri and the National Press Photographers Association under an educational grant from Nikon, Inc.

NANCY WARNECKE RHODA ('81), staff photographer with *The Tennessean*, has won top prize in the category of self-produced picture story, newspaper broadsheet, for "Brides of Christ," a portrayal of daily life at the Sisters of St. Cecilia Convent near Nashville. The award-winning series will be published in *Photojournalism/8*, NPPA's annual review of newspaper and magazine pictures of the year.

ELI REED ('83), photographer with *The San Francisco Examiner*, has been selected recipient of the World Understanding Award for his 1982 coverage of Central America. Reed spent a total of three months traveling and photographing people and places in El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica. His pictures portray the universality of human relationships and transcend the boundaries of country or race.

As World Understanding Award winner, Reed will be given a Nikon F3 camera, a trophy, and a cash prize. Additionally, his work will appear in *Photojournalism/8*, and a slide tape of his entry will be made available through NPPA's audio visual library.

This award, considered to be one of the most prestigious in photojournalism, was first presented in 1975 to W. Eugene and Aileen Smith.

Participants in a day-long December symposium of journalists sponsored by Boston University's School of Public Communication included panelists GENE PELL ('75), longtime local and network television correspondent, and ROBERT L. HEALY ('56), Washington bureau chief for *The Boston Globe*. The theme was the difficulties of reporting the news of the day, whether over the air or in print.

Metromedia's WCVB-TV in Boston is one of the few — and may be the only — American television station with four Nieman Fellows on its staff: JUDY STOIA ('80), a producer of *Chronicle*, a thirty-minute evening news program focusing on one story a night from a local perspective; RON

GOLLOBIN ('74), an on-camera news reporter; GENE PELL ('75) and STANLEY FORMAN ('80). For Pell and Forman, see also class notes.

Among those serving on the jury of fifty-five newspaper editors and writers to submit nominations for the 1983 Pulitzer Prize in journalism are the following Nieman Fellows: GEORGE CHAPLIN ('41), editor-in-chief, *The Honolulu Advertiser*; ELLEN GOODMAN ('74), syndicated columnist, *The Boston Globe*; EDWIN GUTHMAN ('51), editor, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*; DAVID HAWPE ('75), managing editor, *The Courier-Journal*, Louisville, Kentucky; JAMES D. SQUIRES ('71), executive vice president and editor, *Chicago Tribune*; and JOHN STROHMEYER ('53), editor and vice president, *The Globe-Times*, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. EUGENE L. ROBERTS ('62), executive editor, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, is a member of the Pulitzer Prize board.

The ROBERT LEVEY ('69)-ELLEN GOODMAN ('74) nuptials took place November 20, 1982, at the University Club in Boston. PATRICIA O'BRIEN ('74), author and writer for Knight-Ridder Newspapers in Washington, D.C., was among the out-of-town guests. The newly married couple traveled to Alaska on their wedding trip.

Goodman and Levey are both employees of *The Boston Globe*. To the best of our knowledge, their marriage is the first to join Nieman-cum-Nieman in wedlock.

— T.B.K.L. —

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