

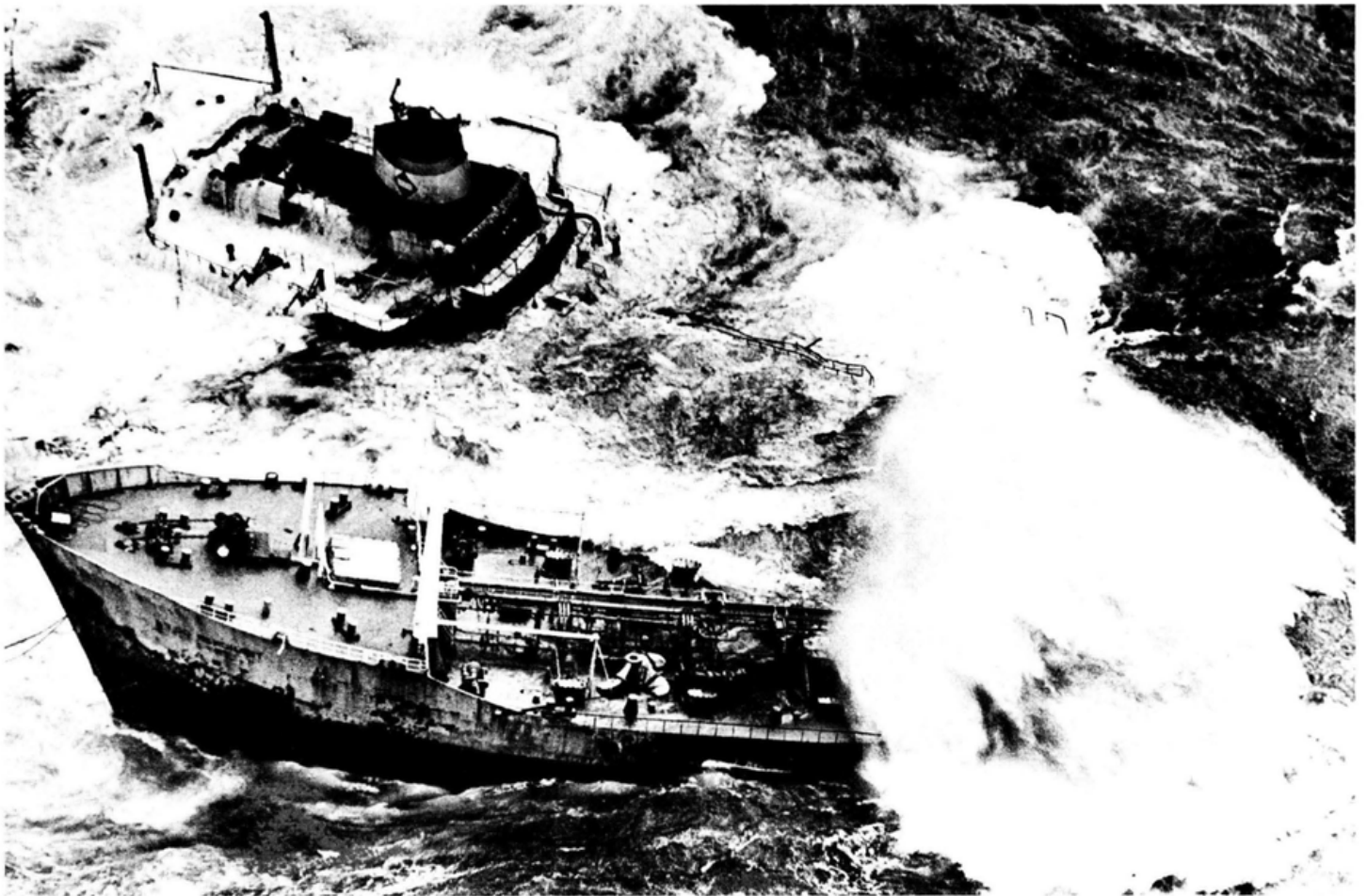
Nieman Reports

Published Quarterly by the Nieman Foundation for Journalism at Harvard University

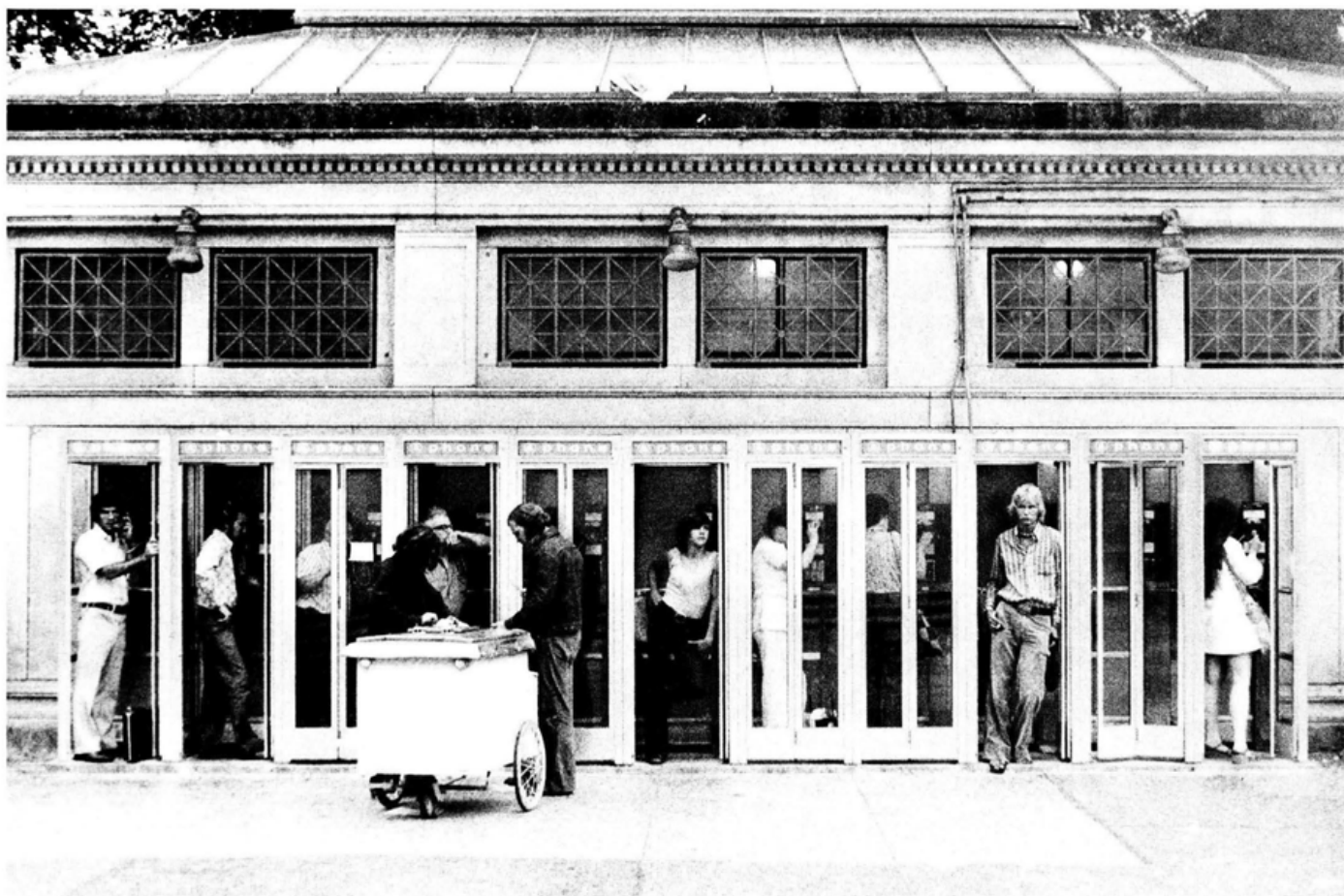
Vol. XXXIV, No. 2

Summer 1980/\$3.00

Writing with Light



Special Issue on News Photography



Alexandra Dor-Ner

Communications

We call.
Who answers?
Is the message understood?
We wait.
Does anyone listen?
Is it worth a mention?
Some disagree.
Perhaps we're not getting through.
Try again.
Here is important information —
Are we communicating?

—T.B.K.L.

Nieman Reports

Summer 1980
Vol. XXXIV, No. 2

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Cover: *Argo Merchant*, 640-foot Liberian oil tanker, breaks up December 21, 1976, in rough seas a week after going aground 27 miles SE off Nantucket. Winds swept 7.6 million gallons of fuel oil away from Cape Cod and Georges Bank. All crew escaped. Photographer, Ed Jenner. From *A Century of New England in News Photographs*, by John Harris, published by the Globe Pequot Press, Chester, Connecticut. Reprinted by permission.

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Subscription \$10.00 a year; add \$6.00 for foreign mailing. Single copies \$3.00. Back copies are available from the Nieman Office at \$2.00 each postpaid. Add \$1.00 for first class postage.

Please address all subscription correspondence and change of address information to P.O. Box 4951, Manchester, NH 03108.

Second-class postage paid at Boston, Mass. and additional entries. Postmaster: Send form 3579 to P.O. Box 4951, Manchester, NH 03108.

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A Changing Vision

The Role of Photojournalism in Social Reform 1895 - 1920

BARBARA P. NORFLEET

American photographers' visions of the poor — particularly during the period from 1888 to 1905 — reflected and influenced the attitudes of social reform in this nation. By looking at some photographs of that time, and examining the background of contemporary social reform, we can see how this cross-exchange took place.

One of the interesting things about photography and the poor in America is that both were "invented" at about the same time. Photography came into being around 1839 — just when a noticeable rise in the number of poor people in this country began to sharpen the division between rich and poor. But the record-making art of photography and the plight of the poor did not get together for another fifty years.

One reason is that in America, art and literature were estranged from real life. The poor were not considered proper subjects for paintings, books — or photographs. Alexis de Tocqueville, who so brilliantly described most aspects of this country, hardly mentioned poverty and did not see it as a problem. (An exception was Charles Dickens, who had seen some poverty in England during the Industrial Revolution and so was tuned in to finding it here.)

Another reason is that although newspapers first started to use illustrations regularly in the 1870's, photographs did not appear in their pages until the turn of the century, when practical and inexpensive methods of reproducing them through halftone screen and photolithographic processes became available.

A third reason photography and pictures of the poor did not get together for so long is that cameras at that time were big, cumbersome instruments. They used wet plates that photographers had to carry around with them, and film



Jacob Riis

*Mulberry Street Police Station.
Waiting for the Lodging to Open, 1888*

Barbara P. Norfleet is Curator of Still Photography at the Carpenter Center for the Visual Arts, and a Lecturer on Visual and Environmental Studies at Harvard University. Her book The Champion Pig was published in 1979 by David R. Godine, Publisher, Boston. This text is based on a seminar she gave to this year's class of Nieman Fellows.

was so slow that it was difficult to take pictures of people in their natural environments. Yet despite their unwieldy equipment, photographers in the nineteenth century managed to photograph the Egyptian pyramids and the highest mountains out West. If people like Timothy O'Sullivan and William Henry Jackson, who used horse-drawn carts as traveling darkrooms, managed to do this, why then were there no pictures taken of the poor?

I think the real reason was because of America's moralistic attitude toward the lower classes of society. We

blamed the victim. We thought people were poor because they were shiftless or lazy, because they were intemperate, because they were dissipated or immoral, because they were foreigners. During this time America was a country of only 76 million people and 26 million of them — a third — were either immigrants or the children of immigrants.

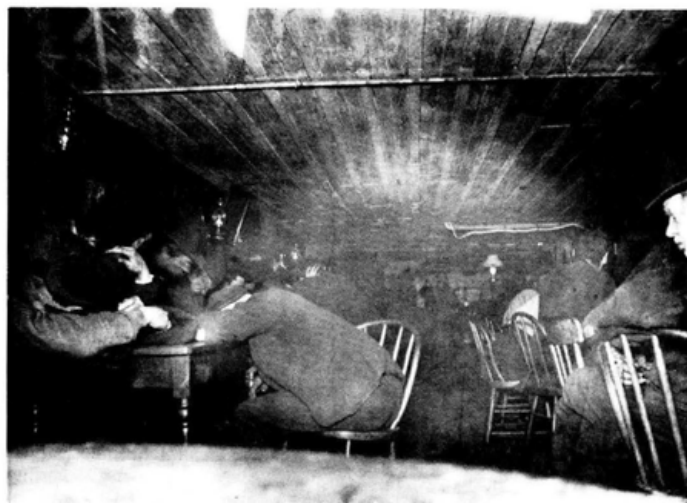
The ruthless and greedy practices of laissez-faire capitalism were given more free play in America than in any other country. Housing for the workers was filthy and inadequate. Slums grew larger and more congested. Men, women and children worked all day long every day for unimaginable wages. Laborers were powerless to combat these conditions because government and business combined to prevent unions from forming, and any strikes that did occur were smashed to get the agitators out of the way.

For the first time in America's history, new immigrants were not immediately absorbed by a young country in need of labor. There was no way the majority of new immigrants who arrived at our shores could have made it up the ladder.

We justified this exploitation with our theories of social Darwinism that promised success to the strong while condemning the weak to destitution and misery. This was seen as a law of nature; there was nothing that could be done to change it. Even most social reformers of the time believed that self-help and self-improvement was the answer for the poor, who were seen as the cause of their own fate.

Into this scene, around 1890, came two prominent social reformers, Jacob Riis and Jane Addams.

Riis, himself an immigrant, was a police reporter in New York City. He began to write articles on the poor and to



Jacob Riis

An All-Night Two-Cent Restaurant, in "The Bend"



Photographer Unknown

Twins When They Began to Take Fortified Milk

illustrate them with line drawing copies of photographs he had taken. He was the first American ever to take pictures of our poor — that is, the first person whose pictures were handed down to us.

Riis took these photographs to illustrate and authenticate his lectures and writings. Look at the people waiting for the Mulberry Police Lodgings to open. There's very little hope in these people's faces; you're not sure they would make it even if given a chance.

The same mood prevails in Riis's picture of an all-night stale beer restaurant. Again, you have the feeling that no amount of charity would change the lot of these people.

The other reformer, Jane Addams, is best known for founding Hull House in Chicago. For the first time, a settlement house was in the slums. The settlement house workers got to know the poor, they got to be in the slums with the poor, and they began to see that the problems of the poor were due to insufficiency of decent wages, insufficiency of good health, insufficiency of proper housing, insufficiency of education, and not due to defects in their character. They began to see poverty as a result of social ills, not the cause.

Jane Addams and others like her trained social workers and the settlement house movement radiated throughout America's slums. Slowly, America's attitudes began to change. Social reformers began to feel that if the poor had proper housing, if they were given proper medical care, if they were given decent wages, they too could become good Americans; their failure was not within them.

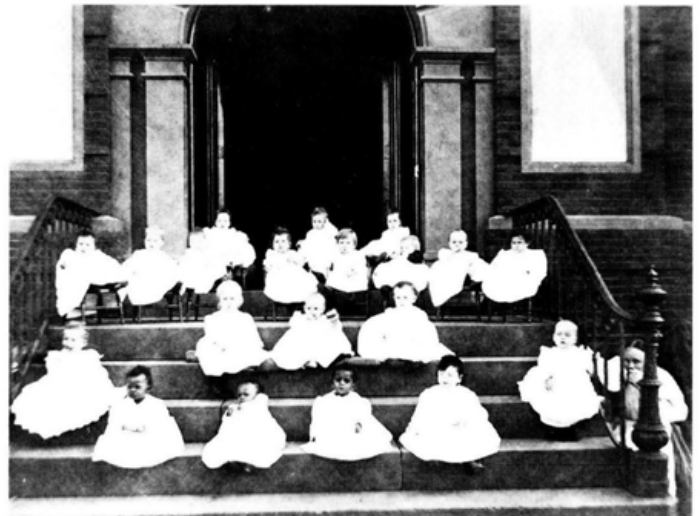
Compare the early Riis photographs to these later ones, taken about 1896, after Jane Addams published her book, *Hull House*, and Jacob Riis published his *How the Other Half Lives*. Most of these come from the collection of a professor of social ethics at Harvard around the turn of the century, Francis Greenwood Peabody. He taught a popular course called "Temperance, Charity, Labor, Marriage, and Workers' Housing," whose nickname was "Divorce, Drainage, and Drunkenness." The majority of the pictures he collected were taken at the instigation of the reformers themselves and therefore reflect the prevalent attitudes of the times. For example, in "Twins When They Began to Take Fortified Milk," the photographer made no attempt to clean up the surroundings, but the children appear to be happy and well-fed. The mother looks at the camera; she is portrayed as gutsy, full of courage. It's quite clear that she and the children will make it.

By comparison, in Riis's earlier picture of an Italian mother in a cellar apartment, the woman doesn't look at the camera, she's looking up to the skies as if for succor. Her baby is swaddled, passive, and does not face the camera: a very different view of the poor is captured.

In the later picture of a group of children in an orphanage on Randall's Island, notice how the photogra-

pher has placed his subjects. They are almost like the opening of a flower — note the order in the picture itself, the cleanliness, the infants' direct and positive confrontation with the camera. There is nothing pathetic about these orphans. The picture was taken for the institution to show that they were doing a good job and that their subjects were worth helping.

Compare this earlier photograph by Jacob Riis of a young baby to the babies you've seen who were photographed later. Notice the downcast face turned away



Photographer Unknown

*Infants, New York City Almshouse System,
Asylums and Schools, Randall's Island*



Jacob Riis

"Home of an Italian Ragpicker" — Jersey Street



Jacob Riis

Tenement Baby

from the camera. The baby as well as the environment is dirty and uncared for. If you want to show a picture of a depressed and anxious child, you would choose this one. Mind you, the photographers' work is a reflection of the attitudes of the day.

Many of these pictures have layered meanings: the photograph itself and its title, for example, "Seven Little Indian Children in Various Stages of Civilization." If you go from left to right, you'll see exactly the prejudice that exists in how we define civilization. This was not a time of ethnicity — a word that was not then used — the whole idea was to Americanize the immigrants, to make them believe in the absolute good of sober middle-class values — work, cleanliness, achievement, education, order; in short, to make them into good Americans. There was no encouragement or strengthening of their own culture or value system.



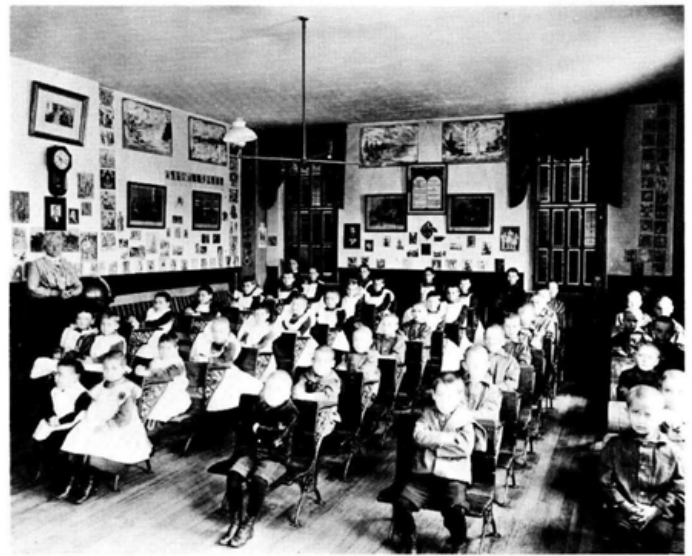
Photographer Unknown

Seven Little Indian Children in Various Stages of Civilization

In comparing the two photographs of classrooms, you see that in the later one, the children are alert and attentive. But in Riis's earlier picture, you do not have the feeling that these children are going to learn much. They are at night school, they have worked all day and now they can hardly stay awake.

There is a later picture [see next page] showing improved housing for the poor — the new tenement house and the little garden. Again, the message is, given proper housing, these people can take care of it and enjoy it.

The whole change in attitude was whether the defect was seen as being in the person or in society. While Riis was taking his pictures — and before that time — the defect was perceived in the person. You could make the deserving poor better off by giving them food so they didn't starve to death, although this encouraged dependency; you could be kind to them and give them moral uplift and lessons in piety, thrift and temperance, but the underlying attitude



Photographer Unknown

School Room, Protestant Episcopal Church, Rochester, New York



Jacob Riis

*Night School in the Seventh Avenue Lodging House
(Run by the Children's Aid Society)*

was that poor people were at the bottom of the ladder because they did not help themselves.

The change in attitude helped people believe that the poor are what they are through no fault of their own — if you help them, if you change their conditions, they can become productive Americans.

I want to emphasize that photographers select the subject, the frame, the moment, the vantage point, the



Photographer Unknown

Phipps House, Improved Housing, New York City

camera, and the lens when they make a photograph — in short they take the picture they or their clients want. Photographs do not copy but transform reality. Riis could have taken this positive kind of picture if he had wanted to.

The picture called “Giving Potted Plants to the Poor” could not have been taken before the turn of the century because no one would have given the poor potted plants — they would have thought the poor did not know what to do with potted plants. On the other hand, I don’t think it could have been taken after 1960 because we would have resented that arrogant social worker on the extreme left and the condescension implicit in giving potted plants to the poor.

The photograph of a group of recently arrived, un-Americanized immigrants at Ellis Island is taken from an article by J. H. Adams, published in 1903. It is the story of immigrants who were detained and later shipped back to their home countries because they were found wanting. They were unfit to become Americans: they were either unhealthy and diseased, or mentally incompetent, or too radical. This was a catastrophe. Often persecution or starvation had made these people leave their homeland. Many had gone into debt and sold all their possessions to pay for their passage. In most cases, they had been on a terrible ocean voyage, they had been crowded, the food was bad — so to be told they had to go back — it’s no wonder

their expressions are dejected. But look. There’s one person who has all the bravado and cockiness of a cowboy, including the hat. He sits upright and self-assured with his hands grabbing his crossed leg, and his self-confidence stands out from the resigned sadness of the others. As you read on in the article, you come to a sequel titled “Saved at the Last Moment: Through an Appeal the Order to Deport was Revoked.” This man was somehow found fit, at the last moment, to become an American.

Lewis Hine was a sociologist and social reformer who taught at The New School in New York. He took up the camera in much the same way that Riis did — as a tool to bring about social reform. One of Hine’s first large photography projects was done in Pittsburgh. The Russell Sage Foundation, under Robert DeForest’s direction, had set up an exhaustive research project to study the life and labor of the powerless immigrant family in a modern industrial city. The steel industry and the railroad switchyards were minutely investigated. Hine was the staff photographer for this project, which also involved most of the influential social reformers of the time: Florence Kelley, Robert A. Woods, Paul Kellogg, and a staff of fifty-three others. The survey was done with optimism since everyone involved assumed that if the facts were known, good would prevail; that if people became aware of what was happening



Percy Byron

*Gifts of Potted Plants to Women Applicants,
National Plant, Flower and Fruit Guild*



J. H. Adams

*Contract Laborers to be Deported,
Regulation of Immigration, Port of Entry*

to immigrants, they would suddenly pass legislation to build new housing, to eliminate typhoid, to take care of everything.

The facts revealed by the survey were horrible. All the evils and vices of American laissez-faire capitalism were exaggerated in the Pittsburgh of 1900: men worked twelve-hour days and seven-day weeks; they had no vacations; their wages were driven down by an immigration policy that opened doors to ever-cheaper competing labor; wages were adjusted to the subsistencies of a single man rather than a household. Whenever a worker got hurt — and they did all the time, for Pittsburgh had the highest industrial accident rate in the country, and the rate in the country was very high — nothing was done about the injured person. He received little or no compensation; he was simply replaced with new immigrant labor at a lower wage. In addition, Pittsburgh had the highest typhoid rate in America; there was hardly a family there that hadn't experienced a death from typhoid. These conditions worked together to destroy family life.

The family who eats, sleeps, and makes cigars in one room was typical of the time. A building such as the one they lived in is described this way in the survey:



J. H. Adams

*Saved at the Last Moment:
Through an Appeal the Order to Deport was Revoked*

A census of [the] rooms brought to light that one room was occupied by a family of three and three boarders, one by a family of four and four boarders, one by a family of three and two boarders, another by a family of three and two boarders, one by a family of three and four boarders, one by a family of two and the wife's two sisters, and one by a family of two and wife's sister and two boarders.

That kind of crowding means that at least two people are always asleep, because they are sleeping in six-hour or eight-hour shifts; there is no place for children to play; there is no place for any kind of social life; the husband and wife never have privacy of any sort. The children are on the street, the men are in the barrooms.

There was a tremendous sanitation problem in Pittsburgh — in the "Syrian Tenement" picture, you see an open sewer. Often toilet facilities were right next to drinking facilities. This was one reason for the high typhoid rate. The only thing that changed in Pittsburgh — partly as a result of this publishing of the facts — was the typhoid rate. A municipal filtration plant was built because the rich got typhoid — their servants, of course, were the poor



Photographer Unknown

"This Family Eats, Sleeps and Makes Cigars in One Room"

people — but nothing else changed for many years, despite the survey.

Hine showed the bad environmental conditions, but he also showed people rising above them. His newsboys could be plucky little captains of industry, filled with enterprise; they could grow up to be fine capitalists themselves.

Riis's earlier view of what the life of a newsboy is like was much closer to the facts. A survey of newsboys did not find any captains of industry. Some became criminals, but most of them simply disappeared and were easily replaced. When I was going through the statistics of causes of death in Pittsburgh, I came to the conclusion that practically none of these people made it up the ladder. The death rate was so high — typhoid, industrial accidents, disease — that very few even made it into middle age.

I feel that documentary photography in America is not doing the poor any good at present because of the idea of showing the poor as beautiful, coping, and courageous — a portrayal which started with Hine and reached its height in the Farm Security Administration pictures taken during the Great Depression by Walker Evans. Evans made no pretense of being a documentary photographer interested in reform, as Hine and Riis claimed to be. First and foremost, he said, he was an art photographer, and his beautiful pictures set the style for how we photograph the poor today.

James Agee, in *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, gives a more realistic picture of what life was like in the poverty-

stricken rural South than do the luminous, carefully composed pictures taken by Walker Evans. The Evans photographs of a bedroom capture with technical and artistic perfection the beauty of worn, bare wood and simple furnishings, but not what it was like to sleep there. Agee's description:

They smell old, stale, and moist, are morbid with bedbugs, with fleas, and, I believe with lice... uncomfortably lumpy in some places, nothing but cloth in others... During nearly all the year, the whole family sleeps in this one room... [the parents] are deeply embarrassed and disturbed by noises coming of any sexual context and betraying it.

In most modern documentary photography, the poor are seen in much the same way as in Walker Evans' portrayals taken almost half a century ago. The oppressed are celebrated; their environments are skillfully and artistically composed.

Hine, Riis and other documentary photographers of eighty years ago were interested in those at the bottom of society. Their motive was to bring about social reform; however, successful and well-known documentary photographers of today — Robert Frank, Gary Winogrand, Lee Friedlander, Diane Arbus — are interested in problems that have to do with the quality of life in the middle class, with restrictions on personal freedom, with the man-made environment. Their motive is to make a good photograph.

Some of my students express concern that still photography will be replaced — or overshadowed — by documentary movies. But I respond that photography



Photographer Unknown

Syrian Tenement, Kingsley House, Pittsburgh Survey, c. 1908

continues to be very important. Photographs have an insidious presence that movies just don't have. A picture can stick around. Photographs are still used to authenticate many things — and sometimes, I think, a photograph is so powerful that it replaces the thing itself. For instance, when we think of the atom bomb, we think of the great photograph of the mushroom cloud. When we think of the student protests during the 1960's we think of the young woman at Kent State screaming over her friend's body. When we think of the Vietnam war, we think of the naked children running down the road after a napalm attack.

Every generation has to discover its problems anew. The child labor laws don't apply to the children of migrant workers. We still don't have enough public housing — let alone decent public housing — for all the people who need it. We do not yet have a national health program in America. We have a different kind of industrial accident: look at the Love Canal, look at the use of asbestos in the shipbuilding industry in World War II, look at the use of Agent Orange in Vietnam, look at Three Mile Island.



Lewis Hine

*Newsies at Skeeter Branch.
St. Louis, Missouri. 11:00 a.m., May 9, 1910.*

Americans might ask themselves: where are the photographs of the poor and exploited: migrant workers; victims of asbestosis; hospitalized Vietnam veterans; people on welfare; recent immigrants, such as Cubans, Cambodians and Vietnamese; the 45 percent of young people in New York who do not finish high school?

There are a few photojournalists working on these things, but the news does not seem to get out across the country. It's not what we want to know; it's not what we want to look at. □



Jacob Riis

"Street Arabs — Night Boys in Sleeping Quarters" (Newsboys)

Jacob Riis never thought of himself as a photographer, nor did the historians who neglected his pictures for more than fifty years, until Alexander Alland rediscovered them.

A photographer himself and an immigrant who has fought for justice in the new land, Alland chanced upon the references to picture-taking in Riis's autobiography. He began a five-year search for the lost glass negatives, which were finally found in the attic of the old family home on Long Island and later deposited in the Museum of the City of New York. From these faded glass plates, Alland prepared for exhibit a selection of painstakingly controlled prints. Eighty-two of these photographs appear in the book *Jacob A. Riis, Photographer & Citizen* by Alexander Alland, published in 1974 by Aperture. The Riis photographs illustrating this article are from that book and appear with the author's permission.

"Newsies at Skeeter Branch" is a National Child Labor Committee photograph used in *Lewis Hine and the American Social Conscience* by Judith Mara Gutman, published by Walker and Company, New York. Copyright ©1967 by Judith Mara Gutman.

Jacob Riis's photographs are printed with the kind permission of Alexander Alland.

All other photographs are from the Carpenter Center for the Visual Arts, Harvard University.

The Magazine Picture

ROBERT E. GILKA

Thanks to "idiot-proof" cameras, anyone can be a photographer. What effect does this have on the job outlook for serious — or aspiring — photojournalists?

The American magazine picture is pretty good. A survey shows that this country has about 12,000 magazines, including those published by Sunday newspapers. Any worthwhile newsstand displays 100 or more titles — *Playboy*, *Fortune*, *Organic Gardening*, *Readers' Digest*, *Life* — and behind these is a wide variety of others, among them city magazines, the inflight magazines put out by airlines, and dozens of other publications catering to special interests.

The increase in the numbers and influence of the city magazines (the most well-known being *New York*, followed closely by *The Washingtonian*) is perhaps the brightest spot in the viewfinder. About 50 of these now exist to cater to the gossip lovers of the community, to publish articles on how to get the most out of a city, to offer tips on anything from gardening to ice cream — not to mention how to find the best local wine bargains. Experts say such a magazine needs a minimum of 100,000 subscribers to survive — a figure which is being reached in most cases.

But of all these periodicals, only a few are real picture-users — *National Geographic*, *People*, *Sports Illustrated*, and, most recently, *Geo*.

Lump all American magazines together and there may be a total of 50 staff photographer jobs. That is a dim picture and there is not much we can do to brighten it.

Those of us in photography or contemplating a career in photography have problems. One is that everybody is a photographer — including Candice Bergen, Cheryl Tiegs,

and Margaret Trudeau. Frank Sinatra is no exception. Barry Goldwater does it. Senator Howard Baker does it. Everybody's doing it, including far too many journalism students.

Ben Bagdikian, in an article in *The Atlantic Monthly*, said there were more than 64,000 journalism majors in this country's colleges and universities in 1975. If only 10 percent of them aimed at a career in photojournalism, that would be about 6,400 — more people than there are members of the National Press Photographers Association, which has a membership of 5,000. There is no accurate way to determine just how many jobs there are in photojournalism, but 10,000 is probably a high estimate. Nonetheless, large as it is, the field is not big enough to absorb any but the very best of each year's college crop.

Another problem is that photography looks so easy. Part of this is due to the proliferation of Instamatics, Polaroids, and other "idiot" cameras. Photography workshops, open to all comers, are scattered over the landscape from Yosemite through Sun Valley and on to such way stations as Winona, Indiana, finally stopping at Rockport, up against the sea on the Maine coast. Bookstores have an increasing selection of expensive picture books. No matter that we look at some of them and wonder what publisher had money to waste.

Such factors are helping to cheapen the photograph.

Photography as an art is experiencing a new wave of popularity. The National Endowment for the Arts has given as much as \$250,000 a year in fellowships to photographers, or people who represent themselves as photographers. Prints by unknown photographers, labeled with asking prices of as much as \$200 or \$300, hang in commercially operated galleries in major cities. Single prints by a genuine artist with a camera, such as Ansel Adams, are going for \$5,000 to \$8,000.

Despite these trends, photography is gaining little ground in serious galleries. One of the few major museums to pay any attention to the camera is the Museum of Modern Art in New York. One may question the definition of art in photography after looking at the stark work of William Eggleston and Steven Shore, but it is better that these pictures hang in MOMA than no place at all. The

Robert E. Gilka has been director of photography for the National Geographic magazine since 1963. He started his career in journalism at the Zanesville (Ohio) Signal, where he was a reporter and photographer. After serving in the United States Army, he joined the sports staff of The Milwaukee Journal. When an opportunity arose, he transferred to picture editing and was The Journal's picture editor when he left in 1958 to work for the National Geographic. Gilka has revised, for the pages of NR, a speech he gave on Photojournalism Day in 1977 at the University of Missouri.

Corcoran Gallery in Washington and a few other museums do modest things with photographic exhibits, but most of their efforts are of little consequence in the big picture.

The prestigious National Gallery in Washington has more than 1,400 negatives by Alfred Steiglitz. When will we see an exhibition of some of them? While we wait, we must be satisfied with reproduction of pictures in books. And, chances are, the photographic book we pick up will have no captions, nothing to tell us where the photograph was made, nothing to fill us in on what is happening — nothing to make it easier for the readers to understand the photographs.

Photographers themselves have a lamentable tendency to depreciate the value of the word by putting out, or causing to be put out, books which have no captions with the photographs, or, at best, have the captions lumped in a relatively inaccessible salad at the back of the book — in small type.

It's somewhat like watching a television program in one room, but having to go into another room to listen to a radio to find out what's happening on the tube. We just don't seem to want to make it easy for the average person to read photographs.

Isn't it regrettable that one of our oldest tools of communication, the picture, is so badly used in this especially visual age?

In the days of Julia Cameron, Eadweard Muybridge, and Mathew Brady, the photograph had stature. What has happened to that stature?

Only one chair in the art history of photography exists, at Princeton University. Only five photographers have studied at Harvard University under the valuable Nieman Fellowship program for professional journalists.

The Library of Congress is the nearest thing to a national photographic archive in America, but it depends mostly on gifts. The National Archives receive all government photographs. Often they are heaped on the place in poor condition and with little information of value to go with them. Several years ago, Vice President Hubert Humphrey led a move to establish a single national photographic depository that would combine the collections of the Archives, the Library of Congress, and the Smithsonian Institution into one impressive, well-ordered assemblage. Because of petty jealousies and politics, this endeavor was killed off.

Not until 1976 was a photograph accepted as a portrait at the National Portrait Gallery in Washington. When the Gallery was established in 1962, Congress followed the traditional definition of a portrait: a sculpted or painted likeness.

Thanks to the efforts of Marvin Sadik, the director of the Gallery, this was changed. It took an act of Congress to

do it, but a photograph can now officially be a portrait. As a result, the United States now has a portrait of President Martin Van Buren — a daguerrotype by Mathew Brady. You see, the Gallery owns no "painted or sculpted likeness" of Van Buren.

If it is to survive, this profession needs a return to stature. Your generation and the generations to follow will have to figure out how to bring back photography's former prestige. And the work will have to be done on newspapers, because that is where the action and the need are.

A significant factor in the crusade will be the breaking down of the traditional rivalry between word people and picture people. This rivalry may have started with Moses and the Ten Commandments, but whatever the starting date, it has been with us too long. Editors, particularly some of those on metropolitan dailies, are inclined to pay lip service to the photograph. My own quite personal opinion is that deep down they (1) have no respect for the photograph, or (2) do not understand the effective use of photographs, or (3) consider most photographers wild persons whose mental capabilities center on f-stops, film speeds, and focal lengths, or (4) think they know everything about photographs.

In many newsrooms, the photographers are still considered to be yo-yos. Neither their judgments nor their captions can be accepted. And, to these photographers, all too often the person on the other side of the desk is a visual idiot, capable only of approving orders for pictures of handshakes, trophy presentations, and the like.

We can extend the American preoccupation with "big is better" to the use of photographs in newspapers. We don't necessarily need size to use pictures effectively in newspapers. What must come first is quality. This is the first and greatest commandment. There is plenty of work to be done to restore quality to newspaper photography. How many metropolitan newspapers use photographs smashingly?

Some editors, steeped in word tradition, seem to fear that photographers want to throw out words and fill the papers with pictures. This is nonsense. Good photographs are more difficult to come by than good stories. What we want and what we should try our damndest to achieve is not the use of more photographs, but of better photographs adequately displayed. To help journalistic photography gain this kind of stature, photographers are going to have to do more than take pictures.

Photographers must move away from the self-indulgence which is common to so many of them. Instead of throwing down their photographs on an editor's desk with a take-it-or-leave-it attitude — as some of them do — they are going to have to learn to sell their product, and sell it intelligently rather than emotionally.

Some progress has been made to bring the two practitioners of the art of communications together in a mutually beneficial way. In most cases the advances can be credited to the determination of a scattering of photographic people with special talent. For continued progress we are going to have to count on the efforts of more, similarly oriented, photographic people. The burden is on photographers. *They* must establish the strength of their cause. *They* must demonstrate the difference between good photographs and bad. *They* must sell the proposition that it costs no more to publish good photographs than it does to publish bad ones. It is a chore that must be tackled with patience because the changes that must be brought about cannot be achieved quickly.

Early leaders in this campaign include people most of you know or of whom you have heard. Rich Shulman, Brian Lanker, Bob Lynn, J. Bruce Baumann, William Marr — these are a few of the too-few names that come to mind.

Whoever heard of Seattle as a picture newspaper town until Jerry Gay won a Pulitzer there? Sure, he won a Pulitzer, but — and this is far more important — he established a rapport with the picture editor and other editors of his newspaper that enhanced the picture climate. When Gay left the *Times* for another job, the climate deteriorated.

Bill Marr, a talented graphics person not long out of the University of Missouri, teamed with Carolyn White, a gifted managing editor, and the Columbia *Daily Tribune* won the national award for the best use of photographs by a newspaper in the 1979 Pictures of the Year competition.

J. Bruce Baumann went to San Jose and, with solid support from the senior editors of both papers, made the *Mercury* and the *News* two of the best users of photographs in the country.

We desperately need people who can be successful liaisons between those who take the photographs and those who make the final decision on how those photographs are published. In some places these people are called picture editors; in others, graphics directors. The title makes no difference; there is an absolute need for these people — a need which is not being filled. And, in the current mode, perhaps it cannot be filled.

When managing editors of metropolitan newspapers need a picture editor, where do they look? They can attempt to raid the staff of some more fortunate newspaper; they can gamble on moving someone with no solid experience with photographs into the slot — an assistant city editor, perhaps, who claims to have an interest in photographs; or they can try a photographer in the role. Or, they can advertise in *Editor & Publisher*, probably with no luck.

Few photographers have successfully made the switch to newsroom responsibility.

Why is this? If we can find the answer, perhaps we can start to build the stature of photojournalism.

We should ask another question: Why is it that, in the approximately 1,700 daily newspapers in the United States, a mere half dozen or so have editors who have risen to their positions by way of photography? Examples of those who have followed this relatively unexplored route are James Geledas of Dubuque; Frank Beatty, formerly with UPI in Asia, now with Turner's Cable Television Group in Atlanta; Randy West of Corydon, Indiana; and Ralph Langer of Everett, Washington.

Why so few? Mostly because there is too much photography — and too little journalism — in photographers.

Somewhere along the line we must be doing something wrong. Is it because word people are brighter than photographers? Nonsense! Is it because word people are better educated? This might be. Is it because word people are more responsible? I doubt it.

The potential of photojournalists to become complete communicators must be established. These complete communicators must be masters of words as well as photographs. They should be as familiar with the typewriter as with the camera. An ability to use the right word in the right place, an ability to spell, an ability to write the simple declarative sentence — these are mere points of departure. The tough part is to earn the respect and confidence of the editors at the top.

Why is it that so many photojournalism students are graduated with such meager, sometimes nonexistent, backgrounds in literature, history, sociology, the sciences, and foreign languages? These are essential ingredients in the drive for stature. This kind of intellectual input today can help make a managing editor tomorrow.

Those of you who dismiss out of hand the idea of being an editor should give serious thought to where you want to be, what you want to be doing, when you are fifty years old. How many journalist photographers of this age do you know who can hold their own with the young chargers who are three or four years out of school?

That black box with the expensive glass front is a voracious consumer of creativity. How long can you be creative with a camera?

Those black boxes, with their countless lenses, motor drives, strobe units, tripods, bipods, unipods, batteries, umbrellas, film, and all the rest, start off heavy enough. They get heavier as you grow older. Do you really want to be packhorses all your professional lives?

Why not use photography as a steppingstone to something better? Go after my job! Go after Rich Clarkson's job! Go after Ben Bradlee's job!

Get out of the darkroom and into the newsroom! □

Photographic Portfolios of Nieman Alumni

Since the inception of the Nieman program in 1938, five photographers have been awarded Nieman Fellowships. The first photojournalist, Howard Sochurek, was appointed a member of the class of 1960; there followed a fourteen-year hiatus until 1973, when Stephen Northup joined the Nieman class of 1974. Since then, in shorter intervals, Lester Sloan was awarded a Fellowship for 1976, followed by Robert Azzi in 1977 and Stanley Forman in the class of 1980.

Five photographer-alumni out of a total of 641 Niemans is $\frac{1}{8}$ of 1 percent. That minuscule figure is in no way reflective of the accomplishments, influence, and potential of these talented journalists.

This collection from their portfolios affirms their special abilities.



Howard Sochurek

Nieman Fellow 1960

"My latest pursuit is in the search for new ways to see."

Howard Sochurek, 55, the first photographer ever to be awarded a Nieman Fellowship, heads his own office in New York City. For twenty years he was a *Life* photographer, and he has circled the world more than a dozen times on assignment. He has parachuted behind enemy lines in Korea and was one of the first journalists to join the beleaguered French forces in Dien Bien Phu. Upon the signing of a cease-fire agreement in Indochina he stayed behind, posing as a Polish representative of the Neutral Nations Commission. His subsequent documentation of the Communist takeover of North Vietnam won for Sochurek in 1955 the New York Overseas Press Club's Robert Capa Award for "superlative photography requiring exceptional courage and enterprise abroad." Similarly, his photo essay on the U.S. Air Force earned him the title of Magazine Photographer of the Year in the University of Missouri-Encyclopedia Britannica competition, as well as an Award of Merit from the Art Directors Club of New York. He was also the recipient of the Aviation/Space Writers Award for outstanding coverage of the Aviation/Space Industry.

After opening the Moscow office of Time-Life in 1958, Sochurek em-

barked on a number of trips throughout the Soviet Union to do stories on varied aspects of Russian geography and life: the Bolshoi Ballet, the Volga River, the undeveloped frontier lands of the USSR, Soviet science and the routine of a Russian schoolboy. He says his most significant Soviet adventure was a month-long stay in Mongolia where he had a first-hand look at the confrontation between Russian and Chinese Communists in that buffer state. His series of photographs on the religious beliefs of the East — Buddhism, Confucianism and Taoism — has been incorporated into a book, *The World's Great Religions*.

Sochurek left Moscow to come to Cambridge as a Nieman Fellow for the 1959-60 academic year, when he studied at the Russian Research Center. Ten years later he established the office of Howard Sochurek, Incorporated, and since then he has been doing a mixture of writing and photography. His latest pursuit in the "search for new ways to see" is an "electronic palette" that creates extraordinary visual effects in color. By using video-computer equipment, Sochurek converts ordinary photographs into spectacular graphic designs or "electronic paintings" — an image enhancement technique originally developed for NASA's interpre-

tation of lunar photos. Electronic art technology is still advancing, Sochurek says, and he sees many new applications in the future for the space-inspired process.

Born in 1924, Sochurek attended Princeton University, served in the Pacific and the Far East during World War II, and worked for his home-town newspaper, *The Milwaukee Journal*, before joining *Life* in 1950. He has produced several television documentaries.

Reflecting on his years with *Life*, Sochurek writes:

"As an old 'Lifer' (1950 to 1970), I was heartbroken to see it pass. *Life* died because its original strength of providing the news of the week in pictures was usurped by television news. *Life* could not provide an equally compelling reason for existence quickly enough.

"Now the new *Life* has appeared for a new decade of changed and changing tastes. It is still groping, quite unpredictable, and very cost-conscious — but in the black.

"I don't think the magazine has found its niche just yet, but the explosive growth of interest in 'fine photography' displayed well, in large format, should permit *Life* the continued luxury of existence until it does find itself."



Sunday Choir, Baptist Church, Missouri, 1950



*World Champion Smoke Ring Blower,
Detroit, 1950*



Arkansas Ferryman, 1954



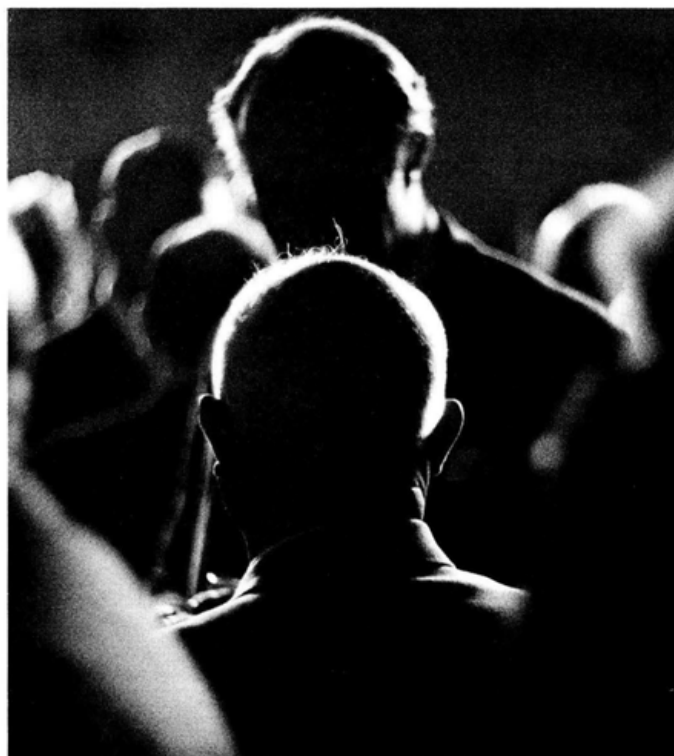
School Discipline — P.S. 109, Manhattan, 1961



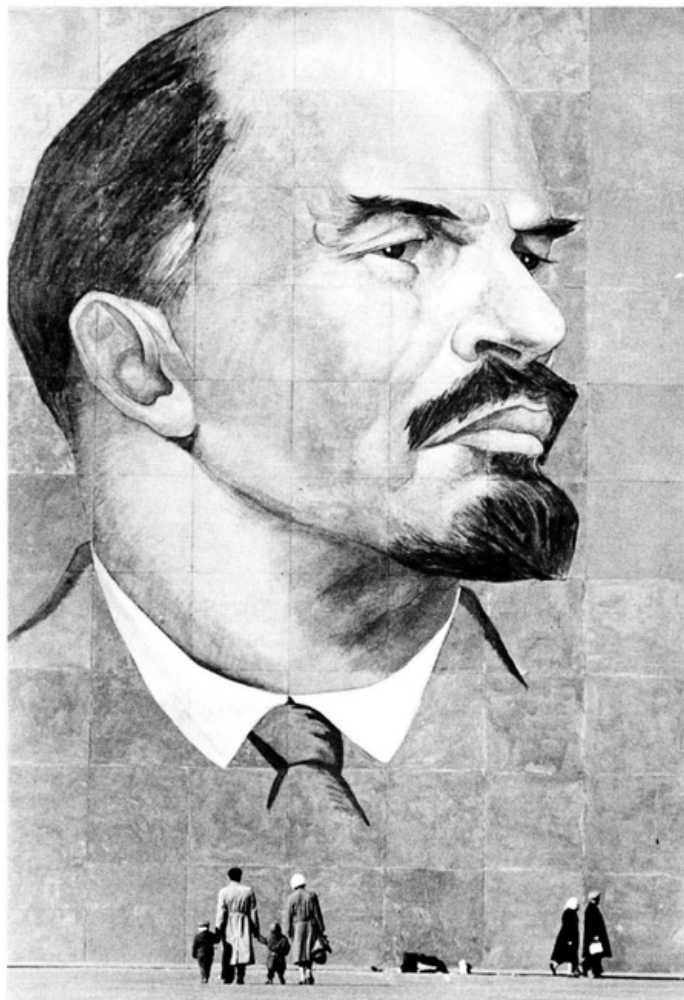
Survivor of Dien Bien Phu, Vietnam, 1954



Waiting for supplies, Quemoy Island, Formosa, 1954



Nikita Khrushchev in Moscow, 1959



Moscow — Menezh Square just before May Day Parade, 1964



Steve Northup

Nieman Fellow 1974

"The word photography: its derivation and direct translation read to write with light."

The second photographer to be awarded a Nieman Fellowship, Steve Northup, 38, has been under contract to *Time* magazine since 1971. During his academic year at Harvard, he was affiliated with Adams House. At the Carpenter Center for Visual Studies, he taught an undergraduate course in photography entitled "How to Get a Recognizable Image."

Northup is the recipient of numerous awards and prizes, including special recognition in 1966 by the National Press Photographers Association for his coverage of Vietnam and five awards from the White

House News Photographers Association.

His work has appeared in *Life*, *Fortune* and the *National Geographic*. He has exhibited in the Museum of New Mexico, the Smithsonian Institution (twice), and his photographs may be seen in the permanent collection of the Library of Congress as part of the White House News Photographers annual exhibition. His photographs are also in the permanent collection of the Eastman Rochester House.

Northup started his career as bureau assistant in San Francisco for

United Press International. He has also been a photographer for *The Washington Post*, and WETA-TV "Newsroom" in Washington, D.C., an educational television station.

After completing his Nieman year at Harvard, Northup moved to Santa Fe where he and Lee Little built their solar-heated home. He says, "I cover the Rocky Mountain West, with assignments between Alaska and Central America. A great number of my assignments are energy-related, for which my Nieman year served me well. I hope to continue to photograph until I'm about 105 years old.

"The Vietnam photographs were made while I was a staff photographer for UPI. In one, a medic waves a blood-soaked bandage in an effort to get further help to a wounded trooper as they huddle behind a fallen tree during fierce fighting at Chu Pong Mountain. The battle began when a reconnaissance unit of the First Cavalry Division dropped in the midst of a North Vietnamese regiment, following the sighting of enemy troops in the area.

"In another, Colonel Tony Labrozzi of Erie, Pennsylvania, a senior U.S. advisor with the Vietnamese airborne brigade, rests beside his radio set after directing his troops in a night attack by the Vietcong. More than a hundred Vietcong were killed in the battle by the Vietnamese troops who



operated in conjunction with the First Cavalry Division in Operation Mash-er.

"The next photograph was taken south of Chu Lai, South Vietnam, on a Marine search-and-destroy mission.

"And finally, in Tan An, South Vietnam, Vietnamese troops look on helplessly as a Vietnamese mother and young daughter weep over the body of a baby shot accidentally. The father, detained as a Vietcong suspect, mourns silently with his hands tied, unable to comfort his daughter. The accident occurred during a Vietnamese heliborne landing in the delta about twenty miles southwest of Saigon. Of all the work I did in Vietnam, this photograph says the most to me.



Steve Northup

"The funeral, made while I was with *The Washington Post*, is that of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., in Atlanta, 1968. Early in the morning I went over the route and chose a vantage spot about twenty feet up a telephone pole. I climbed to my perch and waited four hours. It was worth it.

"The looting scene is from the Washington, D.C., riot of 1968. Bob Maynard [NF '66] and I were covering it for *The Post* and decided to check out a large supermarket. At first I was nervous as a cat, but once inside and at work, things relaxed. Then I saw a little old white lady heading down the aisle. Bob and I stopped her and asked her what she was doing in the middle of a riot. She looked at us like we were crazy and said, 'Young man, this is Friday afternoon, and I always shop here Friday afternoon.' Then off she went down the aisle.

"The Nixon photograph was made



for *Time* in January 1973 on the occasion of his second inaugural. The picture was taken in front of the White House, on Pennsylvania Avenue. Nixon's lies and crimes would

later drive him back to California, but on this day he was king, his enemies vanquished.

"Sam Ervin was a favorite. He is shown at the conclusion of the



marathon hearings that introduced the Nixon henchmen — domestic edition — to the world. The hearings bothered some lawyers, but they were not about law. They were about men and their conduct and their personalities. Once we knew the cast, the rest of the drama could continue.

“Lastly, the cat. This is a French cat, who lives in a wonderful orchard in Gif-sur-Yvette near Paris. Across the street from this orchard Henry Kissinger and Le Duc Tho were busy winning their Nobel Prizes — Le Duc

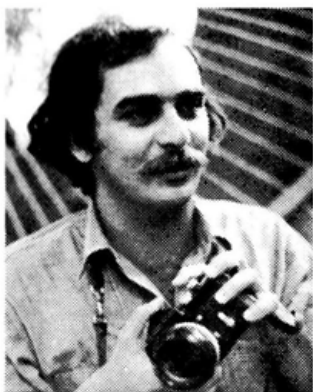


Tho declined his. You wait a lot in this business and the cat came along during a wait.

“The high and low spots of my career came in Vietnam. While to bring the war home was greatly satisfying, the terrors that accompanied the task were awful. It was a dirty little war and all of us will be paying for it for a long time to come.”

See page 37 for Northup's philosophy of writing with light.





Robert Azzi

Nieman Fellow 1977

"This is happening; this is real; and this is important."

A native of New Hampshire, Robert Azzi, 37, is represented by Woodfin Camp and Associates, New York. His books, *An Arabian Portfolio* (winner of Germany's Kodak Photobuchpreis in 1977) and *Saudi Arabian Portfolio* are published by First Azimuth Ltd. Of Arab-American heritage, Azzi photographed Cairo for the Time-Life book series *Cities of the World*; his next book will be on Kuwait.

At Pennsylvania State University, the Rhode Island School of Design, and the University of New Hampshire, he majored in architecture but turned to photojournalism after being hired by Seymour Hersh to cover Eugene McCarthy's presidential campaign in New Hampshire in 1968.

"When McCarthy swept the New Hampshire primary and went to Wisconsin," says Azzi, "I went with him — a confirmed photographer. I had found my calling."

"During the course of the campaign I met Cornell Capa and Charles Harbutt, both remarkable photographers. Cornell suggested that I go to the Middle East, base myself in Lebanon, and explore the area and try to get access to the then still nascent Palestinian revolutionary movement. I went."

"It was hell. Badly financed, under-equipped and culturally

shocked, my first two years as a freelancer meant making a lot of contacts but not very much work. Then in 1970, my coverage of the combined events of King Hussein's Black September battle against the Palestinians and Gamal Abdul Nasser's death and funeral gave me the credit lines I desired, resulting in new respect among editors and more frequent assignments.

"On speculation, I went to the Sultanate of Oman, where I was the first photojournalist to get access to the country after Sultan Qabus deposed his father in a 1970 coup. I parleyed that into a color assignment for *Time* and a *National Geographic* assignment, published in February 1973. By a fortuitous chance, I was able to write the text as well."

"During this time I continued to travel speculatively, as well as to receive assignments from *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Paris Match*, *Stern*, and others. I covered Bangladesh and Cyprus, photographed heads of state, and was imprisoned while covering a demonstration in Cairo. I photographed tourism and wars, commandos and antiquities. It was fast and heady and I was continually excited."

"In 1973, I received an assignment for the *National Geographic* — an assignment that was to be personally

demanding as a story, both before and after publication.

"The story was 'The Damascus Oasis' — pictures and text. I spent about nine weeks working in Damascus, one of the most paranoid and difficult of all Arab cities. The story arrived in Washington during the October 1973 war — and then the battle began."

"Picture selection was a hassle. My vision of the Damascus oasis conflicted with the preconceived



Shaikh Ahmed Zaki Yamani, Minister of Petroleum and Mineral Affairs

images of an Arab city that the picture editors had. Their decision to include another photographer's pictures that reflected the actual war resulted in my being temporarily blacklisted by the Syrians. Editing of the text resulted in distortions that I had little control over, and my comments on the Jewish community in Damascus resulted in an intensive pressure campaign against the magazine that eventually resulted in the first picketing of *National Geographic* magazine, and the first retraction in its history. [The magazine] was banned from Syria; Arab suspicions about 'Zionist' influence on the American press were heightened; and some misunderstandings about the condition of the Syrian Jewish population in Damascus were reinforced. No one won.

"Later, while working on a book about the Arabian peninsula, questions I couldn't begin to answer began to impose themselves on my career.

"What is the role of a photojournalist in an age where magazines continue to disappear; where editors are limited by space, money, and their own political and visual prejudices; where 'hard-news photographs' such as the death of a Vietcong prisoner of war, or the bayonetting of bodies in Bangladesh shove aside perceptive, thought-provoking essays? And what will be the role of the photojournalist in a world where economic conflicts, pollution and environmental factors, famine and population growth, and the continued polarization between developed and developing nations,

between consumers and producers, threaten to destabilize existing political and social systems?

"These are the questions that I am trying to answer.... I must learn to combine visual and verbal skills in such a way as to have access to any form of mass communication — magazines, newspapers, films and filmstrips, television. What I want to say is, 'This is happening; this is real; and this is important.'"

These black and white prints of Robert Azzi's color photographs are taken from his book, *Saudi Arabian Portfolio*, copyright ©1978 by First Azimuth Ltd. The book is available through Woodfin Camp and Associates, 415 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017.



National Guardsmen observe the "Asha" (afternoon) Prayer during the King's Cup Camel Races in Riyadh.



Members of Royal Family at Riyadh Airport



Ras Tanura refinery



Offshore loading at Ras Tanura



*The mosque is not only a place for prayer,
but also a refuge for contemplation.*



Crown Prince Fahd at home with son Abdulaziz



Brothers in the garden of their Riyadh home



Detail from the traditional veil of the Hijaz, the western province



Lester Sloan

Nieman Fellow 1976

"While the nature of the news may not change in times ahead, the attitude of the photographer must."

Before joining *Newsweek* in 1967 as a photographer, Lester Sloan, 38, held jobs as a printer's assistant, a deliveryman, a pin setter, a dishwasher, a library page, and a supervisor in the Detroit library system.

"My career in journalism sprang from the ashes of the 1967 Detroit riot, was nurtured by the student unrest of that period and was sustained by that portion of the Kerner commission report that urged the white press to hire competent black journalists. There were inherent dangers in such a beginning, which became more apparent when

the smoke cleared, the demonstrations were over and the mandate was withdrawn. It was an opportunity borne out of unrest and necessity and in a way — journalism chose me.

"My professional association with *Newsweek* began on the second day of the riot when I walked into the Detroit bureau with a handful of film I had shot the day before. The bureau chief, Jim Jones, agreed to send the film to the New York office on speculation. Later that afternoon his secretary called me back and said the magazine wanted to assign me to shoot pictures for a day. Later that evening, armed with a 'To Whom It

May Concern' letter on *Newsweek* stationery (in place of an official press card), I set out to record the insanity in the streets.

"I don't know who he was or why I stopped to shoot the picture of the youth standing in front of a burning eastside warehouse, but my instincts told me it was important at the instant I made the exposure. Later that week, *Newsweek* confirmed my intuition when the editors selected the photo as the lead shot in their Detroit riot cover story. I developed a definite 'Jones for journalism,' which is current street talk for I was hooked.

"What had started out as a hobby and an escape from the trap of ghetto life was to become a career.

"After the riot I became a freelance photographer — working mainly for *Newsweek*, but also taking assignments for *The New York Times* and occasionally assisting a *Time* magazine contract photographer. In addition to many local assignments for *Newsweek*, I covered the Cleveland riot in 1967, the 1968 Democratic Convention, the 1969 Washington May Day march and demonstrations at Ohio State in the wake of the Kent State killings.

"During this time I also managed to earn a B.A. in journalism from Wayne State University and later took a full-time job with WJBK, Storer Broadcasting Company's CBS affiliate station in Detroit. There I



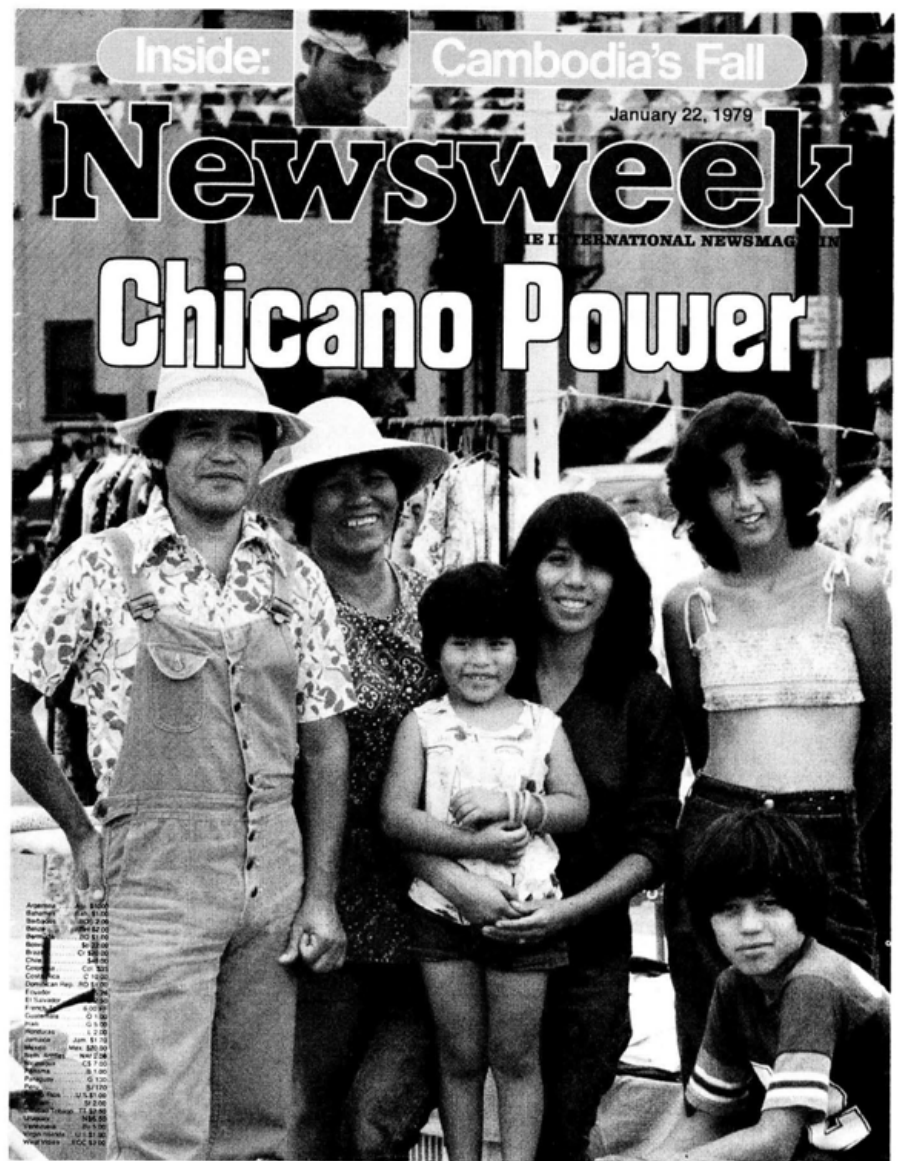
Guatemala, 1980

covered a variety of assignments as a television news cameraman and reporter. I learned to process and edit news film and put a half-hour news show together. I also continued to work as a freelance still photographer for *Newsweek* — and in late 1970 *Newsweek* hired me as a full-time photographer, working out of its Los Angeles office."

During his Nieman year at Harvard, Sloan discovered he had a natural penchant for the German language. For two summers, he was a Goethe Institute student in Germany and traveled about the country, improving his fluency. One of his special interests is the fate of the offspring of black American servicemen and German women — the children born during and after World War II — and the problems they encounter growing up in Germany. Raised in Detroit, Sloan is now based in Los Angeles and attends German seminars and programs at the University of Southern California.

"I have come to realize that in American society the free press stands as a vital educational institution. It is in large part from our efforts that histories and textbooks are compiled. As we move closer to the twenty-first century, it has become increasingly apparent that future history and other textbooks will be visual as well as written. As an image maker, I now have a responsibility that was not foreseen during the early stages of my profession.

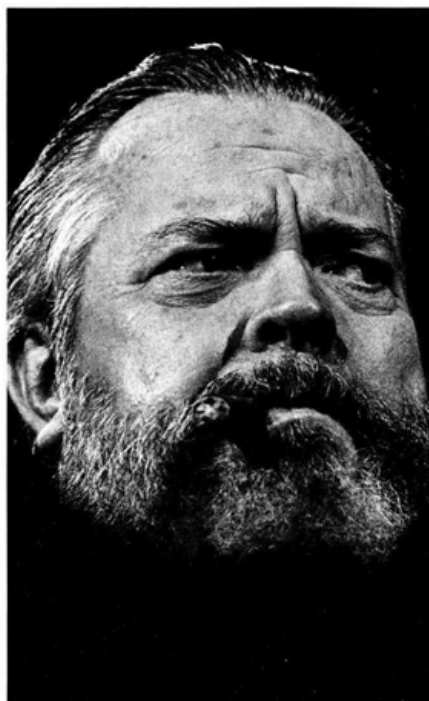
"The role of photojournalists is to witness and be involved with their subjects. The knee-jerk reaction that many news stories demand of photographers today makes involvement difficult and questions our value as witnesses. While the nature of the news may not change in times ahead, the attitude of the photographer must."



Lester Sloan



Untitled



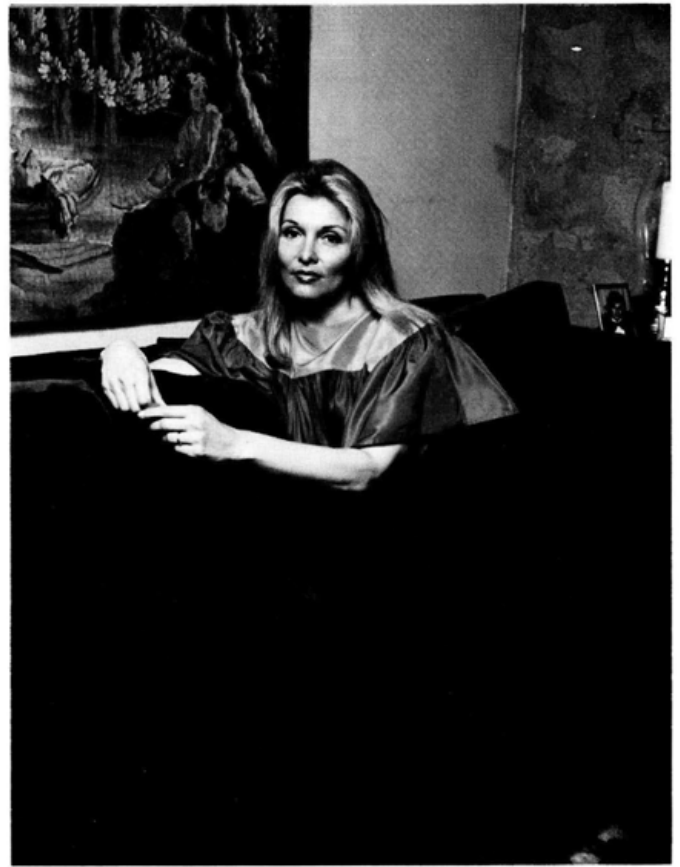
Orson Welles



Portrait, 1978



Mudslides in California, 1979



Mrs. Zubin Mehta, 1978



Custom Upholstery Shop Workers, 1979



Stanley Forman

Nieman Fellow 1980

"Some people like to learn a new word every day. I like to learn a new street."

Stanley Forman, 34, and his wife Pat Power live in Roslindale with Glossy, a golden retriever. Forman was in his teens when his father gave him his first camera. His career really began to take shape after he completed a one-year course in photography at the Franklin Institute of Boston. He was hired as a campaign photographer by Edward Brooke, then Attorney General of Massachusetts, who was running for the United States Senate. Brooke's bid was successful, and that autumn Forman began his training as a news photographer with the *Boston Record American* (now the *Herald American*). Within a month, one of his photos appeared on page one. For the next nine years, he covered every kind of news story.

Forman says that his career "really began on July 22, 1976, after nine years as a news photographer. Until then, I was satisfied to 'cruise for news' and get the occasional local big picture.

"But about 4:00 p.m. that Tuesday, a call came over the fire radio in the city room about a fire on Marlboro Street in the Back Bay, with people trapped in the building.

"The next twenty minutes were to begin a great change in my life. When I arrived at the fire, I ran to the rear of the building where on the



Fire escape collapse, 1976



Antibusing group attacks attorney Theodore Landsmark outside Boston City Hall, 1976

fifth-floor fire escape two people were huddled, waiting to be rescued. A Boston firefighter lowered himself to the fire escape from the roof of the building and began to assure the woman and child of their rescue.

"Then it happened. The firefighter was maneuvering to reach the ladder in order to complete the rescue. A loud scream, or maybe the shriek of metal as the fire escape gave way,

commanded my attention. I instinctively kept shooting as the bodies of the woman and child dropped to the ground. The child survived, after landing on the woman — her godmother — who later died.

"Within twenty-four hours the pictures had brought about action which improved the inspection of fire escapes throughout the city. The pictures have been republished many

times in national publications and all over the world, and have contributed to the betterment of public safety laws.

"Nine months later, I took another series of photos which had a tremendous social impact. A black man, Theodore Landsmark, was set upon by a group of fanatical white youths wielding a flag staff, bearing the American flag as a spear.

Stanley Forman

"These two sets of pictures won for me back-to-back Pulitzer Prizes in 1976 and 1977 for spot news photographs. For the first time in the history of news photography, the Pulitzer Prize had been awarded to the same photographer two years in a row."

Between 1966 and 1980, Forman has been the recipient of more than thirty-five other prizes and awards.

"Today, I'm still working for the *Herald American*. I often change my hours to cover the 'big story,' either by a phone call from the office or hearing a police radio at home. I can decipher the important calls from the eight different scanners in my car during a normal work day. Many times I'm the first journalist on the scene. Some people like to learn a new word every day. I like to learn a new street.

"Winning two Pulitzer Prizes does not make my job easier. My standards have gone up and while most of my pictures might seem rewarding to the average photographer, I have a hard time satisfying myself. My editors don't put direct pressure on me when I'm out on the street but I believe I'm responsible for what is happening when I'm out there.

"I know my pictures tell a story. But as I continue my everyday street coverage, I want to be able to do more. I want to have some direct input into what is chosen to go into my newspaper, and what's covered every day; and to try to ensure that the paper brings all sides of issues to its readers.

"I believe what I have accomplished in the past twelve years is proof that photojournalists play a major role in keeping the public well-informed."



Barroom murder, 1970



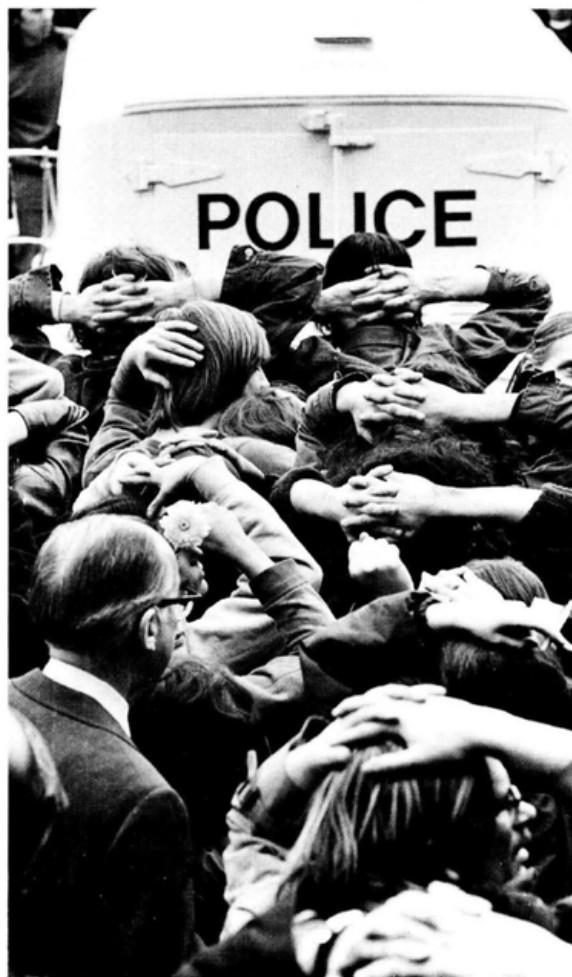
Ice floe rescue, 1968



Suicide attempt rescue by Boston firefighter, 1977



Labor strike begins, 1977



Demonstrators arrested at Boston University, 1972



Senator Robert F. Kennedy in St. Patrick's Day Parade, 1968



Vietnam veteran returns, 1968



Antiwar demonstrations at Harvard University, 1969

Symptoms and Symbols

STEVE NORTHUP

In 1974, when the editors of *NR* asked Stephen Northup, then in the current class of Nieman Fellows to write about his profession, it had been nearly twenty years since a piece about news photography had appeared in the quarterly. Until now, nothing further has been carried in these pages. When this special issue was being planned, Northup's article was re-read, with a view to having him write an updated version of "Words on Pictures." Herewith, the result: two separate articles — the earlier intact, still fresh and relevant; the latest, Northup's most recent work on "writing with light."

Six years ago, in these pages, I did some polite ranting about the state of photography in the nation's daily newspapers. This is a good time to re-examine the subject.

By and large, there are some encouraging signs. More and more papers are recruiting visualists as assistant managing editors — visualists being, in most cases, photographers who have moved off the streets, out of the darkroom, into the newsroom, where they serve as the voice of the eyes in editorial deliberations. A story has three phases: the initiation of the idea, production of the material, and use of the material. Until lately, photographers have been excluded from two-thirds of this process and have been restricted to supplying prints — although photography — light writing — requires the same degree of professionalism as do word writing and editing. The number of visualists is small, but growing; the change is welcome and beneficial.

There are other signs of encouragement. Our profession has been more accepting of women and minorities than the rest of the newsroom. In my town there are two papers: one daily and a fine weekly. The head photographer on each paper is a woman, and their photographs present an accurate, sensitive view of life here whether covering a school fair or a prison riot.

Today the picture of our daily lives as reflected in the pages of newspapers is more accurate, and much more broadly based than it was six years ago. We are seeing a much wider range of humanity: more poor people who are not in handcuffs, more rich people who are.

The current crop of photographers is more excited and serious about the profession than at any other time in my memory. We are the only part of the news team that has banded together in a national organization (National Press Photographers Association) and we spend countless weekends in gatherings, to work and exchange the tricks of the trade. Just about any weekend, somewhere in the country, one will find a workshop of photographers sharing their work and worries, triumphs and traumas.

In most newspapers photographs receive better display than they used to. There are fewer postage stamp head shots and more large, story-telling pictures. The total picture area has probably remained the same, but it has been put to more productive use.

So much for the overview. Now, in the interest of improvement and understanding, I would like to share with you some of the problems of trying to deliver reality in slices of 1/125 of a second. First of all, we very seldom photograph the germane kernel of any story. What we have to deal with are symptoms and symbols. An example: You are assigned to climb up five flights in a terrible tenement to photograph a teen-age mother whose child has just been bitten by rats. This is not an uncommon assignment in any large city. Now, the picture that results is fine and dramatic, but it is only a small symbol of many problems. The pictures I always wanted to take on these jobs were of the owner of the building and his attorney as they meet in Palm Springs to decide to let the place go, or the super giving a little something to the city building inspector. Nice, well-composed groups of two. Not as dramatic as the tearful mother, perhaps, but closer to the real action.

The other example that comes to mind is that of the

Steve Northup, Nieman Fellow '74, is a photographer with Time magazine.

unemployed Detroit auto worker. With the huge layoffs, the pictures of sorrowful men and women standing in line for aid are again common. Now the picture I'd really like to see is the one of the Ford and Chrysler biggies meeting and deciding that while there is an obvious market for small, quality cars, the largest profits result from continuing the production of Behemoth 8's. We are not going to see these folks in the unemployment lines, and it is a shame we will not see them making these decisions. It is here that word writers need to perform translations for light writers. Our readers need to know of these absent scenes, and of their causative role.

Usually by the time any given situation has reached the point of requiring a news photographer, things are pretty far gone. Tranquility is rare in this profession.

There are times when we would like to deny it, but there is a lot of aggression required in this job. The phrase "taking pictures" is very apt. We do take from our subjects and take something only they can give to us: their individual, personal, often private image. This is a physical thing, and must be treated with profound respect. To perform this job well requires a rare combination of aggressiveness and sensitivity that is bound to produce conflicts within the photographer. There have been many assignments in my life after which I have wanted to go

home and shower down with green soap and steel wool. The days of the photographer appearing on the doorstep to tell an unknowing mother "Your kid is dead" — FLASH! — are over, we hope, but there is enough pain and grief and horror still to be shared. And by photographing these things we share in them. The images may leave the camera with the film, but they remain, some forever, in our heads. We pay with dear coin.

One last encouraging note to close on: Our representation in the entertainment media, where all too many judgments are formed, has greatly improved. When *All the President's Men* was filmed several years ago, the producers built an exact replica of *The Washington Post* newsroom on the West Coast. To complete the accuracy, each night all of the trash was collected from the *Post* (East) and shipped by air freight to the *Post* (West) and scattered about artistically. But, nowhere in the entire film — background, foreground, any ground — did a photographer appear. Not once.

Times change. We now have a photographer, Animal by name, in prime time. And he is allowed to think. In fact, the other evening he took time out from photographing a fire to trot over to his reporter with an eyewitness in hand and get the two together. A nice slice of reality, at 1/125 of a second. □

Words on Pictures

STEVE NORTHUP

The following article is reprinted from *NR*, Autumn 1974.

The media — and in particular newspapers — are taken to task by Edwin Newman in the October [1974] issue of *The Atlantic* for appropriating words and phrases, overusing, abusing and finally, sucking them dry. With this premise in mind, let's proceed to the word "photography." Its derivation and direct translation read: "to write with light." Let's look at the light writings that appear in our daily newspapers. Same, same. Thus, it is not only words that grow stale; and even though photography has made great advances in the last twenty years, very little progress is manifested in our daily pictorial journalism. To be sure, there are papers where great concern is given to the visual; but by and large, the guy who pays his fifteen cents is getting visually shortchanged.

My purpose is to try to express some of my under-

standing of that shortchanging, and more importantly, to try to start a dialogue in these pages in the issues to come about our daily use of pictures.

To start with, in most city rooms photographers are second-class citizens. Until recently their pay was less and their chances for advancement up the managerial chain minimal. This is true not only in the smaller papers, but in the nation's major dailies as well. Only in the past five years has the chief visual voice at *The Washington Post* been an assistant managing editor.

Most papers have one or more reporters who are called upon to travel with some regularity, but this fails to carry over to the photographers' assignments. Again, I cite the *Post*. A few years back Bill Greider was sent out around the nation to do an Indian roundup — the social, economic,

cultural state of the first Americans. Not only was no photographer assigned, but no word of the project ever reached the department head until it was well under way. In the case of *The New York Times*, seven times that newspaper has sent reporters to China, but not once has it thought enough of its readers' visual interest to send along a photographer. Our readers deserve better.

This discrimination starts early. Even the prestigious Columbia Graduate School of Journalism omits mention of pictures in its course offerings. The only reference to their use and importance is contained in one line which suggests the desirability of "experience in still photography" — no courses.

Now all these horror stories aren't caused by meanness of spirit or tightness of purse. I submit that these and the other daily visual atrocities the reader suffers are perpetuated by lack of understanding, interest and imagination. For we are, in fact, talking about two different disciplines within the media.

The huge majority of managing editors and city editors and page editors are word people. Perhaps it should be so, as by training, by experience, by desire and inclination, they have been educated to think in terms of print. Writers can ponder subtleties of meaning, word roots and sentence structure while the poised pen or the silent typewriter waits.

Photographers, on the other hand, work in what we'll call "real time," a world of images speeding by, constantly changing. Tools for this profession demand action — fast. A camera is an extension of eyes, ears, hands, heart — and the photographer is confronted every day with a thousand choices of "the moment," all irrevocable. He or she must decide exactly which of these images will best explain all those other images, their cause and importance. A person daydreaming, or in the john, or just asleep at the switch when that best instant whizzes by, is out of luck. In this side of the business, there are no fill-ins from buddies — everyone "sees" in a private way. This is the primary difference between word people and picture people.

But there are other contrasts: to fully do his — (from now on I'm going to use "his"; I'm not sexist, and some of the best work in the field was and is done by women, but men far outnumber them) — do his job, then, the photographer must look beyond the words being spoken. There is a whole nuance of body language and facial expression. Relative position can tell whole stories in the picture of several persons. Sometimes a picture from the back, or simply a close-up of a man's hands, will tell more than words ever could.

Writers and photographers use different inputs, of course, to arrive at the same point to tell or amplify the identical story or moment. Most editors have had their only

In 1893 Stephen Horgan was art director of the *New York Herald*, and suggested to the owner, James Gordon Bennett, that halftones could be printed in the newspaper (which is the same print that we use today).

Bennett consulted the pressman and was told the idea was impossible and preposterous. Bennett at that point went back upstairs and fired Horgan. Horgan went on to the *Tribune* where they introduced halftones in 1897.

photographic experience in college where they spent a semester or two learning how to return with a recognizable image; for others, it may have been a stint on a small paper where they had to make their own pictures, but since then — nothing. As a result, and when one thinks of light as a language, our profession suffers from a terrible rate of visual illiteracy. We are assigning pictures that were out of date even when they were invented, at a time when television is making great visual inroads. What is the image of your community reflected in your pictures? If you cut out the photos in your daily paper for a month and showed them to local residents, would they be able to recognize the town? How much news — and how much accuracy — would that stack of clips convey?

Much is said these days about newspapers becoming daily magazines in order to compete better for the readers' attention and interest. For photographers, this is a welcome move, as in most cases it is coupled (in the individual papers) to a clearing of the front pages of each section, opening up a variety of space for picture play. Variety is the operative word. The growing spread of op-ed pages is a welcome sign of space available. Like most photographers, I'm pretty much satisfied with the amount of space allotted to photographs. Rather, it is their form and content that bother me.

About that content: Ask any photographer on any publication for his main gripe and you'll hear, "They never run the good stuff." All too often he's right. In the big year-end photojournalism contests only about 20 percent of each year's winners have ever seen the light of day. Now there's something wrong here. Too many good pictures are getting away because of lack of visual incentive and poor editorial judgment.

There is another side to this situation as well — assignments. Try this little experiment: Look through a week's worth of papers — not only yours, but those you have

access to in your office. How many hand-shake pictures can you count? Here is an example of pure visual hogwash. The reader collects next to no information from this space. Now if the point of the exercise is to get a picture of the mayor in the paper, then send a photographer down to spend some time with him and run a good one. On the other hand, if the desire is to show the recipient of a plaque/check/key/etc., then spend some time with that person, and show the special qualities perceived. I know if the recipient were, say, a woman who had pulled six kids from a swollen creek, it's a little hard to illustrate her in a re-rescue; but you might picture her talking with the kids, or simply make a good portrait of her by herself.

One other thing you could consider trying: watch someone — or better yet, several people — reading the daily paper for a few days. See how much time they spend on each illustration and where it takes them, whether into the story, or on to something new. One thing becomes apparent right away: You have precious little time to catch the eye and mind. Here impact, content and position are everything. Looking through a stack of feature pictures, or wire service prints to fill that three-by-five inch hole on page six is a sure way to lose.

I think we know the problems — our papers for the most part are visually unimaginative, even dull.

There is a bright side to all this, however; the means of change are available. The profession has a better crop of photographers than at any time in its history: not only the younger men and women but the older photographers who survived the dramatic changes in the technology in the field. Talk to them, urge some initiative, find out their complaint. In the past few years newsrooms across the country have felt and heard the valid complaints of the women and blacks in the business. If it helps, look on us photographers as another minority — but do listen.

We live in an environment that is rapidly changing — not only our towns, but also our people. I feel it is vitally

important to document and record these changes, to see where we are, where we have come from, and in which direction we are headed. Photography is a precious tool in this effort — it can help us explain ourselves to others, and to us.

The great need is for visualists in the editorial process. We should put more qualified photographers in positions where their voices can be heard. Images should be edited with a light-reading eye to integrate their importance fully into the product.

Pictures speak a universal language. I have a feeling that if you took Eddie Adams' great photograph of South Vietnamese Colonel Luan shooting the Vietcong on that Saigon Street and showed it, without caption, to as wide a spectrum of viewers as you could reach, the same emotions would be engendered. The outward manifestations would probably vary, due to cultural and political mind-sets, but down deep, where the Real Guy lives, the stirrings would be the same.

At a time when many changes in technology are upon us, this might be a good moment to sit down and take stock. Offset offers superb reproduction and the future will undoubtedly hold a photographic system, most likely using magnetic impulses, that is computer-compatible, thus freeing photographers from their cross of silver. Meanwhile, many other pressures are being felt by the picture side of our profession: the tree squeeze is on and that hurts; a silver shortage looms, and that is probably going to be restrictive. But far more serious than any of this is the simple lack of concern shown on too many papers.

It is high time to get our act together. Too much visual information is getting away from us as a result of inattention and ignorance. We need to honor the eyes of our readers, pay them the dignity and respect they deserve. The media are capable of doing much better — and need to cooperate to place before the public a more accurate world, both with words and with light. □

Coming...

Robert Maynard extemporizes
on the *Oakland Tribune*

Danny Schechter expounds
on the Emmy

Percy Qoboza experiences the
Final Vindication

*Dexter Eure, Phillip Martin,
Gayle Perkins, and Charles Seib*
examine Media Racism

Morton Mintz explores
Elsinore-on-the-Potomac

Gloria Steinem's exhortation
to the Nieman Class

PORTRAITS

ALEXANDRA DOR-NER



All of these pictures were taken during my first couple of years in Israel. I found the fringes of Israeli society — the Greek Orthodox, the Chassidim, the Bedouins who live on the West Bank — more interesting to photograph than modern-day Israelis, who are so much like Western people.

Only one of the pictures of the Bedouins was taken on assignment. In the beginning, I just hung around the tribes and took pictures of them which I would later give to them. The first were very posed, but as the people became more comfortable around me, I could take more informal shots. I still always bring them prints.

The young woman is a Bedouin, about 17 years old. Her tribe lives outside Jerusalem, near Jericho. Here she is dressed for a wedding: she wears her best clothes, all her gold dowry, and bobby pins in neon colors.

Alexandra Dor-Ner's photographs have appeared in magazines and newspapers in America, Europe, and the Middle East.

Alexandra Dor-Ner

Yussef and his son, Mohammed, are sitting on a rock in front of the cave in which they live. Mohammed's mother died while giving birth to him; this means he is treated very specially within the family. Still, it is unusual to see a father and son as close as Yussef and Mohammed are.

Khalid and Miriam are from Zatara, a village between Bethlehem and Herodion. He is 17 and she is 15 years old; they are newly married. They live in a small house built of grey stone and cement which they share with Khalid's mother. The picture shows them in their part of the room. Now they are wealthier than when the picture was taken, since Khalid works twenty months out of twenty-four in Kuwait.

Khalid's brother lives next door. Here their father is shown holding the first grandson, Adnan.





The crazed-looking Chassid hangs around the central bus station in Jerusalem. Unlike most other Chassidim, who do not want to be photographed, he insisted on posing for me.

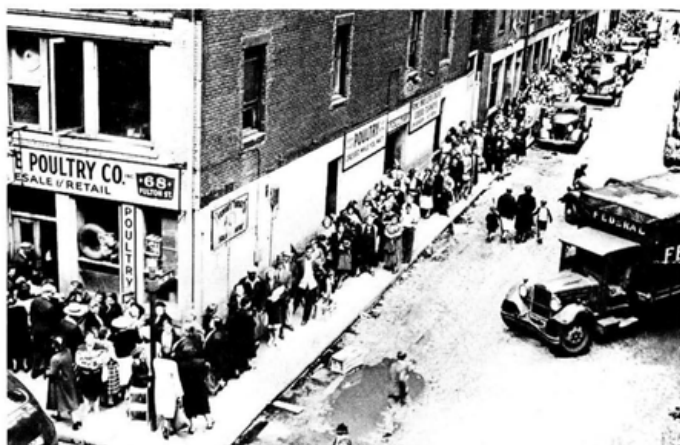
The Greek Orthodox priests are waiting to go into the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem for the ceremony of the Holy Fire, held each year around Easter, in which candles are lit from a miraculous heavenly flame.

Rabbi Hirsh is spokesman for the Naturei Carte, the most orthodox Chassidic Jews. He believes that the state of Israel should be abolished and corresponds directly with Yassir Arafat in order to accomplish this. Rabbi Hirsh was originally from the United States and has pale red hair and blue eyes. This is his favorite photograph of himself — when other journalists come to photograph him, he sends them to me for a copy of this print. □



The New Deal Era, 1933-1953

JOHN HARRIS



Globe

Wartime price controls on meat were ended by President Harry Truman on October 15, 1946, as shoppers stood in long lines to get any meat at all. Price controls were retained on wages and scarce items like automobiles and household appliances. Line for poultry formed at 3 a.m. on Fulton Place in Boston's North End.

“My friends!”

The vibrance with which new President Franklin D. Roosevelt uttered those words, with sincerity, and, too, the courage of this man who had bravely overcome but yet bore the ravages of polio — all brought new heart to a nation stricken by the worst depression in our annals. All felt they could genuinely rely on his assurance:

“We have nothing to fear but fear itself.”

Once again the bands could convincingly play his campaign tune: “Happy Days Are Here Again!”

John Harris has been a lifetime member of the staff of The Boston Globe, where he has been political editor, Washington correspondent, Sunday editor and associate editor. This article is drawn from his book, A Century of New England in News Photographs, published in 1979 by the Globe Pequot Press, Chester, Connecticut 06412. Reprinted by permission.

FDR would be re-elected in a sweep, and go on to re-election to a third and fourth term, the only President in America's history to be given more than two terms by the voters. The New Deal would continue under President Harry S. Truman until the election of General Dwight D. Eisenhower in 1953 brought two decades of Democratic rule to an end.

This New Deal period is remembered not just for its long overdue social reforms but for epochal events: World War II and the advent of the Atomic Age. Lightning advances in modern weaponry were underscored by the appearance of the A-bomb in 1945 and a short seven years later an H-bomb was touched off in the Pacific testing ground at Eniwetok Atoll.

For most Americans who lived in the New Deal era two events have remained personally memorable. Most had been so impressed that they could recall precisely where they were — even remember the time of day — when these two events happened: news that Pearl Harbor had been attacked and the day that FDR died at Warm Springs, Georgia.

For news photography the New Deal era brought breakthroughs in the recognition given to camera work. Photographers began to receive picture credits and pictures played a greater role in layout. It was in this era that color photography made great technical advances. This had been long in coming, for even back in 1827 Louis Daguerre made experiments — without success — to obtain color pictures; and we had known from British experiments in 1862 that any color could be made by mixing three primary colors, red, blue and green, the way modern presses print color. Difficulties of color registration and costs inhibited extensive use.

Black and white photography saw refinements in film, especially its speed, and in cameras that produced increasingly superior photographs. Pictures were made widely that once seemed beyond any camera's capability.

An example of the matchless advantage of fast film — and quick action by the photographer — can be seen in the spectacular picture showing the bow of the ill-fated



Globe

Eleanor Roosevelt, tireless traveler and "eyes and ears of the President," told debts at the International Students Gathering April 10, 1942, in Boston's Hotel Vendome that the nation's war production could use their volunteer help in factories. Mrs. Roosevelt's relaxation: ever-present knitting.

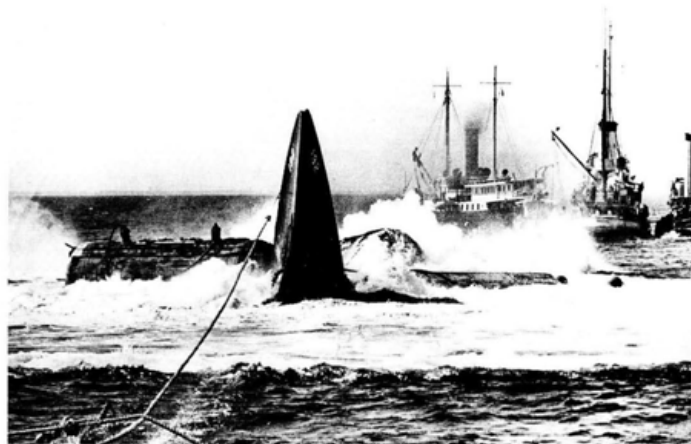
submarine *Squalus* suddenly popping above the surface and almost immediately sinking again.

Few newspaper libraries have the facilities to retain all the photos that their photographers make over the years. To reproduce news photos in newspaper rotogravure or a book, the originals or photographic copies are necessary. Old copies of newspapers or microfilm of past newspapers are inadequate. The search for missing photographs for this book led to many places, among them the Boston Public Library.

Unhappily, the search was not always fruitful. Countless news photos have disappeared and exist only in old newspapers or newspaper microfilm. This prompted a question. Of all the great treasures in a great library,

which, in case of a catastrophe like a fire, would a librarian seek to save?

"That's easy," replied the Boston librarian. "The newspapers or microfilm. They contain the best idea we have of the past. Everything else is replaceable."



Globe/James A. Jones

Carrying 26 entombed soldiers, the bow of the ill-starred submarine Squalus surfaces for 10 seconds July 13, 1939, and sinks again 240 feet to ocean floor during a mishap in salvage operations off Isle of Shoals, New Hampshire. A new diving bell rescued 33 other sailors when the Squalus sank during test dives May 23, 1939.



AP

Depths of Depression — Woe-etched faces of unemployed men in 1930. Lineups — for jobs, soup kitchens, or help — were commonplace after the 1929 Stock Market crash and the onset of America's worst-ever recession.

All photographs reproduced with permission of *The Boston Globe*.

BARBARA BELL PITNOF

Closing Dow Jones:
854.44, off 0.68;
stocks on Page E6

Forecast: cloudy;
high, 55; low, 42;
report 4/17/96

VOL. 130 — NO. 37,544

SUNRISE EDITION

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1960

128 PAGES

19. Game 19

WALL OF FLAMES — Firefighters stand amid spray of sparks and soot while throwing water on four-alarm fire at Interstate Tractor & Equipment Co., 2855 N.W. Front Ave. Five gutted building and caused roof to collapse, but no one was injured. Company sells heavy industrial equipment.

Exclusive sperm bank offers proven genes from

46 *Nieman Reports*

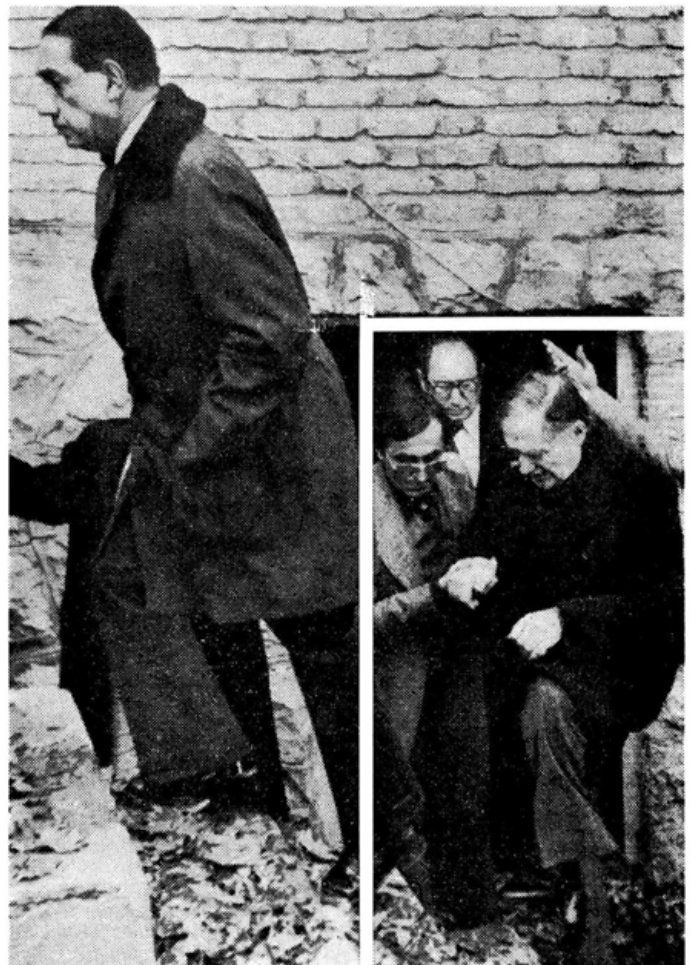
You can imagine my surprise, then, to find that the paper I felt was graphically the cleanest, and the easiest to read, turned out to be *The Oregonian*. Now sit down. You may not believe this.

On February 29, 1980, *The Oregonian* ran only four stories on its front page, and — hold on to your hat — three of them were actually complete there! (It is possible that this transgresses some Fraternal Order of Formatting by-law. I know at the least it is very bad form to start fewer than ten stories on page one. I am sure that is absolutely *verboten* not to continue however many you do start to as many different inside pages as possible.) Without rules and boxes, but with an intelligent use of vertical and horizontal placement, *The Oregonian* managed to convey what headline went with what story. (Another broken regulation?)

In fact, I would have been perfectly content with the Portland paper had I not seen a more complete version, in *The Los Angeles Times*, of the AP photograph that appears, quite small, on *The Oregonian*'s front page. Now I'm not one to complain about little things. Looking for the fourth person mentioned in the caption, who's long since been cropped out of the photograph, has always been one of my favorite exercises in futility. But I do object to what was done with this picture. It is, *The Oregonian* tells us, a shot of the members of the UN commission in Tehran visiting an alleged prison. Not only has the paper seen fit to crop Hector Jayawardene out of the picture (I would have left him in and cropped his name!), but it has cropped the interest out of the picture as well. These men could have been leaving Mama Leone's, and we would have been none the wiser. By cropping the stone steps leading down to an ominous-looking cell, the paper has removed the story the photograph had to tell.

In the abstract I think it is true that detail is more interesting than panorama, but I think too that common sense should play a part in any decision to crop. I also think the caption for any picture that has been cropped deserves careful reading. *The Oregonian* was not the only paper to exercise its readers on the twenty-ninth. *The New York Times* had me looking for the police officers — plural — keeping *their* weapons trained on the embassy in Bogotá, to no avail. The second officer *cum* weapon had gone the way of Hector Jayawardene.

The *Chicago Tribune* also ran a Bogotá-related photograph right under a 1½-inch-high, 6-column-wide headline reading "Report Afghan executions." Once I'd worked out that the fine rule over the picture was probably meant to set



The Los Angeles Times ran this picture of the UN commission; white line indicates portion used in The Oregonian.



Quality opera at low prices
A guide to Chicago's small companies
In Weekend, Section 1

Chicago's great desserts
Plus special spots for chocolate lovers
In Weekend, Section 1

Top 2 city arson areas have no firemen: union

Cites Uptown, Humboldt

By James Doran

CHICAGO (UPI)—The city's top two arson areas, Uptown and Humboldt, have no firemen, according to a union spokesman. The spokesman said that the city's fire department is not allowed to enter these areas because of a union contract that prohibits firemen from working in areas where there are no fire stations.

The spokesman said that the city's fire department is not allowed to enter these areas because of a union contract that prohibits firemen from working in areas where there are no fire stations.

If strikers are back, where are they?

By James Doran

CHICAGO (UPI)—If the city's firemen are back, where are they? The city's fire department is not allowed to enter these areas because of a union contract that prohibits firemen from working in areas where there are no fire stations.

Report Afghan executions

Column 1 In Britain, the strikers strike back

But it's union leaders who feel workers' fury

By William Malin

Colombia guerrillas gird for siege

By William Malin

BOGOTA (UPI)—Colombian guerrillas are preparing for a possible siege of the city of Bogota, according to a report from a Colombian source. The source said that the guerrillas are preparing for a possible siege of the city of Bogota, according to a report from a Colombian source.

Could have eased school crisis, Hannon claims

By William Malin

CHICAGO (UPI)—A report from a Chicago source says that a school crisis could have been eased, according to a report from a Chicago source. The source said that a school crisis could have been eased, according to a report from a Chicago source.

A.M. EXTRA

5 More to Be Freed in Bogota

Soviet, Afghan Troops Are Put on Full Alert

By William Malin

WASHINGTON (UPI)—Five more Soviet and Afghan troops are expected to be freed in Bogota, according to a report from a Washington source. The source said that five more Soviet and Afghan troops are expected to be freed in Bogota, according to a report from a Washington source.

U.S. Envoy Still Captive Of Guerrillas

By William Malin

WASHINGTON (UPI)—The U.S. envoy is still captive of guerrillas, according to a report from a Washington source. The source said that the U.S. envoy is still captive of guerrillas, according to a report from a Washington source.

Militants Say U.N. Panelists Can Meet with Hostages

By William Malin

WASHINGTON (UPI)—Militants say that U.N. panelists can meet with hostages, according to a report from a Washington source. The source said that militants say that U.N. panelists can meet with hostages, according to a report from a Washington source.

Barry Orders Hiring Freeze To Cut D.C. Budget Deficit

By William Malin

WASHINGTON (UPI)—Barry orders a hiring freeze to cut the D.C. budget deficit, according to a report from a Washington source. The source said that Barry orders a hiring freeze to cut the D.C. budget deficit, according to a report from a Washington source.

Nuclear Plant In Tennessee Granted Permit

By William Malin

WASHINGTON (UPI)—A nuclear plant in Tennessee is granted a permit, according to a report from a Washington source. The source said that a nuclear plant in Tennessee is granted a permit, according to a report from a Washington source.

Assessments Up 20 Percent on District Homes

By William Malin

WASHINGTON (UPI)—Assessments are up 20 percent on district homes, according to a report from a Washington source. The source said that assessments are up 20 percent on district homes, according to a report from a Washington source.

Carter Aides Sound Out Congress For Opinions on Fighting Inflation

By William Malin

WASHINGTON (UPI)—Carter aides sound out Congress for opinions on fighting inflation, according to a report from a Washington source. The source said that Carter aides sound out Congress for opinions on fighting inflation, according to a report from a Washington source.

it off from the headline, I then had to decide which story — the one to the left or to the right of the picture — actually went with the headline. (I love a challenge!) When I worked that one out, I realized I still didn't know which paper I was looking at. I could hardly find the masthead in the morass of horizontal boxes surrounding it, all of which would have looked just fine had they been down at the bottom of the page. Besides, I may be old-fashioned, but if a head-

Barbara Bell Pitnof, formerly chief designer with Little, Brown & Company, is a freelance editor and graphic designer. She teaches book design at Northeastern University in Boston, Massachusetts.

line warrants the size used now, doesn't it warrant top billing?

Yet none of this was as difficult as trying to figure out the weather. Oh, the report was there all right: "Friday: Partly sunny, chance of snow showers especially near the lake; high 18 to 22 F (-8 to -5 C); northwesterly winds 12 to 20 miles (20 to 36 kilometers) an hour. Friday night: Fair; low 5 to 10 F (-15 to -12 C) near the lake and -10 to -5 (-23 to -20 C) in outlying areas." But for the life of me I can't tell you whether the paper had its money on rain or snow or sunshine for February 29.

Most of the papers in my pile suffered from the *Tribune's* malaise; too little thought was given to layout. I

found *The Washington Star* a pleasant exception. It seems to be a cross-breed of sorts — not a NYT but certainly more staid than a WOW. The paper uses an interesting sans serif face (Optima) for its headlines, and recognizing that placement and size play as much a part in distinguishing headlines from one another as do changing typefaces, style (roman to italic), and capitalization. Color is also used intelligently: for the edition information and the "Today's News" logo and vertical rule.

No such restraint is shown in *The Dallas Morning News* that day.* There's the born-again frog and another item, both boxed in bright red over the masthead. Then, for those readers who've just crossed the international date line, there's the day of the week, more than an inch high and in red, opposite an equally glaring "Good Morning." Definitely not the paper to read with a hangover. It was not without charm though. I especially liked the story (with pictures of the two men, caught catnapping on the benches at City Hall, who learned what city ordinance 31-13 really says.

Of course, a one-day-in-the-life review cannot the story tell. But every one of the papers I looked at that day could use a graphics going-over. The only difference is in degree of need. Typographically they are just too busy. Newspapers do not have to barrage us; television provides enough graphic overstimulation for the two media combined.

In particular I see no reason why every major story must begin on page one. An index like "Today's News" in *The Washington Star* is a fine way to offer the news capsules that papers seem to be so enamored of, without inflicting a merciless mass of rules and boxes and headlines and continued lines at the reader.

No one seems to remember space any more — a very effective design tool that can work much like the controlled use of rules to help the reader read. Instead, every column inch is packed to bursting, and then some.

Of course, I have been spoiled. The book design process is a much slower paced one. But the basic considerations for the reader remain the same, and they are not limited by time. When you size a photograph, you may

* In all fairness to the *Morning News*, the rest of the page was quite clean. There were many other papers as well that made excessive use of color — even four color — almost universally around the masthead.

Teacher breathes life into frozen frogs

Reel truth surfaces: 'Cuckoo's Nest' best

The Dallas Morning News

friday

Good Morning

Leftists release just 13

NEW YORK (UPI) — Leftist activists releasing the 13 men held in the New York City jail for the past 10 months, the activists said today.

Militants OK hostage visit by U.N. panel

NEW YORK (UPI) — A United Nations panel of experts today said it would visit the 13 men held in the New York City jail for the past 10 months, the activists said today.

Troops kill hundreds of Afghan dissidents

U.S. fails most American-made autos in crash test

DISD jurors call on fired architect

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4A	Sports	4A
4B	Weather	4B

or may not make a decision to crop. If you do, it takes no more time to be sure it is the right decision. When you specify minor headlines, it takes no more time to vary the size than it does to vary the weight or the style or the capitalization. When you use a rule, it takes no more time to specify a proper weight or length for its function than it does to specify a wrong one.

In layout and design decision-making, I have always found common sense to be my best ally. It's cheap, readily available, and safe for consumption. I would prescribe a general dose (two tablespoons daily, morning and evening, and one on Sundays) to front pages everywhere. And if they don't look better in the next edition, call me in the morning.

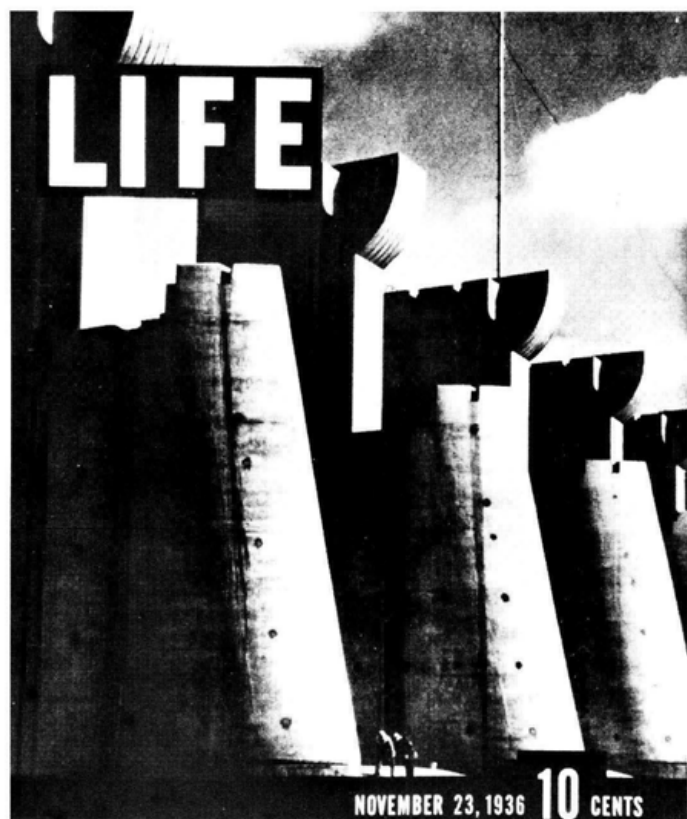
Is There *Life* After *Life*?

JONATHAN LARSEN

To see life; to see the world; to eyewitness great events; to watch the faces of the poor and the gestures of the proud; to see strange things — machines, armies, multitudes, shadows in the jungle and on the moon; to see man's work — his paintings, towers and discoveries; to see things thousands of miles away, things hidden behind walls and within rooms, things dangerous to come to; the women that men love and many children; to see and take pleasure in seeing; to see and be amazed; to see and be instructed.

—From the manifesto for *Life*, 1936

The 1970's were remarkable in publishing history for one reason if for no other: the unexpected collapse, and the just as unexpected rebirth, of the two giants of American photojournalism. The decade had not spent itself before the reborn *Look* suffered a crib death, but *Life* has survived into the 1980's, with all vital signs offering encouragement.



Now monthly rather than weekly, and trimmed down to a far better fighting weight (its masthead lists 47 editorial employees, compared to 133 in 1972), the pioneer of photojournalism seems determined to stake a new claim for itself. And enough issues have passed that it is now possible to make an initial judgment. In the view of this reader, the revamped *Life*, while not as good as the *Life* of the 1930's, 40's and 50's, is as good, and probably better, than the *Life* of the late 60's and first two years of the 70's.

In the interest of fairness, it should be added that nothing could compare to those early years of *Life*. Almost from the beginning, the magazine boasted an incomparable staff of photographers (Cornell Capa, Margaret Bourke-White, David Douglas Duncan, Alfred Eisenstaedt, Eliot Elisofon, Dimitri Kessel, Carl Mydans, Gordon Parks, George Silk and W. Eugene Smith all worked for it at one time or another), an unprecedented popularity, and an almost open field in which to operate. *Look*, in those days, was but a cheap and less frequent imitation, a foil against which *Life* displayed its own brilliance. Television news was not out of diapers, and the news magazines ran few photographs that were not head shots. During those first three decades, *Life* recorded on black and white film the black and white issues of the day. It was an era of outsized heroes and villains, of apocalyptic events about which reasonable men and women could hardly disagree: dust bowls, bread lines, the holocaust. Not only the world, but also the entire *Family of Man* drama was waiting to be discovered by *Life*'s award-winning photographers. When *Life* dared to publish a pictorial essay on the birth of a baby, its publisher was arrested, and its reputation further enhanced.

But by the mid-1960's, *Life* found its cameras trained on a four-color universe that was far more subtle and shaded. National and international leaders had shrunk down to, well, smaller than *Life* size. There were fewer worlds to conquer, and when *Life* got to them, it often found the now ubiquitous television reporters packing up their gear. The only long-playing war — Vietnam — threw the editors of *Life*, not to mention the leaders of the country, into a miasma of confusion (*Life*'s cover for Tet '68 read: "Suicide Raid on the Embassy"). And so, the magazine retreated more and more into history — would you believe a cover story on Waterloo in 1965 — into memoirs of Svetlana Stalin, Nikita Khrushchev, and, it seemed, of anyone who could remember the glory of JFK's Camelot. These were the days of nature studies and interminable essays. One

cover line promised "Nudity in Public," then offered up only words inside — this was a picture magazine?

There were, of course, still flashes of brilliance. Perhaps one of the boldest articles *Life* ever ran, and certainly one of the most influential of the Vietnam War, was a 1969 photo spread of every American soldier who had died in a given week that summer. But just as often there was editorial lassitude. The first time I worried about *Life*'s survival was during that memorable week of the Democratic Convention of 1968. As luck would have it, *Life* once more enjoyed a near monopoly on a major news event. The television networks could not get their video vans into Chicago's parks, where all the action was, and the other magazines could not match either the speed or the space of *Life*. All week long, *Life*'s staff photographers and free-lancers handed in hair-raising photographs, while junior editors pressed their seniors to open up the entire issue to make room for them. The following week, *Life* hit the sidewalks with a thud: fifteen photographs in all, and all but five were taken indoors. So slowly that hardly anyone had noticed, *Life* had transformed from a predatory eagle to something that bore a disturbing resemblance to an ostrich. It was no accident that *Life*'s managing editor in 1968, Ed Thompson, declared that he was bored, took early retirement, and went on to found the highly successful *Smithsonian* magazine.

Besides a host of very real business problems, *Life* was killed off by its own naivete and optimism, an incurable case of gee-whizzisms and a blind commitment to what Henry Luce had called the American Century. The attitude of the old *Life* reminds me of the comment made by the wife of the Kansas sheriff immortalized in Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*. Invited by Capote to a fancy masked ball in New York City, she said of the event weeks later, "I only wish I had brought a mask with bigger eye holes!" *Life* will always be, to one degree or another, the crasher at the masked ball, and no doubt it should be. But the new *Life* seems more mature and distanced.

The difference between the old and the new magazines can be summed up by two covers. The very first issue of *Life* bore on its face a stunning Margaret Bourke-White photograph of a public works dam in Montana. The dam stood for everything the editors wanted to express in 1936: industrial might, new jobs, the harnessing of nature. Yet the identical shot today would trigger very different images — endangered snail darters, pork-barreling Congressmen, dispossessed farmers. This current confusion and complexity is in fact captured perfectly by *Life*'s cover of May, 1979: through a ghostly blue haze of early dawn, the cooling towers of Three Mile Island loom up with all the menace and might of nuclear power itself. In short — a *Life* cover that could not double as a chamber of commerce poster.



Most recently, *Life* seems to be striking a good mix of public affairs, offbeat features and show business dross. The last two issues offer up a chilling article on Cambodian atrocities, a picture essay on tension in the Persian Gulf, a thin but timely portfolio on the "lost" land of Afghanistan, some excellent photographs (and slightly breathless copy) on the new military hardware, an old-fashioned picture essay on a burn center in New York City, a perfectly pegged profile of Sissy Spacek, and an imaginative cover story on a Hare Krishna commune in West Virginia.

To be sure, the new *Life* has a way to go before it finds a distinct editorial voice and a secure niche. But in this fast-paced audio-video age, it is nice to have large freeze frames of the major events and players of the day, perfectly printed and intelligently captioned. And it is also reassuring — at least to this reader — to know that the country can support a slick, well-produced mass circulation magazine that is filled with something other than pinups, recipes, and beauty tips. Welcome back, *Life*. □

Jonathan Larsen, a member of the current class, was editor of *New Times* magazine until its demise in 1979.

The Pictured Page

BILL GRANT



RUTH SNYDER'S DEATH PICTURED!—This is perhaps the most remarkable exclusive picture in the history of criminology. It shows the actual scene in the Sing Sing death house as the lethal current surged through Ruth Snyder's body at 11:56 last night. Her helmeted head is stiffened in death, her face masked and an electrode strapped to her bare right leg. The autopsy table on which her body was removed is beside her. Judd Gray, mumbling a prayer, followed her down the narrow corridor at 11:15. "Father, forgive them, for they don't know what they are doing!" were Ruth's last words. The picture is the first Sing Sing execution picture and the first of a woman's electrocution. (Copyright, 1928, by Pacific and Atlantic photos.)

A picture may be "worth a thousand words," as the cliché goes, but the earliest pictures in newspapers and magazines were simply intended to illustrate the words that they accompanied.

An example of this is the first known picture to appear in a newspaper — a woodcut captioned "The Cowardly and Disgraceful Attempt on the Life of Her Majesty" which ran in the *Illustrated London News* of May 30, 1842, to illustrate a story about a young man's unsuccessful attempt to shoot Queen Victoria as she rode by in her carriage. Even if a photographer had been on the scene, there was no camera then in existence that could have caught the action.

Bill Grant, education writer with the Free Press (Detroit, Michigan), is a Nieman Fellow in the current class.

Although the use of artists' drawings was a technical breakthrough, it was not hailed as a triumph by everyone. William Wordsworth, poet laureate of England, grumbled that pictures would encourage people to forget the important things — reading and writing. In the sonnet "Illustrated Books and Newspapers," he wrote:

*A backward movement surely have we here,
From manhood, — back to childhood. . .
Avaunt this vile use of the pictured page!
Must eyes be all in all, the tongue and ear
Nothing? Heaven keep us from a lower stage!*

By the end of the nineteenth century a process was developed that could produce printing plates from photographs. The first halftone appeared in the *New York Tribune* of January 21, 1897: a photograph of Thomas C. Platt of New York, who had just been elected to the United States Senate.

Not all newspapers were enthusiastic about converting to the new process and the new look. Editors feared that their readers would view the halftones as nothing more than cheap substitutes for "real" hand art. In addition, the press had a substantial investment in artists: In 1891, a thousand artists turned out an estimated ten thousand drawings a week for the American press.

The use of halftones was so slow to catch on that when the battleship *Maine* was blown up in Havana harbor in 1898, *The New York World* carried drawings of the wreckage — under the caption "the first actual photographs of the wreck" — within five days. Another week had passed before any halftone photographs of the event appeared in any newspaper. But by the time the liner *Titanic* went down in the North Atlantic in 1912, halftones were in widespread use in the press, and newspapers carried wide photographic coverage of rescue attempts.

Still, for many years, photographs continued to be — and in most instances still are — illustrations designed only to accompany the printed word, not to stand on their own.

One case where a photograph was "worth a thousand words," and served to make the copy it ran with more vivid, was the front-page picture of the *New York Daily News* on Friday, January 13, 1928. Tom Howard of the *Chicago Tribune* was recruited by the *Daily News* to take a clandestine picture in Sing Sing prison of Ruth Snyder, a convicted murderer, at the moment of her electrocution.

It is hard to overestimate the shock value of such a photograph. It is common for newspaper stories to describe executions and other grisly events in great detail, and readership surveys indicate that these morbid tales are

among the best read items in the press. But the single photograph of Ruth Snyder in her moment of death is far more shocking, far more graphic, than any written description could possibly be.

Other, less sensational pictures have given new meaning to the descriptive words they accompany. An aerial photograph, taken by Billy Davis, of the flooding in Kentucky mountains in the mid-1960's was given more than half the front page of *The Louisville Courier-Journal* — a paper that has always held good pictures in high regard. The photograph showed the extent of the flooding more vividly than could an unillustrated news story.

Sometimes a single photograph grabs the public's attention in a way no story could. Such a picture was taken by a Hearst Movietone newsreel photographer, H.S. Wong, after the Japanese bombing of a Shanghai railroad station in 1937. One frame of his film, reproduced in publications the world over, shows a Chinese baby, crying, its clothes nearly all burned off, sitting between the railroad tracks amidst the rubble.

The acceptance of photographs has increased to the point where they now are frequently stories in their own right. A series of photographs won the Pulitzer Prize in 1976 for Stanley Forman (NF '80) of the *Boston Herald American*. His pictures show the collapse of a fire escape just as firemen were attempting to rescue a woman and child from a burning building. Had no photographer been present, the story might have been told in a few inches of copy under the headline "One Dies in Fire, Others Rescued."

The series of photographs was so striking that it appeared — usually on the front page — of many of the world's newspapers and continues to be reprinted in publications of all kinds.

It also resulted in more stringent fire escape inspections, not only in Boston but elsewhere.

It is doubtful that even a thousand words could have had the same impact.

As the acceptance of photographs and the skill of photographers has grown, there has developed a use for photographs that are stories in their own right, and not just illustrations of stories.

Many such photographs are in fact features, and range



*This picture by Harry Warnecke ran in the Daily News, July 29, 1925.
(Copyright © 1925 New York News Inc. Reprinted by permission.)*

from sunrises and cherry blossoms to kittens and baby rabbits.

Editors use these photos, which generally have no type except a cutline accompany them, to break up pages of solid grey.

For the reader, however, they may provide a needed lift from not just the greyness of the type but the grimness of the news itself.

Gilbert Friedberg, who retired in 1971 after thirty years of shooting pictures in Boston for The Associated Press and *The Boston Globe*, claims "these pictures never would have been used a few years ago."

One reason undoubtedly was the inclination of editors to think of photographs only in terms of illustrating a story being done by a reporter. But Friedberg cites two other reasons he thinks photographs have come into their own as stories, and not just illustrations.

One, he says, is improved equipment which means that the photographer "is just taking the picture mechanically" without spending a lot of time making the camera work.

Another reason, Friedberg suggests, is the fact that modern photographers tend to be better educated than their predecessors. "The ability of the man has improved greatly," he says, "and he tends to see the subject much more creatively." □

A Thousand Words Are Worth...

JIM BOYD

"You want what? A piece about *The Wall Street Journal* for the photojournalism issue of *Nieman Reports*? Sure you do... And next comes an essay on *The New York Times*' comics page, right?"

First reactions aside, the idea behind this article does make sense. *The Wall Street Journal* breaks or ignores almost every conceivable rule of modern newspaper design, yet *Journal* circulation continues to climb (up 7.5 percent in 1979, to 1,768,000) and advertisers continue to clamor for space — so much so that a second section will be added midyear, primarily to accommodate these demands.

How does the *Journal* do it? Most newspaper editors think they absolutely must have photographs. While few, one guesses, spend much time considering the artistic merits of photography, most would never think of publishing a newspaper without a two- or three-column piece of art above the fold on page one, and almost all aim to have a photo anchoring each inside page to boot. Editors see photographs as an essential element in the design of a pleasant looking paper. And they are very interested in creating that pleasant look they believe is absolutely necessary to keep circulation figures up or rising.

But here is *The Wall Street Journal*, confounding all the conventional wisdom. By current measures, the *Journal* can hardly be called pleasant looking. Long legs of type stretch from top to bottom of page one in uninterrupted celebration of greyness, spiced only occasionally by those timid boldface subheads or some other equally inadequate separation device. And, horror of horrors, the graphic

centerpiece of the front page is an anemic little graph, hardly two inches deep, showing the trend growth of coffee production in Uganda or some other trivial bit. The page has all the sex appeal of Nelson Bunker Hunt, and the *Journal* gives every evidence of being just about as worried over that fact as Hunt is.

So what goes on? Is makeup something the *Journal* simply doesn't need to worry about because it does so many other things so well? Does the *Journal* staff know that its readers will excuse the rather archaic, grey look because they are serious-minded people who are not interested in baubles and bangles? That would seem to be the simple answer.

Or is the *Journal*'s look something more positive; not simply tolerated but celebrated as a valuable asset, an important part of the newspaper's personality?

"We're somewhere in the middle," says Mary Bralove, graphics news editor for the *Journal*. The newspaper's look, according to her, has evolved into quite a positive influence, but not on purpose.

"It sort of grew topsy-turvy under the influence of several editors," she explains. "There was no conscious effort to design the paper the way it is. It just happened, but now that we've got [this look], we're quite proud of it."

The *Journal* look reflects the newspaper's spirit and its role in daily journalism. "This is a reader's newspaper," Bralove says. "When you open it up, my God, there's something to read, something with meat to it. It's serious, authoritative and meant to be that way."

This attitude, Bralove continues, is a more important enticement to readers than the *Journal*'s function as a specialty newspaper reporting on business and economics. "Nobody's twisting arms to make people read the *Journal*," she says. "You can get stock quotations elsewhere; you can read about business in *Business*

Jim Boyd, *Nieman Fellow '80*, is editor of the editorial page of *The Statesman*, Boise, Idaho.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

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VOL. CXCV NO. 95

★★★

EASTERN EDITION

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1980

(SP)

35 CENTS

Payout Plateau

Analysts Say Big Surge In Dividends Is Over And Predict More Cuts

Recession Is Likely to Hurt Consumer Firms Most; More Increases by Oils

'Shareholders in for a Shock'

By ALFRED L. MALABRE JR.
Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
Investors struggling to protect themselves from inflation may be about to see another lifeboat spring a leak.
A year or so ago, companies were talking about raising their dividend payments steeply enough to keep their shareholders one step ahead of inflation, recalls Robert H. Parks, president of a New York investment research service bearing his name. But now, he adds, "I believe a lot of shareholders are in for a real shock."

The shock: The long surge in dividends that began five years ago is over. In fact, many analysts say, overall payments to shareholders are likely to decline in coming months as the recession deepens. Although hardly anyone anticipates a precipitous drop in dividends, analysts say the number of dividend increases and extras will dwindle.
The decline in dividends is expected to vary from industry to industry, of course. Many companies will try hard to avoid the embarrassment of cutting the dividend, and others will remain sufficiently prosperous, despite the recession, to raise payouts.

Vulnerable Industries

Especially vulnerable to pressure to cut dividends will be companies in the consumer sector, predicts A. Gary Shilling, a New York economic consultant. "A deep recession has ahead," he warns, "in which consumer spending will continue to weaken."

Paul Markowski, president of another New York consulting firm, believes that General Motors, which already has cut its dividend, may do so again. Last week, the auto maker slashed its second-quarter dividend to 60 cents a share from \$1.15, plus a 50-cent extra, a year earlier—a total cut of some 60%.

"I see a big second-quarter loss for the company," Mr. Markowski says, "and a good chance it will decide to chop the dividend again" later this year.
Among other consumer-oriented companies that may reduce dividends later this year, Mr. Markowski says, are retailers such as Sears Roebuck and J.C. Penney—although both recently increased payouts. The analyst is convinced that "consumer spend-

What's News—

Business and Finance

THE OIL IMPORT fee imposed by Carter, which would have boosted gasoline prices tomorrow, was overturned by a federal judge. The government will appeal the decision and request a stay of certain aspects of the ruling. The court decision could hurt a drive by Carter and Congress to balance the budget for fiscal 1981.
(Story on Page 3)

U.S. Steel plans to close three blast furnaces this weekend to bring production in line with demand. Three furnaces were closed last week. The latest action affects works in Gary, Ind., Fairfield, Ala., and Pittsburgh.
(Story on Page 3)

Airlines were permitted to raise domestic fares from 30% up to an unlimited amount without CAB approval. Carriers also were allowed more fare flexibility on international routes.
(Story on Page 3)

Lockheed has just about given up hope that its L-1011 TriStar commercial aircraft program will prove profitable. Roy A. Anderson, chairman, said. But Anderson added that he sees profit on individual aircraft by sometime in 1982.
(Story on Page 3)

Southern Pacific said it is holding serious talks that could lead to merger into another transportation company but wouldn't identify the company.
(Story on Page 3)

Exxon agreed to pay up to \$400 million for Arco's 60% stake in the \$1.7 billion Colony oil-shale project in Colorado. The purchase would be Exxon's first major oil shale holding.
(Story on Page 3)

UAW President Fraser's election to the board of Chrysler stirred up heated debate among holders at the auto maker's annual meeting.
(Story on Page 4)

Columbia Pictures' management was criticized in a letter by Frank

World-Wide

MUSKIE FLEW TO BRUSSELS, hoping to solidify allies on Iran sanctions.

The Secretary of State will confer today with ministers in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization on spurring release of U.S. captives in Iran. "We expect our allies to keep commitments" to curb trade with Iran as of Saturday, Carter said. But Washington officials said Britain and Italy may have second thoughts.

NATO's military chief, Norwegian Gen. Zeiner-Gundersen, warned of "ominous" Soviet strength. The alliance is expected to approve bolstering West European reserves. In Poland, Warsaw Pact Communist leaders including Soviet President Brezhnev and Premier Kosygin gathered for a summit meeting today.

Muskie will meet with Soviet Foreign Minister Gromyko this week, and said he will emphasize that the Soviets' Afghan invasion "stands in the way" of U.S.-U.S.S.R. negotiations.

France's Olympic committee voted to send a team to the Moscow summer games, rejecting a U.S.-led boycott campaign. Panel President Claude Collard said the unanimous decision was based on sports considerations, rather than the political issue of the Soviet's Afghan invasion.

CARTER AND REAGAN WON Maryland's presidential primary.

The president appeared headed for a three-to-two margin over Sen. Edward Kennedy in the Democratic race, despite Kennedy's efforts to tap votes among minorities and disaffected federal workers. Reagan held a similar lead over GOP rival George Bush. Front-runners Carter and Reagan also moved ahead in early Nebraska returns.

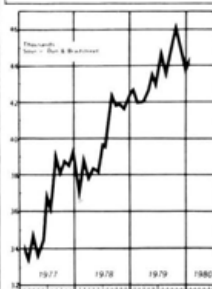
Light turnout was reported on both sides, as voters said they believed Carter and Reagan are assured of nomination. Nebraska officials predicted the lowest percentage of voting in 25 years.

A NEW REFUGEE POLICY will be readied today, President Carter said.

White House spokesman Jody Powell said 25% of arriving Cubans, those without relatives in the U.S., "may not be allowed to remain here." Powell said the U.S. is relying on other countries and volunteer agencies to help with resettlement. More than 36,000 Cubans have arrived in the U.S. since a sealift began in late April.

Powell said disparities between treatment of Cuban and Haitian refugees "are being corrected." He added that allegations of racism "contribute nothing to solving the problem."

New Incorporations



NEW INCORPORATIONS in January rose to a seasonally adjusted total of 44,417, the latest month available, from 43,579 a month earlier, Dun & Bradstreet Inc. reports.

Name Three Things Fans Will Try to Get On a TV Game Show

They Lie, Beg, Cheat to Join 'Family Feud's Silliness; Do Not Adjust Your Set

By LAWRENCE ROYT
Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
"Name two states that border on the ocean."

"Mexico and New Mexico."

IT'S 7:00 P.M. Wrong answer. No points for the Pinedelli family of Elk Grove, Ill. Your turn, challenger family.

It is audition day for "Family Feud." "Family Feud" is a television game show that pits one family of five against another family of five, and both of them against the clock. The host asks questions like "Name a fruit that's messy to eat" or "Name something that naughty kids do on a school bus," and the families compete to give the answers that a survey shows most people give most frequently.

"Family Feud" has a lot of buzzers, flashing lights, fiddle music, squealing, hugging, and jumping up and down. The host kisses all the women.

You may not have managed to fit "Family Feud" into your day-to-day schedule. So, of you, in fact, may not be certain you have even heard of "Family

Tax Report

A Special Summary and Forecast Of Federal and State Tax Developments

SAVING FOR A HOME will mean a tax break in Minnesota, starting in 1981.

A person saving for a first home may put \$2,500 a year—up to a total of \$10,000—into a trust account at a bank, savings and loan concern, or credit union. Up to \$1,500 of the annual deposit, plus all accrued interest, may be deducted on state income tax returns. Deposit limits are the same for a couple as for an individual and the account must be closed within 18 years. There are penalties for excess deposits and for not using the money to buy a first home in Minnesota.

Enforcement falls on the financial institutions—a possible weakness. State officials say the new law needs a bit more work this year. It doesn't deal with individuals who open separate accounts and then marry or allow for transferring an account to another city. And, officials note, the new deduction isn't necessarily a break for low-income taxpayers who can't afford to save much. The estimated annual cost to the state is \$11 million, that may be low.

In a recent laundry list of proposals, U.S. House Republicans included interest exclusions and tax credits for similar first-home accounts.

MODERNIZING old commercial buildings gets a new tax incentive.

The 1978 Revenue Act granted investment tax credits for rehabilitating old business buildings after Oct. 31, 1978. But it failed to set aside existing restrictions on investment credits for noncorporate lessors of property under long-term or net leases. The restrictions were aimed at tax shelters for equipment leasing, but they resulted in denying the 1978 rehabilitation incentives to individuals and partnerships.

Now, however, the recent Technical Corrections Act lets noncorporate lessors qualify for the rehabilitation credit, too. That plus depreciation "creates significant tax incentives for such projects," says Arthur Anderson & Co. Moreover, the recent act makes both the regular investment credit and the energy credit available when the improvement qualifies as both. Thus, older commercial buildings become attractive tax shelters for partnerships.

NEVADA CASINOS may face a tax blackjark in gamblers' markers.

Gambling debts, it may surprise you, aren't legally collectible in Nevada. That is why the Tax Court backed Caesar's Palace of Las Vegas against the Internal Revenue Service last fall and ruled that markers, or IOUs, don't represent taxable income until paid off. But in February, a U.S. district judge reversed the Tax Court reasoning and

Detroit Doubletalk?

Car Makers Denounce Auto Imports—but Use A Lot of Foreign Parts

Lower Cost Is Major Factor; Firms' Practices Prompt Charges of 'Hypocrisy'

AMC's Reliance on Renault

By LEONARD M. APFEL
Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

DETROIT—To buy an American-made automobile seems like nothing less than patriotic duty these days. If all those people now purchasing foreign cars would "buy American," the auto companies contend, some of the 200,000 jobless auto workers might get back to work and there might be more bounce in the domestic industry's sagging sales.

Fine. But finding a truly all-American car is becoming quite a challenge. For all their complaints about sales of imported cars, U.S. auto makers are busily putting more and more foreign-made parts into their own vehicles.

There probably is "something foreign in everything" that the domestic companies turn out, concedes a Ford Motor Co. executive. The parts list for some current and future U.S. autos has a global flavor: engines from West Germany and Japan, brakes from Brazil, clutches from France, and so on, from Spain to Singapore.

Just like American car buyers, U.S. car makers are finding that some foreign products are cheaper, or better, or more readily available. Faced with fierce competition and a fast-changing market, U.S. auto makers are scrambling to save time and money as they race to bring out the new small cars their customers crave.

An Inconsistency?

But to some, that makes the industry's cry for limits on imported cars seem like a plea for a double standard. Many American parts makers complain that Detroit is doing to them just what customers are doing to Detroit. Edward Schalos, a parts-company executive and chairman of the Motor and Equipment Manufacturers Association, a trade group, isn't too sympathetic. "They can't have it both ways," he declares, as setting that the issue of import competition "isn't as simple as it is made to be."

In fact, "I can imagine people saying that if we're going to limit sales of imported cars, then we ought to cut down on imported parts," comments Herbert Strein, a former White House economic adviser and car

Week." People interested in such subjects read this paper because they like its no-nonsense style, its emphasis on good writing and lots of it.

Bralove herself is testimony to the *Journal* philosophy. She is the first graphics news editor, filling a post created only last October. She says she was chosen specifically because her previous experience was as a reporter and editor—a news person, a word person. Her function is to expand the *Journal's* use of graphics, "but graphics that are meaty, informative and readable."

"No one would claim that if we were going to go out and design a newspaper we'd do it this way. In some respects it's silly, and we are trying to get more graphics into the paper, but graphics that will give the reader more information. We see graphics as just another attempt to tell the story. Only secondarily, very secondarily, do we

consider graphics a way to call attention to a story that might be missed."

That is not to say the *Journal* uses no pictures. Recently, the editorial page carried four photographs concerning a certain bridge associated with a Democratic presidential candidate. And everyone at the *Journal* remembers the two striking photos that ran with a spread on famed photographer Ansel Adams. Generally, though, Bralove says, the *Journal's* philosophy is that "a thousand words are worth more than one picture."

Are there any lessons in the *Journal* experience for other newspapers? "Every newspaper finds its own rhythm," Bralove says, but "most photos in newspapers are not worth the space. They're not very interesting. Mostly they're guys sitting behind a desk. We'd rather take the space to tell you more in words."

Confessions of a Paparazza

ALEXANDRA DOR-NER

Although the weekly circulation of the *National Enquirer* tops six million, it was not a paper much mentioned during my year in Cambridge as a Nieman spouse. In fact, I never thought about the *Enquirer* at all until one day in 1978, when my friend Sharon called to offer me a job photographing for the *Enquirer* in my home country, Israel.

"The *Enquirer*? I've never heard of it," I confessed.

"Sure you have," said Sharon. "It's on sale at supermarket checkouts. It's the one with headlines like 'Head Transplants Now Possible!'"

My assignment, Sharon told me, would not be to photograph transplanted heads, but Frank Sinatra, who was visiting Israel with some of his family, a few famous friends, and a group of two hundred American Jews on a fund-raising tour.

DAY ONE:

Head Transplants Now Possible

That afternoon, I set off for the Jerusalem Hilton and my initiation into this aspect of the mainstream of American journalism. A baby-faced man opened the door of the *Enquirer*'s suite and introduced himself in a clipped New

Zealand accent as Hayden Cameron, one of the newspaper's editors. He invited me in and introduced me to the others: the staff photographer, Jeff Joffe, a big blond sprawled on the couch — he looked like an ex-Marine; a reporter, John Chetley, whose gold-rimmed glasses kept slipping off his nose, sat across the room; next to him was Bob Eloth, also a free-lance photographer, weighed down by several cameras. And winking at me from a chair in the corner of the room was Sharon, tanned and macrame'd as usual. A native of Southern California, Sharon had lived in Israel for a few years, doing occasional pieces for the *Bangkok Times*. She was now a staff reporter for the *Enquirer*, based in Florida. The only member of the crew I couldn't meet was the undercover reporter who had been planted in Sinatra's tour.

Hayden was honest about the assignment: his paper was not after the usual sort of news coverage. Certain subjects — the Kennedy family, ghosts, UFO's, and Sinatra, for example — were more important than others. And Sinatra disgracing himself, in Israel or anywhere else, had a very high priority.

"What we want, Ali, is a picture of Sinatra slapping a kid who asks for his photograph, Ali, or yawning in the face of an Israeli official, do you understand the kind of picture I mean, Ali?" Hayden asked, looking me straight in the eye. He made it very clear that while Gregory Peck and the other celebrities with Sinatra were of some interest to the paper, the two hundred American Jews accompanying Sinatra on this fund-raiser were of no news value whatsoever.

The *Enquirer* hadn't registered with Sinatra's press committee, Hayden told me. If Sinatra knew the *Enquirer*

was in town, his guard would be up and his behavior would be model. But by not being registered, the *Enquirer* team didn't know the singer's schedule. I told Hayden that I recognized all the tour guides and drivers who were with Sinatra's group. Since we had worked together on other jobs, I was sure I could get a schedule from them.

"Good thinking, Ali. Remember there's no ceiling on bribes, as much as you need. They're part of your expenses," said Hayden.

In the lobby, one of Sinatra's drivers gave me a copy of the group's schedule. As instructed, I slipped the paper into Chetley's pocket. We were in business.

DAY TWO:

Sex Dreams Everyone Has Them

Hayden opened the hotel room door with only a towel around his waist. I apologized for being too early, but he assured me I was on time. The rest of the crew was gathered in his room, drinking coffee and discussing the day's strategy. Joffe, the staff photographer, seemed to be the expert. He was not an ex-Marine, as I had previously thought, but an ex-Israeli named Ephraim, familiar with the territory and mores. Bob, the other free-lancer, Chetley and I were to spend the morning on the lookout for Sinatra in the hotel lobby. The President of Israel was giving a reception for Sinatra that afternoon; we hoped that the singer would slip out for a drink before then.

While waiting for Chetley to get ready, the headline of a newspaper on Hayden's bed caught my eye: "Sex Dreams Everyone Has Them." To my surprise, it was not the *Enquirer* — Hayden's attempt to keep up with the competition? A telex from the *Enquirer* home office lay by the telephone: "...from now on, in all communications, Sinatra will be known as Sinbad, Gregory Peck as Fonzie, Nancy Sinatra as Barbarella..." and so on down the list of celebrities. Even the two hundred American Jews had code names.

Downstairs in the lobby, Bob, Chetley and I settled into the deep leather couches. Bob and I arrayed our many cameras around us so that no would mistake us for simple tourists. During the hours we spent waiting for Sinatra to emerge from one of the elevators, we three became well acquainted. Chetley, an ex-Navy captain, had been a reporter for forty years. Before joining the *Enquirer*, he had been the London *Daily Mirror*'s bureau chief in Rome. He

longed to get home to Brighton, his rose garden, and his wife, but after he finished the Sinatra job he had other assignments on the road.

"What are you doing next?" I asked, hoping he might need a photographer.

"A bleeding madonna in Jordan and two reincarnations in India," he replied. "Actually, I am a medical reporter but when there are no new cancer cures, I cover miracles."

Bob was luckier — he did most of his freelancing in London, where he and his wife published a small handout newspaper — essentially an entertainment schedule. He just happened to have a copy on hand. It was the same paper I had seen on Hayden's bed ("Sex Dreams..."). Bob told me the next headline story was on wet dreams — a kind of follow-up. He had two small children the same ages as mine, so the rest of the conversation centered on toilet training.

Chetley went off to get a haircut; Bob wanted some cigars; I started to look forward to lunch. A week of Hilton food was certainly going to be one of the perks of this job! But at noon, we had to take turns at the Kosher Milk Bar — the only eating place where we had a good view of the elevators. I was disappointed; I hadn't counted on a solid week of gefilte fish and borscht.

At 2:30, the two hundred members of Sinatra's tour trooped through the hotel lobby on the way to their buses. We knew that Sinatra must be coming.

"There's Ed McMahon, and there's Johnny Carson's wife," said Bob, pointing to two people I wouldn't have wasted film on. For a moment I was afraid I wouldn't recognize Sinatra, either.

"And there's Ol' Blue Eyes himself," chuckled Chetley as the elevator doors opened and Sinatra appeared. He was wearing a silvery grey suit that matched his hair. Chetley was sure he saw evidence of a recent facelift through Sinatra's heavy make-up.

"Stay clear of the fat guy with the baseball cap, beside Sinatra — he's Jilly, the bodyguard," Bob warned. The photographers from the Israeli press and from the wire services began to click and whirr while Sinatra smiled with benevolent impatience. David Rubinger, Israel's top still photographer, and a small film crew were there working privately for Sinatra.

"Obviously, Sinatra didn't come here to get away from it all," Chetley observed.

We followed Sinatra outside to his car. Earlier I had convinced his driver to roll down the rear windows so I could get clear shots of Sinatra inside. I had just started to shoot when Bob yelled, "Come on, Ali!" as he raced to one of our four rented cars, each strategically parked.

"What's the hurry?" I asked. "We know exactly

where he is going — and I'm getting some good pictures here."

In the car, Bob angrily explained. "Pictures of Sinatra sitting in a car and Gregory Peck in a revolving door are not *Enquirer* material. We can't let him out of our sight for one minute — we always keep right on his tail. He can change his mind at the last minute and that's where the picture might be. Okay? Now follow his car, but not too close."

Adrenalin surging, we followed Sinatra past the foreign ministry and through the Valley of the Cross, studded with olive trees.

At the President's residence in Rehavia (the Beacon Hill of Jerusalem), the speeches by both Sinatra and the President were predictable. Visually the situation was dull. Bob decided that I should leave early to get the car ready so we would again be right on Sinatra's tail. Minutes later, Bob came running out, yelling, "Take off, there they go."

We followed the entourage back to the hotel, where we spent the afternoon in the lobby. Sinatra's drivers were also hanging around, and one of them confided to me that Sinatra was planning to celebrate Gregory Peck's birthday that night at an Italian restaurant. Upon learning this, Hayden immediately made reservations at the only two Italian restaurants in Jerusalem, and assigned a team to cover each.

DAY THREE:

Sinatra Smooches in Car Park

Over morning coffee, everyone was swapping stories about the birthday party. Sinatra had taken Peck to the Venice on King George Street in downtown West Jerusalem; Bob and Chetley were having dinner at the table right next to them. A telephone call alerted Joffe, who took up a position outside, where he waited to burst in and photograph Sinatra punching someone — if things worked out well. They didn't. Joffe, waiting on a streetcorner, was approached by every homosexual in Jerusalem and was eventually picked up by the police on suspicion of terrorist activities.

Inside, Chetley had better luck. He had followed Sinatra to the men's room, where they chatted amiably, urinal to urinal.

"Did you record it?" Hayden asked excitedly.

"I didn't exactly have a hand free," apologized Chetley.

Settled again in our favorite couches, we waited for Sinatra to come down from his room and leave by helicopter for the nearby air force base — where we were forbidden to take photographs. To pass the time, we played poker. Chetley wouldn't let me gamble with my own money, though — he insisted on supplying me with small change. When Bob started winning so heavily that he needed a sock to carry his coins in, we quit. Bob showed us his favorite — and only — card trick. The first time, he did it perfectly and Chetley and I were impressed, but asking Bob to repeat the trick brought continuous unsuccessful and frustrating attempts.

When Sinatra returned from the air force base, we followed him to a gangster-type restaurant on crowded Ben Yehuda Street. Jilly, the bodyguard, stood outside and shooed the reporters away. We parked out of sight and waited in the car. It was a hot Friday afternoon and all the diesel-fume traffic was intent on getting home for the approaching Sabbath. Bob begged for one more chance at his card trick and pulled out his cards. Sharon, who had replaced Chetley, used the time to reapply her mascara and absentmindedly flirt with Bob. She prodded him to talk about his past jobs; the time he tailed Caroline Kennedy for six months hoping to catch her with a rumored boyfriend, or the time he climbed a garden wall to catch an aging violet-eyed actress with a used car dealer, and almost fell into bed with them.

After an hour we started to worry about following Sinatra when he finished lunch. The restaurant was in the midst of one-way streets, so it was crucial to know where Sinatra was heading if we didn't want to lose him. Sharon solved the problem by stationing a taxi right in front of the restaurant. Sinatra appeared and signed a few autographs, but slapped no one. Bob photographed it anyway because the home office liked proof we were on the job, even if they couldn't use the material. The Sinatra cars drove up, and one of the drivers obligingly flashed his turn indicator to show me which way they were going. When they left in the opposite direction from the one he had indicated, the double-cross dawned on me. Sinatra's generous tips were more powerful than my smiles ever could be. Making a U-turn down a one-way street the wrong way, we caught up with Sharon's taxi, which was right on Sinatra's tail. We were heading toward the walls of the Old City. I warned Bob that once inside the walls we would have a terrible time parking.

"That's Hertz's problem," he said. As I expected, in the middle of tourists, pilgrims, bagel sellers and cartloads of sheep carcasses, Sinatra's car stopped.

"Abandon the car!" Bob yelled as he jumped out.

With cameras dangling on us like Christmas tree ornaments, we followed our prey deep into the bazaar, Bob

wearing his red BULL SHIT T-shirt with dictionary definition and Sharon in a sundress that was both too low and too short. Whenever Sinatra's party stopped to admire something we ducked into nearby stores. But on Via Dolorosa by chance all three of us were crowded into one closet-sized cosmetic store with Sinatra right outside. Luckily Sinatra didn't notice us and headed back with the others to his car.

"God, if he had spotted us now it would have been all over," sighed Bob as we followed them, "and we don't even have any decent pictures yet."

We tailed them along the winding road that hugged the inside of the walls, past the Zion gate to the Wailing Wall. The plaza in front of the wall was packed with a strange mix of Orthodox Jews in black silk robes and wide fur hats and scantily clad Scandinavians just back from bus trips to Sodom at the Dead Sea. Bob and I merged into the crowd and edged toward Sinatra.

Sinatra's wife and daughter were at the women's section of the Wall, writing notes on small pieces of paper that they wedged in the cracks between the massive stones. I had heard of people who snuck up at night to read these prayers or wishes and found ones saying, "Dear God, please make Erika Jewish," or "Let the Maccabee soccer team win this time," and I was curious what Sinatra's wife and daughter had written. But Bob was more interested in trying to find out why Sinatra himself hadn't approached the Wall.

A shoe store on Jaffa road in West Jerusalem was the next stop on Sinatra's Holy City tour. While Sinatra was inside buying shoes for his wife, we followed his cars to the parking lot behind the store. It was a dusty car dump bordered by the backs of small stores, but the late afternoon light was classic Jerusalem golden. Behind tall cypress trees we prepared our telephotos. When Sinatra came out of the store he stopped on the way to the car and kissed his wife. Bob, with his camera's motor drive, fractioned the kiss into 36 frames and said with satisfaction, "This is front-page stuff."

DAY FOUR:

Sinatra Insults Israeli Knesset

Today's event was the dedication of an orphanage in Nazareth, two hours north of Jerusalem. Sinatra came down to the lobby wearing a white suit, looking very delicate next to his baseball-capped bodyguard. They walked slowly to

their car as we ran to ours. In my enthusiasm, I drove into the middle of Sinatra's caravan instead of following at a safe distance. We hadn't even left the parking lot when Sinatra's car stopped and Jilly, the bodyguard, got out and headed in our direction. Bob and Chetley were speechless; I thought it might be a good time to quit. Jilly leaned on my opened window and asked, "Do you know what a *nudnik* is?"

"Yes," I answered meekly.

"Look, Mr. Sinatra brought over two hundred Jews so they could donate money to your country and you — the press — are wrecking it, you are being *nudniks*. Now I want you to promise you won't follow Mr. Sinatra anymore, promise?"

"I do." But Bob wasn't so compliant.

"We're just doing our job," he said.

"All right, go to Nazareth, but just don't follow right behind Mr. Sinatra."

"It's a free road," said Bob.

"Goddamn freelancers," swore Jilly and he grabbed for the keys still in the ignition of our car. I slapped my hand down on his, shocked that he would dare touch my Hertz car. Shaking and sweating as much as I, he held on until Sinatra yelled at him to forget it.

We watched them drive off without attempting to follow. Bob was more than willing to call it a day; Hayden and Joffe had gone to Nazareth earlier in the morning and they could easily cover anything that happened. But Chetley, annoyed at himself for not recording the whole confrontation, pushed us on. We took a different route and reached Nazareth just as Sinatra was leaving.

"If we're caught again," Chetley said, "remember we're from UPI." On the road to Tiberias, Sinatra and his wife stopped to have their pictures taken by the photographer who was traveling with them. It was a lovely shot with the hazy sea of Galilee and the mountains of Golan in the background. We parked behind a eucalyptus grove and watched. Before we could get back into our car Jilly drove up.

"Don't get any closer to Sinatra," he warned, "or there will be real trouble." Suddenly I was seeing headlines too. "Enquirer Team in Freak Car Accident". But we kept after them, through the village of Cana, where Christ turned water to wine, and down to the Sea of Galilee where the party unexpectedly stopped at a greasy fish restaurant. Chetley was overjoyed. This was the change of plans we had all been waiting for. All the other journalists would be waiting at Knesset member Yigal Allon's kibbutz where Sinatra had been invited for lunch. Chetley saw the headline, "Sinatra Snubs Knesset Member."

After eating a grilled fish, Sinatra went on to the kibbutz guest house to sit down with Yigal Alon to a meal that we knew he wouldn't eat. We met Hayden and Joffe and told them about the morning's confrontation.

"This has gone on long enough," Hayden said. "Sinatra might even get us kicked out of the hotel before we get our story. It's time for a blow-up, okay? When Sinatra comes out I want you, Joffe, to take his picture up real close. When he asks who you work for, you tell him, and he should punch you right in the nose. Bob, you get that on film. By this time Sinatra should recognize you as the photographer who pestered him for months in Vegas and if we're lucky he'll hit you, too. Ali, you get that shot." I was willing, though I was sure Sinatra would hit me too. Somewhere along the line I'd heard that he hated female journalists as much as he did the *Enquirer*.

Jeff and Bob prepared by taking all the filters and lenses out of the breast pockets of their safari suits and Bob handed me his glasses. Then they both practiced a dance in front of the door, choreographed to "He hits me, I'll try to fall with the sunlight behind me, and you get the shot from there." None of us noticed the growing crowd of camera-carrying *kibbutzniks* behind us. Gregory Peck came out a few minutes before Sinatra, talked calmly with the reporters, kissed his daughters for the photographers' benefit, and left. When Sinatra came out, there was a moment when he stared in our direction, but before Joffe could get close enough for his shot the crowd of *kibbutzniks* surged forward, hounding Sinatra for autographs and snapping pictures. Sinatra didn't even notice Joffe as he made his way to his car. Deflated, we drove back to Jerusalem.

DAY FIVE:

Sinatra Snubs Bedouin Sheik

The previous night Sinatra and his whole tour had been invited by a sheik to a traditional Bedouin feast. Sinatra had canceled out at the last minute. Hayden thought, "Sinatra Snubs Bedouin Sheik" and he wanted Chetley and me to go to Beersheva and get some outraged quotes from the sheik. Bob was going to stay in the hotel and wait for Sinatra to check out. The hotel maids tipped Hayden that Sinatra often cooked spaghetti in his room. Going through Sinatra's garbage, Bob would get pictures for the possible story, "Sinatra Shuns Kosher Food."

Past Bethlehem and Hebron, Chetley and I talked about how to cover bleeding madonnas. When we reached Beersheva, the biggest city in the Negev desert, a local travel agent took us to the Bedouin camp located just outside the city. As soon as he saw my cameras, the sheik obligingly got out of his jeans and put on a traditional robe and headdress. Hospitality required that we partake of numerous cups of coffee, followed by tea, before we could get down to business. I translated Chetley's questions and the Sheik's answers.

"Did the Sheik and his tribe plan anything special for Mr. Sinatra's visit?" Chetley asked hopefully.

"Oh yes," answered the Sheik, "we lit the fire to old tires to show the way through the desert and put many camels by the road."

"How many camels?"

"Maybe five, or two."

"Did you cook Mr. Sinatra a traditional feast?"

"Oh no, not a traditional feast, but a royal feast the same we do for all the tourists."

"What made it a royal feast?"

"We put raisins and pine nuts into the rice."

"Were you mad when Mr. Sinatra didn't come?"

"Oh no, Mr. Sinatra is a very important man and I am an important man too, so I know how it is, things change and he can't come."

Chetley tried again and again, but the sheik remained as gracious as all Bedouins are, and would not say anything against such an important man as Mr. Sinatra.

"Do you think you have anything?" I asked Chetley when we were back in our car.

"If we take one or two things out of context we might have a story," answered Chetley thoughtfully.

Two hot hours later we were back in Jerusalem. It looked like our work was over; Sinatra had checked out of the hotel and was on his way to the States. But Hayden wanted me to get all the home phone numbers of Sinatra's drivers and the private film crew so Chetley could pump them for tidbits. When I finished doing that, Joffe asked for all my film labeled with the relevant data. I made the request that no credit be given if any of my pictures were published. As Hayden paid me my generous fee, he told me not to worry — the *National Enquirer* never gave photo credits.

He promised me a copy of the *Enquirer* when the story came out. It never did. □

Alexandra (Ali) Dor-Ner, spouse of Zvi Dor-Ner, Nieman Fellow '77, is a free-lance photographer who has lived and worked in Jerusalem for the past eleven years.

Looking Back Through the Pages of Nieman Reports

April 1947

Jack Wallace of the San Francisco Chronicle attended the Picture Editors' Seminar at the American Press Institute at Columbia University. His careful notes, extracted here, were bound and presented to the Chronicle staff as the volume, "Pix."

Wallace records that in his opening remarks, Turner Catledge, assistant managing editor of The New York Times, warned:

The danger is that pix are unable to convey qualifications. They smash an image onto the brain which cannot be retouched, "saved" or "modified" by a caption — yet that image may reflect a mere fragment of a complex sociological situation: the result may be an extreme distortion in the readers' minds. There is no softening or hushing the voice of the photograph. It must be allowed to say what it wants to, or be censored entirely. Thus, pictures can be "more dangerous" than words.

Dick Sarno, director of photography for Hearst Newspapers and INP, reminisced:

One of the things we're just getting over, and not sure we are sometimes, is the old battle of reporters vs. fotogs. So many reporters have looked on fotogs as mere "button pushers" or "shutter men."

"I remember how it was in the twenties. A reporter would go on a story with a fotog, on a cold wintry day, and he'd tell the fotog to wait outside while he went in for an interview — maybe one or two hours. Well, he'd finally come out, spats and gloves, and before waving for a cab he'd tell the subject, 'I wish you'd give my photographer one minute.'

"One minute? Why it took twenty minutes to get warm!"

The second-class citizen status of news photographers was underscored by Wallace's remarks on photo credits:

There was a good deal of discussion over whether news pictures should carry fotogs' bylines, and under what circumstances.

There was some feeling that when a fotog gets a byline on ALL PIX he'll do better work because he's sensitive about pix with which his name is identified. Some members thought a permanent byline would become so routine it would be taken for granted, like an AP Slug, and would have no value as a gesture of commendation for an outstanding picture.

In a show of hands, most members said they gave bylines for merit, on a selective basis. Fifty percent give credits "liberally."

Some thought pix bylines are valuable public relations

for fotogs in that they identify the fotog in the public mind and assure him cordial reception when ringing doorbells.

(Reminder that all war correspondents got bylines but damn few war fotogs did.)

A fotog should stand on his dignity to some degree. He should be so backed up by his paper that he can refuse to shoot press agent stuff if he's pushed around. Any loyal fotog will allow himself to suffer indignity on a legitimate story, but will walk out on a publicity fashion show when he's told "Fotogs must ride the service elevator."

Frank Scherchel of Life, said Wallace, was "terrific, full of energy, enterprise, ideas, and lively stories" such as this one:

If two papers got the same pix, then your editor doesn't want to use it. But if the opposition has it and you don't the editor screams "Why not!" Scherchel fixed that for a while.

"Where's the pix the opposition has?" cried the editor. "Would you use it if you had it?" asked Scherchel.

"Certainly!" said ed.

"Okay, then here it is," replied Scherchel, who had concealed it.

Sid Mautner, editor, International News Photos, was "a very engaging fellow," wrote Wallace, "who brilliantly expresses his picture philosophy." Mautner gave this advice to photo editors:

We must have picture editors who will work harder, with creative drive, to get the best photos possible, whether or not such pictures are self-evident in the day's news budget.

The good picture assignment editor has a "mind attuned to symbols in the news. Story dupes ring a bell in his mind on pix possibilities. Thus the pix editor must be freed for thinking and planning. He cannot do a creative, original job with pictures when he is concerned primarily with text."

Picture consciousness must exist from top down in a newspaper organization. At the very least the picture editor must receive sympathy and room for flexibility from top executives. Only when the top brass are nearly as picture conscious as he is, can the photo editor feel free to attempt fulfillment of his potential.

Bill White of the New York Daily News, says Wallace, is a man "who can well afford cabs" but instead chooses to ride the subways "to keep an eye on what [pictures] people look at first and longest." White feels that —

...too many picture editors have a habit of rigidly classifying pix as Roto, Features, Daily, Society or whatnot.

The distinction really is not that great. A good picture is a good picture, and the point of what will interest people, on a news page or a roto page, is the only important point.

In 1952, the editors of NR requested Joseph Costa (then chairman of the board of the National Press Photographers' Association) to present the case of the news photographer. "In his 32 years of photographic journalism he has seen too many arbitrary instances of preventing the picture record to which the public is entitled. The case he makes is as timely and important as its record is shocking and dangerous to the cause of freedom of information," they wrote. Extracts from his article, "Does Press Freedom Include Photography?" follow.

Press photographers are the victims of physical attacks almost daily, but what do you think of a fire department which turns its hoses away from a burning building in order to douse the photographers who are taking pictures of the fire and of the efforts to extinguish it? Impossible you say? Well, according to the *Lexington Herald* (Kentucky), this actually happened and quite recently, too. On orders of Fire Chief Frank Dillon, members of the Fayette County, Kentucky, Fire Department, turned their hoses away from a burning structure and directed them on to *Lexington Herald* photographers covering the fire.

Attacks of one kind or another are growing in number. They are inflicted by self-appointed censors at-the-source in every part of the country. This has been going on almost unchallenged for years and lately has shown a great increase. Most of these attacks result because every Tom, Dick and Harry seems to think that he can push around news cameramen engaged in doing their legitimate task and get away with it. Unfortunately in many cases, that is exactly what happens.

Let me cite some of the recent cases that have been brought to the attention of the National Press Photographers Association:

- A story in the Tulsa, Okla. *Tribune* told how Royce Craig, staff photographer, was slugged in the face by Police Lt. Arthur Graves, while Graves held Craig defenseless by shoving his service revolver in Craig's stomach. The assault took place in a federal building corridor after the photographer had taken a picture of Lt. Graves outside the courtroom.

- In Oakland, Cal., Army Base Military Police barred newsmen from covering the wedding of an Army Captain to a Japanese girl. One photographer for United Press Pictures was jailed for an hour before he was finally released. The wedding had aroused considerable public interest because of the importance of the girl's family in Japan.

- Another report in the Los Angeles *Examiner* told how members of the Hollywood American Legion Post roughed up a staff photographer when they decided to prevent the taking of pictures of the removal of the body of a boxer, who had died in the ring during a Legion-sponsored bout.

- The Los Angeles *Examiner* reported how demonstrating members of the CIO United Automobile Workers beat Floyd McCarthy, staff photographer, with a rubber hose and smashed his camera completely, while photographer Bob Hecht, of the same paper, was forcibly ejected and his camera taken away from him.

- At Fayetteville, Tenn., a defense attorney smashed the camera of a staff photographer of the *Nashville Tennessean*, for taking the picture of a defense witness.

- In Troy, New Hampshire, Air Police confiscated both exposed and unexposed film of a staff photographer of the *Keene Evening Sentinel*, who had taken pictures of the crack-up of an F-47 Thunderbolt propeller-driven airplane.

- A reporter and photographer of the *Columbus Citizen* were arrested by police of Jackson, Ohio, when the two newspapermen attempted to cover a clash between union and non-union coal miners, in a southeastern coal field.

- A photographer and reporter assigned to provide sympathetic coverage of the dislocation of Ellentown, S.C., to make way for a new H-bomb site, were attacked by members of a church congregation who had agreed to pose after the service. The newsmen had explained their intentions to the mayor and other civic leaders and emphasized the fact that their story would be restrained and factual. Their appearance outside the church on Sunday morning was by appointment and by prior agreement.

Generally speaking, the press appears largely to overlook the cumulative effect of these many personal attacks on its photographers and reporters, as they go about their assigned tasks. Although these attacks are spontaneous and completely unorganized, they constitute a continuing threat to freedom of the press.

We can bring our fight directly to the people when censorship concerns an Executive Order or where that order is misused by public officials as an excuse to cover up unfavorable information about their public responsibilities, but censorship-at-the-source which stems from myriad small roots scattered all over the United States is more dangerous and presents a much more difficult problem.

Newspapers could build much pressure to protect their cameramen and reporters through an informed public opinion. This is not a wholly selfish consideration, for every attack on a photographer who is doing his legitimate duty is also an infringement on the public's right to be informed by news pictures that are in the public domain.

As social instruments, news pictures have been responsible for the speeding up of many social reforms

which we enjoy today. Whether they be new rules for mine safety, safety on the high seas or on the highways, they were hastened into being by dramatic photographs of bad conditions that were responsible for the disasters.

Slum clearance projects have been hastened by pictures informing the public about the actual condition. Every social effort of modern civilization is helped by the judicious use of news photographs which reveal to the public the conditions that need correcting.

The terror of war has never been brought to the attention of the people with greater impact than was the case in World War II and in the current Korean conflict because of pictures.

Whether it is the bedlam of a political convention; the daily street scene; the glamor, pathos and tragedy of everyday life; or the horror of that worst of all killers, the traffic accidents on America's highways; press photography brings it to us in a manner which everyone — the literate and illiterate — can readily understand.

The seamier side of news photography — and caption writing — was the subject of an article in the October 1960 issue of NR. Ignaz Rothenberg, a resident of Washington, D.C., had written extensively on the invasion of privacy and shared his thoughts in "The Peeping Camera: Invasion of Privacy by Photography," in which he compared the punishment inflicted by unwanted news photographers to that of the pillory "which exposed convicts to public scorn. But that was in an era that we now call uncivilized."

A most shocking photograph that was taken in Memphis consisted of three pictures, each showing another stage of violence done by the police to a young woman who wanted to evade a photographer. She was accused of carrying counterfeit money but had not yet been indicted. The sub-title of the triptych was: "Arrested by Memphis Police, 19-year-old Mrs. (full name) went along meekly until the photographer appeared. Then she got upset and it took four brawny officers to calm her." In the first of the three pictures the woman bends her head down while the policeman, cigarette in mouth, grabs her at the neck; in the second, four of them demonstrate on her how brawny they are, and in the third she lies on the floor with her eyes closed while one member of the police force turns her face to the camera.

The caption runs sarcastically: "The Lady was Modest." More to the point would be the title: "Muscles Triumph over Justice."

It is obvious that there are law-enforcement officers who don't know the law. Otherwise, those policemen of Memphis would have calmed the upset woman by asking the photographer to leave her alone.

There is in this country no law which, in addition to the sentence, provides for the publication of a convicted person's photograph. Those who, against the will of the party concerned, assist in such publications act on their own responsibility, probably without knowing how much they thereby aggravate the punishment. Considering the effect of such exposure upon sensitive people, this runs counter to the spirit of justice if the person is guilty, and it amounts to cruelty if he is not.

In the April 1961 issue of NR, Ken Macrorie, associate professor at San Francisco State College and teacher of a course on Mass Media of Communication, wrote an article titled "Re-enactment of Reality." His commentary on the staging of news events concludes with a look at the future:

We are told these days that Courier IB and Satellite Echo and their descendants may soon be used for bouncing teletype, television, and telephone messages into a vast space network that will render obsolete underground and ground cable systems. Whether reporters in the future will be able to make machines do their bidding is a real question. As we move into more reporting by sound and picture and less by print, newsmen must become aware of the dangers of distortion inherent in their processes. They must push for new tools, like smaller mobile cameras which do not require cumbersome lighting equipment. They must study more deeply the language of pictures, its devices of blur and clarity, the dangling modifiers and active and passive verbs of its grammar.

The Emperor's Slippers

This post-World War II article, printed intact from the April 1947 NR, is by Richard E. Lauterbach. A war correspondent for Life in Russia, China and Japan, he was also the author of These Are the Russians and Through Russia's Back Door. As a Nieman Fellow in the Class of 1947, he specialized in "the new China regional studies" at Harvard. He died in 1950 at the age of 36, a victim of polio.

This correspondent, like many others, had been seeking an audience with Hirohito for several months. As bait, one reporter actually sent the Emperor a weekly gift of chocolates along with his request for an interview. In addition to an interview, I wanted permission to have *Life's* great photographer, Alfred Eisenstaedt, shoot an informal picture-story about the royal family.

A member of the Imperial Household staff was enlisted on *Life's* side. He entertained, at *Life's* expense, higher-ups in the palace staff and members of the Cabinet. Various arguments were advanced against the picture-story. It

would break tradition. The Japanese people were unprepared for it. Others had asked before me. One of Premier Shidehara's aides suggested that the last objection could be met by raising my rank above that of an ordinary Tokyo correspondent or Bureau Chief. *Life* obligingly made me Chief Far Eastern Editor and Correspondent and Business Manager, *pro tem*. The cable nominating me for this exalted position, which sounded even better in Japanese, was unfortunately addressed in the routine manner: Life Correspondent.

I was invited to outline in writing for the Emperor the kind of pictures which my magazine wanted. I tried to explain to the Emperor's staff that this was impossible to do accurately unless I knew something in advance of the ordinary activities of the Emperor and his family. The aides were all too embarrassed to discuss this with me. In desperation I typed out a script which had the Emperor reading the funnies with Crown Prince Akihito on his knee, listening to his daughters play the piano, pushing his grandchild in a perambulator, browsing in his library with a good book and standing over a hot microscope in his biological laboratory. I wrote a letter with the script explaining that this was the *Life* formula for great men and urged that a picture-story be permitted "to show the people of the world how the Emperor actually lived."

Eisenstaedt never got into the palace to take the pictures, much to his disappointment and mine. But one afternoon I was summoned to the office of the director of Sun Photo, the largest Japanese picture agency. With shades drawn and doors closed the director told me that he had the greatest scoop in the history of journalism. It did no good for me to try and hasten his story. He unfolded it at great length between loud sips of tea. Finally he built up to the denouement: for the first time in history — as a special courtesy to *Life* — photographers had been allowed to photograph the private lives of their Imperial Majesties. With much ceremony the prints were taken from a wall safe and unveiled before me.

There were about forty of them. My script, offered only as a sample, had been followed to the last detail. In fact, the Japanese had thought up certain telling details which I had omitted. In the library scene, for example, where Hirohito was shown reading *The New York Times*, a bronze bust of Abraham Lincoln was discernible in the corner of the room.

When I protested that the set was sensational and magnificent but undoubtedly untrue, the director was incensed. His own sons had been in the crew of photographers who snapped the pictures. He himself, dressed in frock coat and top hat, had supervised the entire production. They had worked a month of Sundays to make the pictures.

It was pointless to argue with him. I contacted the Imperial Household. Would they verify the truth of the pictures? Certainly, why should I doubt them? Wasn't I satisfied? I pointed out that the pictures followed my outline very closely. The Imperial Household man looked me straight in the eye and asked, "What outline?" He and his colleagues from that moment on stoutly maintained they had never seen any outline or suggested script. The pictures represented the true way in which the Imperial Family lived. I think they believed it even if I did not.

The Imperial Household told me that the pictures must not be released in Japan because they would "shock" the Japanese people. After *Life* published the best of the set, duplicates were released in Japan — with certain exceptions. The Imperial Household ruled that no Japanese publication could show the royal family eating lunch ("because of the food on the table") or in the living room ("because most Japanese do not have pianos"). I inquired, in conversation with a prominent Tokyo editor, if this censorship had been protested. "Oh, no," he said, "it is a praiseworthy censorship. The censors merely want to show the people that the Emperor does not live any better than his people. That is censorship in the name of democracy." I later found out by talking with two of the photographers who worked on the story that the forty pictures which I received had been pre-censored. The Privy Council men had killed various shots showing Hirohito in uniform. The Americans must see him as a harmless little man.

The Japanese photographers felt that they had reached the pinnacle of their careers. "Unless we photograph MacArthur," one said, "there is nothing left to do." When they began the palace assignment they found every one "stiff and cold" because they had always posed for formal shots. But "the Emperor saw that all was not well and said, 'We will be natural so you be at ease, too.'" When the cameramen recovered from their shock at being addressed directly by the Emperor, they set to work. The Crown Prince asked his father, "What shall I do? How shall I pose?" His father replied, "As you do ordinarily."

When the photographers saw the Imperial slippers, worn and frayed, on the floor outside the Imperial bedroom (which they could not enter) they broke down and cried. "We had no idea things were like that," they told me. "You see the Emperor makes sacrifices for his people."

On the following Sunday when they returned to the palace the cameramen noticed that the slippers had been mended with tape. They wept again.

The pictures were sent off to *Life* with the warning that "Naturally this is all part of a galvanic public relations campaign to prove the Emperor is a good guy and lives very simply, therefore he is democratic and should be retained."

The Picture Taken Lady

ALEXANDER ALLAND, SR.



Jessie Tarbox Beals (1870-1942), the first woman news photographer, originally taught school in western Massachusetts. One day she asked a neighbor for the coupon, redeemable for a camera, that came with soap. Almost at once Jessie left the classroom and devoted so much time to photography that neighbors began to call her "the picture taken lady."

Jessie and her husband Alfred, a professional team, traveled all over the country. She took the pictures; he developed and printed them.

The following text is taken from two chapters of the book, Jessie Tarbox Beals, which gives a full account of her life and work as well as excerpts from her journals. This biography of a remarkable and lively woman is a valuable addition to the bookshelf of anyone interested in American history, women's issues, or photography.

One afternoon in November, as she was photographing a train crew in a rail yard, there occurred a small, chance event that would ensure Jessie Tarbox Beals' place in the history of photography. Across the tracks came a majestic old gander followed by a long line of waddling geese. This droll procession, Jessie related in a story she often repeated later, reminded her of New York's pompous Governor and his henchmen. She snapped the picture and, within an hour, had the print ready. Thinking that such a picture could be used in a newspaper on the next election day, she labeled one of them, "On the Way to Albany," and rushed to the office of the *Buffalo Inquirer* and the *Courier* with it. The editor of both papers, E.V.B. von Brandenburg, chuckled at the picture and recognized that seated before him was a talented photographer, a go-getter with an eye for news. He hired Jessie as a staff member to do — as Jessie put it — "all the work that a man used to do." These two papers had first call on her services. But after that she

was free to work for the correspondents from out-of-town.

No woman had ever served as a staff photographer for a newspaper anywhere; nor, perhaps, had many wanted to. A newspaper photographer's lot always has been a hard one — physically difficult and sometimes dangerous. Moreover, in those days, little glory was attached to it. A news photographer was expected only to illustrate the reporter's story and the photographs were generally regarded as mere records of fleeting interest. The men engaged in such work were, for the most part, hacks.

Jessie plunged into their ranks with pleasure and zeal. She and Alfred moved from their boarding house into a hotel where they had room service, large accommodations and a big closet that Jessie used as a darkroom.

With Allie away all day, I had more time for my work. It would be impossible to tell of all my assignments, but one of the first ones was Cascade Park to get the outing of a German-American Club. Then to the Lonely Strangers Dinner (They sat down strangers; they got up friends) on Thanksgiving Day, 1902.

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A local society grew out of that dinner. It was called the "Hearts." One of its presidents was Georgie Jessel.

Some of the credit for Jessie's success belonged to Alfred's speed and dexterity in the darkroom that they shared with Mrs. Mattie Edward Hewitt, a portrait photographer of St. Louis who later, in partnership with Frances B. Johnston, had a studio in New York City. Alfred was always ready to process Jessie's plates on a moment's notice. Giving the glass negatives a quick rinse, he bathed them in wood alcohol so that they would dry quickly and, a few minutes later, produced prints in quantity. Fast production of prints was no easy matter in those days for, in addition to other technical problems, the developing paper was thin and tended to curl at the edges. Under these circumstances it was remarkable that, in the six months at the fair [St. Louis Exposition], Beals processed about five thousand negatives and produced many times that number of prints.

Jessie also had help from an assistant recruited for a time — a young man known as "Pumpkin" because of his sunny hair and very round, rosy face. But Jessie's success stemmed largely from her own forceful personality and unflagging determination. Faced with the problem of photographing parades and other wide-angle scenes, she simply commandeered a 20-foot stepladder and three exposition attendants to anchor it. Then, in her ankle-length skirts, heavy Speedgraphic camera in hand, she perched atop the ladder until she captured just the right view.

I used two flashlights with good success. My new 8 x 10 camera is in constant use instead of the 5 x 7 because the editor would rather reduce a cut from a big plate than to enlarge it. At noon on Thanksgiving I took a group picture of boys. They were waiting in the rain for the Annual Dinner given by the Volunteers of America. My most difficult assignment was to get beggars of the city to illustrate the story, "Mendicant Merchants." I searched the streets and had a time persuading each to allow me to get their pictures without freezing up to take a pose. The work was disagreeable, but the pictures were good and Frank Clark, the Sunday Editor, was pleased.

The big teachers' bazaar gave me work for a week. I had three pages of single and group photos and earned almost \$75. I began a series of actors of the Joseph Jefferson Company at the stage door of the Star Theatre. I started with dear old Jefferson. He was lovely. His daughter got me to take more of her and her friends. These were published and I sold about \$20 worth to them. Many times I had to go to clubs to get dinners, flashlight of course. Some were fair, but not very good, until I bought

my new flash machine. At Christmas I made a cute series of cats eating clam chowder. Ass'nt editor wrote the little piece of poetry to go with them. Also, a series of market pictures showing the Christmas trade. Scenes of the Buffalo market were very striking with Polish women wearing their colorful shawls over their heads, selling holiday geese, fresh horse-radish and hasenpfeffer. The Christmas issue of the News published some of my Negro studies which I had made in Florida. The New Year was ushered in with my picture of dandy in a long tuxedo and a top hat drinking a toast, "The ladies, God Bless them." The Aldermen's Banquet was a flashlight, they were all pretty "full" but nice to me.

Jan. 1, 1903. I began my City Hall group and single pictures which everybody said was a fine feature and soon was copied by the Times. I made a good thing out of this, selling a great many orders on the side. New Year's Day we went out, it was storming quite heavily and blowing hard. I took pictures of a big sleighing party.

There was a great rumpus in the city about tenements occupied by the Italians. I had to go to get some pictures of them. It was difficult, but I got two good ones which were published in the Daily Courier. On one terrible, windy day I had to take a picture of a boy who murdered his girl friend, as he was taken to the jail. That day there was one of the usual floods in South Buffalo. The water was up to my ankles and the wind was tearing my camera away. I had to sit on it to hold it down — strangely enough the pictures came out straight. Later in the day I covered the dynamiting of the ice jam under the Bailey Avenue Bridge to give relief to navigation and prevent spring flooding. The first out-of-town assignment for me was to take women at the church dinner. I was there all afternoon. After I got through, the minister carried my equipment to the train as I had to hurry for it — a good half a mile away. I was mighty hungry when I arrived home since the nice, dear ladies did not offer me anything to eat.

One day, Jessie was called to cover a devastating fire that swept the City of Rochester. She had fifteen minutes to catch the train and only after boarding the street car did she take the time to put on shoes and button various garments.

I had never seen anything like that. It reminded me of Dante's Inferno, but I plunged in and did all I could, and when I came out of the fire-space, I would not have known myself. Icicles were frozen all over my wraps, and it took some time to get them thawed out. I had to catch the noon train back to get my photos into the afternoon paper. . . . Hustle? One will realize what that means when the editor gives you an hour to put a photo in his hand.

Jessie was the only woman permitted inside the

firemen's barriers, and her pictures were among the very best taken at the fire.

Jessie's first major exclusive came at a celebrated murder trial that brought newsmen to Buffalo from every part of the country. Taking photographs in the courtroom was forbidden. But in the adjoining room, which had been set aside for reporters, Jessie spotted a transom that opened into the courtroom. She climbed a tall bookcase, opened the transom window and took a picture before being detected by a sergeant. She told the tale of the incident with great glee:

"Hide the camera, boys, and help me down," I gasped to the reporters below.

"Who has been taking pictures here?" asked the sergeant.

"I have," I replied, "and I intend to report you at once and make a complaint against you to the judge and the Mayor."

"Why, what's the matter with me?" he asked in astonishment.

"I shall report you for permitting so much dust to gather on top of that case. . . Look at my dress, it is ruined!"

The sergeant grinned and turned away.

Her exclusive courtroom scene was snapped up by a *New York American and Journal* reporter. It appeared on Sunday, March 15, 1903, as a five-column illustration on page one.

About two months later she celebrated the appearance of her name in a big Metropolitan newspaper by spending a few days in New York City. While there she visited Ellis Island and brought home to her editor many shots of arriving immigrants.

Jessie covered practically every facet of daily life in Buffalo, from picnics to prizefights, and she became a familiar figure with her large hat, long skirts and the 8" x 10" view camera that she lugged with her everywhere. Justices of the Supreme Court and city officials knew her, as did policemen, clubwomen and school children, all happily responding to her cheerful, "Now, just as you are for a moment, please." Unlike most other newspaper photographers in those days, Jessie brought to her daily reportage a concern for artistic merit. Merely to record an image was not enough. Each plate she exposed was an adventure in discovery, infused with resourcefulness, intuition and personality. Because she was able to visualize the final results, the people in her pictures appear in natural, unconstrained attitudes. Her arrangements of large groups were free from usual crowding; her action shots were recorded at the properly anticipated moment; judicious use of back and side lighting imparted a three-

dimensional quality to her prints; and she chose just the proper angle of view to direct attention to the center of interest. It was no surprise to her editor when letters of praise for the pictorial content of his paper began to pile up on his desk.

Then, as later, all of Jessie's pictures were made by contact printing rather than by enlarging. The entire negative was reproduced, in the same size, on the printing paper. This meant that when she composed her view on the camera's ground glass she was truly composing the final photograph; the negative would not be cropped in the darkroom. To control the tonal values, she varied the time of exposure in the printing box by blocking out various areas in succession. This method was much more complicated than enlarging (printing by projection) in which parts of the negative could be cropped and then lightened by dodging or briefly shading to improve the

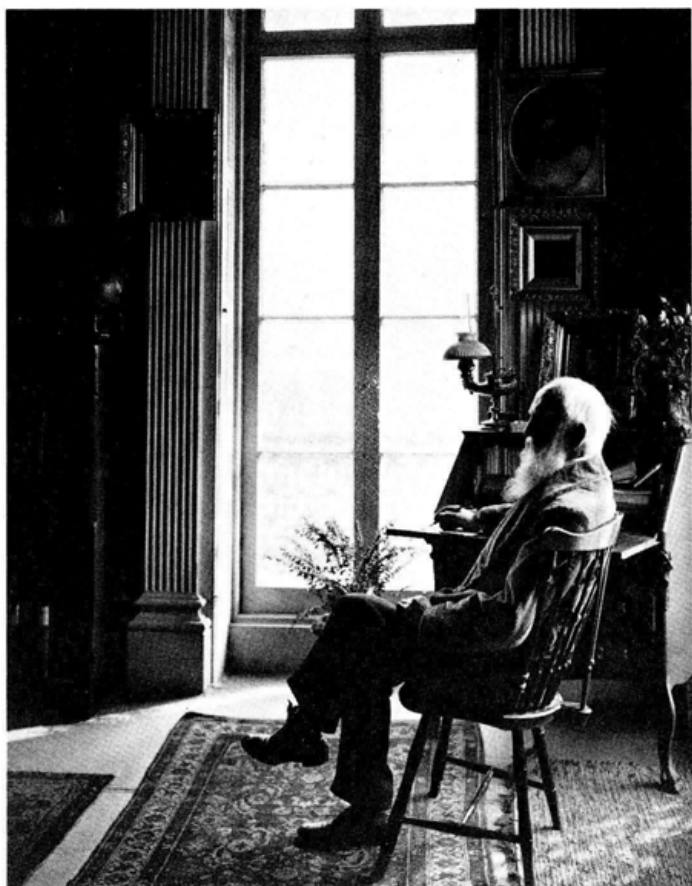


Group of Politicians, Buffalo, N.Y., 1903

quality of the final image. Though she never used the enlarger herself, she knew well the value of projection printing and later was able to instruct a popular writer of the day in this technique. In *Career For Jennifer* by Adele deLeeuw, a teacher who is modeled after Jessie advises her pupil, "It is fun to study a print closely for some hidden pictorial quality, to screen off a segment that looks interesting, and enlarge that to a full-size print."

It was during this time at Buffalo that Jessie won national recognition by photographing Sir Thomas Lipton who had come to the United States, in August, 1903, to enter his yacht, *Erin*, in the America's Cup race. He stopped in Buffalo on the way to Niagara Falls and, the headlines reported, "Sir Thomas genially gave the Sunday Courier Photographer a few poses!" The train bringing Sir Thomas to Buffalo had arrived at dusk, two hours later than

expected. Unprepared to photograph with flashlight, Jessie had to make sixty-second exposures to get her pictures. Delighted with the quality and speed with which the photos were finished, Sir Thomas invited her to accompany his party on a trip through Niagara Gorge. Her exclusive photographs from this trip were published in the national press. Sir Thomas was the first international celebrity to come her way and she was pleasantly surprised to find genuine naturalness and simplicity in one so famous. Later, in fact, on a visit to Greenfield, an old lady asked her, "Don't you ever miss contact with lovely simple people such as you know here?" Jessie laughed and replied, "Bless you! Some



of the people I've met who are the most famous and greatest are easier to approach than you yourself."

All that survives from Jessie's exciting newspaper days are two scrapbooks where she pasted the clippings containing some 650 of her photographs. The pages have long since crumbled and the newsprint has yellowed with age. The negatives were lost or destroyed and never found their way into photographic archives where they would have been properly preserved.

Jessie's career in Buffalo lasted for eighteen

distinguished months; then wanderlust seized her and Alfred again. "Buffalo lost one of its best professional women today when Mrs. Jessie Tarbox Beals, staff camera artist, departed on an early morning train for St. Louis," reported the Buffalo newspapers on April 4, 1904. At a farewell party, the staffs of the two dailies Jessie worked for presented her with a parting gift — a gold enameled pin studded with pearls. For several months she had been dreaming of her next adventure: the Louisiana Purchase Exposition which was about to open in St. Louis. This exposition, commemorating the purchase of the Louisiana Territory from the French in 1803, promised to be a colossal spectacle. Jessie saw it as a steppingstone toward her ultimate goal — a studio on New York's Fifth Avenue with a sign announcing, "Jessie Tarbox Beals, Photographer."

One day [at the Exposition] while Jessie was photographing the Ainu of Japan, an aboriginal race with Western features and hairy bodies, another unusual group arrived in the adjoining village — the Patagonian Giants of South America. Jessie was the only photographer on the spot. When other photographers showed up, an old Patagonian woman issued an edict that no black boxes were to be pointed at her people and she chased the camera men over a barbed wire fence. Meanwhile, Jessie hurried off to the hotel with her exposed plates. Alfred processed and printed them and soon she was selling her exclusive pictures of the Patagonians to the local newspapers and for national syndication.

The next day the St. Louis newspapers carried the headline: "Woman Gets Permit to Take Pictures at the Fair," and the following story: "The first permit to be issued to a woman authorizing the taking of photographs on the World's Fair Grounds has been granted to Mrs. T. Beals. Mrs. Beals secured notice through her work in obtaining photographs of the double suicide of Mr. and Mrs. Pennell of Buffalo who rode their automobile over a cliff into a quarry. She also received numerous souvenirs from Sir Thomas Lipton in token of his appreciation of her work...."

Overnight Jessie became a fully accredited press photographer for *Leslie's Weekly*, the *New York Herald*, the *Tribune*, as well as the three newspapers in Buffalo and all the local papers. She became indispensable to the fair's publicity department which bought many of her photographs. Every night she scanned the newspapers for announcements of the impending arrivals of dignitaries and celebrities. Prominent visitors were customarily greeted by Dr. David R. Francis, the president of the fair, and Jessie was there to photograph this ritual, a picture that always



Presidential Inauguration of William Howard Taft, 1909

proved marketable. Eventually her collection of notables read like a "Who's Who in the World."

Many a mile have I walked in a day taking sixteen to thirty photos of every description. Those who have grown weary tramping around the Fair carrying a little 4 x 5 camera will understand the difference of doing the same thing with a heavy 8 x 10 camera and a tripod to match, the 12 holders with glass plates alone weighing about 30 lbs. Palace to the Pike, Stadium to the States Terrace, with intramural skirting around the edge of things, taking an hour to go nowhere was an experience calculated to wear out the strongest, but full of interest and the joy of success.

Her intended market was the Sunday newspapers and

she accurately perceived that they would prefer a series of pictures that told a story to isolated single images. This put Jessie into a class of her own, earning for her the sobriquet: First Pictorial Journalist of Her Sex.

Newspaper photography as a vocation for women is somewhat of an innovation, but is one that offers great inducements in the way of interest as well as profit. If one is the possessor of health and strength, a good news instinct that will tell what picture the editor will want, a fair photographic outfit, and the ability to hustle, which is the most necessary qualification, one can be a news photographer. □

WEEGEE THE FAMOUS

PAUL LIEBERMAN

He roamed New York's streets
the way a planchette glides over a Ouija board.

New York City police gave Arthur Fellig the name Weegee. Fellig was the first photographer in the city who was allowed to put a police radio in his car, and he used it so effectively that he arrived at the scenes of crimes not only before other photographers, but often ahead of the officers themselves. It was after such an early arrival, the story goes, that one of New York's finest inquired whether Fellig didn't perhaps use a Ouija board — supposed by many to carry telepathic messages from the world beyond — to lead him to the thousands of wounded, bleeding and dead bodies he photographed over the years. The sound of the word "Ouija" appealed to the photographer and he adopted its phonetic spelling as his name. In later years, the back of his pictures bore the legend: "Credit photo by Weegee the Famous."

A retrospective book on his work, *Weegee* (Aperture, 1978), reminds us again of the genius in the name. This was, indeed, a photographer who worked like a Ouija board.

The Ouija (from the French and German words for "yes") board is covered with letters of the alphabet, numbers and other symbols. A small pointer, called a planchette, floats on top. The belief is that when a person puts a hand on the planchette and allows it to glide over the board's surface, it will reveal spiritualistic communications; seeming randomness will yield the profound.

Weegee's board was, for most of his career, New York. He glided over its streets, usually at night, taking pictures of people — often victims of crime, sometimes the criminals themselves — and sold the prints for \$5 each to city newspapers. In a short biography introducing the several dozen photographs in *Weegee*, Allene Talmey writes: "Weegee refused discipline, developed no theories, cared so little about technique for much of his life that some of his early, greatest photographs have been criticized as slipshod."

If Weegee's camera moved with the seeming randomness of a planchette, where then was the corresponding profundity?

Consider for a moment the newspaper photographer of today assigned to produce a photographic spread on the onset of spring. More than likely, the result would be a combination of buds and blossoms, shirtless men and sunbathing women, and probably some attractive young lovers. Weegee too would produce a photograph of lovers, and while they might be appealing youngsters, it is far more probable that the picture his camera produced would surprise the viewer. The woman might be gargantuan; the man might be a midget. Love is not always Madison Avenue's version, and we need Weegees around to remind us of that.

The same element of surprise in the commonplace is present in many of Weegee's photographs. From behind the trophy of a dead mobster, a cop smirks. Women who stare daringly into the camera from the back of a police van turn out to be not women at all, but transvestites. The corpse sprawled on the sidewalk still has a cigarette in his mouth.

Paul Lieberman, an investigative reporter with the Atlanta Constitution, is a Nieman Fellow in the Class of 1980.

Certainly Weegee captured more than a random sampling of the underside of life. In part because such photographs sold easily, he concentrated on fire scenes at first, later on murders — he once estimated that he had photographed five thousand bodies. But none of his photographs captures the perverse quite so unsettlingly as a shot of two society women emerging from the opera, their bodies draped in ermine coats and decorated with diamond after diamond. Off to the side, glaring hatefully at the wealthy, is a shabby middle-aged woman, representative of another class of society. The photograph, for which Weegee was paid his usual \$5 by the *Daily News* in 1943, was later hung in the Museum of Modern Art.

To set the record straight, it must be added that some of Weegee's photographs also capture the sublime. We count seven children crowded together, asleep on a tenement fire escape. But there is peace on their faces, and, in the center of the picture, a kitten cuddles in a young girl's arms.

Born in 1899 in Australia, Arthur Fellig emigrated with his family to New York in 1910. Three years later, young

Fellig dropped out of school to work as a photographer's assistant. From 1924 to 1935 he was a darkroom technician, and in his spare time began to roam the streets with his camera. In 1935, he turned to full-time freelancing and later got his police radio and became Weegee. Within a decade his work was exhibited at MOMA.

Even with success, Weegee looked much like the street people he photographed. He wore baggy clothes over his round body, and often had a cigar in the corner of his mouth. His unbrushed curly hair, bushy eyebrows, prominent nose and impish smile combined to give him a permanently unkempt effect. For years he lived in rooming houses and ate out of cans.

Weegee became quite a personality in the two decades before his death in 1968. He went to Hollywood where he photographed both stars and street people; he produced a few books; he filmed some movies and acted small parts (hoboes and the like) in others. His photographs were exhibited in Germany and Russia. In his fifties, he finally married and cleaned up his lifestyle. His best work, however, came from the dirtier days, when he roamed the streets and snapped pictures he never expected to last beyond the next morning's editions. □

A Piece of World History

SAL J. MICCICHE

On April 28, the front page of The Boston Globe carried an Associated Press photograph of the body of an American serviceman in front of the wreckage of a helicopter and a C-130 airplane in the Iranian desert. (The same picture appeared in numerous other newspapers, and page 25 of the May 5 issue of Newsweek.) The flood of letters and telephone calls from Globe readers who protested the use of the photograph prompted this response from the paper's ombudsman.

Every day, hundreds of pictures pour into the newsroom of *The Boston Globe*. Only a few are published, based upon a judgment of their relative news importance and taste.

In rare instances, a photograph comes in that freezes

an important moment in history and compels publication because of its enormous impact and its indelible imprint upon historic or human events.

Some pictures can uplift a nation and live symbolically long after the event, such as the raising of the American flag on Iwo Jima during World War II. Others can enrage people, as that of the antiwar demonstrator kneeling with arms outstretched over the body of a slain Kent State student ten years ago.

And they can cause deep shame, as did the horrifying pictures of the Holocaust or those of women and children lying dead in the ditches of rural Vietnam.

Those were powerful pictures. They told stories that no volume of words could have told as well and they have endured in memory, as they should.

Last Monday, *The Globe* published at the top of page

one a picture of the charred body of a dead American serviceman amid the wreckage of a helicopter and a C-130 in the Iranian desert, a casualty of the secret mission to free the hostages in Tehran.

More than 200 telephone calls and letters poured into *The Globe* protesting the use of the picture, the most ever by all estimates. The ombudsman took about 150 of the calls and forwarded the comments to the editors and the newsroom staff. Readers' concerns were appreciated and indeed shared in the newsroom.

It was an awful picture, yet awesome in the impact of its news value. It was a horrible thing to look at. It was not a picture for publication if compassion for the families of the dead men were the only consideration. It was not something for children to see, if children were to be shielded from those events that can affect their futures.

Some readers compared *The Globe's* publication of the picture to the grisly display of the bodies in Iran, saying the newspaper acted no better than the Iranians. Others asked how the editors would have felt if the dead serviceman had been their son, brother or husband. Among the callers, emotions ran high.

Globe editors knew they would, even as the pictures began reaching the newsroom early Sunday morning through The Associated Press and United Press International.

As to the AP picture chosen, Thomas Mulvoy, the assistant managing editor who was in charge Sunday, said, "As much as we were all repelled by it, there was never any question of not publishing it. Somewhere in the history books on the Iranian crisis, this picture will surely be used to illustrate what happened. It was a gruesome...and an historic picture."

The Globe is not in the business of publishing gory pictures for their own sake, said John Driscoll, assistant executive editor and managing editor of the daily *Globe*. "Every day, we choose not to publish pictures we feel would be offensive, pictures of auto accidents, fires, military actions somewhere, tragedies," he said.

The line is drawn for publication when the event is so historic that it outweighs all other considerations, he said, and this was such a case. "We would have been derelict in our obligation to print truth and reality if we had banned the use of that picture," he said.

There were other options: The body could have been cropped out of the picture, leaving just the wreckage, but that would have been telling only a half-truth, said Driscoll. The picture could have run at the bottom of page one or on an inside page, but that would have denied its rightful place as an historically important photograph, said Mulvoy.

It was not the most gruesome picture. One showed only a close-up of the body, and none of the wreckage. It was not

used because it did not convey the entire context of the tragedy, said Mulvoy.

Both The AP and UPI had essentially the same picture of the body in front of the wreckage, but the UPI photo had more ground distance between the bottom edge of the picture and the body, and might be considered less offensive. An effort was made early Sunday morning to use the UPI photo in the final edition of the Sunday paper. It didn't make the edition, and wound up being routed to the *Globe* library instead of being returned to the editors, who made their selection for the Monday paper from the other pictures available to them Sunday afternoon. They did not know about the UPI photo.

The Washington Post used the UPI picture on page one, and *The New York Times* used it on page 10. The *Miami Herald*, circulating in a state from which four of the dead men were stationed, used the AP picture at the top of page one, as *The Globe* did. *The Los Angeles Times* used it on page two, and the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* didn't use either. The tabloid *Newsday* used on its cover the picture of the Iranians unwrapping a body and ran the UPI body and wreckage photo on page four. *The Washington Star* used the UPI picture on page one below the fold.

The Globe's page one layout was done by Alison Arnett, assistant night editor.

"I understand the complaints about how the families would feel...having lost a brother in the Vietnam War," she said. "But there's another side to that...and sometimes you just want people to know how terrible it was so that the tragedy doesn't just get hushed up to save the feelings of those who would rather not know and would rather not have to face the realities of war."

The picture had to run, and on page one. In the decades to come, if there be a recollection of eight Americans dying in the desert in Iran and the events yet to follow, it will come from the memory of that picture, and not from any of the words being said or written. It was that kind of picture, one that many wished they had never seen, but one they should not forget. It was a piece of world history.

Sal Micciche joined the staff of The Boston Globe in 1955 as a general assignment reporter. He later covered the State House for thirteen years; spent five years with The Globe's Washington bureau; and returned to Boston where he became assistant to the editor. In February of this year, he was appointed ombudsman and associate editor for editorial department legal affairs.

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Books

Transmitting Without Television

On the Air in World War II

by John MacVane. William Morrow and Company, New York, 1979. \$12.95.

by HAYS GOREY

World War II occurred eons ago. It is as much a part of ancient history as the Crusades and the War of the Roses. To the distress of those of us who actually lived through it, World War II bears only slightly more relevance to today than do Caesar's forays into Gaul and Hannibal's excursions into whatever unconquered lands he could discover.

This is so not with respect to the war's horrors — Auschwitz and Buchenwald cannot and should not be expunged from memory — but in regard to its technology. As John MacVane notes in this uneven and too personal memoir, even as the 1944 D-day invasion of Normandy was being mounted, weaponry was being perfected that would render World War II obsolete.

Nuclear bombs, submarines and aircraft carriers did not exist in the early 1940's, but they came along so soon after the conquest of Germany that the bombs, at least, played a role in finishing off Japan. The nuclear era thereafter so dominated military thinking and "progress" that World War II,

so recently waged and won, suffered a premature obsolescence.

The methods of covering it seem equally primitive. To the armchair audience that watched in horror as the Korean and, more particularly, the Vietnam wars were brought into their living rooms, the importance and power of World War II radio broadcasting may be impossible to grasp. Unfortunately, John MacVane is not a great help in bringing to life that heroic and under-appreciated chapter in the history of broadcast journalism. *On the Air* is at its best when it tells us how poor MacVane, a crackerjack (as he repeatedly reminds us) war correspondent for NBC, made his way, often alone and frequently with a crude transmitter attached to his back, through mine fields, across endangered bridges, into sniper-infested cities, often before the American troops he was covering had arrived to clear out the remnants of enemy forces.

That MacVane and his somehow better-remembered radio colleagues — Ed Murrow and Charles Collingwood, among others — were brave is beyond dispute. In this they were not unlike the television correspondents of other wars that came later. But their task was that of individuals, not teams — no camera crews accompanied them by jeep, seacraft, or aircraft onto the beaches and into the forests and the cities from which Hitler's and/or Mussolini's legions were expelled. There were no jet planes, no satellites to ensure that the battle fought that morning would be viewed, in all its

living ghastliness, in millions of American homes that evening.

Indeed, MacVane was constantly forced to seek out United States or Allied military personnel, either to borrow equipment, or to discover by what transmitter frequency he would have the best chance to get his battle description to London and then on to America. He rarely knew, until long afterwards, whether or not his words had gotten through. On one particular occasion, the Army asked MacVane to put together an hour-long broadcast, no mean feat for a radio journalist accustomed to one, five and fifteen minute on-the-air segments. But MacVane went to work, interviewing doughboys from various parts of the United States to add to his own lengthy monologue about World War II and how it had intruded on Algiers and other parts of Africa. MacVane also assembled a GI orchestra to play the national anthems of various Allied countries. By order of the commanding general, the studios of radio Algiers were made available to him.

After the "Army Hour" broadcast had been completed, an engineer told MacVane: "I've heard some good programs in my day, but I'm sure that's the best broadcast I ever helped put on the air." A weekly French-language newspaper in Algiers devoted its entire front page to the broadcast. A headline read: "...the American Army Spoke across the Atlantic to Forty Million Listeners."

Alas, as MacVane notes, the audience's size was overestimated by 39,999,999. Two days after the broad-

cast, an Army major informed MacVane that there had been a misunderstanding—only five minutes, not an hour, was wanted, and beyond that, not even five minutes of the broadcast got through. An air raid had caused the transmitter to be turned off. When engineers came back, they used a different frequency to fool the Germans but no one bothered to tell Algiers about the change. As it turned out, a Royal Air Force pilot tuned to the proper frequency by accident while flying night patrol. He was favorably impressed. He was also the only one who heard the program.

The anecdote is fascinating, and, unfortunately, rare. *On the Air* tells us less about radio journalism in World War II than we really want to know. On the other hand, it gives us more descriptions of air raids and troop movements, more assessments of leading personalities (DeGaulle is clothed in an apparently chinkless armor) than we expect from a supposedly focused book. Others have described these aspects of the war with more authority and considerably more eloquence.

And, unfortunately, John MacVane is too often elbowed aside by John MacVain, who appears to be still concerned, these many decades later, over not having been given credit for broadcasting this or that piece of news five minutes ahead of anyone else. It may have mattered then—to a dozen people anyway. Does it really matter now?

Had the author focused more sharply on the successes, failures, frustrations and glories of himself and other radio journalists of that heroic era he would, of course, have produced a much thinner book.

And a much better book, too. □

Hays Gorey, Nieman Fellow '50, is Boston bureau chief of Time magazine.

A Visionary Blueprint

Good Work

by E. F. Schumacher. Harper & Row, New York, 1979. \$9.95.

by LYNDIA McDONNELL

What a gulf divides the written and the spoken word! The precise, rational essayist rails and rambles in a college lecture hall; the illiterate waitress speaks spontaneous poetry when asked about her children.

Good Work, a collection of lectures given by E. F. Schumacher, shows that this advocate of a simpler, kinder world spoke with the common mixture of sloppiness and spontaneity. The German-born economist and environmentalist, who died in 1977, is also the author of *Small is Beautiful*, a million-seller broadsheet in which he called for smaller-scale technology that uses less oil, less capital, and more of workers' minds. In *A Guide for the Perplexed*, Schumacher discussed the Christian, socialist philosophy that underlies his vision for a better world.

The speeches in *Good Work*, which were delivered to unidentified American audiences in the mid-1970's, are an amalgam of the ideas developed in Schumacher's earlier books. This latest work takes its title from two common themes in his speeches: the need for more challenging, satisfying jobs, and his insistence that each of us can do something to build a small, beautiful world.

Schumacher's words are full of his energy, originality, charm and humanism, but they frustrate mightily with their lack of precision and detail on his running commentary on life. The book will satisfy his many disciples far more than those who are

in search of a thorough understanding of his ideas. Like so many other speakers, Schumacher achieves spontaneity at the expense of subtlety and complexity.

His is a vision of a world where factories and businesses are small and run by workers, where the prosperous share their wealth and live without second cars and designer jeans because spiritual values prevail over temporal ones. This is an appealing vision but one more difficult to achieve than Schumacher admits in these speeches. He has little faith, for example, that the forces of supply and demand will create a saner world. Presumably, strong government control of the economy and industry is needed to banish the technology and products he considers wasteful—even sinful.

Yet Schumacher treasures personal freedom and the workers' right to own and run their companies. (To retain the human touch, organizations should grow to no more than a few hundred workers, he insists.) But how practical is a scheme where the secretary who decides how her company is run and what it produces is restricted in her choices for spending her pay? After all, Schumacher has decided that having shelf after shelf of different cookies and rack after rack of different dresses is wasteful. And what would it cost in efficiency and wages to have a world of mini-factories and corporations? The speeches in this book are too short and breezy to examine such questions.

Schumacher is at his best when telling of places where his visionary blueprint is under construction. Take, for example, Zambia's need for cardboard trays to transport eggs to a protein-starved populace. The company that produces most of the world's egg trays agreed to build a plant in Zambia, but insisted that the smallest feasible plant would produce twelve times the number of trays needed.

Whereupon Schumacher enlisted two British universities to redesign the tray and design a tiny plant, which now operates successfully with two percent of the capacity of the hitherto smallest plant, and two percent of its operating costs.

And there is Scott Bader, a British plastics manufacturer of which Schumacher was a director, where a parliament of workers chooses directors and approves their salaries. The highest-paid worker earns no more than seven times what the lowliest worker earns — an unusually narrow spread. Employment is not allowed to exceed 400 people, and profits are shared with workers and community charities. Although the company is a financial success, Schumacher admits with disappointment that it has not been able to make the monotonous, smelly process of producing plastics more pleasant and interesting. This suggests that the humanization of work he describes rather blithely will be costly, difficult — and sometimes impossible.

Schumacher shortchanges his audience when it comes to ideas for their participation in this brave new world. In an attempt to remedy this, the editors of *Good Work* have included a 70-page essay on this topic by Peter Billingham, one of Schumacher's American followers. Gillingham does not have Schumacher's charm or passion but he does have some useful suggestions for further reading and modest action for those who crave fewer machines and simpler lives.

Parenthetically, Schumacher has little respect for the studied detachment of journalists. In one speech, he concedes their usefulness in informing the public but characterizes journalists as "very playful souls...who fall in love with the problem, solve it, mark it top secret and file it away, fall in love with the next problem..." "Just the facts, ma'am" is far from enough for this prophet. "If one wants to maintain

a sort of noncommercial virginity," he chides, "one cannot become really fertile." □

Lynda McDonnell, a Nieman Fellow in the current class, is a labor reporter for the Minneapolis Tribune.

The Television Landscape

The Networks: How They Stole the Show

by A. Frank Reel. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1980. \$8.95.

by MIKE KIRK

Millions of Americans are passionately aroused by the issue of television: it is lousy; there are too many commercials; the "good" shows are always canceled; the news is superficial; there is too much violence; and the programs are all alike.

In response to such criticism from the public, the presidents of ABC, NBC, and CBS point to *Roots* or similar specials as examples of the high quality of American television.

But the chorus of critics is growing. A. Frank Reel is the newest member of the cast. Reel and other television observers are angry at what they see as the networks' stranglehold on the public airwaves. In *The Networks*, Reel proposes to show "How the network monopoly works, how it makes for sameness in programs, and how it perpetuates itself."

Reel's point of view is commonly voiced by some television producers, as well as owners of non-network-affiliated stations. They argue that because of the way television has grown (or has been allowed to grow by the Federal Communications Commis-

sion), with a limited number of channels, centralization of network ownership in major metropolitan areas, and the high profits involved, producers have no bargaining power and are forced into a sameness that precludes innovation. Reel argues the FCC consistently blundered during television's early days. The networks, he says, capitalized on those errors, and have turned the game to their advantage ever since. Now, according to Reel, the stakes are so high, the intimidated producer so afraid, the FCC so unwilling to alter the system fundamentally, that change is unlikely without a major revision in the way broadcasting is organized.

Whether or not Reel's analysis is right, the sad fact is that his book is not particularly informative, new or compelling. For example, measured against Les Brown's *Television: The Business Behind the Box*, Reel's book isn't nearly as readable or credible. Brown found the balance between fact and personality. His book was both informative and interesting reading. Reel, on the other hand, concentrates on the business of television without the personalities. The flesh, the egos behind the network monopoly simply aren't here, yet they are a major part of the story. Indeed, television is a business of personalities. How can a book detail the history of network monopoly without mentioning names and probing the motivations of William Paley, Frank Stanton, Jim Aubrey, Paul Klein, Mike Dann, Norman Lear, or Fred Silverman?

The book, however, is valuable as a compilation of data about broadcasting. For example, Reel details the cost of television production. He outlines the painful steps a producer undertakes in selling a television program to a network. He documents the costs of production and illustrates the gradual erosion of the producer's control at the hands of a network machine that insists on meetings,

memos, script options, "freezing" of properties, international/national syndication battles, and all the rest.

The book is also valuable as a glossary of that strange-sounding media-speak that permeates the industry. Phrases like "skewed old," "audience flow," "L.O.P.," "bimodal," and "kidult" are given new meaning.

But unlike Brown's book, the information isn't appealingly offered, and unlike Fred Friendly's book, *Due to Circumstances Beyond Our Control*, Reel doesn't write with either the authority or the passion necessary to make *The Networks* an important book.

A final criticism of *The Networks* is that its review of potential solutions is too superficial. Reel dismisses cable, public and pay-TV as alternatives to commercial networks, generally ignoring current literature and research which indicates cable and pay-TV are beginning to make inroads into network-dominated broadcasting. He also rejects the argument that new technologies (video discs; home recorders; satellites; inter-active television devices, etc.) are about to have a significant impact on the television landscape.

Instead Reel advocates an FCC redistribution of all television channel allocations. Under this plan, there would no longer be any channels between 2 and 13 (where most of the network-affiliated stations are). Reel wants all channels moved to the higher, and more numerous UHF band (between channels 14 and 83). That way, he says, the networks would no longer enjoy the advantage of dial placement they currently have. This idea has been around since the late 1940's. It didn't happen then, and it is less likely to happen now.

Clearly there is some value in Reel's book. His point of view is worth hearing. The book is simply not interestingly written. There are other,

more informative books to make readers wary of network power. In addition to Les Brown and Fred Friendly, Michael J. Arlen's *The View from Highway One*, Gary Paul Gates' *Airtime*, and David Halberstam's *Powers that Be*, are examples of highly interesting and informative ways to tell this story. That is fast company, and unfortunately *The Networks* is more like an outline for a chapter in one of those books than a book of its own. □

Mike Kirk, *Nieman Fellow '80*, is executive producer, news and public affairs, KCTS-TV, Seattle.

All the Seasons

Hal Borland's Twelve Moons of the Year

edited by Barbara Dodge Borland.
Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1979.
\$12.50.

by DALE A. BURK

One gusty March day, I stood on a rain-swept street in New York City and wondered how the people locked in such an asphalt environment as this could be brought to understanding with terms like "ecosystem" and "natural life communities" — conditions that sustain even urban existence. The only answer that made sense to me was: Patiently, over a long period of time — if ever.

Now, after reading Borland's *Twelve Moons of the Year*, I'm prepared to eat those last two words, but corroborate the basic premise. Public understanding of such things must indeed come patiently, over a long period of time, and that's what Hal Borland tried to accomplish in his long and rich life as an author of essays about nature.

Between 1942 and 1978 — the year he died — Borland wrote more than 1,900 pieces (he called them "a kind of weekly report on what's going on up in the country") for the editorial pages of the Sunday *New York Times*. Just before his death, he selected a year's worth of these reports to be published in book form.

The result is, I think, a more powerful way to present Borland's work than the occasional (albeit regular) editorial of even so prestigious a platform as *The New York Times*. His writings on man and nature are all in one place here — on the bookshelf, gathered, related. In *Twelve Moons of the Year*, we are able to see the unity, the depth and breadth and continuity of nature as portrayed by Borland. We're caught up in the dynamic that flows through Borland's walk with nature and his low-key efforts to bring his readers to a better understanding of it.

The book's format is based on the Indian lunar calendar: from January's Wolf Moon to February's Snow Moon and so on through September's Harvest Moon (which he suggests represents the white man's influence since the Indians didn't have to work overtime at harvest) and December's Cold Moon.

Always, he was a teacher. Consider, for example, his essay for July 8, "The Succulent Bean."

The bean is a strange vegetable. It provides food for man and beast and, like all members of the legume family, it enriches the soil in which it grows. It is edible both green and dried. Just now it comes to the table in green form, the snap bean fresh from the garden. Properly cooked and buttered, it is one of the most satisfying of all early garden yield. Later it will be a challenge to every gardener alive — every neighbor, every weekender, every casual visitor, will be begged to take beans, just to get rid of them. But that's for later. Just now it is a treasure and a gustatory delight.

He encouraged his readers to relate to the weather by understanding that it caused certain things and warned of others. On March 2, he wrote:

We don't hear much from the old-time weather prophets any more, the goose-bone seers and the fur-and-feathers oracles. Meteorology did them in. But most countrymen [a gentle term he used for rural folk] have a weather sense, even though they supplement it with the morning's forecast.

Borland wanted to bring emotion as well as understanding to his readers when they encountered nature. Two of his essays provide special insight:

Don't let anyone tell you that the purpose of an apple tree is to grow apples. Not in May, it isn't. Purposes change somewhat with the season, and by the end of summer it may be important to have ripening apples on the bough. But that will be a bonus. In May the trees themselves proclaim that their reason for being is to achieve a special glory of blossom.

(May 10)

If technology, with its practical laws of efficiency, were in charge of everything, we would have to dispense with the autumn color in our woodlands. Not with the trees, which are models of efficiency in most of their processes, but with color itself, which apparently has no purpose whatever. People may think it is beautiful, but it isn't needed for the tree's health, growth, or fruitfulness. In technical terms, the color is a waste, sheer excess and leftover. . . . Fortunately, there is no technology among trees.

Twelve Moons of the Year isn't the sort of book you want to read if you are only interested in using nature, or measuring it, adapting it, or taming it. But if you want to gain insights into the rhythm of nature, its kinship to the pulse that beats within your own flesh, then you will enjoy your walk in the woods and on the farm with Hal Borland. He will cause you to stop and ponder.

"We probe and search and specu-

late, and all around us is life itself, finer than dust, insistent as time, simple as pollen," he wrote for a spring day. He called that essay on pollen "The Golden Dust of Life" — a title that could also have been used for the excellent collection of essays we know as *Twelve Moons of the Year*. □

Dale A. Burk, Nieman Fellow '76, is a free-lance writer from Stevensville, Montana.

Flip-Flop

Jimmy Carter, An Interpretive Biography

by Bruce Mazlish and Edwin Diamond.
Simon & Schuster, New York, 1979.
\$11.95.

by JUDITH NICOL

Jimmy Carter, An Interpretive Biography, published in late 1979 by Simon and Schuster, made approximately the same impact as Jerry Ford's ill-fated Whip Inflation Now (WIN) campaign: Some people bought it, those already converted believed it, and most everybody else paid no attention.

This biography is a well-researched profile of the man who seeks custody of the nuclear button for another four years. Both authors are respected in their fields — Mazlish, a professor of history at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has written numerous other books, including *In Search of Nixon*; Diamond, a senior lecturer also at MIT, is a media commentator with four previous books to his credit. Why, then, so little public fanfare for *Jimmy Carter, An Interpretive Biography*?

For starters, the book is slightly schizophrenic. Cocktail-party history is interspersed with serious, well-written analysis. Anecdotes mingle with in-

terpretation. The book even has two conclusions, one by each author: Mazlish has a positive overall view of Carter, while Diamond disparages him as a "middle-aged agribusinessman" and a "small team leader." Both, however, are critical of Carter for trying to have it both ways, for trying to be all things to all people. Yet the authors seem to suffer from the same problem themselves.

"Jimmy Carter's critics claim he trimmed and dragged his feet [on school integration] along with thousands of other 'community leaders' . . . His admirers counter that he acted with moderation in situations that Northerners and other outsiders cannot fully grasp. *From our perspective, both descriptions are correct* [emphasis added]." The book contains several similar passages.

More serious, from this reader's cranky viewpoint, is the book's "on-the-one-hand-but-on-the-other-hand" approach that makes one say, in effect, So what? The book is full of new information, both factual and interpretive, but it is all a series of improvisations on very familiar themes. Jimmy Carter worries about measuring up to his perfectionist, successful father. What son of such a father does not? Jimmy Carter genuinely believes in Jesus Christ. This is news?

Psychohistory, as this book and others of its ilk are often called, scares many people. Those Americans who are suspicious of psychiatry under the best of circumstances may well wonder how Mazlish and Diamond can psych out Jimmy Carter after spending only a relatively brief time with him. After reading this biography, I for one have stopped worrying about psychohistory — the book's judgments are too commonplace and hedged.

Mazlish and Diamond expound five themes, none of them likely to stun even the most inert political junkie. They are: Carter's feelings of belong-

ing and being apart; his need to measure up and win; his power of thinking and acting positively; his view of leadership; and his need to fuse contradictions.

But the real trouble with *Jimmy Carter, An Interpretive Biography* is the same problem the authors document in their book about Jimmy Carter himself: Neither is very interesting. □

Judith Nicol, a Nieman Fellow in the Class of 1980, is Maryland editor for The Washington Post.

Newsroom Nonsense

Face Value

by Ron Powers. Delacorte Press, New York, 1979. \$9.95.

by JUDY STOIA

The first chapter of this novel should have been a tip-off. In it, the central character, television reporter Mark Teller, is being lambasted by his assignment editor for not wearing a beeper on his day off and missing the biggest story of the decade (the big story being a thinly disguised take-off on the death of Elvis Presley).

The assignment editor is shocked. "For one of the few times in his life... the single fact of Mark Teller's not wearing his beeper, just at this moment, was filling his intellectual universe." It didn't fill mine. I know lots of television reporters, and I can't think of one who runs around with his or her beeper on a day off. But I dismissed this as unwarranted nit-picking on my part and tried to give the story the benefit of the doubt. Don't make the same mistake.

Mark Teller is a newspaperman who

wanders into television news as a lifestyle critic for an independent New York station. He scorns the dress, conversation and journalistic abilities of his colleagues, while continuing to pump out the same sorts of stories himself (a contradiction unexplained by the author).

He's linked romantically, for a while, with Jennifer Blade, star reporter, who misses no opportunity to sleep her way toward her goal of network anchorwoman. (Women in general have a tough time in this book.)

Robert Schein is the most bewildering character. He's an obscure and talentless standup comic whom Teller features in a soft entertainment story, setting off a chain of events as inexplicable as most of the characters. Schein, it turns out, lacks a personality and will of his own. He only can imitate life as he sees it on television (one of the central messages of the book). When he's not being ordered to act one way or another, he sits blankly, waiting for someone to plug in a program, much the way a television set sits silently until someone turns it on.

Schein is fine grist for the likes of Mal Bookmaster, a West Coast promoter who's on the lookout for a totally malleable man to transform into a U.S. Senator through skillful manipulation of the media. Bookmaster, you see, has as clients a secret society of right-wing businessmen, including the owner of Teller's TV station, who want their own ultra-conservative man in the Senate.

In the space of a few months, Schein becomes a serious contender for the U.S. Senate. He has been fashioned entirely through Bookmaster's total control of the media — national magazines, talk shows, the White House press corps. Somehow all the reporters are outfoxed, they don't realize they're being manipulated, and no one in the public tumbles to the fact

that Schein has neither a brain nor a political platform.

Indeed, the most disappointing aspect of this book is the author's contempt for both news people and the public — a real surprise, considering that he won a Pulitzer Prize in 1973 as television-radio critic for the *Chicago Sun-Times*, and a Chicago Emmy in 1977 for his work as critic-commentator for NBC.

In *Face Value* there's not a competent journalist, print or broadcast, with the exception of Mark Teller, whose abilities are hinted at, but never demonstrated. (He spends his time flailing helplessly at the Schein monster he's had an unwitting hand in creating.) The women producers stand in knots chatting about hair stylists. The anchor is an egotistical dummy — a shameless imitation of Ted Baxter without any of that character's endearing qualities. The news director sells his soul and integrity for ratings. The public is a mindless mass that blindly believes whatever nonsense is put on the screen.

Most ludicrous and overdrawn, though, is the picture of life in a typical television newsroom. To wit:

Anchorman Lon Stagg flies into a rage when a public relations woman allows a high school photographer to take his picture before he's moistened his lips. Stagg traps the woman in his dressing room and thrusts her head under running water to teach her a lesson.

Jennifer Blade is interviewing Robert Schein when, in the middle of a question, he begins to undress her. She doesn't skip a beat.

The television station decides to beef up its ratings with a "celebrity news" format and begins leading its broadcast with stories of a famous cat's funeral. Liza Minnelli and Bette Middler appear as anchors. And so on...

In a book that trumpets its "chilling authenticity," this is a remarkably

silly view of the news business. But then, what do I know? I'm from public television where we have to stay dressed during interviews.

Even if *Face Value* distorted television to make a point, it might be worthwhile reading if Powers simply spun a good yarn. He doesn't. In fact, following the unlikely twists and turns of the plot is made more difficult by Powers' convoluted prose, limned in shades of deep purple.

That color, believe me, suits the author. □

Judy Stoia, Nieman Fellow '80, is producer of "The Ten O'Clock News" for WGBH, Boston's public television station.

The Trench Coat Crowd

Coups and Earthquakes: Reporting the World for America

by Mort Rosenblum. Harper & Row, New York, 1979. \$10.95.

by JAMES O. JACKSON

At the time he commenced research for *Coups and Earthquakes*, Mort Rosenblum may have thought he was writing the obituary of that journalistic brontosaurus, the American foreign correspondent. Their numbers had dwindled from about 2,500 abroad during World War II to fewer than 430 by the middle 1970's. Faced with the soaring cost of maintaining correspondents overseas and the Watergate-era waning of interest in foreign affairs, news organizations were closing bureaus and cutting back on numbers of full-time reporters abroad. The "Woodstein Syndrome" had

taken some of the glamorous sheen off foreign reporting — a sheen that always turned out to be fool's gold anyway. The new hero of the budding Brenda Starrs and Ben Hechts was a tousled Robert Redford, a pencil behind his ear and a president in his gunsights. This despite the fact that, as Rosenblum notes, there were far more independent countries to cover in a far more interdependent world after World War II.

Fortunately, by the time *Coups* came off the presses the trend had started to reverse. The hostages in Iran brought Americans — and American editors — to the jarring realization that foreign news was more important than ever. The U.S. foreign correspondent corps is now growing both in size and in prestige. So Rosenblum's effort turns out to be analysis, prognosis, and advice rather than obituary.

And splendid analysis it is. Rosenblum himself is a distinguished foreign correspondent — he was a top Associated Press writer who worked in Africa, Asia, Latin America, and Europe before becoming editor of the *International Herald Tribune* in Paris (a newspaper beloved by foreign correspondents, who regard it as the best in the world). His experiences told him there was something wrong with American readers' attitudes toward foreign news and, therefore, something wrong with the way it was being delivered to them. So with the aid of a fellowship from the Council on Foreign Relations, he undertook to find out what was wrong.

What emerged was, in his words, "a consumer's guide to foreign news," a primer for sophisticated readers to help them separate the trivia from the important, to judge the accuracy and significance of the sparse gleanings of foreign reporting of daily newspapers and broadcasting stations, and to demand something better. What emerges is an often scathing in-

dictment of a news system "which is riddled with failings, beset by obstacles and tailored largely to wheedle attention from a public assumed to be apathetic and only mildly literate."

To guide the consumer through this imperfect system, he explains why news of momentous events seems to spring full-blown and unexpected on an unprepared public ("an impending crisis is not considered much of a story while it is still impending") and reveals the often tawdry secrets of the foreign correspondent's craft. He tells of hyped copy ("massacre" instead of "killings"), of using shorthand catchwords to describe complex political shadings ("Moderate gunmen killed eight...") and of the harried newspaper correspondent hitting town late and hurriedly dictating, "I arrived in this war-torn capital tonight...pick up agencies."

He performs this "spilling of the beans," as he calls it, with a gentleness that reflects his own understanding of the immense difficulties involved in reporting foreign news; nevertheless, the book is unsettling even to those who know too well how the system staggers along. Readers are told how to spot the hedged wording of a dispatch from a correspondent who is on shaky ground. There are the intricacies of sourcing — a named, quoted source is far different from "observers" or just plain "informed sources." He warns of the little-noticed but significant loopholes ("reportedly," "it is believed") and he reveals that most open of secrets, the identity of the "senior government official" who was always such an authoritative source in Henry Kissinger's State Department. He writes about editors' low opinion — bordering on contempt — of readers' interests, that leads editors to assume all the public wants to read about are "coups and earthquakes."

But Rosenblum has produced more than a guide for consumers. In fact,

Coups is most likely to be read and appreciated by those described in it and others who already know the utter madness of the system. On laying hands on a copy of the book, the first thing foreign correspondents are likely to do is look in the index for their name (mine, alas, is not there). Then they will read it from cover to cover, chuckling at the hoary stories that are as true as they are bizarre. There are hilarious tales of language barriers and communications breakdowns and acerbic rockets from headquarters. And tragic stories of needless deaths, shattered lives, and careers destroyed by a single unavoidable error.

From all of this, wacky as the system may be, there emerges a picture of American foreign correspondents as surprisingly thoughtful, competent, well-informed, and humane professionals. Some are bad, most are good, and there are a few Rosenblum calls "the bionic correspondent." These latter are the rare reporters who have "no ego, libido, mother, career drive, cultural snobbery, fallen arches or fear of flying." They go uncomplainingly to brushfire wars and malarial swamps, find all the key sources and telex a definitive report well before deadline. Then they reappear, unruffled and

ready, at the next hot spot.

Rosenblum cites the legendary Homer Bigart as the prototype of this paragon and lists others such as *The Los Angeles Times'* Jack Foisie, the redoubtable Flora Lewis of *The New York Times*, and solitary, scholarly Jim Hoagland of *The Washington Post*. Although these are the best, most others are good. And all face the many problems Rosenblum details in chapters on censorship, television and radio (with perhaps too little attention to radio, from which millions of morning auto commuters learn all they know of the world), the Washington madhouse, war reporting, economics, human rights, and that stepchild of modern foreign news, "development journalism."

The dessert served at the end of this professional feast is a chapter called "Doing Better" in which Rosenblum suggests that to do the job better does not mean spending more money or hiring more people or arm-wrestling city editors for more space. It means doing better with what is already available. He calls for better use of the great mass of good material pouring in from a variety of sources, most of which winds up on the spike more from bad habit than anything else. That

means we need more sensitive and more professional editors. "Good people," says Rosenblum, "cost little more than mediocre ones."

He also urges the news consumers to demand improvements in the product from their suppliers. A few telephone calls to editors and news directors can bring a positive response from somebody who may have come to believe that nobody out there cares. News organizations can be urged to make better use of limited staffs by concentrating their efforts on the deeper aspects of stories that are beyond the usual scope of the agencies. Finally, he acknowledges that public interest in foreign news tends to run in cycles. We are currently in the midst of an upswing and it would behoove those of us involved in foreign reporting to keep the pendulum on the up side, or at least to slow its swing. A good place to start is with a careful reading of Mort Rosenblum's book. □

James O. Jackson, NF '73, was foreign correspondent in Moscow and London for The Chicago Tribune, and presently is on the editorial board of that paper.

Nieman Reports

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Letters

COMPLIMENTS FOR SUMMER...

I've read the Summer 1979 issue from beginning to end — or rather from the end to the beginning (the way I read *Newsweek*) and discovered the sensitive editorial last. Your comment on liberation for both men and women touched me. I think men are often trapped by unwritten rules of gamesmanship that can be cruelly self-limiting. Women will lose a big opportunity if they seek to join in the same games, rather than to contribute to some greater depth of perception and feeling.

Betsy Chamberlin
Cambridge, Massachusetts

I want to tell you how much I enjoyed reading the *Nieman Reports* issue on Women and Journalism. I read it cover to cover and found it absolutely fascinating. I particularly appreciated the story on professional/personal conflicts since I am constantly juggling my two roles — a newspaper reporter, and the mother of a baby boy. Although I know lots of other women reporters, very few are also trying to handle the family responsibilities that I have. Somehow it makes me feel better just to read about all the other people out there who face similar conflicts.

Congratulations on a fine report. It is being passed around the office.

Helen Huntley Stambaugh
St. Petersburg Times and
Evening Independent, Florida

WINTER...

The *Nieman Reports* issue dedicated to Walter Lippmann [Winter 1979] is inspired reading. You must be very proud of the work you've done and are doing in Walter's memory.

Fleur Cowles Meyer
Piccadilly
London, England

You can't go home again, but "China Homecoming" was the perfect vehicle for transporting this erstwhile traveler back to Peking, Chunking, Shanghai, et al.

Many thanks for eschewing the use of that wretched Pinyin system — as far as I'm concerned, it casts a pall of Beijing gray over every China article in *The New York Times*.

Ruth J. Hinerfeld
President, League of Women Voters
of the United States
Larchmont, New York

AND SPRING.

The *Nieman Reports* that came today was one of the best ever [Spring 1980]. I especially liked and was fascinated by the interview with Ward Just.

Morton Mintz (NF '64)
Washington, D.C.

The latest issue of *Nieman Reports* is really superb. I was deeply moved by "Holocaust and Healing" and I found all of the other articles very much worthwhile. As a fiction writer I particularly enjoyed the conversation with Ward Just, and I thought Anthony Lewis made some important points in "The New Reality."

Frank K. Kelly (NF '43)
Santa Barbara, California

REVIEWS REVIEWED

I don't make a practice of responding to reviews, but Paul Szep's ("A Narrow Portrayal") is misinformed.

Mr. Szep contends that I gave Ding short shrift as a cartoonist and too much attention as a conservationist. I just received a review from the *Journal of Forest History* claiming that I gave too much space to Ding the cartoonist and not enough to his career in conversation. When I was writing political editorials I felt a special satisfaction when both the Democrats and the Republicans offered to do me bodily harm.

Mr. Szep writes, "We see very few examples of [Ding's] work other than cartoons centering on conservation." I fail to see how he could reach that conclusion. The book contains 88 illustrations of which 15 are Ding cartoons directly or indirectly related to conservation.

Mr. Szep says I failed to refer to many of the "major issues" of the day that made up a good portion of Ding's

nearly 15,000 cartoons. Darling was an active cartoonist almost all of the first 49 years of this century. I decided to write a biography, not a modern American history textbook. Other books, incidentally, are devoted exclusively to Ding's cartoons.

Mr. Szep is entitled to his opinions, literary and otherwise. I fail, however, to see the point of the outburst concluding his review.

Faculty at the University of Iowa may also be wondering when I joined their ranks. My station is of little importance in the course of human events, but my identification with the wrong university underlines a lack of attention to detail that pervades the review.

I apologize for the length of this letter. In my defense, I can only say it takes longer to clean a stream than to pollute it.

David Lendt
Ames, Iowa

For the record, David Lendt is assistant to the vice president for information and development, and assistant professor, journalism and mass communications, Iowa State University.
—Ed.

I suppose members of the National News Council, unthinkingly attacked even before the Council opened its doors for business, should thank Ray White [NF '76] for his review of the Council's 1979 report, *In the Public Interest*. "Their decisions on complaints appear eminently reasonable and scrupulously fair-minded, and their conscientiousness shines through in their conclusions," White wrote.

But White also created a straw man. He said the Council wants to lead the nation's press down the road to editorial conformity. "While the First Amendment encourages the cacophony of voices editorial writers and constitutional scholars are wont to talk

about," White wrote, "the National News Council would rather encourage harmony — by pointing a finger at discordant voices."

Pigeon poop. As the Council's conclusions make clear, the Council steers clear of examining the opinions of news organizations. Is the reporting accurate and fair?

Second, White implied toward the end of his review that the Council loves the antipress Burger Court. Anyone who bothers to read the Council statements — for instance, the statement on search and seizure following *Zurcher v. The Stanford Daily* — knows the Council's position. It has criticized the Court's "destructive redefinition of the Fourth Amendment" and other anti-First Amendment opinions of the Court.

Finally, White accepts at face value Arthur Ochs Sulzberger's paranoia about the Council. The Council has no power beyond making public its conclusions. They can be ignored — and are ignored — with great enthusiasm by journalists, just as journalists ignore the conclusions of White's own *Washington Journalism Review*.

And that's the point. The National News Council is no more a threat to press freedom than journalism reviews, ombudsmen, and other devices designed to elevate press standards.

Loren Ghiglione
Publisher, *The News*
Southbridge, Massachusetts

I could only sigh over Ray White's single-tracked view of *In the Public Interest*. He didn't read the Council record very well, I fear. Fact is that repeatedly the Council has ruled for journalistic organizations on the ground that the most robust expressions are protected speech.

We prefer to rely more on the judgment of organizations like *The Washington Post*, which recently has



seen fit to join those communications enterprises that support the Council financially. That brings our media support figure above the 25 percent mark. We must be doing something right.

Norman Isaacs
Chairman
The National News Council
New York City

Ray White replies:

In making his point, Loren Ghiglione misses mine. Of course we should have press criticism. We should, in fact, have more of it, not less. But even if Ghiglione fails to recognize them, there are vast differences in methods, context, and purpose between critics, ombudsmen, journalism reviews — and a national news council. They are simply not the same. For my money, Sulzberger's "paranoia" reflects a keener understanding of the real meaning of the National News Council than do Ghiglione's bland assurances.

Isaacs sounds even more worrisome. He seems to equate the amount of media support for the Council with the "rightness" of the Council, a dangerous coupling. Finally, I hope that the statute of limitations on complaints brought to the Council runs out before Isaacs gets his unanimous media support and hauls my review before the Council.

REPROOF

For those of us who love the printed word, I was delighted to see the Printer's Mark reproduced on the inside back cover of the Spring 1980 issue.

But *Reports Nieman*, let's be fair. As venerable an institution as you might be, I doubt you were ever on a last-name basis with Aldus Manutius, the great Venetian printer.

Penny-Beth Bell
Lexington, Massachusetts

Apologies to the shade of Aldus Manutius, whose name was inadvertently transposed, and our thanks to those readers who brought the error to our attention.
—Ed.

OFFICIAL CONFUSION

I'm confused.

Howard Jarvis, the California tax-limiter, wrote recently asking me to sign an "Official Petition to the Congress." The envelope said "Official" twice, as though it came from a bailiff or the IRS. The First Amendment to our battered Constitution says "Congress shall make no law... abridging... the right of the people... to petition the Government for a redress of grievances." So what's an Official Petition?

A citizen named Gerald R. Ford tells some friends he might run for President if pushed a little more, and my radio talks about "officially announcing his candidacy." How officially?

The Secretary of State keeps some rough notes on his telephone calls, and later some other people want to know what he said. Henry Kissinger's attorney explains: "The purpose of the Freedom of Information Act is indeed to increase public access to official

information. That information is now in the State Department's files. What the concerned journalists and historians seek is access to the kind of informal and private information which has never been part of any official records."

The attorney has a serious lawyer's problem; the rest of us don't. Might we want to put "official" officially on hold until the election is over?

W. M. Pinkerton (NF '41)
Orleans, Massachusetts

INTERNATIONAL PRESS LISTING

The World Encyclopedia of the Press, scheduled for Spring 1981 publication, will be the first systematic and comprehensive survey of the international press ever undertaken. The encyclopedia will describe and collect statistics on the operation of the fourth estate in every country of the world. Described by journalists as one of the most significant press projects of our time, the encyclopedia will be translated into five languages and is expected to become a standard international reference tool on the press. It will be updated and revised periodically. On the editorial advisory panel are such eminent authorities on the international media as Leonard Sussman, John Merrill, and Ralph Lowenstein.

We are in need of authors and contacts in every country for this project and that is why I am writing this letter. I appreciate your bringing this project to the attention of readers of *Nieman Reports* and I hope that those who would like more information, or who are interested in contributing to this endeavor, will feel free to get in touch with me.

George Kurian
Box 361
Tuckahoe, New York 10707

NIEMAN DIRECTORY

A complete directory of Nieman Fellows is available through the Nieman office. The booklet consists of an alphabetical listing of Nieman Fellows with their most recent address, and a chronological listing of each Nieman Class.

The cost of the Directory is \$6.50; send orders to the Nieman Office, One Francis Avenue, Cambridge, MA 02138.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The publisher and editors of *Nieman Reports* gratefully acknowledge the cooperation and generosity of the following people, and all others who contributed their efforts to this special issue.

Alexander Alland
Robert Azzi
Woodfin Camp
Mary Ann Daly
Alexandra Dor-Ner
Arnold Drapkin
Charles Everitt
Amy Feinberg
Stanley Forman
Robert Gilka
John Harris
Michael Hoffman
David Kemp
Linda Kennedy
Felice Mello
John Metcalfe
Sal Micciche
Maura Mulcahy
Barbara Norfleet
Steve Northup
Barbara Bell Pitnof
Lester Sloan
Lou Slovinski
Howard Sochurek
June Sunderland

Nieman Notes

Many thanks to those who responded to our request for news of alumni/ae doings. As the following pages attest, Nieman Fellows are not given to idleness.

The increase and spread of the Nieman network is a wondrous process and, for us, an annual source of melancholy mixed with anticipation. In the spring we feel sad when each class disperses, even while we look ahead with pleasure to the arrival of the new class in the fall. Seems like it's always either May or September!

At any rate, all the Nieman staff send best wishes to everyone for a rewarding and refreshing summer.

—T.B.K.L.

— 1939 —

LOUIS LYONS was honored at a dinner given on April 17th by members of the alumni/ae in Washington and environs. The next issue of *Nieman Reports* will carry an account of the occasion, including the talks given by John I. Taylor, Samuel Beer, Jack Nelson, and Morton Mintz, and Louis Lyons' response to the tributes paid him.

— 1942 —

ROBERT LASCH, retired editor of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, was author of the column "My Turn" in the February 18th issue of *Newsweek*. Lasch wrote about the lessons of Korea and Vietnam.

— 1943 —

JOHN F. DAY, chairman and editor of *Exmouth Journal Ltd.*, Devon, England, returned briefly to this country in April to receive three honors.

At the University of Kentucky, his native state, he was initiated into Phi Beta Kappa; he became one of the eleven new members of the University's "Hall of Distinguished Alumni"; and he delivered the Joe Creason Memorial (journalism) Lecture.

He also had meetings with the publishers of the University Press of Kentucky to discuss republication of his book, *Bloody Ground*, first put out by Doubleday in 1941. An economic and sociological study of the Appalachian Mountains region, in recent years it has been used in the University's course "Appalachian Studies."

"For the most part," Day says, "these

honors seem to have come from my work as vice-president for news of CBS and as a foreign representative of Time-Life Broadcasting." While he was in the first post, CBS won three Emmys. During his three years with Time-Life Day helped to establish a documentary film company in Cologne, Germany, and he started a television station in Karachi, Pakistan.

Before his Nieman year, John Day had been a special writer with the *Lexington (KY) Leader* and an editor with The Associated Press. He served as section chief for the Office of War Information in World War II, and subsequently became managing editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. He moved to New York to join CBS News and later to London with Time-Life. In 1964 he bought shares in, and became editor of, the *Exmouth Journal*. He and his English wife, Elizabeth, settled in Budleigh Salterton and have lived there ever since.

"When I got off the merry-go-around in 1964," he says, "I was ready to settle down, and I couldn't have found a more friendly and pleasant place to do it."

DONALD GRANT, who writes a column for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* from his home in Bantry Bay, Ireland, has renewed Harvard ties through his grandson, Jonathan Davidoff, a senior. A member of the Lowell House Crew, and the Harvard-Radcliffe Collegium Musicum, Jon is also a features editor of the *Harvard Independent*. He has stopped by Lippmann House to make his acquaintance with the Nieman Curator, staff, and current class of Fellows.

— 1945 —

A.B. GUTHRIE, Jr., also "returned" to Harvard by extension when his daughter, Amy Guthrie Luthin, came to Cambridge in March for a two-month internship in the preparation and assembly of fossils at the Museum of Comparative Zoology. An honors graduate in archaeology at the University of Montana, Amy developed an even greater interest in paleontology as a result of participating in a number of digs financed by Princeton University.

Before she left Harvard, Amy presented the editor of *NR* with two fragments of dinosaur eggs she had found in the Guthrie's front yard in Choteau, Montana. One, a bit of *Gorgosaurus*, is 65 million

years old. The other, a speck of *Maiaasaura peeplesorum* (or what is often referred to as the duck-billed dinosaur), is 90 million. Put together, they cover nearly half of one's thumbnail!

"Bud" Guthrie writes, "I like to think, though I am out of daily journalism, that I am justifying the Foundation's investment in me. In recent years my first concern has been the environment, and I have tried to promote the cause of preservation through magazine and newspaper pieces and through speeches. Of latter-day efforts the most important was a suit against developers who would have degraded one of the most important entrances to the Bob Marshall Wilderness Area. We won the suit...."

HOUSTON WARING, editor emeritus of the *Littleton (CO) Independent*, was chosen in April as the first living Colorado editor for the University of Northern Colorado Journalism Hall of Fame. Hitherto, only deceased members were honored.

— 1950 —

CLARK R. MOLLENHOFF, Professor of Journalism and Law at Washington and Lee University, is the author of *The President Who Failed: Carter Out of Control*, published earlier this year by Macmillan. Jack Anderson wrote the foreword.

— 1951 —

Yet another instance of crossing paths with Nieman progeny took place in February when Janice Morgan, in charge of production for this magazine, her husband Frank and their children, Roxanne and John, chartered a sloop, *The Sea Observer*, for a week's cruise in the Virgin Islands. In conversation with the boat's cook, Bette-B Bauer, they quickly discovered that she is the daughter of MALCOLM C. BAUER, now retired as senior associate editor of *The Oregonian* in Portland. The Morgans had mentioned that they were from Boston, and Bette said she had lived there for a year, when her father was a Nieman Fellow at Harvard.

— 1953 —

KENNETH E. WILSON has been appointed executive news editor of the *San*

Francisco Chronicle. He previously served as assistant news editor, news editor and for the past four and a half years as editorial systems editor.

— 1954 —

CHARLES L. EBERHARDT, associate professor of journalism and mass communication at New Mexico State University, died on March 21, 1980. See next page.

— 1955 —

SAM ZAGORIA, former *Washington Post* reporter and now on the U.S. Consumer Product Safety Commission, had a reunion with classmate HENRY TANNER in Rome, where Henry is correspondent for *The New York Times*. Commissioner Zagoria was in Italy to give a university lecture.

After a luncheon rundown on the whereabouts of their other classmates, they attended a dinner party for U.S. Ambassador to the Vatican Robert Wagner and Mrs. Wagner at the home of *Los Angeles Times* correspondent Louis Fleming.

— 1957 —

HALE CHAMPION, former Under Secretary of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, has been appointed Executive Dean of the John F. Kennedy School of Government. Since leaving his post at HEW last summer, Champion has served as senior adviser to Harvard University President Derek Bok and Graham Allison, Dean of the John F. Kennedy School of Government. He also has been appointed a member of the Nieman Advisory Committee.

WILLIAM WORTHY, a correspondent for the *Baltimore Afro-American*, was the first American reporter officially allowed into Iran after the ouster of American journalists last January. Worthy accompanied a 46-member delegation of clergymen and minority group representatives on its fact-finding mission to Tehran from February 5-16.

"I was admitted just to cover the delegation," Worthy said. "It was understood from the beginning that I would stay with them, but there were never any prohibitions about going around the city." He remarked that he often witnessed the

militants at prayer and at work on their studies and concluded, "They are students. I have no doubt... They are purist revolutionaries, and they don't trust many people in the government."

— 1958 —

DEAN BRELIS, in Cairo for *Time* until a few months ago, has been traveling around the United States to cover the presidential campaign. After spending the last eleven years in the Middle East, he has been assigned to *Time's* New York bureau as deputy bureau chief.

TOM WICKER, associate editor and columnist, *The New York Times*, served as consultant to ABC Circle Films for the production of "Attica," a television movie based on his book *A Time To Die*. Wicker's account of the 1971 prison uprising and massacre at the Attica Correctional Facility in the State of New York was published in 1975 by Quadrangle/New York Times Book Company.

— 1962 —

JACK NELSON, Washington bureau chief of *The Los Angeles Times*, was one of the speakers featured at the 52nd annual Georgia Press Institute gathering at the University of Georgia in February. The theme of the program was "Newspapers in the 1980's."

— 1966 —

HODDING CARTER III, Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs and spokesman for the United States Department of State, was the main speaker in April at the Lawrenceville (NJ) School. His address, "The Press and Public Policy," was the high point of the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the school's newspaper, *The Lawrence*.

— 1969 —

Citadel Press has published *Linda Lovelace — Ordeal*, an autobiography, written by Ms. Lovelace with MIKE McGRADY. In the May 1980 issue of *Ms* magazine, Gloria Steinem tells how McGrady, a reporter who believed in Linda, helped her to write about years of coercion as an actress in porno movies. Steinem has frequently written about violence against women.

HARALD PAKENDORF, formerly editor of *Oggendblad* in Pretoria, South Africa, moved to Johannesburg in December to become editor in chief of *Die Vaderland*.

— 1970 —

LARRY KING's latest book, *Of Outlaws, Con Men, Whores, Politicians & Other Artists*, has just been published by The Viking Press.

WILLIAM MONTALBANO, waiting in Hong Kong for his resident visa for Peking, where he will open a bureau for *The Herald* (Miami) and Knight-Ridder Newspapers, wrote in March that he was "studying Chinese and seeing a bit of Asia." He added that he and his wife Rosanne have a new daughter, born February 20 in Hong Kong. "She's named Tira after a maternal grandmother who was one of the first settlers in Patagonia around the turn of the century."

WALLACE TERRY, Frank E. Gannett Professor of Journalism at Howard University and a commentator for CBS News and WDM-TV, is producing a television series, "The Family Tree." He is also writing an autobiography and a history of the black soldier in Vietnam, based on his battlefield reporting for *Time*. Terry's documentary recording, "Guess Who's Coming Home," won an Image Award from the Hollywood chapter of NAACP.

— 1971 —

RONALD WALKER, former press secretary to the Governor of the U.S. Virgin Islands and director of the Government Information Office in St. Thomas since 1978, has moved to Washington, D.C., to join the staff of Representative James H. Schueur (D-N.Y.) as administrative assistant.

— 1972 —

JOHN S. CARROLL, editor of the *Lexington* (KY) *Herald*, has been appointed by Knight-Ridder Newspapers to the new post of vice-president and editor of the Lexington Herald-Leader Company.

— 1973 —

MIKE RITCHEY, a special assignment writer with the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*,

writes from Texas on April 11, "...Susan and I are in top shape with a little sweet girl named Marianna who is 2½ years old and, by the time you get this, we'll have another and I think we'll call it Archibald."

ROBERT WYRICK is one of three *Newsday* reporters who won second place for their newspaper in Scripps-Howard Foundation's public series awards for 1979. Brian Donovan, Stewart Diamond and Wyrick produced the investigative series on the roles of the government and the oil industry in the gasoline shortage of 1979.

— 1974 —

ELLEN GOODMAN, a syndicated columnist with *The Boston Globe*, was awarded a 1980 Pulitzer Prize for Distinguished Commentary. Her column appears in more than 200 major U.S. newspapers.

— 1975 —

SHERYL FITZGERALD sends a postcard dated April 20th from on board the *M/S Sagafjord* (Norwegian American Line). She writes, "I'm off on a murder/mystery cruise to Bermuda, the Azores, Lisbon, Cadiz, Cartagena and Genoa, then on by land to Florence, Mainz and Amsterdam."

SEGUN OSOBA, formerly general manager of the *Nigerian Herald*, Ilorin, Kwara State, is now General Manager of the Sketch Publishing Company Limited. His new address is: P.M.B. 5067, Ibadan, Oyo State, Nigeria.

— 1976 —

DALE A. BURK, freelance writer, conducted a five-day Media Resource Seminar at the University of Montana in March. He wrote that he would be using excerpts from *Nieman Reports* "in explaining to these people the monster they know as the media." The seminar is "intended to provide understanding of the media, its role in our governmental process, and its diversified functions." Most who attended were from the northern Rockies states, but others came from public agencies as far away as Vermont and Michigan.

DAVID McNEELY in March sends the following news of his fellow Fellows:

"PETER BEHR moves this month from being assignments editor of *The Baltimore Sun's* Washington Bureau to being a business writer for *The Washington Post*.

"FOSTER DAVIS is now assistant

metropolitan editor of *The Charlotte Observer*, having moved over from the editorial page.

"JIM HENDERSON is meeting growing acclaim in his role as columnist for *The Dallas Times Herald*.

(continued on next page)

CHARLES L. EBERHARDT 1923-1980

Charles L. Eberhardt, associate professor of journalism and mass communications at New Mexico State University in Las Cruces and former news chief of the Voice of America, died on March 21 in an El Paso hospital after a brief illness.

Eberhardt has been with NMSU since 1975, when he left his post at the University of Florida.

In 1946 he received an S.B. degree in labor economics from Harvard University, graduating cum laude, and he received an M.A. in journalism from Stanford University in 1950. He was a Nieman Fellow in the Class of 1954.

During World War II, Eberhardt was a first lieutenant in the United States Marine Corps, and a platoon leader on Iwo Jima, where he won the Bronze Star and the Purple Heart.

In the early 1950's he was executive editor with New Mexico Newspapers, a chain in the northwestern part of the state. He also worked with United Press International in San Francisco and as a reporter with the *Denver Post* and with the *Kansas City Star*.

From 1954 to 1973, Eberhardt was with the Voice of America in Washington and abroad. He served as chief of news, chief of the Mediterranean Bureau in Rome, chief of the Far East Bureau in Bangkok, chief Washington correspondent and Middle East correspondent in Beirut during his years with VOA. He was co-author of the VOA Guide for Writers and Editors.

Bernie Kamenske, VOA news division chief, said of Eberhardt, "I've attempted to be almost like him. Charlie had that unique conviction that the best role the VOA can play is to provide mankind with an honest account of events. He had a fierce, fierce belief that information is as necessary to people as food, and just as he

regarded food should be freely given, he believed information should be freely given."

Eberhardt was considered an exacting, conscientious professor by his students at NMSU. His role in the journalism department was not limited to teaching. In addition to being the faculty advisor to the student newspaper, *Round Up*, he was also faculty advisor to the NMSU chapter of the Society of Professional Journalists. In his honor, the masthead of *Round Up* was printed upside down in the issue announcing his death.

Tim Maragos, a former student in the Class of 1977, wrote in a letter to the editor of the *Las Cruces Sun-News*:

"Charles Eberhardt displayed a hunger for excellence and a zealot's love for the English language. More than anything else, I remember that. God, he cared for this slippery language of ours. He was too ironic to be a pedant, but he was quick to point out the right and wrong ways to use words.

"To a fledgling reporter he epitomized a newspaper editor, and he still does. With a searing wit he would tear apart a layout, a headline or a lead paragraph. He cared about newspapers, what they looked like and what they said. There are too few men who still care like that...."

Eberhardt is survived by his wife Mary; two daughters, Marty Eberhardt of Tucson, Arizona, and Katherine Skaggs of Glenwood; and one son, Charles, a student at Evergreen State College in Olympia, Washington. Eberhardt is first cousin to Catherine C. Vogt, Co-Master of Kirkland House at Harvard University.

The family has established a Charles L. Eberhardt Scholarship Fund for young journalism students, to be administered by the Journalism Department, New Mexico State University in Las Cruces.

"JIM RUBIN is moving from the Supreme Court beat for The Associated Press in Washington to cover the Capitol, specializing in agriculture.

"Yours truly has been named political editor of the *Austin American-Statesman*, after having served a year as chief of the Cox Newspapers Texas State Capitol bureau. My column and political coverage runs in Cox's five Texas newspapers and occasionally in all Cox newspapers."

— 1977 —

KATHRYN JOHNSON, a news reporter with The Associated Press in Atlanta since 1959, has moved to Washington to join the staff of *U.S. News and World Report* as associate editor. She has also been appointed one of the newsmen to serve on the 1980 advisory board of the *Orthodox Observer*, a biweekly publication of the Greek Orthodox Archdiocese of North and South America.

JOSE ANTONIO MARTINEZ-SOLER, former foreign editor, is now chief economics editor of the Madrid daily newspaper, *El Pais*. On occasion he is also a guest columnist on the op-ed page of *The New York Times*.

— 1978 —

In a March 14th letter KENNETH FREED tells us he's been named *Los Angeles Times* correspondent for South America, and will be based in Buenos Aires. "The Buenos Aires assignment came as a complete surprise." As of June 16th his address will be: Los Angeles Times, Av. Roque Saenz Pena 917, Buenos Aires, Argentina. Ken adds "I miss you all and find it hard to accept that it has been nearly all of two years since my class graded One Francis Avenue."

A correction: In the last batch of Nieman Notes Ken was reported as having spent "two years" in Iran. The squib should have read "two tours" — although Ken assures us that they "seemed like two years."

— 1979 —

A postcard from Sharlene and SIDNEY CASSESE, traveling in Africa, brings news of the WRIGHTS. Sidney writes, "Came here from Dakar...found ROYSTON and

Haki and have had a nice time. Both send their love...Interesting things are happening here, but I won't be covering them...On to Ghana."

ROBERT PORTERFIELD is a member of *The Boston Globe's* spotlight team which won a Pulitzer Prize for Local Investigative Reporting, for its "powerfully effective expose on the Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority." Other members are: Stephen A. Kurkjian, Alexander B. Hawes Jr., Nils J.A. Bruzelius, and Joan Vennoch.

LAWRENCE A. WALSH, former assistant national editor of *The Washington Post*, has joined the staff of *The Sunday Times* in Johannesburg for a three-month stint, and is working with TERTIUS MYBURGH ('66), editor. Kathryn Marshall, his wife, accompanied him to South Africa. Their permanent address is: 8609 Millman Place, Philadelphia, PA 19118.

— 1980 —

MICHAEL KIRK and Patricia Harris announce the birth of a daughter, Emily Christine, on April 15th.

Mike was the recent recipient of the Dupont-Columbia Award for Journalism for his television documentary on nuclear power, "Do I Look Like I Want to Die?" He is manager for public affairs, KCTS-TV, Seattle, Washington.

PAUL LIEBERMAN is a member of the team of *The Atlanta Constitution* reporters who won the Grand Prize in the 12th Annual Robert F. Kennedy Journalism Awards for the series, "The Underpaid and the Underprotected." The six articles revealed how the working poor in Georgia are exploited. Other staff writers who worked on the investigation were: Chester Goolrick, Charlene Smith-Williams, Lee May, and Steve Johnson.

Ron and JUDY STOIA are the parents of a son, Vincent James, born on March 18, 1980. It should be noted that although many Nieman spouses have become mothers while in Cambridge, Judy is the first Nieman Fellow to give birth during the academic year. Note further that she missed only one week of classes for this event.

Judy is editor of "The Ten O'Clock

News," WGBH-TV, Boston. The Stoias have another son, Nicholas, age 3.

In the 1979 Television News Cameramen and New England Press Photographers competition, STANLEY FORMAN, photographer with the *Boston Herald American*, won first place and also honorable mention for Still Spot News, as well as third place in the Picture Story News division.

RANDOM NOTE

Four *Miami Herald* reporters, including GENE MILLER ('68) and WILLIAM MONTALBANO ('70) have won for their newspaper the 1979 Sigma Delta Chi Distinguished Service Award for General Reporting. With the other reporters, Carl Hiaasen and Patrick Malone, they were honored for their 43,000 word report on the medical profession in Florida.

As printed in the last Nieman Notes (NR, Spring), the same series of articles also won the Newspaper Guild's Heywood Broun Award for 1979.

"Dangerous Doctors: A Medical Dilemma" took an unsuspecting public into hospital emergency rooms and private physicians' offices for a look at the results when society is not protected from bad doctors. Working under the stringent guidelines of no quote without direct attribution, no blind accusations and no unnamed sources, informed or otherwise, the four-man team developed hundreds of interviews with patients, hospital administrators and finally, on the record, the doctors themselves to get the other side of the story.

The reporters found evidence of sexually abused patients, a drunken physician treating the wrong patient, and an incompetent, eccentric physician who rollerskated from office to office and prescribed bizarre cures for common ailments. Even more startling, perhaps, was the team's discovery that medical discipline at all levels in the state was ineffective, erratic, slow and virtually unpublicized.

Since the exposé, Florida now has a new medical practice act which greatly strengthens disciplinary actions the state can take against its dangerous doctors. In addition, a state regulatory agency, rather than the physicians themselves, is now conducting all investigations and prosecutions. □

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