

Nieman Reports

Published Quarterly by the Nieman Foundation for Journalism at Harvard University

Vol. XXXVI, No. 2

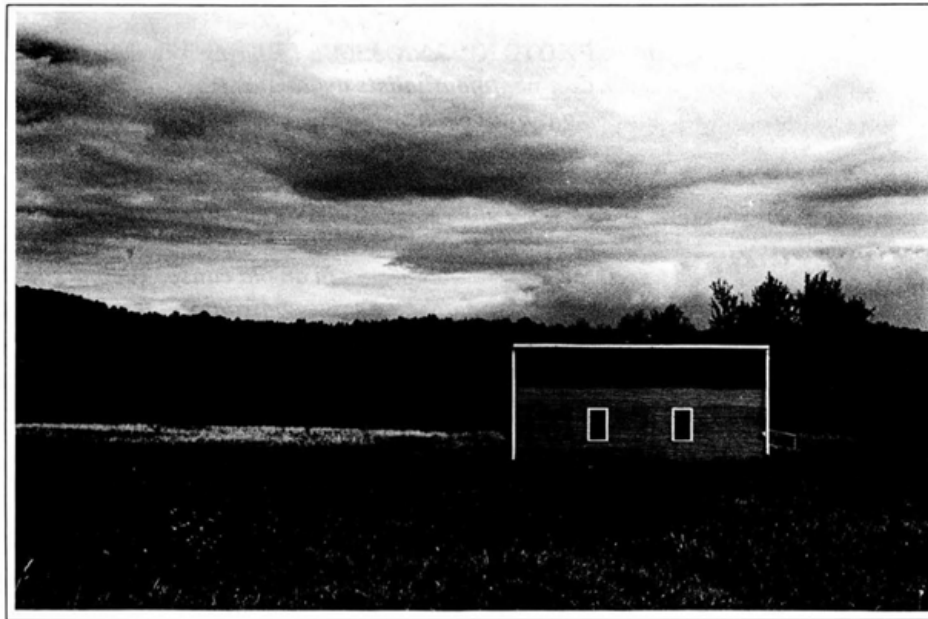
Summer 1982

Dealing With The Media

Griffin B. Bell with Ronald J. Ostrow

Teaching the Reach of History

John R. Stilgoe



Update on the Press in South Africa

Jack Foisie • John Ryan • Ameen Akhalwaya • Ton Vosloo

A Tribute to Louis M. Lyons and Archibald MacLeish

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Cover: Late afternoon sunlight in the small Western Massachusetts town of Colrain. Photograph by Daphne B. Noyes.

Nieman Reports (USPS #430-650) is published quarterly by the Nieman Foundation for Journalism at Harvard University, One Francis Avenue, Cambridge, MA 02138. Copyright ©1982 by the President and Fellows of Harvard College.

Subscription \$15.00 a year; add \$10.000 for foreign mailing. Single copies \$4.00. Back copies are available from the Nieman Office.

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

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

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Louis Martin Lyons 1897-1982



Howard Sochurek, NF '60

When he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

— W. Shakespeare

DEALING WITH THE MEDIA



GRIFFIN B. BELL with RONALD J. OSTROW

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

First of a two-part series.

Washington with no great trepidation, despite my lack of experience there.

And like most of my Georgia brothers, I was to learn all too soon how much I did not know about operations in the nation's capital. Nowhere, however, was my lack of knowledge more acute than in my dealings with that Hydra-headed giant known as the Washington press corps. Fortunately, perhaps, my media baptism in Washington was in the born-again style — total immersion. I got in trouble with the press even before I arrived in Washington and stayed in trouble through my Senate confirmation hearings. And from my swearing-in to the day I left the Justice Department two and a half years later, there was hardly a day when I was not wrestling with a serious media problem of some sort. As a result, I had no choice but to concentrate a good deal of my time and attention on trying to understand the Washington press corps and figuring out how best to deal with it. On balance, I emerged reasonably satisfied with the results, but along the way I made some mistakes, not the least of which occurred in one major case when I forgot my own hard-earned lessons and got involved in a controversy that almost drove me to resigning as an embarrassment to the President.

When President-elect Carter called on me to be his attorney general, I responded with considerable confidence. After all, as a member of the United States Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit, I had worked closely with the Department of Justice for fifteen years and had been immersed in the principal legal questions of the era — civil rights, labor disputes, consumerism, government regulation of business and the like. My earlier years in private practice and in Georgia state government had given me more than a nodding acquaintance with the national scene. In short, like most others in Jimmy Carter's circle of Georgians, I came to

As every schoolboy knows, the Founding Fathers attached so much importance to what we now call the news media that they made freedom of the press one of the handful of rights guaranteed in the Bill of Rights, along with freedom of religion, the right to assemble and petition for grievances and the right to be secure in our homes from unreasonable searches and seizures. Everyone in public life in America deals with the press — from selectmen in the smallest New England towns to governors of the largest, most populous states. Even judges do, including myself while I was on the bench in Atlanta, though in the comparative isolation of the federal judiciary

I was rarely interviewed and never interrogated. Yet no amount of experience anywhere else is adequate preparation for doing business with the news media in Washington.

In large ways and small, the Washington press corps is unique. Politicians cannot escape it: they try to ignore it at their peril. Whether the newly arrived public official likes it or not, the press is, as Edmund Burke called it, "The Fourth Estate" — the fourth branch of government. Like the executive, the legislative and the judicial branches, the press does not possess absolute power: but it has enormous influence and can shape the issues government officials must deal with. It can color the public's perception of individual political leaders and their programs; and, most important of all, it affects the perceptions that officials in Washington have of one another. And the unique qualities — even idiosyncracies — of the Washington press corps make it likely that, no matter how well intentioned a neophyte public official may be, he will often find the press hard to understand and sometimes impossible to handle successfully. As a starting point, though, I found that one of the most useful skills to develop was to be able to put myself in the place of a reporter and see how a particular set of facts or statements would look to one who was observing, not participating.

One thing that sets the Washington press corps apart is its sheer size. There are more reporters in Washington — thousands more — than in any other American city. This means the competition there is keener and the pressures greater. On the whole, the product is better, too. Most Washington reporters had to win their assignments by demonstrating that they had sharply honed the skills of inquiry, analysis and expression. But because of overreaching caused by competition, because of too little expertise in highly technical matters and because of the time pressures, errors are inevitable. Unfortunately, the errors are hard to catch up with. Once in print, they tend to be picked up by other publications as gospel. Despite their supposedly skeptical natures, reporters and editors apparently are the last of the vanishing breed who really think you can believe everything you read. For example, a profile of me done for *The Washington Star* shortly after I arrived was riddled with inaccuracies and distortions, some of which were adopted — without any attempt to check their accuracy — by Washington correspondents for

publications that appeared all over the nation. Similarly, when *The Village Voice* reported, falsely, that I had discussed with the U.S. attorney in Atlanta the legal difficulties of Bert Lance, President Carter's budget director and longtime confidant, *The Washington Post* and others published the falsehood, attributing it to the *Voice* without checking with me. At least the *Post* had the grace to publish a correction when we complained.

The fondness of the press for dealing in drama, conflict and inconsistencies — a characteristic of news no matter where in the Free World it is published — is especially pronounced in Washington. This stress on what is wrong or could go wrong — virtually never what is right — reflects a "herd" instinct. Reporters cover events such as news conferences and congressional hearings in groups; and the group, as the late Senator Everett Dirksen of Illinois used to observe as he scanned the press gallery from the Senate floor, too often operates like a pack of wolves or barracuda looking for mistakes on the part of potential prey. Also, Washington reporters are well aware that events in the nation's capital cast shadows across the country, as well as around the world. The result of this sense of being at the center of history's stage can be exaggeration and distortion, "hyping" the story, reporters call it.

The press corps' search for the negative was accentuated by the Watergate scandal. Previously reporters had generally believed that corruption was something politicians left behind when they reached the highest levels. After Watergate, with characteristic vigor, the Washington press corps set out to eliminate the cancer, with reporters seeking to scale ever-new heights of investigative journalism. The ensuing lack of restraint meant that public officials became suspect, virtually guilty, until proven innocent, and this attitude did not leave town with Richard Nixon. How routine the post-Watergate perspective became is illustrated by the fact that *U.S. News and World Report* reported that "not until recently was it disclosed that the attorney general and Senator Eastland reached a secret agreement in December 1976" on using commissions to help pick nominees for federal appellate courts. It is true that Senator James O. Eastland, chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, met with President-elect Carter and me in Atlanta a month before the inauguration and agreed to help get senators to accept the commission concept, a step that would reduce their patronage over the important judicial appointments. But there was nothing "secret" about the meeting or the subject matter. It was reported in *The Atlanta Constitution* the day after it happened.

However justified the media's attitude may have been during Watergate, it made things very difficult for officials who came later. And for the neophyte, the lack of previous dealing with the media was complicated by the difficulty of knowing what individual reporters were after from one moment to the next. I remember a day early in my

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Taking Care of the Law by Griffin B. Bell with Ronald J. Ostrow, published by William Morrow and Company, Inc. Copyright © 1982 by Griffin B. Bell and Ronald J. Ostrow.

confirmation hearings when the interrogation had grown tense. During a break, a reporter for one of the news magazines approached me as I sat at the witness table grinning and gritting my teeth.

"What did you have for breakfast, Judge, if you can remember?" she asked.

With some difficulty, I shifted my attention and recalled that I had consumed standard southern fare — grits. For a few seconds, as she jotted down my response in her notebook, I thought of telling her how to spell the delicacy and instructing her that the word always took the plural form, but I remained silent for fear of sounding condescending. Later, I learned that such details are the kind of information savored by reporters for a publication that appears only once a week. They use the extra bits of color to add drama and an "insider" aura to accounts of the basic news already published by their daily competitors.

Thus, one minute I was being questioned on a matter of profound legal policy, and the next a reporter wanted to know what I had had for breakfast. These shifts from the sublime to the ridiculous are so quick that it becomes difficult to keep your balance, and the unwary public official may make the mistake of regarding the exchanges with the press as a game rather than as a serious matter.

How serious a matter the Washington media really is I began to learn even before going to the capital. In Washington, the media not only deal in symbols, but have a lot to say about what those symbols will be. Not realizing this, I was taken unawares when, a few days after President-elect Carter announced that I was his nominee as attorney general, a reporter called my Atlanta home — I was still picking up my own phone in those days — to ask what I planned to do about my membership in private clubs. I belonged to several in Atlanta, including the Piedmont Driving Club and the Capital City Club, both of which had no black members. Without pausing for reflection, I told the reporter that I planned to retain my memberships. I viewed membership in private clubs as my private business, not realizing the media would use it as a symbolic clue to the ideology of the new administration. My attitudes were thought to be especially important both because I was viewed as a close friend of the President-elect and because my Cabinet post was responsible for protecting civil rights.

My nomination had already disturbed some traditional Democratic liberal constituencies who had candidates of their own and who were wary of Jimmy Carter and the Georgians around him. From the beginning, these liberals had doubted the new President's commitment to equal rights, even though blacks had given him strong support in the election. Now, in my too hasty defense of the clubs, they thought they saw the old southern bigotry they had feared all along. Using their ready access to the eastern press, they turned the glowing coal of my private club comment into a damaging fire. It did not matter that most

federal judges in Atlanta belonged to the same clubs, including my friend Elbert Tuttle, whom the civil rights movement regarded as a hero, or that several of us sought to integrate other clubs such as the Atlanta Lawyers Club.

My wife, Mary, being more attuned to symbols than her husband, helped put out the fire. She recalled that a controversy over club membership had erupted during the Kennedy administration. The question then was how the President's brother and attorney general, Robert F. Kennedy, could maintain his membership in the Metropolitan Club, an English-style men's club in Washington that banned blacks and women. Mary reminded me that Robert Kennedy had resigned his membership, saying it was important symbolically for an official who was responsible for enforcing civil rights laws. Realizing he had set an admirable precedent, I issued a statement that I, too, would resign from the clubs upon becoming attorney general. The statement dulled the club controversy but did not prevent my being scrutinized more closely during the pre-inaugural period than any other Carter appointee, except the President-elect's short-lived selection of Theodore C. Sorensen, the former aide to President John F. Kennedy, as CIA director. My senate hearing was televised live daily by Public Broadcasting, and my confirmation was delayed a week beyond Inauguration Day, when the other Cabinet members were sworn in. I survived the baptism and learned a thing or two about the media and symbolism in the process.

In some ways, the most worrisome characteristic of the Washington press corps to me is its northeastern bias. Former Vice-President Spiro T. Agnew's complaint that the influence of the Northeast dominates what is reported and how it is presented in print and on the air throughout the nation should not be dismissed just because a disgraced officeholder voiced it. I detected the slant immediately, referring to it as the bias of the Northeast Strip, the urban cluster running from Boston in the North through New York City to Washington at its southern end.

It is displayed in the values reporters and editors apply in defining what is important enough to qualify as news. Reflecting the Northeast, Washington journalists are somewhat internationalistic, attaching more importance to events in Europe than in Kansas City; they place a high premium on formal education, preferably at an Ivy League school; they come down on the liberal or left side of civil rights and civil liberties issues; they regard federal programs as a solution for many of the nation's ills; and they see economic questions through the prism of Keynesian training rather than through that of some other theoretical analysis, monetarism, for example, or supply-side economics. They also suffer from a provincial tendency to attach very little importance to what happens west of the Hudson or south of Washington, D.C.

The impact of the prejudice is felt throughout the nation, reflecting the power of such major city dailies as *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*. The

headquarters of the news operations of the television networks are also in the Strip, as are the weekly news magazines and the press or wire associations. These media leaders feed upon each other in determining what is news and how it should be viewed. Their choices are adopted by news outlets throughout the country and, to a lesser extent, the world. *The New York Times* is particularly listened to. I've been told by a reporter for one of the news magazines that fresh, insightful observations of government activities have been rejected when he or a colleague proposed them as stories, because the *Times* had seen the event differently — or not at all.

If you run afoul of a Strip operation, the consequences are likely to be far greater than if your critic is from another sector. The pervasive role in news selection played by one region may partially explain the public distrust of the media that pollsters have been recording in recent years — a lack of faith I find disturbing. The power and population of the nation is heading west, but the news leaders and their values are still firmly implanted in a narrow, unrepresentative corridor of the country.

Despite experiences with newspapers and television that drove me to exasperation and threatened some of the most important work I was trying to accomplish as attorney general, I left Washington convinced that the press is — however imperfectly — a surrogate for the public at large.

In addition to monitoring government for their readers and viewers, the news media have a voice in setting government's agenda. A President can propose programs and Congress can take them up, but if the news media don't pay attention, both the Congress and the President will find it difficult to make headway against special interests who are in opposition.

It has been written that we live under a government of men and women and morning newspapers, an observation that I found to be on the mark during my service as attorney general. On many days, an examination of the morning newspapers caused my agenda to be reset. A prime example of this took place during the administration's first year in office when *The New York Times Magazine* ran on its cover the photograph of a man wearing a loud suit that complemented the cocksure expression on his face. "Mr. Untouchable," the magazine's cover proclaimed. "This is Nicky Barnes. The police say he may be Harlem's biggest drug dealer. But can they prove it?"

President Carter saw the picture and read the article, and at the next Cabinet meeting asked me why the government couldn't do something about Nicky Barnes. I promised to look into the matter and called Bob Fiske, then the U.S. attorney for the Southern District of New York. Fiske, because of the call, decided to prosecute the case himself. Six months later, Leroy "Nicky" Barnes, Jr., "Mr. Untouchable," was convicted, along with ten codefendants, of conducting a criminal enterprise — what Fiske described as "the largest, most profitable, venal

drug ring in the city." He was sentenced to a term of life in prison by U.S. District Court Judge Henry F. Werker on January 19, 1978. I cannot contend that the President's interest in the matter, which spurred my call and Fiske's decision to take charge himself, was solely responsible for the salutary result of taking Nicky Barnes off the streets of New York. But I do know that the prosecution received top priority once the President concluded from reading the newspaper article that Barnes was a national menace and, thanks to *The New York Times*, a widely recognized one.

In a way, the saga of Mr. Untouchable illustrates the power of the press of the Northeast Strip. The story had a

One minute I was being questioned on a matter of profound legal policy, and the next a reporter wanted to know what I had had for breakfast.

visibility in the White House that it would not have if it had been carried only by the *Kansas City Star* or the *Des Moines Register and Tribune*, in part because such an article from Kansas City or Des Moines would probably not have been included in the news summaries of articles of interest that are compiled daily and circulated in the White House and Cabinet departments. The action against Mr. Untouchable was more than the government's responding to a particularly strong newspaper, of course. It also sprang from President Carter's intuitive response to a problem that millions of Americans worry about all over the country — the vulnerability of their children to drugs; but because the article had appeared in *The New York Times*, the case had a symbolic impact, even on the President, that it would not otherwise have enjoyed.

Along with resetting my agenda, the press indirectly helped me stay on top of my job by providing significant information, not just in what I read but also from what I gleaned from reporters' questions and comments in news conferences and interviews. The regularity of these confrontations proved useful in another way. When we traveled outside Washington for speeches and conferences, my practice was to meet with reporters in each area we visited — all part of the effort to rebuild confidence in the integrity and neutrality of the Department of Justice. To prepare for these encounters, Dean St. Dennis, a veteran member of the department's public information office, would compile a briefing book that spelled out in exhaustive detail what the Justice Department, including the FBI, the DEA, the Bureau of Prisons, and the LEAA was doing of interest in each spot we stopped. St. Dennis's briefing papers became a highly useful synopsis of sub-

stantive Justice Department activities.

Unfortunately, the press sometimes goes too far in being the public's monitor of the other three branches. It can get carried away by the sheer momentum of a breaking story and be influenced by values, priorities and even fads that prevail inside the corps. During my years in Washington, "Koreagate" was an example of that. Koreagate was the label attached by the press to the government's inquiry into attempts by the South Korean Central Intelligence Agency to buy influence on Capitol Hill. The label implied that the scandal approached or surpassed the scale of Watergate. Story after story speculated on the number and names of members of Congress involved in the Department of Justice's investigation. The numbers ran from seventy to ninety and even to more than a hundred.

The conjecture prompted me to state publicly several times that very few present and former members of Congress were seriously involved in the investigation. In the end, one ex-member, Richard T. Hanna, Democrat of California, was sent to prison on a guilty plea. Another, Otto E. Passman, Democrat of Louisiana, was indicted but acquitted. And three sitting members, Edward R. Roybal, Charles H. Wilson and John J. McFall, all Democrats from California, were reprimanded by the House of Representatives. Hardly worth comparing to Watergate.

Because of the importance of communicating to the public what you are seeking to accomplish as a public official, I never stopped trying to improve my skills in dealing with reporters. At the same time, I must acknowledge that part of presenting a credible case is doing what comes naturally. Making yourself accessible and being open and candid are good starting points. I tried always to speak "on-the-record," a relatively rare way of communicating in Washington in which the reporter is able to attribute to you by name everything you say. Perhaps even rarer is the practice of admitting your mistakes rather than ignoring them or blaming them on subordinates or on the faceless bureaucracy. Above all, I found the use of one's sense of humor, particularly a self-deprecating one, went a long way.

My standard for candor was set even before the Senate confirmed me. At a hearing, Senator Mathias extracted a pledge from me to post publicly each day a log of my contacts with persons outside the Department of Justice. These included calls or meetings with members of Congress, judges, private attorneys, Cabinet officers and the White House staff — even the President. The log, which did not include people I saw at social receptions outside the office or calls to me at home at night or during the weekend, appeared daily in the Justice Department press room, down the hall from the attorney general's office. Early editions of the log included such significant data as my crossing Pennsylvania Avenue to use the FBI gymnasium, which promptly appeared in *The Washington Post*, and a visit to the barber in the Sheraton Carlton

Hotel, which also was published. Occasionally, we would exercise some editing restraint. For example, when I was telephoning prospects to head the FBI, prospects whose names had not yet been made public, we would list on the log "conversation with a possibility for FBI director — name to be supplied later." I am convinced that the log helped persuade reporters who covered the department that we meant to carry out Jimmy Carter's pledge of an open administration. One of Attorney General William French Smith's first official acts during the Reagan administration was to do away with the logs. He contended that because they did not cover contacts over the weekend and away from the office they were not valuable in keeping track of the attorney general. Aides to the new attorney general said his decision reflected the fact that he "is a very private man." I must say that I gave Attorney General Smith my views on the value of the log system, stating that, while it helped me, the Republic would not fall if he discontinued it, especially since no other government official was following the practice.

As attorney general, I held frequent press conferences, gave scores of individual interviews and, particularly during my last year, invited reporters, columnists and television commentators to the attorney general's dining room for lengthy, informal conversations over quail, grits and rooster pepper sausage, a little-known South Georgia delicacy that Charlie Kirbo and I introduced to Washington. Reporters traveled with me on government planes and in commercial airliners, and I spent much of the time in flight responding to their questions.

Before I was confirmed, the Justice Department's Office of Public Information gave me a detailed explanation of the strange jargon that the media and the government use in communicating with one another. Ground rules under which the communication is conducted begin with "on-the-record" and range downward in terms of the official's willingness to be quoted and to be held publicly accountable for his statement through "on-background," to "deep-background" and, of course, "off-the-record." When a Justice Department official speaks "on-background," his comments can be attributed to "a senior Justice Department official," or if the official feels that's too close to home — and the reporter agrees ahead of time — to "an administration source." When a reporter accepts information on "deep-background," he usually is agreeing to write it on his own, attributing it to no source, as if the information came to him from out of the blue. "Off-the-record" means that the reporter will not publish the information being given him and that he is accepting it only for the purpose of helping him to better understand the situation being discussed. Some reporters use off-the-record information as a lead to pry the same details from another official, under less restrictive rules of attribution. Others treat off-the-record the same way as they treat

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The Elijah Parish Lovejoy Award

A. M. ROSENTHAL

The process essential to a free press, one of the institutions that will help guarantee that we do not go totalitarian, is under serious attack from some of the very people whose professions have helped create and strengthen a free press.

Let me tell you a true story about how a reporter I knew operated. Every day he would go out and cover his beat the best way he knew and the only way he knew: by talking to people in the town about what concerned them, about the cost of living, about the feel of life, about what they thought about their leaders, about politics.

Every night that reporter went home, wrote a story and then carefully burned his notes or flushed them down the toilet. It was a pity because he knew he might forget what he couldn't write that day if he burned his notes. But he also knew the police had permission to search his files anytime.

A lot of people did not want to talk to the reporter because they felt he might reveal their names on purpose or through a slip of the typewriter. They were defenseless people and they were afraid.

The reporter never urged them to talk because he understood their fear. Others, however, did talk to the reporter precisely because they felt powerless and wanted somebody to tell the truths they knew. They accepted his word that he would suffer imprisonment before telling their names.

The government became very annoyed at this reporter. They questioned him directly about his sources and, of course, he did not respond.

They bugged his home and followed him wherever he went, and they searched his office and tracked his phone calls. Finally, the government got really angry and said,

"You can't write about us any more, you can't have access, go away." But some of the people about whom he had written and whose names he had never revealed, kissed him when he went away and gave him roses, and everybody said he was a hero, and later he was loaded with honors.

I was the reporter, and the beat I covered was Communist Poland. That was the first time I had to operate worrying about the police and courts and the first time I had to burn notes and think about going to jail. I thought it would be the last, because I resolved never again to work in a totalitarian society.

Now it is twenty years later, and I am the editor of the same newspaper for which I was a reporter in Poland. I spend my time dealing with news and with staff matters, but there is one subject that now takes up a considerable amount of my time and thoughts. It has to do with whether reporters should burn their notes, whether they are going to go to jail, what are the possibilities of a sudden police search, whether people who once talked to us will talk any more, whether other papers can be fined out of existence, whether the police will secretly commandeer our phone records to find our sources of information, whether we will be allowed to cover the administration of justice, how to get the police to reveal necessary information. New York, not Warsaw.

I do not tell you all this to imply that we have gone totalitarian or that the Republic will fall. But I do tell you that the process essential to a free press, one of the institutions that will help guarantee that we do not go totalitarian, that the Republic will not fall, is under serious attack, and not from our enemies or the enemies of freedom. That we could handle. No, it is under attack from some of the very people whose professions have helped create and strengthen a free press, some of the lawyers and judges of our country, honorable men and women who

A. M. Rosenthal, executive editor of The New York Times, was honored with the Lovejoy Award in November 1981 at a convocation at Colby College, Waterville, Maine. This text has been adapted from his acceptance speech.

traditionally have been the philosophic allies of the free press. And it is under attack from federal legislators and politicians who certainly do not see themselves as enemies of a free press. They just think the American press is a little too free for their tastes.

They want to prevent the press from printing certain kinds of information. They say that obviously this does not affect such respected newspapers as *The Times* or *The*

In the past few years, a dozen or so reporters and editors have been jailed for no other crime than trying to protect their sources — exactly what I did in Poland and for which Americans praised me.

Washington Post or *The Boston Globe*. All they're aiming at, they say, is certain nasty fringe publications. Now I happen to agree that some of their targets are indeed nasty and fringe, but it is precisely the fringes — not just the center — that the First Amendment was designed to protect.

See what has happened in the past few years. A dozen or so reporters and editors have been sent to jail for no other crime than trying to protect their sources — exactly what I did in Poland every day and for which Americans praised me. Others are now under orders to reveal sources or face jail. The courts have permitted newsrooms to be searched. Thousands of memoranda and files have been subpoenaed in different actions around the country. One large newspaper — our own — has been fined hundreds of thousands of dollars. Now every small newspaper lives under the threat of being fined into bankruptcy at the decision of a judge. Laws erected by state governments to protect the reporter's right to work freely have been destroyed by some courts.

Many judges have decided that reporters can be barred from essential parts of the court process, pretrial hearings, which constitute so important a part of the administration of justice. Other courts have placed severe restraints on participants in the judicial process, preventing press and public from finding out what is going on. A wall of judicial protection has been built around information held by the police behind which they can operate in relative secrecy.

In more and more cases, courts have upheld the principle of prior restraint, that is, preventing the press from publishing what it feels should be published. Until a few years ago this was unthinkable.

And in case after case, by demanding notes and files and sending reporters to jail for not revealing sources,

courts in effect have ruled that they have the power to enforce publication of what reporters and editors feel should not be published, because the information is either confidential or simply inaccurate, untrustworthy, or damaging to innocent people, just raw material.

In totality courts now have ruled themselves overseers of essential decision-making processes of the free press that the First Amendment was designed to safeguard from government encroachment — what to publish, when to publish, how to operate, what to think.

To understand why all this is so important to the press and the public, it is necessary to understand not only the law, but the nature of news and how it is gathered. And newspaper people have not succeeded in giving the public a real understanding of the news process.

Virtually all the news that is printed in newspapers or broadcast on television is official news. That is, it is information disseminated by one governmental or business or professional source or another.

A president makes a speech, a legislator introduces a bill, a company issues an earnings statement, an investigative body issues a report, a consumer group demands action, a union strikes, a government department asks for money, a civil rights group protests discrimination. It is news that the prime mover or central subject usually wants printed. Now, this kind of news is extremely important and essential to an informed citizenry.

In totalitarian societies, most of what we would consider official news is secret. In our country our leading institutions and figures disseminate news because it is in their interest to do so, and their interest often includes the pressures and need to inform the public and engage in a public dialogue. That is part of the contract of freedom.

But it is still official news. There is another kind of news — news that institutions or leaders or professions or organizations do not want made public.

It can be as big as the Pentagon Papers or Watergate or CIA violations or as small as minor chicanery within a city council, or questionable business ethics in a manufacturing company or even conflict of interest in a newspaper.

Most often this information is held by dissidents, people who feel they cannot afford to be identified with its publication. Sometimes they volunteer the information, sometimes the reporter comes across it in the course of inquiry or because of a trusted relationship with the source. A dissident need not be a radical or a shadowy operator with a hot story to tell. A dissident can be an ambassador who thinks administration policy is wrong and wants it known but not at the price of his own immediate retirement.

A four-star general can dissent with the chief of staff and a clerk who sees waste can dissent with his government department chief.

What binds all dissidents together is the fact that they hold information that is of public interest but which, either

out of self-interest or fear, they will not make public if they are to become known as the source — that is, unless they are guaranteed confidentiality. Confidentiality is a last resort for a good reporter.

Good reporters make every effort to name sources, because the source is an important part of information and lends strength to the story. The so-called anonymous source is used only as a matter of last resort.

The press is usually portrayed as some huge all-powerful machine strip-mining the defenseless government of its secrets.

The fact is that only a small part of any newspaper or television program, daily or over the year, contains information uncomfortable to government or institutions — too small a part. But without press confidentiality, the dissident information would vanish and the press would become a handout press.

I do not think there is a plot against the press on the part of the courts. I do think that there is a resentment against the press that comes from many things. I do feel that most of that resentment comes from the virtues rather than the failures of the press — the unpleasant virtues of telling the people the truth about Vietnam, Watergate, corruption in government, or in business, the aggressiveness and cantankerousness that are part of our makeup and function.

We annoy the hell out of people. And we have our faults, by God, we have our faults. There are scores of publications I wouldn't read, let alone work for. And there are a few for which I have loathing and contempt.

But there is a difference between resenting the press and even loathing it, and trying to control it.

The First Amendment was written not to protect the press from the admiration of government but from the loathing of government — all branches of government.

Courts and the press are involved, it seems to me, in two philosophic differences. One is that some judges feel it is incumbent upon them to protect what the government says is the national security of the United States. National security usually turns out to be a matter of political or diplomatic interest or plain embarrassment. The price of prior restraint — a fancy way of saying judicial censorship — strikes me as a very expensive price indeed to pay to save government face.

Remember what the government said would happen if we published the Pentagon Papers? National calamity, revelation of state secrets, disaster upon disaster. The government position was a fraud and the government, I believe, knew it.

Here is a quote that might interest you: "One shudders to think of what our future would be like if *The New York Times* had not exposed a policy of mistakes and misdeed and published the Pentagon Papers." That quotation comes from the then Vice President of the United States, Walter Mondale, about a year ago in Kansas City, about ten years after we published the Pentagon Papers.

ELIJAH PARISH LOVEJOY

Born in Albion, Maine, and a 1826 graduate of Colby College, Elijah Parish Lovejoy was an editor who crusaded against slavery. He published strong anti-slavery views in the *Observer*, a weekly in St. Louis, and continued his crusading journalism in Alton, Illinois, where mobs destroyed three of his presses.

Lovejoy was killed the day before his thirty-fifth birthday while guarding another new press; he is considered to be the first martyr to freedom of the press in the United States. In his life and in his death, he helped to advance the cause of abolition in the North.

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

The twenty-nine previous recipients of the award include five Nieman alumni:

1953 — Irving Dilliard, NF '39, editorial page editor, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

1959 — Clark R. Mollenhoff, NF '50, reporter, Cowles Publications, Washington, D.C.

1963 — Louis M. Lyons, NF '39, Curator, Nieman Foundation

1967 — Edwin Lahey, NF '39, chief correspondent, Knight Newspapers, Inc., Washington, D.C.

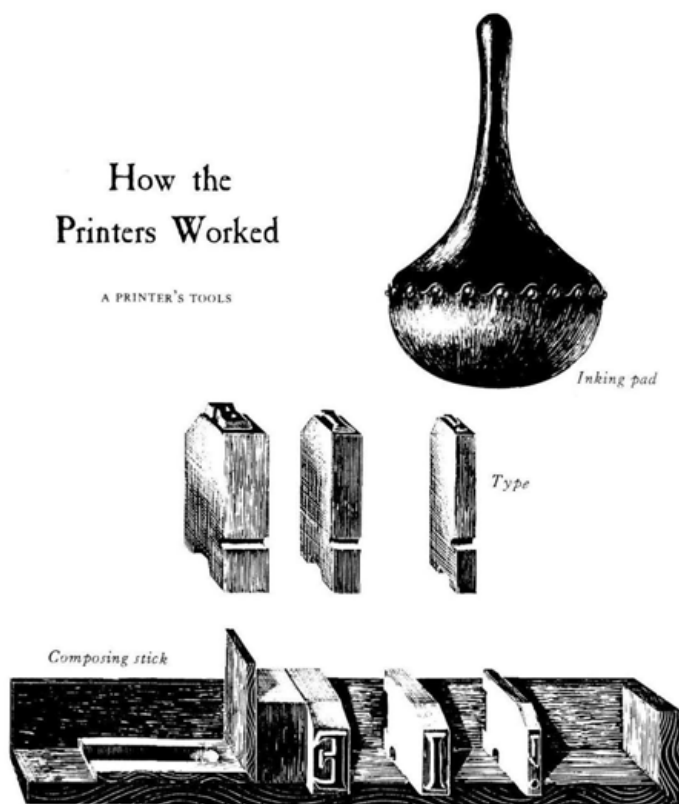
1978 — Clayton Kirkpatrick, editor, *The Chicago Tribune*, and Jack Landau, NF '68, director, Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press, Washington, D.C.

Positions listed are those held at the time of the individual's selection for the award.

More important to most judges and lawyers is the issue of access and confidentiality in relation to a fair trial. In the case of *Gannett vs. De Pasquale*, an ambiguous decision by the Supreme Court on court closing created a great deal of confusion, and for a while judges were closing trials right and left. Later, the *Richmond Newspapers vs. Virginia* decision clarified that somewhat, but still allowed judges to close pretrial hearings.

How the Printers Worked

A PRINTER'S TOOLS



From *The Printers*, written and illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher, Franklin Watts, New York. Copyright ©1965 Leonard Everett Fisher.

That may not sound like much except when you realize that about 89 percent of all indictments are settled before the case ever comes to a full trial. Without access to pretrial hearings, the press and the public lose access to the heart of the whole judicial process.

I do not believe that the issue is one of a fair trial versus a free press, and I do not believe that the First and Sixth Amendments ever need be in true conflict. Let me read to you what Hans Linde, a Justice of the Oregon State Supreme Court had to say: "The supposed conflict between the constitutional right to a fair trial and a free press rests on a simple fallacy. There are often genuine conflicts among competing objectives and individual interests, and I do not minimize their importance. We can even speak of competing rights, but not of conflicting constitutional rights. For what is a constitutional right? It is a claim that runs against the government — usually not a claim that the government do something *for* you or me, but that it refrain from doing something *to* us. The Constitution prescribes how government is to behave and how not. The Constitution does not make rules for private persons, unless they act on behalf or in lieu of a government. Only a government can violate a constitutional command."

If a judge believes that the actions of the press may violate a defendant's rights, the remedy is not to wipe out the First Amendment by barring the press or eliminating its requirements for confidentiality and access, but simply by using the bench's powers to strengthen the Sixth

Amendment — by control of the courthouse, by continuation or change of venues, by sequestration of jurors and witnesses, by instructions to jurors — and even by freeing defendants. Surely better that a guilty person go free than the First Amendment be repealed.

The most controversial of the incidents involving conflict between a reporter and the courts was the Farber case. Millions of words have been written about it by now, but I will go into it only briefly.

On May 17, 1978, a subpoena was issued to *The New York Times* and its reporter Myron Farber for all notes, all records, all memoranda, all correspondence, all recordings of all interviews with all witnesses for the prosecution and all witnesses for the defense in a murder trial taking place in New Jersey.

The subpoena called for the production of more than five thousand documents — that is an estimate. No justification was presented other than a single affidavit by the defense lawyer saying it was his belief that something in the files would be helpful to the defense.

No attempt was made to show that even a single document in those thousands was relevant. There was no attempt to show that anything was critical to the defense. There was no attempt to show that the information could not have been obtained through other sources. It seemed, pure and simple, a fishing expedition — a diversion on the part of the attorney.

The *Times*, Mr. Farber, and their attorneys tried repeatedly and unsuccessfully to obtain a hearing on the relevancy or materiality of the documents. We never got that hearing nor was the shield law which specifically protected reporters in such cases respected in any way by the courts.

What we had was a plain attempt to divert attention from the heart of the case by making a reporter and his newspaper the defendants — a growing trend among lawyers. We never said that we would not, under any circumstances, turn over any of the notes. What we did insist upon was what we saw as our constitutional right to a hearing to demonstrate whether there was any relevancy or materiality in the documents. We never received such a hearing, and for insisting upon our constitutional rights, the *Times* was fined \$287,000, and Mr. Farber spent 40 days in jail. Later courts upheld our basic position that we were entitled to a hearing but it did not apply to us.

As Judge Harold Medina once put it, any judge who knows his business and who has a stiff backbone can afford a fair trial without any invasion of the freedom of the press.

In that speech, Judge Medina laid it pretty heavily on judges who he thought violated the First Amendment. He also laid it pretty heavily on reporters and editors and publishers who were too quick to compromise. He gave them a piece of advice: "Fight like hell every inch of the way."

Well, we are fighting, and it seems that almost every

time we turn around, there is a new battle to be fought.

One had to do with the seizure of the telephone records of our Atlanta bureau by the Department of Justice. They were not investigating us, they were investigating the Ku Klux Klan, which we also had been investigating. Without informing us, or giving us a chance to fight, Southern Bell bowed to a subpoena of the Department of Justice and turned over all the records from our Atlanta bureau and from the home of our bureau chief. The purpose of the subpoena was to find out who our reporters were talking to.

This clandestine investigation of a reporter's work is a clear violation of the spirit of the First Amendment. I'm happy to say that this particular threat has been considerably eased. Because of complaints from the press and the bar, the Justice Department issued new guidelines that made unnotified seizure much less likely. Right now a new, quite important threat confronts the press and will be fought out in the courts: Congress has adopted legislation that would make it a crime for newspapers to print the names of United States intelligence agents, past or present, if the newspapers had reason to believe that such printing would affect United States intelligence operations.

Now that bill is not aimed against *The New York Times* or *The Washington Post* or *The Boston Globe*. It is supposed to be aimed against the nasty fringes. There are a couple of publications, which indeed I consider reprehensible, which make a practice of identifying United States intelligence agents by name. Usually those names are no secret at all to foreign intelligence groups, but they could indeed cause trouble.

Papers like *The New York Times* do not generally print the names of intelligence agents. In fact, we avoid it unless we think that there's a strong public interest in doing so.

This bill strikes virtually every First Amendment lawyer as clearly unconstitutional because it would amount to legislation forbidding certain types of information, even if public, from being printed in the press.

It is not simply a theoretical matter, however important that is. The fact is if that legislation had existed, it might, for instance, have been impossible to print a large part of the Watergate story because some of the people who participated in it were indeed former CIA agents and even had connections with the Central Intelligence Agency at the time.

It would have been totally impossible for *The New York Times*, for one, to conduct its current investigation of the transfer of secret communications material and weapons to the Libyans, because at the heart of this odious operation, so damaging to the interests and honor of the United States, are former CIA agents. There is every reason to suspect that people now in the CIA had knowledge of the whole sickening betrayal of American interests. Two *Times* reporters devoted their full time for months, travel-

ing all around the world, tracking down this network of agents and former agents engaged in selling American interests to the Libyans. If this legislation had been in existence, that investigation would probably not have been possible. The sad but important truth — that the intelligence old school tie seems to have been the connecting link in this operation to strengthen the dictator called a madman by our own leaders and to strengthen him at the expense of the United States — would have been kept from the public.

The press is not asking for privilege, a word that implies some special gift to be bestowed upon or withheld from the press at somebody's discretion — a judge or a legislature, or a police officer. No, we are not talking about the privilege of the press, but the right and ability and duty of the press to function in any meaningful sense.

Yes, this concerns editors, reporters and publishers, but I beseech you to consider that this concerns each of you as citizens of a country based on freedom of thought and expression.

Every individual American has to ask herself or himself some questions:

Do you want a society in which newspapers have to operate under the fear of being fined to death? Do you want a society in which newspaper offices can be searched without advance hearings? Do you want a society in which the public does not know what is taking place in vital parts of the court processes?

Do you want a society in which the police process is made virtually secret?

Do you want a society that is the totality of all these things?

Please think about it. If your answer is no; if you don't want that kind of society, then fight like hell every inch of the way. □

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On Teaching the Reach of History and Other Challenges

JOHN R. STILGOE

I am very concerned about what children learn about the spaces in which they live. I don't teach children; I teach competent, bright, hard-working young people. However, I'm concerned about the 13- and 14-year-old kids who seem to be growing up in a landscape that they don't understand and often don't like.



Print from a glass negative, circa 1910

Daphne B. Noyes

All of you who are in the business of informing people should realize that you have a lot of young readers who read newspapers. What I want to suggest is the following: I have seen intermittent examples of how a newspaper can do a really good job of educating its readers to the landscape of the neighborhood in which the paper is printed.

I think the children deserve some kind of sustained attention in the media. The formal educational system is teaching them who was elected president in 1870 and why — but it's not teaching them that the dime store down the street was built that year. Lately I've been reading a number of biographies of people who lived in Victorian England and have learned that there was a time when it was fashionable for a newborn infant to be placed in the lap of an elderly person because the child could say in later years, "I sat in the lap of someone who was at Trafalgar." This means that a reach of sixty or seventy or eighty years into the past was a genuine reach because flesh has touched flesh. I have a great-uncle who fell recently and was taken to the hospital. He complained about the treatment, saying, "That's the wrong bump, that's the bump I got when the president was assassinated." The physician who was treating him had the sense to ask, "Which president?" It turns out that my great-uncle was hawking newspapers right after the McKinley assassination and he was mobbed by a group of people who came out of a streetcar, grabbed for the newspapers, and knocked him down. This is a man who used presidential assassinations as a chain of events and if I have children and if he's still alive, I want them to touch him. Because the reach is getting to be almost a century.

Esquire magazine of December 1981 carried a story called "The Great Condo Crime," about the planned

urban developments and condominium complexes that are thriving, especially on the West Coast, where as many as five hundred dwelling units are built at the same moment. They sell for a tremendous amount of money.

Now the children who are living in them are given good educations by our standards. They have spending money. They have hobbies. Yet they are vandalizing these places in much the same way that very poor children vandalize public housing projects.

This leads me to believe that around the turn of the century company towns spawned their own strikes not only because of the poor working conditions, but because those homes were built all at once. People moved into the company-built housing and after about four years the newness wore off and suddenly they were living in an environment that was — I don't know quite how to say this — *uni-age*, there was one age; everywhere they looked was one age.

When you walk through Cambridge or almost any unplanned American city, you see new buildings, old buildings, old trees, and you have some sense of where you are. It is very hard to come to adulthood and pass through all the difficult changes of adolescence in a place where most of the people are the same age, where you are given very little sense of the continuum of time.

The *Esquire* article is useful because it has the same tone as an article written in the 1950's about suburban sprawl. It may be that we are just now beginning to be aware that children have very little chance to learn about the process of time unless they are gifted with this traditional family — which may never have existed: the grandmother sitting by the fire, talking to the 10-year-old about growing old.

The children who don't get that aren't being given much help studying history; history becomes something you can't touch; you can't feel — you can't feel its breath.

And I suggest that perhaps the news media ought to adapt themselves, and decide that instead of printing simply what they consider to be new and important, decide to run, say, some old photographs. I have seen some smaller papers run, for example, a picture of how a certain section of town looked in 1906, and not long after there will be a letter to the editor saying that's not 1906, because that's a 1922 Model A parked there. And someone else will write and say, that's not the corner of Maple and Main, or someone else will point out that the negative was backwards when the print was made. So it seems to me there is an interest, and I know the children need it and they need it now more than ever.

There's a very good book stating the problems called *Growing Up Suburban* by Lawrence Wylie. He suggests that the senior year of high school be made more intensive to straighten out all the problems the first eleven years have caused. The statement of the problem is that children who grow up in shopping malls never learn how to bargain, because nothing in shopping malls is ever used and

almost invariably never broken. You put your money down, you get the item — there's no social exchange at all. So when you go to apply for a job and you have to gather your wits and bargain for a higher starting salary and so on, there's no precedent — you don't know how to do it.

On the other hand, a child growing up in a more traditional part of the world learns how to bargain — our children don't. I am amazed at what I see at flea markets and yard sales: people going up to the seller and asking the price — fifteen dollars, say, and the customer will throw out fifteen dollars.

I would kick it and wiggle it and look at it and walk around the place twice and come back and say, "I'll give you six-fifty." And we would settle for nine dollars and I would take it home.

Norwell, the town in which I live and in which I grew up, has a drawbridge between it and Marshfield. There has been a free drawbridge between the two towns ever since 1810. And part of the history is that every drawbridge, including the most recent one, has broken the day after it has been installed. So the town has always thought of the drawbridge as permanently down. I decided to trace the history of this, which I did for my own amusement. Then I decided to write a letter to the editor of the *Norwell Mariner* and include the information about the bridges. Well, the editor got my letter, sent me ten dollars, and said, "Send me another letter." I called him up and said, "How many letters do you want?" And he asked for one a week for the rest of time. He told me, "Nothing ever happens here and this fills up the page." So I started to write and people would write in and say, "Stilgoe is wrong. This is not what happened."

But there was an interest and the only reason I can say there was an interest is that there wasn't enough news; they had to have filler once a week. But the filler generated a bit of interest in something, and I don't think this is the kind of thing that's going to take up a lot of the newshole. And it's not expensive or time-consuming if the newspaper has its own morgue to use for research.

I like to look into the past for certain things. The day after the Iranians seized the American Embassy, I announced to my class, "There is a pattern, because the Iranians did the same thing in 1815 to the Russian Embassy." So this is something that happens every century or so and we ought to be careful. The only reason I knew about the Russian Embassy was because there was a tiny little floater at the bottom of a story — but it's very rare that you get that.

I have seen it done another time by *The Boston Globe* when the city of Chelsea had a terrible fire. The *Globe* has

done three exposés on Chelsea's water system, and after each one, the city burned. The *Globe* ought to have more responsibility. Nevertheless, the *Globe* gave a quick history of the fact that this has been going on and it changed the way people looked at the fire.

In the United States, children are taught very little about death. This lack of education begins when the dog which came to them as a puppy becomes terminally ill and is put to sleep. The children don't see this happen and the



Howard, Colorado, 1979

John R. Stilgoe

euphemism grinds itself into their brains. Lately I have encountered children who aren't allowed to go to funerals; many children now live in places where it is impossible to see a hearse. Beyond this, the kids learn that people go to live in nursing homes when they're elderly, and that you don't go to visit them frequently. For some reason, children aren't welcome there. The children's parents may feel guilty that they haven't taken the aged parent into their home, even though they probably couldn't if both people are working — particularly if the parent needed medical attention. So the child gradually may acquire such a confused set of signals about what a cemetery is — that it becomes something to be smashed. It represents not necessarily evil, but a forbidden kind of knowledge — something that child wants to deal with, perhaps, but is given no help with.

I think schools are vandalized for a similar reason. The children may have the vague sense that the school is not teaching them all they should know. In a society in which many parents think it is the school's responsibility to teach almost everything — and it can't do that — the children begin to feel rather shortchanged. So they attack the school.

I dislike vandalism but I find it a subject of interest.

The city of Somerville, where I lived for five years, had a terrible problem with children writing rather vicious graffiti on the retaining walls around a school playground. A kindergarten art teacher hit upon the idea of having the kids go out and paint part of a mural. The children painted an enormous automobile race, with people looking at it and a car bursting into flames and so on. That was done the year before we moved to Somerville and it's still there and as far as I know, there's not a single mark on that mural. And there won't be, I suspect, until the year when all the children who painted the mural are out of that school system — at which time, the school will paint over the mural with a brown base and let the next crop of kids do their own mural.

The New York subway is an excellent example of a place that is vandalized because it's totally unintelligible to a lot of people. For people who can read, it's a subway *system*; for people who can't read, or who can't read well, it's a maze and they want to attack it or put their mark on it to show that they have some kind of control over it. I think the fear of violence on the New York City subway is overrated; I think most people are terrified of never being able to get off.

One of the most graffiti-covered parts of the subway is the maps — the very maps that would tell you where and how to go, and show that it is a system. There is so much graffiti that when you try to read the map, it is unintelligible. My thought as to the answer for this is that kids are not taught how to read maps. And since they have no idea how to read a map, it is just a piece of gibberish on the wall, something with a meaning that is not possible to find out. The contradiction to this is that some of the most beautiful art in New York has been done on the subways. As far as the reading of maps goes, reading skills in this country are always measured in terms of: Can the child read a paragraph and then answer a question about it? But you don't view a map — even though it is a visual document; you read it.

I go through a lot of words when I get off into a tangent about this: go to any gas station in the country and you have to buy a map now. You buy it and discover that it has been produced for someone with a brain the size of a grasshopper's. Compare a contemporary map with one from forty years ago of the same region and you will discover that in the contemporary map, the mountain chains have been removed; the rivers are gone, as are all the rest of the natural features that might be of some value.

When Mary Ann and I drive somewhere together, she drives and I'm in charge of maps. I look at the landscape and take photographs and rebut issues like, "We're not going too fast," and also I read maps. One time we were traveling in middle Pennsylvania on our way to her

parents' house, and we were late. I decided on a short-cut — according to the map. Four gentle curves looked as though they could cut about thirty miles off the trip. But it turned out that those four gentle curves indicated a series of hairpin turns through a mountain range. So of course we were late and the roast was overdone. When Mary Ann looked at the map she said, "Well, anyone can tell that those squiggles mean mountains." I asked, "How do you explain the squiggles that lead up to New York City from the South?" She said, "Well, those squiggles probably mean marshes." It appears that the oil companies are increasingly reluctant to overload the circuits of the American driver. Many maps are now essentially a skeleton of the interstate highway system with a couple of major connecting roads every couple of inches or so. One of the first things we have to teach students in design school is how to read a map — it's a very difficult thing to teach.

There is a film being made by Grady Clay [NF '49], the editor of *Landscape Architecture* magazine in Louisville, Kentucky. He is photographing and writing about the changes in landscaping, beginning at Plum Island — up near Ipswich — and terminating in Los Angeles. He wanted to see Manchester-by-the-Sea. Now you will find that in almost every metropolitan area of the country, the extremely exclusive suburbs are not even on the national oil company maps — in New Jersey, it's Llewellyn Park; in Massachusetts, it's Manchester-by-the-Sea.

Grady said he had heard about this place that wasn't on the map and I took him to it. And we spent a lot of time driving around and taking lots of photographs and attracting attention in Manchester-by-the-Sea.

But you see, as the map becomes more and more simplified, what is omitted can be extremely important. Thus, most Americans have never seen a map of the United States showing the rail lines in conjunction with the roads, so they don't know, for example, how much faster it might be to take a train to certain places — if there was a train. They are afraid to venture into parts of the city where they think they're going to be mugged. This leads to genuine terror on the part of some people with whom I've driven to conferences — "Stilgoe knows a back way, and it's going to take us through the waterfront!" I don't know what they expect to find on the waterfront of Providence, Rhode Island — but they get afraid. I tell them, "This is a federal highway; it's Route 1." They say, "We'd rather be on Route 6." And they do get very nervous, because I've been known to go off with old maps. They say, "Your map dates to 1960. You don't know what's happened in those years." But to me, it's the last good map.

A nation with an extraordinarily complex rich heritage is a nation that is the equivalent of a multimillion-

aire. He doesn't worry about how much money he has because he always has plenty. A nation that has a fairly rich past knows that by comparison he's a millionaire. He is comfortable, but he's always wondering if he has enough. Americans are like somebody between a millionaire and somebody with maybe \$500,000. We are aware that we have some kind of past, we want to keep holding it and looking at it to see if it's true. Different groups will suddenly realize that one of the things they need to be an integrated part of society is to acquire a past, so that much more history is added to common history.



West of Hennessey, Oklahoma, 1977

John R. Stilgoe

I have had a number of foreign scholars tell me, after spending a little while in Cambridge, it is very evident that the Revolutionary heritage is markedly alive here — that Massachusetts drivers have a fierce disregard for anything they see as tyranny. One man told me, you have no fear of your police because you still see them as tyrants. But I told him, I don't particularly see them at all; they're hired to protect the construction workers in Harvard Square from pedestrians.

Canada is finally moving toward independence — a new stage in its independence: it is debating its constitution; it is debating having royal governors and so on. Any nation gathers its past behind it to give it some kind of rudder go to into the future. What can you tell about a nation from its money? You can tell an enormous amount about Canada from its multicolored money, with landscapes and all kinds of graphics.

I have a lecture in which I show a slide of the back of an American dollar bill, and I talk about what the back of the bill means. There's extraordinary emotional cultural charge in the symbols. For a technological, financially-

oriented society such as America, the back of our dollar bill is extraordinary. It's all symbolic — the unfinished pyramid with the eye looking out; the mystical numbers. The pyramid's meaning? Unfinished perfection. We must never think this nation is finished or that it's correct. The eye is the eye of the Creator looking out. It's strange — even the Supreme Court is afraid to remove "In God We Trust" from the coins. After all, if they're no longer silver and if they're not backed by God — what's the sense?

I also show a slide of a Canadian dollar with the signature of the royal governor — the governor general. This raises an interesting issue about who signs our money.



Lamar, Colorado, 1978

John R. Stilgoe

The fact that for many years there was a woman's signature on almost all of the currency printed in this country has totally bypassed the feminist movement. The feminist movement wants to have a Susan B. Anthony dollar yet it's totally unconcerned with the message that's been implicit for decades: that the Mint is directed by a woman.

Some of you who take my course have heard me devote three entire lectures to a single type of transportation: the railroad. I have a deep love for them, I admit that. I also have encountered recently the most hair-raising evidence that large scale capital in this country is reorienting itself toward rail transportation. Go look and you'll occasionally see them now: the brand new cars with rock ballast, new tires, new rails, and the train is moving like a whirlwind now — Union Pacific, for example. I'm interested in the towns and cities that don't see the railroads, that have long forgotten where the station is, or where the station was torn down.

I think an extraordinary renaissance looms ahead. The latest set of figures I've seen for repairing the nation's highways is eight hundred billion to a trillion dollars. This country can't raise that much, we just can't. And the rail-

roads offer an alternative.

If you ever wondered why the power plants in the far West, the Mountain West, are being located where they are, it's because a number of railroads have planned to electrify their main lines, and the power plants are being located in places that don't need an awful lot of electricity — the towns just aren't that big — but the utility company will understand what an enormous market an electrified railroad would be — trains to drive the coal to the power plants. That is an unbeatable combination of financial interests. I recently was sent a very poor photocopy of a map, marked "confidential," showing the railroads' route, the location of the power plant and the transmission lines. The thing that is irritating to me is that the federal government brochures and documents on railroad electrification in this country are honestly about nine years behind in statistics, in anticipation, and in everything else.

As much as I love the railroads, I'm very concerned about the context of extraordinarily rapid change. What I would tell you to look for are signs in whatever community you watch that capital is moving in the direction of the railroads. Among the signs that I look for are increasing land values around the former — or existing — rail station, or if the land changes hands frequently. Go to the courthouse and look up in the grantor-grantee index and see if it's changing hands. Try to discover if a new factory coming to town is anxious to get access to a rail siding. Look for signs advertising a factory or industrial park site in which rail access is included in the amount of square footage for sale.

Watch advertising very carefully: I have a theory that the advertising industry is much more sensitive to coming changes than other industries in the country. There's a recent television ad that shows two railroad engineers coming into the freight yard and eating cough drops. Ad after ad is now in the national press, showing railroads as the backdrop for very expensive products: luggage, clothes, books, whiskey. Please watch them, because the money is already moving.

Sometimes the railroad future makes *The Wall Street Journal*: the Mellon family has bought the Delaware and Hudson, the Maine Central, and the Boston and Maine Railroads. And bought them all within the space of four months. I mean, you can listen to E. F. Hutton, but I want to see what the millionaires are doing. □

John Stilgoe is associate professor of Visual and Environmental Studies and Landscape Architecture at Harvard University's Graduate School of Design. His book, The Common Landscape of America, has just been published by the Yale University Press. The three landscape photographs accompanying this edited transcript of his recent seminar with the Nieman Fellows are taken from his collection of 12,000 slides.

The Care and Feeding of Writers

THOMAS WINSHIP

My assigned subject is the care and feeding of writers. But first, let me lay down some general propositions and predictions about our so-called endangered trade.

Proposition Number 1: The nation is in a colossal debate about economics and many regions, such as Oregon, are experiencing severe economic hurt. The debate is more basic than anything since the advent of the New Deal. It boils down to how much government we need to govern approximately 220 million people.

The debate revolves around the federal budget, the function of taxes in economic adjustment and the proper role our central bank should play in times of economic distress.

The press will stand center stage in the debate. All editors and publishers should call upon their staff to conduct a daily course in economics. You should double your space for daily budget and economy stories. You should create more business writers out of your staff. For once the budget story in Washington and at home is not dull news. It is big news, and is being read. It is consumer; it is survival news.

Do not be grim. We will pull out of this mess. We will find a compromise solution, as we always do.

Proposition Number 2: Only good, concerned and easy-to-read newspapers — metropolitan and suburban — will survive the cable-video electronic revolution. There will be many fewer newspapers ten years from now than there are

today. The ones that make quantum advances in quality will survive and will do so most profitably.

Proposition Number 3: It will be much more satisfying to publish and to edit the newspapers of the 1990's than those of today, because our function will be far more important. We in print journalism will assume the job of settling the political, social and economic agenda. Who else can?

Back to my assigned subject: How can we motivate fine writing in newspapers? I do not claim the greatest credentials for dealing with this subject, but if concern and enthusiasm for better newspaper writing qualifies, then I am prepared to charge forward.

We all need heroes in our causes. Let me give you my three gurus. They are the late A.J. Liebling of *The New Yorker*. I've been rereading him lately. He's a delicious tonic. Another is Mary McGrory, the undisputed best handler of the English language in the daily news business. I once asked how she learned to write. Mary replied, "I went to Girls' Latin School in Boston and learned to parse Latin."

My third guru is biographer Katherine Drinker Bowen, who said that whenever she sat down to write, she hung a large sign in front of her typewriter. It said, "Will the reader turn the page?"

Unlike so many newspaper topics these days, quality newspaper writing is an upbeat one and represents a movement that is in full flower; a movement that we, as editors, should be best trained to do something about — if we care enough.

I feel fortunate to have been around when this latest newswriting movement was born. It happened on a sunny

Thomas Winship is editor of The Boston Globe. In February 1982, he presented the Eric W. Allen Memorial Lecture at the University of Oregon; the text of his talk appears above, in lightly edited form.

October morning in a Honolulu beach conference room. The year was 1977 and the directors of the American Society of Newspaper Editors — a group of fancy editors — were in aimless discussion, anguishing over sagging circulation, poor lineage, and general despondency about the future of newspapers. This was about the time when the electronic gremlins first were surfacing as serious threats to print journalism.

I remember vividly Tim Hays, of the *Riverside Press-Enterprise*, piping up: "Gents, why don't we, as editors, do what we are best equipped to do — improve the quality

There are four basic steps to writing: reporting, thinking, writing, rewriting. The only steps most newspaper writers do well are the first and third.

of the writing in our papers." Tim said, "It seems to me brighter and more interesting stories are the ultimate key to boosting circulation." Hays struck an obvious note. A few months later, when Gene Patterson assumed the presidency of The American Society of Newspaper Editors, he lunged at it and set about to identify as a major problem the desperate need to improve the quality of writing in American newspapers. He hired a college English professor, Roy Peter Clark, to become his paper's writing coach — an unheard-of move — and turned him loose on a nationwide study of the dismal state of news writing, with an eye to devising methods to improve it. At the same time, Patterson asked me to create an annual contest to select and recognize the finest writing in American and Canadian newspapers. When the contest came into being in 1978, it was the only one of the many journalism contests that was devoted solely to writing style. The other contests awarded prizes to newspapers for chasing down public cheats and criminals.

Today, the ASNE writing contest attracts more entries than the Pulitzer Prizes and is nearing the latter in prestige.

My newspaper sometimes has been accused of being a "writer's newspaper," whatever that means. I hope it means that the *Globe* is a paper which encourages free, graceful and varied prose. Tolerance of different voices is of vital importance because so many American newspapers across the land today are painfully similar, homogenized, and dull, dull, dull.

This greyiness in content and appearance of most newspapers should drive every editor crazy. No wonder people turn to the specialty magazines and television.

At the *Globe* we think the atmosphere in a newsroom is

the key to developing lively writing. We try to do it in several ways. We endeavor to hire bright and caring young reporters. It helps if they arrive able to write coherently and freshly. Teaching reporting is relatively easy. Teaching writing in a newsroom is painfully difficult.

We strive to keep the newsroom informal, irreverent and full of camaraderie. Do we ever! I can't tell you how many cityroom romances and marriages we have nurtured. *Washington Post* writer Sally Quinn once labeled me "Skipper of the Love Boat."

Another ingredient: We move writers from job to job more frequently than most papers do. We believe that shifting staffers around challenges them to learn new facts and new disciplines and keeps them from going stale.

We reward good writing by giving it strong display. We reserve a place each day on page one for a special "off-the-news" story. This is not a sappy "good news" yarn but rather a non-care, non-serious issue story. We have an ad-free page two and page three, where the profile, the explainer, the well-written feature, in addition to hard news, may be displayed. We have a full opposite editorial page which welcomes offerings from staffers, as well as outside citizens, and ten other totally open pages during the week. The traditional reporter's beef that "there's no space for my story" no longer seems to exist.

We constantly circulate lively and controversial public and private citizens through the newspaper building for lunches and conferences, and urge staffers to participate.

It is a dreadful admission, but keeping in touch with the community is one of a large newspaper's most difficult current problems. This is especially true of a paper which has moved from the city's core to the outskirts, where free parking and a comfortable cafeteria tend to cut off too many reporters from the outside world.

It has a direct bearing upon the vitality of newspaper writing and reporting and it means editors have to devote much more energy to bringing the community to the newspaper and to getting more reporters out on the street.

We give weekly columns of commentary to many competent staffers. We probably have too many staff-written columns in our paper, but a column is a showcase for good writing and a chance for a writer to reach a special audience. I do think our "columnitis," by and large, has been an incentive for good writing and good thinking. Our Exhibit A is Ellen Goodman. Ellen was a first-class feature writer for several years. She won a Nieman fellowship, and during her year at Harvard [1973-74], she decided she wanted a fixed column for discussion of everyone's basic ethical questions. We relented. We are delighted. She is read today in close to three hundred newspapers. In addition, Ellen is a grand "in-house" inspiration to young and old writers who want to do better.

Probably our boldest move toward encouraging better writing was the hiring of a full-time writing coach with line authority. Our assistant managing editor for writing is Alan Richman, a remarkably gifted writer, who as a sports

reporter, feature writer, and sometime restaurant critic moved from the *Montreal Star* to the *Philadelphia Inquirer* to the *Globe* to *The New York Times* and back to the *Globe*. How does he function? Timidly. He works one-on-one with reporters who want and need help.

We encourage writers to work with Richman, but we don't force them. Richman swings through the separate news departments reading and offering editing suggestions to reporters and editors. He holds seminars. He invites professional writers into the paper to visit with reporters. He urges reporters to talk about writing; an up-hill job. He clearly is the hardest working man on the floor, and I fear he ends nearly every day a frustrated man. Let him speak for himself.

This is a long memo he gave me the other day summarizing his views:

"There are all sorts of books about writing well, writing better, writing for writers, newspapering for newspapers, and so forth. The presumption seems to be that the people in newsrooms are fighting each other for time at the terminals, that they are all Tom Wolfes in sheep's clothing, lacking only scattered bits of expertise that will transform them into a state of literacy. Wrong.

"Most books about improving writing are written with the presumption that writers will work to improve themselves. Gullible newspaper editors believe this to be true.

"That doesn't mean writers don't want to be better writers. Sure they do. But most of them (1) don't know how bad they are and (2) won't believe you if you tell them.

"That doesn't mean they can't spot bad writing. They can pick it out in a second as long as it isn't their own.

"There's another reason why most writers won't improve. They refuse to work at it. They will gladly spend five days reporting a 1200-word story, but they won't spend five hours writing it. When I'm critiquing a story, the first question I ask writers is how long they took to write it. I'm shocked at how little time they spend, even when they are not on deadline. Writing is hard work. It's time grown men and women were told this."

There is no more difficult job on any serious newspaper than that of a writing coach. Ours still has a long way to go. Here are a few of his recent samples of undistinguished writing that were

caught by the desk and did not make the paper:

- She died Tuesday in the home in which she was born at the age of 88.

- This was one victim of crime who got off relatively easily. He could have had his head bashed in.

- Only time will tell whether Chappaquiddick, the divorce and the Senator's liberal posture are millstones around his presidential aspirations.

- In what is being called one of the worst cases of cruelty to animals, 25 coon hounds face virtual death because of owner neglect.... (AP story)

- "I have no idea," he explained.

On the subject of sloppy writing, I must mention a current peeve of mine. We have an epidemic of delayed leads in newspaper stories today. They are fine for a change of pace on a major take-out or survey piece, a technique I'm afraid our beloved *Wall Street Journal* legitimized. They too often have become the norm. Isn't it pleasant once in a while to learn what a story is all about before it jumps to an inside page?

There are four basic steps to writing: reporting, thinking, writing, rewriting. Obviously, some of these steps have to be repeated before a story is done properly.

The only steps that most newspaper writers do well are the first and third, reporting and writing. Yes, I believe most newspaper writers do write fairly well, but where



"O.K., but change 'Her tawny body glistened beneath the azure sky' to 'National problems demand national solutions.'"

Drawing by Mankoff; ©1982 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

they fall short is in thinking. Absence of thinking, more prevalent than you want to believe, results in mundane, formulized stories. Many editors praise members of their staff who write quickly. I have never heard of a reader writing a letter to a paper to compliment a story on being written so fast.

Our writing coach has been on the job only a year now. I am more bullish about his progress than he may be, because I am convinced that to reach our primary goal of great writing — not just good writing — every metropolitan newspaper must have a full-time ranking teacher of English in its top hierarchy.

If we emphasize reporting to the exclusion of good writing, we will get the facts, but a poorly written story.

We need a designated writing mentor to teach and to encourage beautiful writing and to attract promising writers to our paper. A writing coach on metropolitan papers is a must because, since Sputnik, schools have ceased teaching our native tongue to anyone, including to reporters.

Too often editors protect the traditions — the clichés, the stereotypes of journalism — as if they were doctrine. They should encourage the questioning of these traditions. Good writing will not occur if writers are merely writing a story ordered by an editor. Good writing isn't a matter of a writer filling in the blanks.

Writers are motivated by frequent consultation with an editor. Writers should be allowed to be part of the entire writing-editing process. Writers should have the opportunity to suggest ideas. They should be asked how they think the story might be approached; they should be consulted on how to report it, and after reporting it, how to write it. If a rewrite is necessary, they should be given the opportunity to do it. If editing is necessary, they should be consulted on the changes.

Writers are motivated by respect. Too often I have heard editors in every city room discuss writers in perjorative terms. In public, before their peers, writers sometimes are called "the troops." Guess who are the officers? Young editors call older experienced writers "my staff" with the emphasis on *my*. In most city rooms there are the serfs and the aristocracy, and no middle class. The editors own the pages, and the writers produce the copy for them. In brief, editors should be more sensitive.

Writers are motivated, like the rest of us, by praise and support. Editors need praise and support, too. But editors have a status that carries over from day to day. Writers

always feel they're starting at point zero.

Writers are insatiable. It's impossible to give too much loving to a producing reporter or a competent writer who isn't producing. Writing notes and cruising the newsroom is the most productive way an editor can spend time.

Another suggestion: If we emphasize reporting to the exclusion of good writing, we will get the facts, but a poorly written story. We must make writing important on the paper, not to the exclusion of reporting, because you can't write nothing. But too many newspaper reporters think they are just that and their job is finished before the writing starts.

This means that we should be willing to print some risky experiments. Newspapers are dying, in part, because they are dull and unpredictable. If we are going to attempt good writing we won't always be able to play it safe; we'll have to try new forms, new subjects, new voices, stories written and reported at new distances, stories that are shorter than usual and longer than usual. Some of them won't work, for good writing is always experimental.

And, finally, like everybody else, writers are motivated by money. The garrett syndrome doesn't really inspire anything but "lofty" writing. On most papers all the editors get more money than all the writers. This makes it necessary on some papers for the best writers to become editors after five or ten years of experience, just when they are ready to make a breakthrough as a writer. They may even have to leave the business if they want to buy a house, have children, and get married (that's the present order). We turn good writers into bad editors, or good writers into television, magazine, book or public relations writers.

Despite my barrage of criticism, I feel optimistic about the state of writing in the serious newspapers today, because so many editors are doing something about it. Journalism schools are giving prime attention to improving student writing. Young people asking for jobs are brighter and brighter and more and more eager to become concerned writers.

So, I'll sign off with my strategy for newspaper survival. It is this: While our electronic colleagues gallop headlong into the world of gadgetry, newspapers should gallop just as fast backwards into the world of pure writing, great reporting, and classic design.

I am absolutely convinced that the journal of distinctive writing and serious purpose will sell forever to a public slowly drowning in a sea of disconnected information.

And, finally, students, editors, and publishers, let us make it our mission to give our nation such fine newspaper writing that it will go down in history under the heading of literature, not soon-to-be-forgotten news dispatches.

Ernie Pyle, Walter Lippmann, Heywood Broun, Ring Lardner, Joe Liebling, James Reston, Ed Lahey [NF '39] and, yes, Art Buchwald — they will live on in the anthology of American literature. □

Update: The Press in South Africa

JACK FOISIE

When Jack Foisie, Johannesburg correspondent for *The Los Angeles Times* and Nieman Fellow '47, asked if the editors of *NR* would be interested in an article on the press in South Africa today, we responded with enthusiasm.

However, being aware of the controversy over the recommendations of the Steyn Commission, we then requested three South African Niemans to send us brief commentaries.

In the following pages, introduced by American Jack Foisie's article, we present varying points of view from Ton Vosloo, an Afrikaner; Ameen Akhalwaya, a black journalist; and John Ryan, who gives the English-speaker's perspective.

of Africa. For in most other countries of the dark continent, newspapers are the handmaidens of ruling parties and the broadcast facilities are usually in government hands. South Africa's television and radio network is a government corporation but a great deal less slavish to the ruling regime.

First-time visitors to South Africa are astonished as they pick up English-language papers to find editorials whaling away at the latest harsh government edict regarding elimination of black squatters in an area zoned for whites only. And cartoonists are still free to ridicule cabinet ministers they consider racially decadent by drawing them wearing dark glasses and stovepipe hats.

"This country can't be so bad when people can criticize their leaders!" a visitor exclaimed.

Had he been able to read Afrikaans, the Dutch-derivative that has come down from the original European settlers, the visitor would have been able to discern the same freedom of expression being practiced in the Afrikaans-language newspapers — usually in support of government policies.

In fact, with few exceptions, all forty-three of South Africa's daily or weekly newspapers are examples of adversary journalism, often reckless, sometimes feckless and occasionally producing some first-class investigative reporting.

The country's information scandal, in which millions of dollars from secret funds were spent — in loose and extravagant fashion — to try to win approval for government policies both at home and abroad (including an effort to buy *The Washington Star*) would never have come to full exposure without journalistic endeavor. The political fallout from the country's "Watergate" brought down both former Prime Minister John Vorster and his likely successor.

While readers wallow in adversary reporting, there is a balance of sorts created by the pro-government attitude of Afrikaner papers and the anti-government position of English publications. Unhappily, few South Africans read in both languages, so the newspapers help, unintentionally, to perpetuate the historic suspicion between the two groups of whites, of which the Afrikaners make up sixty percent and are the main support of hard-line racist policies.

Prime Minister Botha appears to be genuinely seeking to relax some of the more abrasive features of apartheid, and apparently intends to introduce a revised constitutional proposal giving citizens who are coloureds (mixed-

JOHANNESBURG — *What South Africans don't know won't hurt them.* This summary of the press policy of the South African government may get the nod of an editor for brevity in a lead but it also happens to assay the current situation in regard to journalistic freedom in this racially tense country today.

Ever since the Conservative White National Party came to power in 1948 and began segregating its citizens according to skin color, a companion policy has been to limit and channel news coverage of events with racial and political sensitivity. However, the practice is to do so without resorting to censorship. Free of such formal controls the South African press is still, as Prime Minister Pieter W. Botha frequently says, probably the freest in all

race people) and Asians (mostly from India) a voice in government. But Botha remains adamant against extending similar political rights to the country's black majority.

While busily trying to make more palatable the country's white supremacy doctrine, Botha has continued to find that there are other ways besides censorship to restrict reporting — by both domestic and foreign correspondents — on matters which he believes should remain out of the public domain.

Already in South Africa there are fifty laws that directly affect publication of various types of information, and there are another fifty statutes or administrative decrees that indirectly curb the public's right-to-know, according to Kelsey Stuart, a Johannesburg attorney specializing in the thorny field of journalistic law.

Under the catchall belief that communist-inspired efforts to destabilize South Africa require massive security precautions, there are laws which prevent, for example, any reporting about prison conditions.

In a related area, many actions of the police already are sheltered by law from public inquiry or newspaper revelation, and there is a bill pending in Parliament which makes it a punishable offense to print any information about terrorist incidents within the country until cleared by police.

Seemingly unconcerned with the nation's reputation for judicial fairness, laws already allow indefinite detention of persons — both black and white — suspected of disloyalty, and in the pending legislation, police would not be required to divulge the arrest of such suspects, even to their kinfolk.

As is often a feature of South African legislation, those seeking information are not stymied about asking, but authorities are not obliged to answer because of administrative dodges inserted into the law. For example, if I wanted to confirm the arrest of a black nationalist leader, my inquiry would have to include the address and birthdate of the fellow believed jailed. In this country, many black births are unregistered and unremembered by the family.

Similarly, to start up a newspaper requires a registration fee of about forty thousand U.S. dollars, a deposit lost if the paper is banned. And black newspapers are particularly susceptible to closing (two in Soweto, the massive black Johannesburg suburb, have been banned in recent years) by the government.

As in many countries, South Africa also has laws preventing the publication of military information. Secrecy and defense go together as naturally as bread and butter in even the most democratic of nations. But South African generals stretched credibility and trust when, after South African troops invaded Angola in 1975 to assist anti-communist elements in the then-raging civil war, their presence (and casualties) in Angola were denied here by the government, even long after South Africans could read about the involvement in international publications. Even

today, there are sometimes weeks of lag time before deep raids by South African units into Angola after insurgents can be reported.

South African secrets extend also to the country's oil imports and storage of reserve supplies. This is reasonable in a country which, while rich in metallic minerals, has yet to find petroleum in commercial quantities. Highly industrialized South Africa is therefore dependent on a coal-to-oil process and buying oil from shadowy sources since most Arab producers observe a boycott against this nation because of its racial policies.

However, now the ban on oil news is being judicially interpreted to bar revelations about other commercial traffic.

And while there is no conventional censorship of newspapers; books, magazines, plays, movies, and even records, all are screened for harmful moral, racial or ideological content, and hundreds are banned each year.

The most recent major effort by the Botha administration to pressure newspaper publishers and editors into going along with official views on racial and political matters was the issuance of a report by a government commission in February which advocated the licensing of reporters and a breakup in the monopolistic structure of the country's English-language opposition press.

The commission, headed by a provincial supreme court judge, Marthinus Steyn, said it was making its recommendations so as to enhance the professionalism of the country's journalists. But critics saw the Steyn Report as yet another government-inspired effort to muzzle critics.

The measure to license journalists, and to set up standards of conduct through a committee which initially would be composed entirely of government appointees, would allow authorities to strike off from the proposed register all journalists the government does not like, critics contend.

"The intimidatory effect of that on all journalists would be enormous," reported Allister Sparks [NF '63], former editor of the aggressively anti-government *Rand Daily Mail* and now a correspondent for *The Washington Post*.

However, Sparks and other keen observers of the Botha technique consider that the Prime Minister would prefer to use the Steyn recommendations as a pressure on the Newspaper Press Union, a publishers' organization, to increase self-regulation of the industry. Botha, it is believed, is still not ready to introduce outright government control of the press.

As *The New York Times* noted editorially after the Steyn Report appeared, "a relatively free press (in South Africa) is one of the few signs that Pretoria is the capital of a democratic society."

The Steyn Report is also notable for its length — 1,367 pages, and for a rambling section on why there is need for a more "disciplined" press in South Africa.

Steyn and his fellow authors contend that South Africa is subject to an internal and external onslaught which

"emanates mainly from the Soviet Union, its allies, proxies, and fellow travelers, but also from the Third World and certain Western countries."

Working in a country whose leaders feel so embattled is an interesting experience for foreign correspondents. So far the Botha government has chosen not to crack down too much on what we foreigners report, although Cynthia Stevens of The Associated Press was expelled seven months ago for undisclosed reasons.

After my almost six years as the Johannesburg-based correspondent for *The Los Angeles Times* I suffer occasional bouts of frustration, mainly because I fail to see conservative whites willing to recognize that ultimately they must accept black majority rule, or revolution. South Africa is the last African country south of the Sahara where blacks do not rule — for better or worse.

I acknowledge to Afrikaner friends that their predicament is far more difficult than the racial situation in the United States, where there is a white majority, and it still took a century to extend full equality to blacks — and even now there is not perfect harmony.

But this does not soothe their resentment of foreign journalists. "You just don't understand, so you can't be objective in your reporting."

That puts me into the same bind with my black journalist friends here, who along with trade unionists and students are the most likely targets for arrest. They can't be objective either. □

The Innovative Role of the Press

JOHN G. RYAN

Implicit in the report of the Steyn Commission — indeed, lurking behind the Commission's original formation — is a suggestion that the South African press does not serve the best interests of the country.

That is so much hogwash, if "country" is to be defined as a nation rather than government. Press freedom can never be detrimental to a nation or its people, though it may be detrimental to an administration.

Far from not serving society, the press in South Africa — particularly the opposition press — has been in the vanguard of basic reforms, leading the Nationalist Government along a road that it yet shows great reluctance to follow.

In this innovative role, the press has helped to prepare public opinion for important advances in such controversial areas as integrated sport, black trade union rights,

more equitable wages, compulsory education, mixed public facilities.

The much-abused "English" press has pointed up the absolute necessity for rule by consultation with black groups, rather than vicarious authority. This the government partially has come to accept in the form of the umbrella President's Council — though that body will not represent the "Africans," while the belief remains that these South Africans should be hived off to their ethnic "homelands."

In persuading whites to change their lemming-like ways, the opposition press has actually helped to introduce the various race groups to one another.

And for two decades or more, the so-called English newspapers have fought for a greater goal — an end to apartheid and all race discrimination.

Four years ago, when Prime Minister P.W. Botha came to power after a public scandal that created as many local waves in South Africa as Watergate did in America, various promises were made. The new regime vowed to oust "petty" apartheid, while maintaining a policy that involved the broad separation of the races in geographic compartments. This promise, which would remove a good deal of abrasion from the black viewpoint, the government has yet to fulfill.

Petty apartheid *has* disappeared in certain areas — like "international" hotels and restaurants, on some sports fields, in many libraries, and public parks. This has happened because it is primarily the opposition press which has sought, and found, middle-ground (white) support for such changes.

By punting integration, by persuading enough influential white citizens they are living a pumpkin existence that cannot possibly last, it has been one arm of a pincer which has forced the government to make concessions. The other arm, of course, has been rising black expectation. This pressure has grown steadily since the township riots of 1976.

In the process of persuading whites to change their lemming-like ways, the opposition press has actually helped to *introduce* the various race groups to one another. Even regional newspapers have come to reflect a national outlook, as far as interracial affairs and news developments go, while the attitude of the government remains basically sectional.

Through the medium of news, the press has broken down many barriers of mutual ignorance among the races;

has made the different groups far more aware of other opinions, other ambitions, other problems. Which makes nonsense of a specific claim by the Steyn Commission that the opposition press is unduly biased towards certain groups and against others — by inference, the Afrikaners.

If any force has tended to divide the races of South Africa over 34 years of Nationalist rule, that force is the government. The Information Department scandal of 1978, South Africa's so-called Muldergate (for Dr. Connie Mulder, then Minister of Information), had at its core the blatant misuse of public funds to support a National Party propaganda campaign abroad — specifically in the United States. Its exposure by the *Rand Daily Mail* caused the resignation of State President and former premier John Vorster, as well as Dr. Mulder. But it was only the most spectacular of many exposés of corruption and injustice revealed by the opposition press over a number of years.

What neither the Steyn Commission nor any other state-appointed body can deny is that our press generally, along with our judiciary, enjoys an international reputation of being independent. Without that reputation, South Africa's overall image would be considerably more tarnished.

It is a fact, too, that the objectiveness of the anti-government press has recently infected the pre-government newspapers. These are far more critical now of government policy, "petty" apartheid, and the iniquities of "separate development" than they were even five years ago.

The other contentious aspect of this Steyn Commission is its suggestion that there should be a register of journalists. On the face of it, the argument for such a register is impressive: If lawyers and doctors (so it goes) are prepared to subject themselves to professional disciplines, why not journalists?

Simply, the answer must be that in medicine and law malpractices are measurable. But judgments on what is fair and balanced reporting — particularly on sensitive political issues — are bound to be subjective. Inevitably, individual emotions and opinions will be involved.

If the proposed general council of journalists is composed, as it should be, of South Africans from across the political spectrum, there will seldom — if ever — be accord on controversial issues. And if the council is dominated by members who tend to support the government — and this is the fear of the English-speaking journalists — its judgments will hardly be neutral. In such a situation, the South African press effectively will have fallen under the control of the Afrikaner government.

Laurence Gandar, a distinguished former editor of the *Rand Daily Mail*, has isolated what he regards as the key passage in the Commission's report. It reads: "If black nationalists are not prepared to allow the coexistence of Afrikaner nationalism, it is likely that the Afrikaner will curb the press for as long as he has political power and for as long as he anticipates that curbing the press or

manipulating it is to his advantage, it will be an instrument to maintain power."

"This," says Mr. Gandar, in a blinding flash of frankness, "is the essence of the report of the Steyn Commission."

"Like the government, it sees a total onslaught against South Africa and especially against the Afrikaner political establishment by Soviet Russia, its allies and proxies.... The Afrikaner will fight back with all the means at his disposal — including control of the press."

I believe Mr. Gandar has put his finger on it. □

John G. Ryan, Nieman Fellow '70, is deputy editor of the Eastern Province Herald in Port Elizabeth. He formerly was assistant editor of the Rand Daily Mail.

Black and White Perceptions of Reality

AMEEN AKHALWAYA

The South African government does not hold the monopoly when it comes to messenger-bashing. But if you are a reporter/messenger and your newspaper opposes the government's racist philosophy, your chances of being bashed are increased considerably.

And if you happen to be a black journalist, you accept as a matter of course that occupational hazard: You are going to be bashed at some stage, particularly if you happen to be — using a favorite South African term — "outspoken."

The government's official view is that South Africa — for this, read "white South Africa" — faces a "total onslaught" and thus requires a "total strategy" to counter it. The Soviet Union and sundry other undesirables are said to be involved in this onslaught.

In the face of this, black journalists were not surprised when the government appointed the Steyn Commission to probe the mass media in the country. And in light of the views expressed by a previous press commission headed by Mr. Justice Steyn, no new finding would have surprised black journalists.

In addition, black journalists, from the outset, refused to cooperate with the commission for a number of reasons.

For one, it was appointed by an unrepresentative, all-white government.

For another, the commission itself was all-white, and that in a country with an 80 percent black population.

Thirdly, blacks too often have seen their views rejected

by commissions, or the government, or both.

At the same time, the government has not needed any commission to back its constant assault on the black media.

No sooner had the commission started its hearings than the government acted again: it forced the closure of the *Post* and *Sunday Post*, both white-owned newspapers aimed at black readers, under threat of being banned; it banned the president of the black Media Workers' Association of South Africa (MWASA), Zwelakhe Sisulu; it went on to ban another five officials of MWASA.

In the light of such preemptive action, the commission should have disbanded in protest. Instead, it added insult to black injury by applying to the government for permission to have Sisulu's banning orders *temporarily relaxed* to allow him to testify. (Sisulu would have refused the request in any case.)

In its report, the commission went on to criticize MWASA, accusing it of "radicalizing black journalists for the purpose of using them as political shock troops" and warning the organization to get its "house in order."

MWASA, it said, was a "front" organization for the "dangerous" black consciousness ideology.

Such convoluted logic is hard to swallow, for how can an organization get its "house in order" when its leadership is constantly decimated? In 1977, MWASA's predecessor, the Union of Black Journalists, was outlawed. Two other white-owned newspapers aimed at blacks, *The World* and *Weekend World*, were banned. Several other black journalists have been banned, or refused official press cards. Still others have been jailed without trial for varying periods or have been harassed in different ways.

Another illogical gem offered by the commission is its criticism of the Afrikaans press: "[It] has failed to report adequately on the hopes and aspirations, suffering and frustration of the black community." Yet black journalists are attacked for reporting just that.

Such views, however, come as no surprise when one considers that some Afrikaner intellectuals think the same way. They suffer from what David Halberstam called the "Saigon Syndrome" when it came to handling reports from Vietnam.

What they refuse to accept is that black South Africans do not want to replace one master with another — be he Russian, Cuban, American, or anyone else.

But the key to their thinking is contained in the following view espoused by the Steyn Commission: "If black nationalisms are not prepared to allow the co-existence of Afrikaner nationalism, it is likely that the Afrikaner will curb the press for as long as he has political power and for as long as he anticipates that by curbing the press or manipulating it to his advantage, it will be an instrument to maintain power."

In reality, Afrikaner nationalism has refused to allow black nationalism, hence its outlawing of the two main

black nationalist movements more than twenty years ago and of the Black People's Convention and the South African Students' Organization five years ago.

The name of the game is power and its maintenance, and having pinpointed that, the Steyn Commission's main recommendation that journalists be licensed and overseen by an official panel pales into insignificance.

It would be easy for politicians to dismiss the findings as irrelevant. But those black — and indeed white — journalists who want to see quick but non-violent change in the country will take no comfort in the findings.

The real cause for concern is that a commission headed by a learned judge can think in such a way, for it seems to indicate that black and white perceptions of reality are almost irreconcilable.

Until white South Africans face up to the reality that the threat of violence is posed by the oppressive apartheid laws and their often vicious implementation, singling out dissident scapegoats does a grave disservice to a country crying out for peaceful change. □

Ameen Akhalwaya, Nieman Fellow '82 and a political writer for the Rand Daily Mail in Johannesburg, is an official of the black Media Workers' Association of South Africa.

Background of the Steyn Commission

TON VOSLOO

The Steyn Commission's report should be viewed against two backdrops. In the first instance, the world of media has followed the world of politics and divided into First World and Third World categories. This may not be so apparent to citizens of, for example, Massachusetts, living snugly ensconced in a cocoon of uniform democratic standards. But one need only mention the efforts — under the auspices of UNESCO — to found the so-called New World Information Order as a chilling reminder that the majority of leaders of the world are by no means wedded to the concept of a free press as a touchstone of responsible government.

In Africa the New World Information Order has many staunch supporters among government leaders and it is a controllable fact that even limited press freedom has diminished with almost mathematic precision as political independence was gained. The most recent example is the retrogression of media freedom in Zimbabwe, where the

privately owned press was bought out by the Mugabe government who created a government trust in its place. In addition, radio and television were one of the first targets of the Marxist-socialists. To savor the irony of this, one must recall that the media of the Western world, and those of the old Rhodesia, advocated the ideal of a majority rule government. Now that this has come about, an unfettered press was one of the first institutions to be shown the door.

The other back-drop for the Steyn Commission is the deep distrust and dislike by the South African government for the mainstream English-language media. It is part and parcel of South African history, going back to the British mine lords who in the last quarter of the previous century erected and maintained a press to promote a political ideal — namely, to capture the independent Transvaal republic with its gold for the British Empire. This they succeeded in doing, thereby giving Afrikaans nationalism its greatest impetus.

The situation persists to this day in the sense that British or Western liberal thinking is still apparent in the South African English press. Over the years, this has led to the English press becoming the standard bearer for black majority rule in a unified South African state.

To this must be added the fact that almost uninterruptedly since 1948, when the present political party, the National Party, came into power, the Western world was given its onesided impressions of South Africa by stringers and correspondents attached to the opposition press, surely a situation without parallel.

It is only in the last decade or so that the major media of the world sent their own full-time staffers to South Africa, but — and this is a constant grouse of Afrikaner nationalists — overseas readers still get their main impressions mostly from the opposition press because of full-time correspondents' inability to get to terms with the Afrikaans language.

The government has chosen the path of reform. Too little, too late may be a valid criticism, but in the state of uncertainty that reform generates, and with the Marxist-oriented states (Angola, Mozambique, Zimbabwe) on the borders of South Africa, and with the rest of sub-Saharan Africa in tatters, the same government wants to be certain that the media will not do a "Rhodesia" on them. It expects the media to underwrite their view that it is not because of apartheid per se that South Africa is under pressure, but that the Soviet bloc is exploiting the tensions created through the presence in the Republic of the world's biggest First World component (the 5 million whites) in a basic Third World situation.

The English-language press ridicules government perceptions — a ridicule that also extends to the Reagan administration for recognizing the fact that 35,000 Cubans in Angola do in fact constitute an unwanted Communist bloc presence in a zone which traditionally has been Western, or just plain African.

This scenario is vital to understanding the motivational forces behind the Steyn Commission, which recommended harsh measures that, if implemented, would relegate South Africa's relatively free press to Third World or Iron Curtain standards.

To this the Afrikaans press unanimously responded as members of the First World family that they in fact are. They rejected the proposals for a register and a statutory Press Code and Press Council. They cooperated with their English-language opponents through the industries' main spokesbody, the Newspapers Press Union, to put to the Government the silliness of the Steyn proposals, and they

It is only in the last decade or so that the major media of the world sent their own full-time staffers to South Africa.

used their undoubted inside-track clout with the government to convince it of the folly of the Steyn proposals. At the time of this writing, the outcome of the negotiations is unclear, although as an optimist I am convinced that the government would not like to be known as a strangler of media independence.

With the outcome uncertain, a few final comments:

- The Afrikaans press, and that means the government-supporting press, has in this instance fought injudicious proposals regarding press freedom as honourably as they successfully fought off the Advocate-general proposals of 1979 — a measure which, if accepted, would have severely limited the press in its watchdog function.

- South Africa will, at some stage, have to choose limited press freedom to continue operating as a First World member, otherwise the society in which we work will swing the Zimbabwean way, with unfettered free expression the first casualty.

This is a depressing thought, but then South Africa is not a First World country in the accepted Western sense. Neither are Africa and the majority members of the United Nations. Does that thought not cause unease in a country so wedded to democracy as the United States? And by that I imply that the attack on the media in South Africa is only a symptom of a deeper sickness: democracy with its back to the wall, worldwide. □

Ton Vosloo, Nieman Fellow '71, is editor of Beeld, an Afrikaans daily in Transvaal. In March he was part of the eleven-member media delegation who argued against the recommendations of the Steyn Commission to Mr. Chris Heunis, the Minister for Internal Affairs.

PHOTOJOURNALISM'S FREEZE FRAME

ANESTIS DIAKOPOULOS

Members and guests of the National Press Photographers Association from the mid-Atlantic and New England states gathered in Poughkeepsie, New York, April 16 and 17, for a seminar on the recent advances in electronic photojournalism. Billed as the Northern Short Course in Photojournalism, the meeting featured talks by John Ahlhauser, instructor in photojournalism at Indiana State University; Michael Evans, photographer to President Reagan; Hal Buell, general manager for news photos, The Associated Press; Steve Tello, operations producer, ABC's "World News Tonight," Washington, D.C.; John Morris, contributing editor, *Popular Photography* magazine and former picture editor, *The New York Times*; and Bob Dean, assistant chief photographer, *The Boston Globe*, Massachusetts.

Anestis Diakopoulos of the *Providence (Rhode Island) Journal-Bulletin*, provides this analysis of one aspect of the seminar.

There have been points in the relatively short history of photojournalism when changes within the industry have been dramatic. The 1980's promise to be one of those periods. Electronic still camera technology has arrived and will soon become as commonplace as conventional 35 mm photography is now.

The 200 newspaper photographers attending the Northern Short Course in Poughkeepsie sat in a cavernous hall, their attention riveted to four small television screens. They were watching a bit of photographic history in the making — the sort of thing that doubtless will merit a paragraph or two in some photojournalism textbook of the future.

Appearing on the four screens, being fed by closed-circuit signal through a magnetic tape machine in the center of the room, was a videotape from *The Boston Globe*.

A videotape from a newspaper? Appropriately titled "Freeze Frame" (complete with musical track of the same title from Boston's J. Geils Band) the tape described the *Globe's* efforts in using current video technology for the production of still images for use in newspapers.

Images from breaking news events — the assassination attempts on President Reagan (March 30, 1981) and Pope John Paul II (May 13, 1981) and the return of the space shuttle (April 14, 1981) — found their way to the front pages of *The Boston Globe* via the video screen, according to the tape.

In most of these situations, the *Globe* was able to go to press with pictures an hour before any still image appeared over a wire service transmitter.

Highlighted in the tape was a segment describing the production of a three-picture series from a 3-alarm blaze in South Boston. The photos reproduced here ran in the April 5 afternoon edition of the *Globe* and were shot by staffer John Tlumacki. The pictures are unique in that they were



John Tlumacki, The Boston Globe

initially made with a video camera — the Panasonic WV-3900 — and later translated into still images using conventional still camera technology. These fire pictures may represent the first published freeze-frame video pictures taken specifically for reproduction in a newspaper, rather than for television broadcast.

Over the past year, Bob Dean, the *Globe's* assistant chief photographer, and Bill Brett, director of photography, have worked together to develop an experimental video program.

At various times when still images were not available of breaking news stories, the *Globe* has gone to press with pictures taken off television monitors. According to Bob Dean, "We have four banks of monitors. Three are for constantly recording all local and national news broadcasts and the fourth one is for viewing and shooting still images."

(In addition to the news, the *Globe* tapes programs such as "60 Minutes" and "20/20." The videotapes are held for a week and are available to reporters for background information.)

Last April 4, Dean was working with John Tlumacki to produce a tape for Dean's Northern Short Course presentation on the *Globe's* efforts in the video field. The call came in for a working fire in South Boston — appropriately enough, in an occupied photo studio.

Standard operating procedure for the *Globe* is to have their cruiser photographer — on this day, John Blanding — respond to such calls. Partly as an experiment and partly to provide a seminar tape, Tlumacki and Dean decided to go to the fire too. With the *Globe's* video camera, Tlumacki recorded the firefighters as they battled the blaze, just as he would have using a standard 35 mm camera.

At one point, burning debris fell from the rooftop, bouncing off a fireman's face as he stood on the ladder. Returning to the *Globe's* photo lab, the tape was played back; the dramatic sequence of the falling debris was first noted on the television monitor. The sequence was then photographed off the monitor, using a 4-by-5 camera and Polaroid Type 55 negative/positive film. Positive prints made from the Polaroid copy negative were sent off to engraving to be processed just like any conventional still image is produced in newspapers across America.

At the Northern Short Course, reactions to the *Globe's* use of video photos ranged from awe to indignation. One wire service photographer ventilated his feelings that widespread use of such cameras would eventually put him out of business.

Another product that promises to have a strong influence on newspaper photography over the next few years is Sony's Mavica. About the same size as a single lens reflex camera, the Mavica is innovative in its use of

magnetic tape — rather than silver-base film — to record still images. Although the camera is still experimental — it will not be in production for at least a year, according to Sony representatives at the Northern Short Course — the existence of the Mavica strengthens the hypothesis that electronic still cameras will be refined enough for use by newspaper photographers within the next two to three years — perhaps even sooner.

With the imminent availability of the Mavica and the potential capability to transmit photographs from the scene directly to the newsroom and engraving simultaneously, the question hanging over photojournalists is whether or not they will be obsolete in the near future — or, more to the point, how to avoid obsolescence.

According to Dr. John Ahlhauser, keynote speaker at the Northern Short Course, the cable news systems springing up worldwide are, for the most part, nothing more than basic news information systems that can be transmitted to home television sets. For the photojournalist, the critical problem in such systems is the lack of emphasis on visuals as a part of news delivery.

Most cable news systems springing up worldwide are, for the most part, nothing more than basic news information systems that can be transmitted to home television sets. For the photojournalist, the critical problem in such systems is their reliance on digitized graphics, rather than photographs, to deliver the news.

In some systems, part of the viewing screen is reserved for conventional images, but according to Ahlhauser, it does not make up a large part of the screen and so proper presentation of photographs presents technical problems.

The graphic limitations of cable news systems have technological sources and it is to be hoped that these limitations will be shortlived. In the meantime, they serve to point out some of the problems photojournalists will have to learn to live with and to underline the way news hierarchy works.

The management end of any news system, whether it be a newspaper, network television, or cable news system, is generally made up of former word people. (To most photojournalists, there are two types of people: shooters and word people. Sometimes they are like oil and water; at other times, like salad dressing.) Former word people are the news managers in cable news systems where the emphasis is on transmitting the word, not the picture. In short, it is word people who frequently make decisions about the role and importance of pictures.

Photojournalism is commonly regarded as the gravy of the news industry: we can have a complete diet of news (look at *The Wall Street Journal*) without pictures. However, a news world without pictures is not exciting and threatens to place readers, or "users," of cable news systems, in data doldrums.

Pictures are descriptive information, easily absorbed by the mind. Any news base daring to go without them is in danger of settling for a position as an auxiliary, rather

PEOPLE & PLACES



People and Places
A group of people, possibly at a social gathering or event, with some individuals looking towards the camera.

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Fire rash worries Brockton

By Richard Higgins

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Brockton, Mass., is suffering from a rash of fires, with several homes and businesses destroyed in the last few weeks.

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White urged to denounce corruption

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Two Boston policemen talk about the job, then and now

By Richard Higgins

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Two Boston policemen, one from the 1950s and one from the 1980s, discuss their experiences.

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Meeting the Barbed-Wire Frontier

NORMAN ISAACS

You are confronted with a man who has had a stormy, lifelong love affair with journalism. I have charged it with being unfaithful, with lying, and even with being corrupt on occasion. Yet for all this, mine has been a lasting devotion to the central idea that it is too vital, too compelling, too important ever to consider the thought of desertion.

Age and experience have taught me that I often expected and demanded too much in terms of personal commitment. Like most journalism executives, I have often had well-meaning doctors and lawyers ask querulously why journalism wasn't a profession like theirs, abiding by standards of licensing and carefully drafted codes. The answer, of course, always has been to explain that licensing is an impossible constraint where ideas are concerned and that any code in communications, even when admirable in thrust, has to be voluntary. In such discussions I have often felt presumptuous enough to ask why medicine and law, despite licensing and codes, have also revealed an equally astonishing tolerance for mediocrity and dishonesty among those in their groups whose credentials are clearly open to challenge.

This sounds, I know, like an attempt to justify journalism's failings. I am simply casting those who fail the journalistic trust into the too-standard mold of those in other fields who lose their idealism. My principal unhappiness is about the so-many journalists who seem to resist growth and change. Certainly, the techniques and the reach of communications in the 1980's are explosively advanced from what existed eighty and ninety years ago.

Nevertheless, when one studies the actual qualitative values of the old journalism and the new, one is made restive by the recognition that the major changes have been principally in engineering and technique. Precious little progress has been made in developing genuine intellectual and ethical approaches to the practice of journalism.

I am going to read a passage written in 1900 by Henry Watterson in his *Louisville Courier-Journal*. Weigh what was being said more than eighty years ago while keeping in mind what journalism's critics are saying today:

Journalism is without any code of ethics or system of self-restraint or self-respect. It has no sure standards of either work or duty. Its intellectual landscapes are anonymous, its moral destination confused. . . . The journalist has few, if any, mental perspectives to fix his horizon; neither precedent nor map of discovery upon which his sailing lines and travel lines have been marked.

There was no question but that Watterson was reacting to the excesses of Yellow Journalism, as practiced in that wild period highlighted by the short Spanish-American War, that came about largely because of the sinking of the battleship *Maine* in Havana harbor in February 1898.

No one ever discovered why the *Maine* blew up. And no one has ever authenticated the cable supposedly sent by William Randolph Hearst to his artist, Frederick Remington, who was in Cuba with correspondent Richard Harding Davis. That was quoted as reading: "Please remain. You furnish the pictures. I'll furnish the war." Whether true or false, the actuality remains that America was in a jingoistic and expansionist mood — demonstrated by the annexation of independent Hawaii that same year — and that Hearst's *New York Journal* and Joseph

Norman Isaacs is chairman of The National News Council in New York. This speech was given in March at the University of Hawaii in Honolulu as the Carol Burnett Lecture.

Pulitzer's *New York World* led much of the nation's journalism into a frenzy of war fever. The frenzy was to make President William McKinley's efforts at conciliation be pictured as cowardice. Many newsmen in that period complained that some reporters made not the slightest effort to check rumors and terror stories fed them by the Cuban independence propagandists operating out of New York. Any reading of the history confirms that journalistic excesses and outright war propaganda have a kind of counterpart in the symbiotic relationships that now exist between politicians and journalists everywhere in this country.

So that I am not misunderstood, let it be clear that there are many journalists in both print and broadcasting I respect and admire. They are thoughtful people with open minds. They tend to worry about the state of communications and they try their best to serve constructively. Unhappily, as I view the scene, these people constitute a minority among the army of those who serve as reporters and editors. That there are charlatans and incompetents in the rest of society comforts me not at all.

I am also a devout believer in the press being totally independent, that it must be a constant goad for progress. Our language is filled with words that mean one thing and then another. So while I can object to and fight any proposal to license the press, I cannot accept as proper any journalism that claims license for anything and everything it may disseminate. There is, after all, truly a world of difference between licensing and license.

Some of this kind of license goes on today in many branches of communications. Eric Sevareid attacked this aspect in an article in *Nieman Reports*, when he wrote:

Militant young men and women, in both newspapers and broadcasting, argue that even the quest for objectivity is a myth, that the prime purpose of the press is not to report the world but to reform it, and in the direction of their ideas. We have all read the learned articles that tell us that objective news accounts deceive the reader or hearer, obscure inner truths that the reporter perceives. He must therefore personalize the news, infuse it with his own truth. They would not leave this to the editorial writer, columnist and commentary writer, whose work is clearly marked away from the hard news. They believe that this will give integrity to news columns and news broadcasts. I believe it will ruin them.

Right here we have laid out for us one of the several schisms that exist in the approaches to journalism. There are many, indeed, who grow heated arguing that to yield on anything risks sapping the foundations of the total freedom. And then there are others who hold that the exercise of responsible judgment is to act in the cause of a free press and that without it, the risk to continued free-

dom grows ever greater.

I am among those who believe this latter profoundly. And I come to it from a record that could hardly be classed as timorous. In my young days I took pride in a reputation as a solid investigative reporter and later crusading editor. Further advancement came not for this — but from the recognition crusades weren't won by sloppy performance, but through enormous attention to detailed, provable documentation. How did this transition from the rough-and-tumble excesses of the *Front Page* era of the 1920's to a sense of care come about? Through the accident of exposure. All of us are profoundly influenced by others and I am one of those greatly fortunate people to have been exposed to men who had the touch of greatness. They were to convince me that journalism had to rest on an ethical base or it could not be other than a lost cause.

Watterson's reaction to Yellow Journalism was shared by others around the country. In 1910 the Kansas Publishers Association adopted standards dealing with business, circulation, and news operations. It condemned "the practice of reporters making detectives and spies of themselves in their endeavors to investigate." It spoke to the rights of those accused of crime and attacked press reports "slyly couched, even before an arrest." It was contemptuous of the "publication of rumors and common gossips or the assumptions of reporters." And it went on to say that "No reporter should be retained who accepts any courtesies, unusual favors, opportunities for self-gain or side employment from any whose interest would be affected by the manner in which his reports are made."

So the record is that those of us who preach for stronger ethics are hardly brave pioneers venturing into uncharted jungle. Rather, we are simply the newest volunteers in an old cause. We pursue the goal, recognizing that what we confront is a frontier laced with rows of barbed wire. We try to snip away at it even when there often seems no hope of making substantial breakthroughs.

I have come not to belabor you with historical antecedents nor to harp on the difficulties of making advances, but to explore with you whether there might be steps that a reasonable number of journalists could accept in the near future — not only as ethical duty, but in the spirit of professional advancement, which is about as much as can be asked.

The major codes — those of the American Society of Newspaper Editors and of the Society of Professional Journalists, Sigma Delta Chi — stress the needs for responsibility and independence, upholding freedom of the press, sincerity, truthfulness, accuracy, impartiality, fair play. Back in 1922, the Oregon Editorial Association went so far as to include a section entitled, "Justice, Mercy, Kindliness." Every code refers to the obligation to "make prompt and clear correction of mistakes of fact or opinion whatever their origin."

The problem all along has been two-fold. One has been trying to win acceptance of these honorable goals. The

other is getting them implemented. The difficulties stem from journalism's inbred untidiness. Some of this is defensible because, for instance, when the iced-up airplane hit Washington's 14th Street bridge, there was no time to discuss ethics. The drive was for all the details and all the facts available as fast as was humanly possible. This once was one of newspapering's glamorous aspects — as it was with me in the long-ago days when I vaulted into the rear seat of an open-tonneau police car and it raced off, siren screaming, to the scene of some train-car crash three miles away. If the accident was bad enough, there was an extra in the works. But I have to ask, circa 1982, how many of today's newsmen were around in the days of the extras? The extra passed out of existence when news could be delivered by the medium of instantaneous transmission — radio. Now, even though haste is often necessary, print deadlines are fixed. In the instance of the Washington airplane tragedy, television could show pictures all through the evening hours while the morning papers assembled the material, swiftly but with constant rechecking and updating, for the editions to be delivered late that evening and early morning. Times have changed for newspeople, but the vestiges of old attitudes hang onto the thinking processes like barnacles on an old ship.

For that same Washington plane accident offers an intriguing look at journalistic patterns, where what starts as rational pursuit of a good story ends up as invasion of privacy. Tom Shales, *The Washington Post's* television writer, analyzed the case of Lenny Skutnik, the man who jumped into the Potomac River to save the drowning stewardess. Skutnik, Shales wrote, "paid what might be called the wages of virtue. He was turned into a pop celebrity, especially by local and national television newscasters." Shales recited chapter and verse about the avid pursuit of Skutnik and commented: "The right to privacy is forfeit in this country once the media decide to take it away from you." No wonder so many in the general public react with anger when they see the media mobs engulf anyone associated with an event, pursue them down streets, even to poking cameras into their homes. Cover the stories, yes. Cover the participants, yes. Get the whole story as fully as possible. But at some point, a line has to be drawn. A Lenny Skutnik who tells freely what he did and why he did it, and then wants to go home, ought to be able to do it without being harried by a posse.

What we are going through is a replay of the *Front Page* era, decked out with minicameras, unprincipled gung-ho reporters, and backed by editorial chiefs more anxious to be popular with their staffs than with their own reputations for fair play and common sense. The passion of many of today's editors for gossip columns smacks of hypocrisy since so many of them are critical, if not contemptuous, of what they see as television's groveling for ratings. Are not the gossip columns an equivalent outreach for circulation growth? Certainly, names make news. But obviously, the information ought to be

The Carol Burnett Fund

The Carol Burnett Fund for Responsible Journalism was established at the University of Hawaii at Manoa in the summer of 1981 with a gift of \$100,000 from actress Carol Burnett. Income from the endowment is to be used "to support teaching and research designed to further high standards of ethics and professionalism in journalism, and for awards to outstanding students who have demonstrated a strong sense of journalistic responsibility and integrity."

The Carol Burnett Fund Lecture on Journalism Ethics is designed to bring one or more prominent mainland news executives to the campus each year, for participation in seminars and formal talks, which the journalism program will publish and distribute.

Mr. Isaacs was chosen to deliver the first annual Burnett Fund Lecture. □

"newsy," and not malicious trash that would fail any responsible checking, nor press-agent pap. This is the kind of behavior where one is obliged to question editors' high-flown oratory about their dedication to fair play.

Editors with character and gumption seem to be rare these days. One of them is Edward Shanahan of the *Daily Hampshire Gazette* in Northampton, Massachusetts. The body of an infant girl was found in a secluded wooded section of town. An 18-year-old high school graduate of good family, clearly pregnant suddenly was no longer so. She was charged with murder. It was a major page-one story. Shanahan said that in the ten years he had been editor he had never encountered the written and verbal abuse that descended on him and the paper. Many felt the coverage was as offensive as the baby's death had been.

A follow-up was clearly needed. Coverage was mapped out for a series on the issue of teenage pregnancy, the community resources for service, what other teenagers had done under the same experience. For a small daily, it took much longer to complete the story than would have been the case on a large operation. No matter. The day before the series was to begin, the judge set the murder trial date. Shanahan said the timing for publication was wrong. The staff pushed for publication. One big argument was that the story now had a momentum of its own. Another — mind this — was that Shanahan was betraying the reporter. She had put so much time and effort into the story that it had to be run *now*. Shanahan held his ground that publication then was not responsible.

His account of the problems of accountability in a small city is a textbook classic. His dozen reporters are not only unseasoned, but transients. They see the newspaper as a

place to gain experience and then move on. Their verve is valuable, but the editors need to do a lot of teaching. Shanahan, recognizing that it is hard for these young reporters to exercise the sensitivity required at the community level, holds that they need constant guidance. "I believe," he said, "that the role of editor in recent years has become subordinate to that of the reporter. Too many of us have yielded too many responsibilities and prerogatives to reporters."

The young woman's case did not come to trial. She pleaded guilty and went on probation and into counseling. *The Gazette* covered the case normally. Two weeks later it published the week-long series and the community response was excellent.

Northampton is a city of 30,000. Shanahan is a relatively young man. I hold that he has a sense of ethical proportion far greater than many far better-known big-city editors.

This aspect of "ethical proportion" brings us to the intriguing debate going on in many news operations. Reporters demand individual freedoms. As Severeid said, we who are old in the craft conceded that objectivity was perhaps impossible, but that duty required us to try. This is now under persistent attack and reporters claim rights to be active in public causes — even as they take positions that seem to try to strip the same freedoms of action from those who own and manage their news organizations.

Tom Johnson, publisher of *The Los Angeles Times*, dealt with the whole thorny issue in his tough and eminently lucid Frank Gannett Lecture in Washington [see *NR*, Spring 1982]. Discussing a public that believes the media may have gone too far, he said:

This suspicion will persist until we are willing to apply to ourselves the same standards we demand of others. We investigate conflicts of interest on the part of public officials. Yet too many media executives are reluctant to acknowledge their own conflict of interest when they take editorial positions on legislation or community projects that can affect their own company's holdings. And that potential for conflict of interest is becoming ever greater in this era of diversification.

We insist on greater access to government, to the courts, and to corporate board rooms. But too many of us apply a double standard when inquiries are made into the probity of our own actions. The common dismissal of such inquiries is that "we stand by our story" or "no comment" — a response we would not accept from others. We cannot have it both ways — pleading our rights under the First Amendment while opting to remain silent under the Fifth. We exempt ourselves from accountability while demanding it of others.

What I have been trying to describe is a journalism

that has clung tenaciously to patterns that are anachronistic. Of all the news-and-editorial column matter in any newspaper, approximately 80 percent has no fundamental relationship to yesterday, today, or tomorrow. Of course, there are breaking stories. And there are editorial responses to public policy positions that need be done fairly promptly. But investigative stories take time, often months. Personality profiles can be done with great care and skill and run a week or two later. Look at some of the high skills in magazine reporting. In themselves, these often make news, refuting the old idea that there is no story if it doesn't have a "today" angle. To use a good Hawaiian word, too many journalists remain guilty of being *hoomalimali* — full of baloney.

The simple truth is that most of standard journalism is slave-bound to outworn convention. In some of the higher fields of intellectual inquiry, such as the natural and physical sciences, leadership comes from the great universities. But little of this kind of advanced thought is offered in journalism. More often than not, journalism is treated as a craft. And that is what it is to most of those employed everywhere in the world.

No wonder the majority of news operations are examples of habit-prone maladministration.

When I began, I said that the so-called creative side of journalism had clung tenaciously to patterns that are now anachronistic. Shanahan's newspaper in Northampton is a good example of how the staffs of smaller newspapers come to reflect the thought patterns prevalent in majority communications. It is next to impossible for even the most ethical and experienced of editors in large news organizations to exercise the kinds of controls in teaching and guidance that people like Shanahan can provide. What has grown up in the big operations are bureaucracies, competing for space and money and ever-larger staffs. Department chiefs most often rise to their positions through craft, and not intellectual skills. For years I have been appalled by the incredible waste that comes from overstaffing. Many large news organizations are as guilty of featherbedding as is the case in other fields of work. Pruning out those who are merely seat-warmers and those who are demonstrably not suited to journalism makes for better operations and provides the dollars for investment in an executive staff that is urgently needed by most newspapers.

From experience, I have drawn a model of a four-person executive staff: an editor, with three deputies, each with a major authority. One would be the deputy who would serve in relieving the editor of a vast amount of the daily work load that strips most editors of the time necessary for thinking, studying, innovating. A second deputy would be in charge of the entire process of decision-making on all staffing, of training and individual guidance.

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Louis Lyons and Archibald MacLeish

LOUIS LYONS

Louis M. Lyons, Curator of Harvard University's Nieman Foundation for 25 years and one of the nation's top-flight newspapermen, died on April 11th of malignant lymphoma at Harvard University's Stillman Infirmary in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was 84 years old.

He had been a reporter for *The Boston Globe*, and a commentator for almost 30 years locally on WGBH, radio and television stations.

In 1973 he stepped down from his half-hour evening television program, but continued his nightly presence on WGBH's radio news until suffering a stroke several years ago. After that he returned from time to time as commentator on the program.

Mr. Lyons had been associated with the Nieman Foundation since it was established in 1938 and he was among the 303 candidates for the newly created Nieman Fellowships. "I want to get a little away from the job and read all around in some fields of history and philosophy," he wrote in his application, "and to reflect on a larger pattern than the daily hopper of news." It was his urgent hope to "take a course in American history under Samuel Eliot Morison, in Constitutional law under Felix Frankfurter, in social and intellectual history under Arthur M. Schlesinger Sr.," and other courses under Charles Taylor, Arthur Holcombe, and Howard Mumford Jones.

Lyons was already known to several of his teachers-to-be; one of them, Professor Frankfurter, wrote in support of his application: "In him a sense of responsibility and good taste restrain from rhetorical sensationalism in writing his stories. He is direct and simple, but neither seasons his pieces with paprika nor assumes that his audience is largely moronic."

Selected as one of nine American journalists for the first Nieman class, Lyons's fellow Fellows were:

John McLane Clark, *The Washington Post*; Irving Dilliard, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*; Edwin W. Fuller, *The Boston Herald*; Frank Snowden Hopkins, *The Sun* (Baltimore); Edwin A. Lahey, *The Daily News* (Chicago); Hilary Herbert Lyons, Jr., *The Press Register* (Mobile, Alabama); Edwin J. Paxton, Jr., *The Paducah* (Kentucky) *Sun-Democrat*; Osburn Zuber, *Birmingham* (Alabama) *News*. (The surviving members are Dilliard, Hopkins, Paxton and Zuber.)

Archibald MacLeish was Curator of that first group; in 1939, when he was appointed Librarian of Congress by President Franklin Roosevelt, Lyons became Assistant Curator. For the next seven years he divided his time between *The Globe* and the Nieman Foundation and in 1946 was appointed Curator.

In his years of Curatorship, he shaped the program along the lines of his original proposal for his own course of study: general education for the mid-career journalist in a broad-gauged liberal arts curriculum — but with intensive specialization available for those who needed such education.

For a quarter of a century Lyons left his mark on a generation of journalists, as more than 300 came to Harvard as Nieman Fellows to study under his guidance. Under Lyons the Fellowships, originally designated for American "newspapermen," were augmented to include women (1946), journalists from foreign countries (1951), and representatives from radio (1941). Mr. Lyons met many leading journalists during his Curatorship; he became friends with such distinguished members of the Fourth Estate as Walter Lippmann, who played an important part in the Lyons career, Ralph McGill, James Reston, and Edward R. Murrow.

When he retired as Curator in 1964, Harvard awarded him an honorary degree, calling him "the conscience of his profession."

Mr. Lyons was an astute critic of newspapers and frequently expressed regret that there was no regular professional criticism of the press.

He urged reporters "to dig under censorship, secrecy, and classification of information to get at

the facts." He said in 1958 that "A bold press is called for to prevent, by vigilant reporting, the over-riding of individual rights by demagogic politicians." But a "decently restrained press is needed," he said, "in dealing with the private lives of individuals." He scorned newspapers that "do not seek to inform, but only to excite, their readers."

A wry, taciturn Yankee with little small talk but a great gift for the written word, Lyons from 1951 onward became a voice and presence on radio and, later, on television. The events and commentaries that he broadcast in his strong Boston twang won him a devoted following of listeners and viewers in New England and beyond. Through educational broadcasting outlets he "read the news," in the British tradition, never stooping to the use of teleprompters. Regardless of the content of that news — weather reports; the condition of supermarket apples or strawberries; the death of a president or poet — his presentation was unique. When he felt it appropriate, he allowed himself the extremes of outrage and sentiment, but he never veered from the facts. He considered the craft of "reporter" to be paramount.

One of Louis Lyons's Nieman Fellows, Dwight E. Sargent, became his successor as Curator from 1964 to 1972. Now a national editorial writer for the Hearst Newspapers, Sargent emphasized Lyons's stature "in the world of journalism as a true professional. The Nieman program stands today..." he added, "as a monument to the creative mind, the great good humor, and the deep dedication to duty of Louis Lyons."

The nationwide accounts of Louis Lyons' life described him variously as "one of the twentieth century's major influences on American journalism," "an eminent journalist," "a highly esteemed American journalist and a major influence in shaping journalistic standards and abilities."

Born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, on September 1, 1897, the son of Jacob F.M. Lyons and Alice M. (Fitzmaurice), Louis Lyons grew to national prominence from humble beginnings on a chicken farm in Plymouth County.

Of his move from Dorchester to a farm, Mr. Lyons wrote, "My family was among the many who had become infatuated with the back-to-the-land movement stimulated by Theodore Roosevelt." He described his childhood home as a "small Plymouth County farm of 30 sandy acres," from which his family managed "a skimpy living from poultry." He went to high school in the town of Norwell, and in 1918 received his B.Sc. from Massachusetts Agricultural College (MAC), now the University of

A Personal Note

In the month of April 1982, two friends died.

They were both in their 80's; they had both lived extraordinary and full lives; and they were both "ready to go."

Archibald MacLeish was first a central architect and then, briefly, as the first Curator, the chief shaper of the Nieman experiment in academic year 1938-39.

Louis M. Lyons picked up where MacLeish left off, and proceeded to put the Nieman Fellowships on the map, both nationally and abroad, while he was still moonlighting as a journalist in print, radio, and later, television. Over the next quarter century, Nieman and Lyons became virtually synonymous.

MacLeish and I discovered, when he gave a Nieman talk a few years ago, that we were cousins — Scots out of Lanarkshire in the 1830's. He came back from the Berkshires to help dedicate Walter Lippmann House in 1979.

Lyons and I agreed — as he put it during his last months of illness — that the Nieman program had finally created "a sense of community" within Harvard and beyond, through the acquisition of Lippmann House. During my Curatorship, Louis had been a marvelous source of advice and support — never hovering, but always available and wise.

It is sad to say goodbye to such people — and especially, for the Nieman enterprise, to lose Louis Lyons. But after lives lived so long and so well, the right thing to do, I think, is to celebrate — and to give thanks.

—James C. Thomson Jr.

Massachusetts at Amherst.

Following his graduation, Mr. Lyons entered the Army during World War I and, after attending Officers Training School at Camp Hancock, Georgia, became a lieutenant. He was discharged from the Army in December 1918.

He came to work for *The Boston Globe* in 1919, and at the same time took graduate courses in English at Harvard. After a year at *The Globe*, he returned to Amherst for three years as editor of MAC's agricultural bulletins and supervisor of its correspondence courses. For a time, he also wrote a column on rural life for the *Christian Science Monitor*, and later went to work with the *Springfield Republican*.

During his more than 60 years in journalism, Mr. Lyons was honored many times. In 1957, he received the George Foster Peabody Award for his news broadcasts on WGBH which he began in 1951 with 15-minute programs of his personal views. That same year he received an Ohio State First Award. Other formal recognition included: in 1958, the Richard Lauterbach Civil Liberties Award; in 1959, the Freedom Foundation Medal and the Overseas Press Club Citation; in 1962, a citation from the New England district of the American College Public Relations Association; and in 1963, the Lovejoy



James B. Conant and the Nieman Curator

Arthur Griffin

Award from Colby College. In 1964 he was presented with the Alfred I. duPont Award as the nation's outstanding newscaster.

At the time of Lyons' retirement from the Nieman Foundation in 1964, Governor Endicott Peabody appointed him to the Board of Trustees of the University of Massachusetts where he served until 1971. He also was a member of the Massachusetts Board of Higher Education from 1968 to 1971 and in 1970 chaired the Governor's Committee for the White House Conference on Aging for one year.

Louis Lyons is the author of *Newspaper Story: 100 Years of The Boston Globe*, published in 1972. In addition, he edited and wrote the introduction to *Reporting the News* in 1965, a book that included the

background and history of the Nieman Fellowships as well as selections from the Foundation's quarterly, *Nieman Reports*, which he edited from 1947 to 1964.

Mr. Lyons was married to the former Margaret Wade Tolman, who died in 1949. They had four children.

He leaves his second wife, Catherine ("Totty") F. (Malone); a brother, Henry L. of Hastings on Hudson, New York; three sons, Richard L. of Sandwich, New Hampshire, John W. of Mt. Airy, Maryland, and Thomas T. Lyons of Andover; a daughter, Margaret Ford of Bridgewater, Connecticut; a step-daughter, Sheila King of Cambridge; 15 grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

A memorial service was held on April 17th in Memorial Church, Harvard Yard; burial was private.

Arthur Hepner, a Nieman alumnus of the Class of 1946, has written the following account of the Memorial Service for Louis Lyons.

On Saturday, April 17, a *New York Times* editorial called him "not just a celebrator but a disturber of the press." Later that sunny spring afternoon a couple of hundred friends from the worlds of journalism and academia joined his family in Memorial Church in the Yard to pay final respects. But the only thing "final" about it was the nomenclature, for the respect of countless numbers will continue for Louis Lyons as long as there is a profession known as journalism.

Louis found rest the previous week on Easter Sunday after a valiant struggle against cancer. He was 84 but to the very end he maintained a youthful sense of curiosity, skepticism, and scruples that had endeared him to generations of journalists here and abroad. Nieman's of the years in which he served as Curator held a special place in their hearts for Louis. Later classes got to know him as a legend while continuing to enjoy his frequent participation in Nieman events; many never terminated their association with him nor lost their affection for him.

He represented more good things than should be permitted to any one man, among them the founding of these *Reports*. Newspaperman, broadcast commentator, conscience as well as disturber of the press, champion of integrity in journalism and public affairs, he was nonetheless a quiet man of Yankee honesty and wit, greatly loved by family and friends.

Adapted from articles in The Los Angeles Times, The Washington Post, The Boston Globe, April 12; The New York Times, April 13.

That he was honored on many different occasions by many institutions for many different achievements was as it should have been. What summed up much of the record were the three sets of remarks delivered at the Memorial Service by three friends, two of whom had been Niemans during the years of his administration, and the third, a fellow trustee of the University of Massachusetts.

Bill Pinkerton, who eventually became Harvard's director of public information and helped Louis choose the fellows for many Nieman classes, said that Louis "cared a lot about words. He knew that, like plants in a forest living comfortably together, words can be endangered by wily or unthinking men. He devoted his life, by example and by judicious editing, to the clear, clean words that carry the weight of what we value. He was strict in words spoken as well as words written down."

He also cared about people, Pinkerton said. "A good part of his day Louis spent listening to people: to Calvin Coolidge and a Vermont farmer, to youth from a remote town aspiring to a fellowship which no one he knew had ever sought, to editors and correspondents and professors talking about their jobs, to the Harvard undergraduate puzzled about 'breaking in' to journalism, to the thinker or doer trying to explain himself on radio or television, to unknown men and women in unseen rooms."

And as so many Niemans know, Louis listened. "Not with his ear alone," said Pinkerton, "but with a wondering mind and a spirit seeking to know who the speaker really was. . . . Those of us privileged to be his friends benefited in many ways from his tolerant listening and his casually spoken wisdom and the understanding that went into it. Louis cared deeply about the world in which men live and words are spoken, a world that men and words can improve or despoil."

His standards, said Pinkerton, were "grand and simple. I think they went something like this: the land should be cherished, the soil nourished as well as the crops; children should be fed; people should start equal in opportunity and challenge; government should serve the people and nurture the buds of our ideals; people must be free to ask and learn — and to speak their minds, and to write their honest thoughts."

Irrespective of subject, "everything Louis wrote and said rings clear," Pinkerton remarked. "When I look back at his pieces, I wish I might someday write so well. There is not the least speck of dust nor the least curl of age on his prose" which remains "fresh and clear and true."

Max Hall returned to Cambridge ten years after

his Fellowship to work until his retirement as an editor of Harvard University Press. In retirement he has been writing a history of that distinguished institution, and during his long residence in Cambridge he became one of Louis's closest friends.

"He liked to chop wood, and to see it burn in his fireplace," Max remembered. "He liked flowers and trees, and he found time to comment on their changes when he took the microphone to bring us the events of the world. As recently as last August, just before he reached 84, Bill Pinkerton and I fetched and carried for him as he performed a masterly feat of gardening on Cape Cod. In the last autumn of his life, he fell off a ladder while pruning an apple tree in Phillipston, Massachusetts."

Max noted that for several decades Louis "detested chickens, not chicken to eat, but chickens in the plural. This had its origins in his agricultural boyhood, especially when the family poultry farm in Norwell, Massachusetts, failed during one dreadfully cold winter."



From farm beginnings, Hall said, Louis Lyons went on to become one of his era's ablest reporters, then manager of the successful experiment to bring about "interaction between university and the working press." And were these accomplishments still not enough, he "pioneered in yet another way and became a prize-winning deliverer of news and

comment for a new institution called public broadcasting."

The many qualities that enabled Louis to do so much and to be honored joyously so many times, Max commented, "were curiosity, character, writing ability, and an instinct for getting to the heart of the matter. No one of these qualities would have done it. In combination they made him influential. He was the best interviewer I have ever known, and that, in a way, is indicative of what he stood for."

Hall called Louis's public broadcasting "anything but slick"; his editing of *Nieman Reports* "unfancy." Between its covers, the magazine carried evidence of Louis's lifelong belief that, as Anthony Lewis phrased it, a journalist should be "a skeptic with scruples."

Max recalled the day when Louis "accompanied by Totty, of course, walked into the Harvard University Press, lugging an old-fashioned grocery basket, containing not celery from his garden but the manuscript of his book, *Reporting the News*, 51 articles from *Nieman Reports* preceded by his fine account of the Nieman program, from which he had just retired.

"Can you imagine Louis writing anything dull, or making a dull after-dinner talk?" asked Hall, adding, "I cannot."

Hall said that perhaps most clearly in his assembly of memories he could see Louis on a blanket outside the curve of Harvard Stadium, "enjoying the sunshine, making us smile with remarks about this or that, looking forward to going into Section 29 and complaining about the Harvard team's incurring so many penalties, and asking Totty, 'Did you bring the ice?'"

Frederick Troy, a longtime friend and fellow trustee of their joint alma mater, the University of Massachusetts, added to the recollections. With Louis's wife Totty driving, the three made many trips in many seasons from Boston to Amherst with good and lively talk prevailing, as they traveled to and from trustee meetings. One glorious October day Troy urged Louis, on the way home for the evening's broadcast, to do again what he did so well: tell what it looked and felt like out in the Massachusetts countryside.

"At 6:30," said Troy, "I turned on Channel 2 and heard the familiar words, 'Well, here's the news.' Near the end of the broadcast came his crisp, economical, yet oddly and richly suggestive word-picture of the lovely autumn day, his New England version in prose of Keats's 'Ode to Autumn,' the season of mist and mellow fruitfulness.

"Louis was an ideal choice to be trustee of a public university," Troy continued, "for he knew the

life of the Commonwealth as few others did, in all its major dimensions — political, social, economic, cultural, educational; and he brought to his work as a trustee a steady and serious faith in the importance of first-rate public education for our young people and how that education might fill a basic need of the



Louis and Totty at work

Howard Sochurek, NF '60

Republic for the free play of the mind and an informed citizenry. He brought to it, too, the same tough-minded realism and belief in high standards of conduct and performance that he had shown so convincingly in his work as a newspaper reporter, commentator, and Curator of the Nieman Fellowships. He was vigorous enemy of all cant and humbug, and it was wonderfully refreshing to hear him raise his voice in protest against wrongdoing and shoddiness in high places."

When public higher education in Massachusetts was reorganized and the University Board of Trustees was disbanded, Louis urged Troy if appointed to the new Board "not to quit. He wrote, 'Don't let age deter you. Reagan's vitality at 70 goes a long way to offset his regressive policies and odd-ball cabinet choices. If I had to do it again, I would not have retired for age.' And, indeed," said Troy, "he never really did retire.

"That was his spirit: fight the good fight to the end. All of us who knew him well will not easily forget this splendidly gifted, courageous, totally committed, this good, this extraordinary man."

Louis was selected to be one of the nine Fellows composing the first Nieman class in the fall of 1938,

the year in which the program was launched under the administration of the late Archibald MacLeish. Louis was then on a second stint with *The Boston Globe* whose staff he had originally joined in 1919. Over the years he had become one of the *Globe's* greatest reporters. At the end of his Nieman year in the spring of 1939, Louis was given responsibility for the program itself, first as Acting Curator, then as full-time Curator — filling both posts in an inimitable manner for a quarter of a century.

As a newsman Louis witnessed many distinctive events. He was on the porch of that Plymouth, Vermont, farmhouse in the summer of 1923 when Calvin Coolidge was sworn in as President. He covered Charles A. Lindbergh's return after his historic transatlantic flight to Paris; the trial of Bruno Richard Hauptman who was convicted of kidnapping and killing Lindbergh's child; the inauguration of two American Presidents; the struggle of Vermonters against the Great Flood of 1927; and the burial of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

During World War II, he served the *Globe* as a War Correspondent in the European Theater. Very likely his most controversial assignment was a pre-war interview of Joseph P. Kennedy in 1940. Then U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Kennedy made such scathing remarks about the British and the Crown that either his interviewer had to retract them or Kennedy had to resign. Kennedy resigned.

The *Times'* editorial the day of the memorial service concluded: "Louis Lyons turned an insider's knowledge of journalism to public purpose. The magazine he founded, *Nieman Reports*, was an early and insistent ombudsman for a sometimes complacent calling. He won the respect of scholars and extended it to each year's class of journalists. . . . He brought honor to both worlds."

Totty, equally known to many classes of Nieman and to the world of Harvard, was inseparable from Louis for many years. The two had been married in 1950, a year and a half following the death of Louis's first wife, Margaret Wade Tolman, who had been well known to earlier Nieman classes.

In Totty's delightful, efficient way she made certain that research and necessary information were always at hand, in particular for the broadcasts. It was she who chose the ushers and speakers

for the memorial service and invited the Reverend Peter J. Gomes, Plummer Professor Christian Morals and Minister in the Memorial Church, to conduct it. The ushers were the following four Nieman Fellows: Thomas Griffith ('43), Anthony Lewis ('57), Robert J. Manning ('46), John L. Steele ('52), as well as Robert Baram, W. Davis Taylor, David McCord, William S. Busiek, Archibald Cox, David W. Bailey, Milton Katz, and William W. Pierce.

Following the service Totty and members of the Lyons family received their friends in the garden at Lippmann House. And there were those who truly believed that Louis was present, standing a corner of the garden, observing the occasion, chewing on his pipe, and wondering what the fuss was all about.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

Archibald MacLeish, poet, playwright, statesman, and man of letters, died on April 20th at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, where he had been a patient for the past month under treatment for an undisclosed illness. He was 89 years old and had lived in Conway, Massachusetts.

Always exploring the American Dream, his work was the subject of college study and often of national dispute many decades before his death.

But even if he had never written a line, the life of a winner of three Pulitzer Prizes would have been remarkable. He was a twentieth-century renaissance man. For in addition to his volumes of acclaimed verse, prose, and drama, Mr. MacLeish has been a lawyer, professor, statesman, Librarian of Congress, and Curator of the Nieman Fellowships for the first year of the program. More than any other American poet, he had spoken out on issues and championed civil rights and freedom of expression.

Mr. MacLeish was born on May 7, 1892, in Glencoe, Illinois. His father was Andrew MacLeish, a native Scot who came from Glasgow and worked his way up to become a partner in a prosperous Chicago department store. His mother, Martha (Hilliard), traced her ancestry to Elder William Brewster, a signer of the Mayflower Compact.

Mr. MacLeish prepared for Yale College at the Hotchkiss School. At Yale, he was on the varsity football and swimming teams and graduated Phi

Arthur W. Hepner, Nieman Fellow '46, has recently retired as Corporate Public Relations Director of Houghton Mifflin Company.

Beta Kappa in 1915. From there he went to Harvard Law School ("to avoid," he said, "going to school") where he became a member of the Law Review and received the Fay Diploma for evidence of the greatest legal promise.

After a stint of soldiering in World War I, he practiced law in Boston for a few years before moving with his wife, Ada, and their two children to Paris in 1923.

When he returned to the United States in 1928, it was only for a brief period. After a few months, he set off for Mexico, where by mule pack, he retraced the route of Cortés from San Juan de Uluá to Tenochtitlán. The long poem which resulted, "Conquistador," won him the first of three Pulitzer Prizes, as well as a wide audience.

In 1929, he began working for *Fortune* magazine and bought his 200-acre "Uphill Farm" in Conway, a small town in the Berkshire Hills of Western Massachusetts.

At the same time he was writing for *Fortune*, Mr. MacLeish was thinking out his attitudes toward the machine and the nature of poetry in a democratic society through articles in such magazines as *The Saturday Review of Literature*, *The Nation*, and *The New Republic*.

As a poet-activist in the mid-1930's, Mr. MacLeish served as chairman of the League of American Writers, a liberal anti-Fascist organization. In 1938 he became, for a year, the first Curator of what was then called the Nieman Collection of Contemporary Journalism at Harvard University.

Under Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the political activist became an officeholder when he received Presidential appointment to become Librarian of Congress in 1939. He went on to become assistant director of the Office of War Information, Assistant Secretary of State for Cultural Affairs, and, in 1946, a founder of UNESCO.

After his stint in government, he returned to Harvard in 1949 to serve as Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, a post he held until 1962.

His second Pulitzer Prize came in 1953 for his *Collected Poems, 1917-1952*. The book also won him the 1952 Bollingen Prize in Poetry for its "vigor, grace, and thoughtfulness" and the National Book Award for the "range and distinction of his poetic achievement over a period of 35 years and for the

courage with which he handled vital contemporary themes."

His third Pulitzer Prize was in drama, awarded in 1958 for his play "J.B." which took its inspiration from the Book of Job. It also won the 1958 Tony Award of the American Theatre Wing.



Archibald MacLeish

Christopher Morrow

But the honor that probably touched Mr. MacLeish the most came from the people of Conway, a somnolently pastoral town where he resided for more than 50 years. On his 80th birthday in 1972, Conway dedicated the annual Town Report to him in recognition of his "good works and countless kindnesses."

Declaring the tribute meant more to him than "ten Pulitzer Prizes," he turned the observance into a celebration of "one of the great, though rapidly vanishing, American phenomena: a small town which is happy to be a small town."

A tall, handsome, white-haired man with a lean and rugged face accented by a long, square jaw, Mr. MacLeish was an interesting combination of realist and visionary who, as a friend once remarked,

Adapted from articles in The Boston Globe, The New York Times, Time magazine, and private correspondence.

"refused to narrow his horizons or visions of the stars."

"Nothing matters as much as our passion for liberty, our belief in man, our love of humanity," MacLeish wrote in "Scratch" (1971). "For without them we will have no power and will lose ourselves."

Although he turned more and more to prose in his later years, Mr. MacLeish was certain of a bright future for poetry. Chatting with a reporter in the summer of 1968, he said with careful conviction:

"Far from being an extinguished form of decorative writing that is going out of use, poetry is going to become an increasingly vital part of contemporary life. I think you have to deal with the situation we're faced with by seizing on the glimpses and particles of life, seizing on them and holding them and trying to make a pattern of them."

Soon after his retirement from Harvard in 1962, the death of Robert Frost opened up the position he held for the last two decades of his life: he was unofficially — and never officiously — the American poet laureate, author of verses on the front page of *The New York Times* on the occasion of the 1969 moon landing, and a modest speaker at the dedication of Walter Lippmann House at Harvard as recently as 1979.

When Nieman Curator James Thomson wrote to Archibald MacLeish to invite him to be guest of honor at the final gathering of the 1978 Nieman Fellows, he responded with a handwritten note:

The kind of evening you describe is the kind of evening I like. . . . I have yet to see the Nieman year that didn't bear roses: at least one and sometimes many.

Faithfully, Archie

That May Ada and Archie attended the last Nieman dinner of the year; he answered questions from the Fellows and their spouses, and closed the evening by reading some of his poems.

Mr. MacLeish was among the distinguished guest speakers at the formal dedication of Walter Lippmann House on September 23, 1979.

In his address he said:

Harvard is not only for its own famous scholars, but for people like ourselves, askers of questions, journalists, even poets. For seekers of questions in such a time as ours, need universities which are free to answer, universities which know as journalists now have no choice but to know that the answers

change with us not from age to age, but from generation to generation, and in some cases, from year to year.

In 1981, on the occasion of Archie's birthday, the following telegram was sent to him:

With warmest wishes to you on this special day. Happy Birthday from all of us at the Nieman Foundation.

— Jim Thomson, Curator; Nieman Fellows and Spouses; Class of '81; Nieman Staff.

Two days later, another of Archie's familiar notes, hand-written on yellow lined paper, arrived in the mail:

What a heart-warming wire. Turning 89 is not a tap-dance.

You have to listen to the tune, not just the drums.

And your friends have to help you hear it.

Yours ever, Archie.

Mr. MacLeish leaves his wife, Ada Taylor (Hitchcock) who will be 90 in September; two sons, Kenneth and William MacLeish; a daughter, Mary Hillard Grimm of Kensington, Maryland; a sister, Isabel Campbell of Geneva, New York; nine grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Burial was private; a memorial service was held at Harvard, in Memorial Church, on May 26th.

Two members of the first Class of Nieman Fellows reflect on Archibald MacLeish.

Frank S. Hopkins:

The little band of Nieman Fellows who gathered at Harvard in September 1938, wondering what this new experiment in journalistic education was going to be like, was greeted by an unexpected piece of news. We were not just going to be turned loose to find our own way around the university community, it seemed, but would have a guide and mentor. His name was Archibald MacLeish.

We were intensely curious to see what he would be like. We had heard of him, of course, as a Pulitzer

Prize-winning poet. Louis Lyons, who was in that first Nieman group, from *The Boston Globe*, knew more about him than the rest of us, for Louis was often in Harvard Yard covering stories and kept in touch with the News Office in the basement of University Hall, at that period run by a predecessor of Bill Pinkerton named Arthur Wild.

Louis told us that Archie, as we soon learned to call him, was not only a poet, but also one of us — a journalist. He had been for several years on the staff of *Fortune* magazine — which, it was rumored, paid him the princely salary of \$15,000 a year to put together in final form some of the magnificent long essays which they published on national economic subjects. Since this was approximately six times what I was making in 1938 with the *Baltimore Sun*, I was overcome with awe. Such earning power was unimaginable.

The awe disappeared as soon as we became acquainted with MacLeish. He was handsome, charming, and highly distinguished in appearance and manner, but also completely friendly. He chatted with each of us in an informal and unassuming manner, telling us with characteristic modesty that he doubted that any of us needed much help from him, but that Harvard had employed him as a sort of liaison man. He planned to organize some social evenings which would enable us to become better acquainted with leading members of the University faculty. He also had in mind to bring to Harvard during the year some leading figures in the world of journalism, who would dine with us intimately and provide us with journalistic ideas and insights acquired in their careers.

It all sounded very attractive. I think Archie's function was more important to some of the others than it was to me, since I already had three years of university graduate work under my belt, one at Columbia and two at Johns Hopkins. I recall particularly Ed Lahey of the *Chicago Daily News*, who had never attended college and only had

acquired a high school diploma by going to night school. Ed was an absolutely superb newspaperman with a fine record as a specialist in labor reporting, but adjusting to Harvard was a special problem for him. He arrived a week before the rest of us and put himself at ease by wandering around Cambridge making friends with all the local police officials and fire station captains, none of whom had been accustomed to receiving this kind of attention from a Harvard man.

Ed latched on quickly to Archie MacLeish and soon the two were firm friends. What they had in common was a human touch. Archie had a true poet's instinct for what was basic and essential in people of every sort and condition, and this was exactly the way that Ed Lahey operated. Felix Frankfurter, then a Law School professor, was a great friend of Archie's, and when Archie called him by his first name, so did Ed. From then on the future Supreme Court Justice was Felix to several of us.

The Nieman dinners which Archie had promised were a great success. They were held in downtown Boston, far from the academic atmosphere of Cambridge. What puzzled me at the time was that Harvard seemed to be assuming that being newspapermen, we would not feel at ease with scholarly professors. If any one in our group did have this problem, Archie's weekly gatherings soon resolved it. A typical evening included a prominent editor or publisher as guest of honor and four or five Harvard professors. We had eight Nieman Fellows the first semester, nine when Irving Dilliard arrived from the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* in February.

Our guests of honor included such persons as Paul Y. Anderson, a respected Washington reporter on national affairs; Wallace R. Deuel, a leading foreign correspondent; Heywood Broun, the well-known New York columnist; Walter Lippmann, then at the peak of his distinguished career; John Gunther, already well-known for *Inside Europe* and other volumes in the *Inside* series; and Henry Luce, the publisher of *Time* and *Life*. Archie knew them all, and it was the magic of his own renown which helped to bring them to us. At each dinner we relaxed first over cocktails, then dined on fine food and went on to an after-dinner discussion over liqueurs and tobacco. Archie was a pipe-smoker, as I recall. He was a superbly gracious host, putting everyone at ease and keeping major national issues always in the forefront of discussion. Our evenings were a splendid mixture of geniality and sober analysis of social trends.

Just what role Archie played in helping our Nieman group with their curriculum studies I find

Frank Snowden Hopkins is vice president of the World Future Society, a Washington-based association for the study of alternative futures.

In 1969 Hopkins retired from his career in the State Department where he was director, Office of U.S. Programs and Services, Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs.

He is writing a book covering 150 years of family and personal history, and he lives in Bethesda, Maryland.

myself unable to say, since I was guilty of a fierce insistence on doing things my own way. It is likely that Archie helped several of the others, and I am sure that he was of particular assistance to Lahey, who really did need a liaison man to interpret for him some of the idiosyncrasies of academic life and some of the vocabulary used in lectures and seminars.

Let me now leap forward several decades and tell about my most recent meeting with Archibald MacLeish, which occurred in Washington five years ago. It taught me more about him than I ever had an opportunity to learn in our Nieman contacts at Harvard. The occasion was Archie's acceptance of an annual award given by Washington's Cosmos Club to an individual who had made distinguished contributions to some field of science, literature, or the arts. Three times a Pulitzer Prize winner, Archie was given the award for his lifetime creativity in poetry. (I was on the Awards Committee.)

In his acceptance speech Archie — now a mellow and distinguished octogenarian, showing his age but still very handsome and charming — told us how he came to devote his life to the writing of poetry.

In his youth Archie attended college at Yale, then went on to Harvard Law School. One of his classmates at both Yale and Harvard and a close lifelong friend was Dean Acheson, with whom he was to serve in Washington during World War II when both were Assistant Secretaries of State, Acheson for economic affairs and MacLeish for informational and cultural programs.

Graduating from Yale in 1915, Archie was at Law School when the United States entered the first World War. He enlisted in the Army as a private and rose to the rank of captain, serving in France in 1917 and 1918. He had already begun to write poetry, he told us, while in uniform, but on demobilization he did the conventional thing, returning to Harvard and obtaining his law degree in 1919. It was during his Law School years that he became friendly with Felix Frankfurter.

After Law School, Archie was accepted into Choate, Hall, and Stewart, a prestigious Boston law firm, where he worked several years and did extremely well, but was not happy. What he really wanted was to devote his life to creative writing, particularly the writing of poetry. His wife, the former Ada Hitchcock, whom he had married in 1916, was a musician and singer who fully shared his cultural enthusiasms. But both Archie's own parents and his in-laws expected him to make his career in the law, and with a family to support he felt

thoroughly trapped.

"One sharp, frosty night in February, I started home from my law office," he told us, "and the air was so clear and fresh and the stars so bright that I could not bear the thought of facing that fetid atmosphere in the subway. I just felt like walking, and it was such a beautiful night that I kept on walking, all the miles from Boston to Cambridge. And as I walked I agonized over the situation in which I found myself, wanting to express myself in literature and feeling compelled by circumstances to expend all my time and energy on a profession that I was now sure I hated.

"When I got home, I poured out my unhappiness and frustration to Ada, and we sat up almost all night talking. It seemed to us a dreadful thing to have to waste our lives and talents in the wrong profession. We reached a decision that night that I would resign my law position and that we would invest all our resources in a move to Paris, where we would live for several years, studying the poetry of all the world's great literatures."

The year, as well I can remember from Archie's speech (which I am quoting from memory), was 1925. I note from his sketch in *Who's Who* that his first book of poetry, *A Happy Marriage*, was published in 1924. It was perhaps that first publication which convinced him that he had a future in the writing of poetry.

Next morning, a bit red-eyed from loss of sleep, Archie said that he went to work a little late, determined to submit his resignation as soon as he could have a word with the senior partner. As he entered the building, someone grabbed him and told him he was wanted right away in the senior partner's office. Archie wondered if someone were reading his thoughts. As he entered the room, all the partners were gathered there and he was greeted with the announcement that at a meeting the evening before, he had been elected a full partner in the law firm!

Just what happened next, Archie did not tell us, but he persisted with his plan. He left the legal profession behind him and for the next several years he and Ada lived in Paris. Here he studied languages and read poetry, also producing from time to time volumes of verse, published in 1926, 1928, 1930, and 1932.

"You must not think that we were in Paris to escape America, or that we were in any real sense expatriates," Archie told us. "We weren't expatriates. It was just that Paris in the 1920's was the center of creativity in all the arts. We were surrounded with painters, sculptors, musicians, and

composers as well as with writers. Paris was where everything worthwhile was happening, and it was where we felt that we wanted and needed to be."

In 1928 Archie published *The Hamlet of A. MacLeish*, in 1930 *New Found Land*, in 1932 *Conquistador*. His first Pulitzer Prize was in 1932, his second in 1953, and his third in 1959. I have counted more than forty titles in his bibliography, in verse, drama, and prose. Once he started writing he never stopped, and the dates of his publications indicate that he must have been writing poetry all during the time he was working for the Nieman Foundation with our group.

It was a fine experience knowing Archie MacLeish at Harvard during our Nieman year. And it was splendid seeing him in Washington forty years later, still the same delightful man he always had been, thoughtful, sensitive, and warmly human. We who knew him were privileged to have been associated with this leading spirit of the American twentieth century. □

Irving Dilliard:

The many careers that made up the life of Archibald MacLeish disproved in effect one of the most secure of theorems, namely this: that the whole is the sum of its parts.

The parts in Archie MacLeish's ninety years made up a whole that was infinitely greater than their seeming total. How was this so?

It was because the historian in Archie made a greater teacher than the teacher would have been without the historian;

- Because his legal training made a more effective government official than he would have been had he not had his years in the law;

- Because the essayist produced a wiser Librarian of Congress, were not the head of that world-famous library and the essayist one and the same;

- Because the field artillery private who rose to be a captain in the First World War knew all the more the need for peace in the world, and so helped

Irving Dilliard, Princeton University professor emeritus, worked for more than 35 years at the St. Louis Post-Dispatch as a reporter, editorial writer, and editorial page editor. He is the author of four books, and the historian of the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa.

He makes his home in Collinsville, Illinois.

to found the United Nations Educational Scientific and Cultural Organization;

- Because the poet was in each and every Archie MacLeish so that all of them saw the world, and the things to do in it, as only a poet could;

- Because the boy who was born in the small Illinois town of Glencoe grew up to build monuments of achievement in a dozen and more fields that reached around the globe.

Thus the whole of Archibald MacLeish demonstrably was not just the sum of his parts. The whole MacLeish was the sum enlarged and expanded and deepened again and again — and then still again.

No group of Archie's many associates in his nine decades came to see and know this better than the first class of Nieman Fellows at Harvard. The nine of us who were fortunate enough in that inaugural year of 1938-39 to have Archie as our Curator — our guide and guardian truly — witnessed with our hearts as well as ears and eyes the operation of those interacting parts.

It all came flooding back to the five survivors on April 25, 1981. That was the evening when we sat with our wives at the Nieman Reunion banquet in Roscoe Pound Hall. But close as Archie was in spirit, it was not close enough. And so I took out a used envelope for scrap-paper (my always ready means for notes and messages — and conservation) and wrote out a greeting from us all to Archie at Conway. Then I passed it about the table for the signature of each.

The hurried but heart-felt lines read:

Dear Archie:

We want you to know that no one is missed more at the Nieman Reunion and Convocation than you your own very dear self.

Love and blessings on you from us all:

Class of 1939 — Irv Dilliard, Frank S. Hopkins, Osburn Zuber, Ed Paxton, Louis M. Lyons

P.S. Archie, five of the six (three have gone to their reward) living are here tonight and we lifted a glass to you and sent our cheers to Conway. Our best wishes always.

Actually, the five who were there that night were all the living members of the first class. For it was only afterward that we learned Hilary Herbert Lyons of Mobile (Alabama) had died almost a year earlier,

May 18, 1980. And now the sad, sorry loss of Louis Lyons reduces our number to four.

We placed our missive in the hands of Tenney Lehman to relay please to Archie on his Massachusetts hillside farm. Quickly there came to me at my home in Collinsville, Illinois, a marvelous letter of appreciation. On Archie's yellow-lined note paper with his name printed in red at the top and bearing the day of May 10, at Conway, 01341, it read:

Dear Irving:

What a marvelous burst of love and delight!
How *like* you! It made my day and I am still reading over and over that envelope full of some of my life's happiest memories. God bless you and the five of living six who lifted a glass with you.

We brought something new into the world that year and we did it together, feeling our way as we went.

My love to you all.

Archie

What we had sent to our much-admired mentor could not have moved him more than his message touched us. For it was copied and distributed to all and made a part of the archives at Walter Lippmann House.

To move to a succeeding Archie, let me relate something that occurred in connection with his appointment as Librarian of Congress by President Roosevelt in 1939. By then I was back on the editorial page staff of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

As soon as I learned of the appointment, I wrote an editorial heartily commending the choice and giving sound reasons for it. I felt sure that the head of the St. Louis Public Library would be anything but pleased, since he would favor only a professional librarian. I was positive he would ask me to oppose the nomination.

Soon came the telephone call. Truthfully I was able to tell him — and I knew him well and often supported St. Louis Library needs — that I had already written an editorial, that it was in type, and that it would probably appear the next day, commending F.D.R. on so distinguished a choice. Then I found out that the professional librarians had sought to advance one of their number to the Library of Congress post, and that was the reason for the phone call. The St. Louis librarian was sorely disappointed,

but grateful when I continued to back library causes in the community and the state.

Each of us has favorites among Archie's poems. I have them almost without number. High on my list, if not in first place, is one that appeared in *Act Five and Other Poems*, published in 1953. Under the title "Brave New World," it begins:

But you, Thomas Jefferson,
You could not lie so still,
You could not bear the weight of stone
On the quiet hill,

You could not keep your green grown peace
Nor hold your folded hand
If you could see your new world now,
Your new sweet land.

There was a time, Tom Jefferson,
When freedom made free men.
The new found earth and the new freed mind
Were brothers then.

There was a time when tyrants feared
The new world of the free.
Now freedom is afraid and shrieks
At tyranny.

Words have not changed their sense so soon
Nor tyranny grown new.
The truths you held, Tom Jefferson,
Will still hold true.

The poem then says that small men now are afraid to use the freedom Jefferson's countrymen hurled like a brand. That "they have made the freedom that was a thing to use into a thing to save. And staked it in and fenced it round like a dead man's grave."

No, Tom Jefferson could not lie so still,
And neither will Archie MacLeish,
He will not hold his tongue
On his own green hill.
He speaks now and will speak
In years to come the truths
For all of us to hear and be again.

Yes, Archie, America *was* promises
And it *is* promises still.
We must make them live
For you and Tom Jefferson — and ourselves —
By what we do each day!

Books

An Anecdotal Best

Asking for Trouble: Autobiography of a Banned Journalist
Donald Woods. Atheneum, New York, 1981, \$12.95

by AMEEN AKHALWAYA

It starts off like a spy thriller: the hero, disguised as a priest, packing his Beretta automatic, stealthily preparing to evade his ever-vigilant captors.

The prologue of *Asking For Trouble*, the autobiography of Donald Woods, shows that the banned and self-exiled South African of many talents has lost none of his journalistic flare for the dramatic. For Woods' life has been filled with controversy and drama, and he tells his story with a mixture of pain, humor, anger and compassion.

A Visiting Nieman Fellow in 1978, Woods has been tagged at various times — sometimes simultaneously — as a crusader for human rights and dignity; an egocentric opportunist; an agitator; a misguided activist; a champion of the downtrodden.

Certainly, Woods regards his life as a political education, admitting his white supremacist and segregationist views in early life and telling of the subsequent transformation to his present vigorous campaign against the apartheid system in South Africa.

The descendant of English and Irish settlers in South Africa, Donald Woods nostalgically recalls his childhood among the Bomvanas on the beautiful Transkei Wild Coast, where his father was a trader. For years he was the only white child among the Bomvanas, his friends were all black; and until the age of five, Woods ex-

pressed himself better in the Xhosa language than in English.

Trained as a lawyer, Woods was drawn increasingly to politics and joined the *Daily Dispatch* newspaper in East London in the Eastern Cape.

But when a by-election was announced for a vacant parliamentary seat, he was wooed by two political parties (the Federal Party, which he supported, and the official white opposition, the United Party) to be their candidate. Woods opted for the Federal Party, and was soundly trounced.

His rise in the *Daily Dispatch* hierarchy was meteoric. His precociousness as a parliamentary correspondent led to scrapes with authority, but also enabled him to obtain good stories. In 1965, at the age of 31, Donald Woods was appointed editor of the *Daily Dispatch*.

His flamboyant editorial style in a conservative newspaper angered the government, and later, writing a syndicated column, he became an increasingly controversial figure on the national scene.

Given the South African government's paranoia over dissident journalists, Woods indeed was "asking for trouble." And when he embarked on a national campaign challenging the government after the death, while in police custody, of the young black consciousness leader Steve Biko, trouble was imminent.

In 1977, the government outlawed a score of black organizations and newspapers. Donald Woods was

banned, which meant he could no longer work as a journalist.

His escape from South Africa, dramatized in the world press, was scoffed at by both Afrikaans newspapers, and somewhat ironically, by some white liberal colleagues. Woods sets about clarifying the details of his escape and points out that the press accounts at the time were exaggerated.

It's a pity that the escape is the cut-off point of his book, for it would be interesting to see how Woods would deal with the criticisms levelled at him by his white colleagues and indeed, by black journalists, who attacked him for his 1978 book on Steve Biko. (Perhaps, that will be dealt with in the inevitable next Woods book.)

There are one or two jarring flaws in the book, particularly the misspelling of the name of Laurence Gandar, perhaps South Africa's most courageous visionary editor. Woods, while conceding that most "Asian" and "coloured" people regard themselves as black, nevertheless lapses into the all-too-familiar white liberal mold of describing them — against their wishes — as "black, coloured and Indian."

When Woods, while still editor of the *Dispatch*, went abroad on behalf of the nonracial South African Chess Federation to campaign against a Soviet-backed move for its expulsion from the world body, his trip was sponsored anonymously by a South African Cabinet minister with the complicity of the country's dreaded security chief, Hendrik van den Bergh.

While Woods had made it clear that he would — and indeed did — dissociate the Chess Federation from apartheid, his acceptance of that sponsorship was perhaps naive. Al-

though he must be complimented for now revealing that episode, had it been known at the time, it would have done enormous damage to the cause of the few white South Africans who genuinely believe in nonracial sport and a nonracial society.

That question is now academic, since Woods has finally accepted that South African sport must be totally isolated, and has used the issue as one of his major platforms in exile.

It is a pity that because of Woods' banning, South African newspaper people will not be able to read his book. He gives some fascinating insights into the politics behind the scenes in his newspaper, how the tiny *Daily Dispatch* bravely tried to take over the giant but ailing South African Associated Newspapers group.

Asking For Trouble is Donald Woods at his anecdotal best. It will doubtlessly infuriate opponents of "activist" journalism and delight those who recognize his role in the anti-apartheid campaign. It is a book of significance both for journalists and for those interested in South Africa.

But anyone seeking to unravel the complex image of Woods will not find the answer in *Asking For Trouble*. If anything, the ironies and paradoxes in his book further reinforce the complexities — and no South African is free of them. □

Ameen Akhalwaya, Nieman Fellow '82, is a political reporter with the Rand Daily Mail, Johannesburg, South Africa.

The Age of Instant Political Messages

Press, Party, and Presidency

Richard L. Rubin. W. W. Norton & Company, New York, 1982, \$18.95

by WAYNE WOODLIEF

The American presidency is in danger of becoming a one-term institution, unable to do anything more than tinker with monumental problems before its occupant is booted out of office and a new cycle of frustration for his successor begins.

That's the problem, ably identified and documented, in Richard Rubin's *Press, Party, and Presidency*. But the solution, even for the usually clear-thinking Mr. Rubin, remains elusive.

The press (especially the electronic variety) in its lust for the action and excitement of popular-vote primaries, has dramatically weakened the traditional links between the party leaders

and the people those parties choose for president, Rubin continues.

In an age of instant political messages, delivered to voters with astonishing "intensity and velocity" by newspapers, radio, and television, a media expert like Bob Squier becomes far more influential than a political chieftain like Bob Strauss.

"Taking it to the people" in primaries (a political growth industry: fifteen states held them in 1968, thirty-five states in 1980) has become most candidates' goo-goo byword.

That really means taking it to the people via the media, a practice which encourages candidates to build personal political organizations, raise millions of dollars for commercials

and other image manipulations, and generally bypass the party structure.

In turn, the party as an institution often abandons the successful candidate who skirted the party — after he is in office. If you think Rubin is wrong about that, ask Jimmy Carter.

The intense press scrutiny of presidents — spawned by the presidential deceptions of Vietnam and Watergate — also produces increasingly inevitable plunges in their public popularity, Rubin concludes.

The focus on presidential blunders, big and small, encourages "intra-party challengers," and subsequent general election defeats (Ford in '76, Carter in '80).

"It is not by chance," Rubin reports, "that in each of the last five campaigns the presidential nominee of the party with the most divisive nomination competition has lost the general election."

The institutions of the press also "magnify" temporary shifts in economic and social trends enough to scare media-wary congressmen into imposing short-run solutions to long-run problems, such as energy and the economy.

And that pattern, Rubin contends, "restricts [a president's] ability to develop long-term solutions . . . by limiting the time he has to educate the electorate before he is dispatched."

If all this — waxing news media, waning political parties, weakened presidents — makes for a system pocked with instability, clearly something ought to be done.

Rubin has a suggestion. But he dashes it off in three pages, an ill-conceived afterthought to a cogent presentation. His solution is to renew the electoral bonds between president and Congress by automatically making all U.S. Senators and Congressmen delegates to their parties' national conventions, and giving them "20 to 25 percent" of the delegate votes.

That's far too much presidential nominating power, in our diverse society, for a fundamentally white,

male institution. (The 435-member House has 19 women and 18 blacks; the 100-member Senate has only one woman and no blacks.)

Members of Congress are also so eager to please their local press that the media influence Rubin would change is not much diminished.

Rubin fails to address what changes the press itself might seek, in order to correct this drift toward a one-term presidency — not by constitutional mandate, but by dynamics and definitions of “news.”

If “action and controversy,” as Rubin suggests, have become journalists’ main guides for covering campaigns, we should re-examine our criteria.

We who cover political campaigns — and our editors — ought to focus far more sharply on the programs and philosophies of the “peaceful party” in a presidential campaign — instead of overemphasizing the fights of the one at war.

The stories wouldn’t be so juicy. But they probably would give better early warning to our readers about what the less politically controversial party has in store for them.

We also should scrutinize the positive things our presidents do, even as we reveal their warts. Could not Bill Moyers find a dramatic human-interest story in a middle-class family, helped by tax cuts and lowered inflation, to show the recession isn’t the only story on our economy?

Must misery and dispute be our major emphasis in political coverage? I don’t think so, unless we want to perpetuate the present campaign-White House coverage cycle of building them up, tearing them down, and throwing them out. □

Wayne Woodlief, Nieman Fellow '66, and a reporter with the Boston Herald-American, covered the 1976 and 1980 presidential campaigns.

Finding Poetry in Poverty

Harlem Document — Photographs 1932-1940

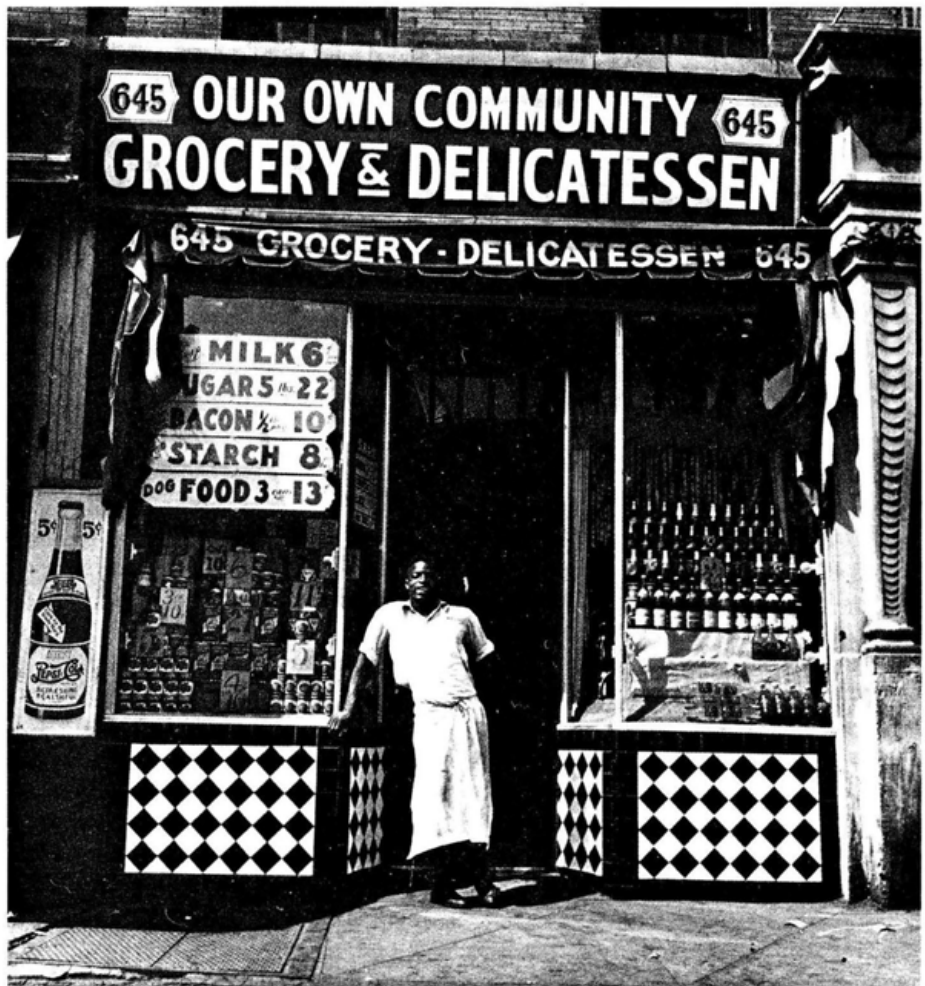
Aaron Siskind. A Matrix Publication, Providence, Rhode Island, 1981, \$12.95

by GERALD JORDAN

Aaron Siskind’s photographs of Depression-era Harlem show the indomitable spirit of black America. Siskind focused his camera on children whose carefree years were curtailed by nearly a decade of harsh times. He captured, on film, glimpses of Harlem’s sporting life; idle hours passed by the good-timers whose fun was not spoiled by the Depression. Siskind

went inside the storefront churches and into the meeting halls where worshippers and labor union members gathered. He recorded hope. He made a study of despair. He showed survival in Harlem, a part of America where already-entrenched hard times greeted the nation’s Depression.

The photographs, taken from 1932 through 1940, came from the Feature Group, a project formed by photographers in 1936 at New York’s Photo



Aaron Siskind

League in an endeavor to publish three years' worth of pictures showing life in Harlem. The work was never published and a second attempt, launched in 1940, was sidetracked by the onset of World War II.

Harlem Document, with Siskind's pictures and some wonderful anecdotes from that era, is now available in a paperback edition. The text, taken from the New Deal Federal Writers' Project, includes some candid and personable comments in Ralph Ellison's interviews with a Pullman porter, a jazz drummer, a street-corner orator, a prostitute, a fishmonger, a conjure (akin to voodoo) man, an exotic dancer, and a hard-luck tenant who found success in conducting rent parties.

Ann Banks collected and edited the text for *Harlem Document*. She also edited *First Person America*, an anthology of interviews from the Writers' Project. [For review, see *NR*, Spring 1981.]

The text and photographs are complementary. When you look at the pictures you are swept back to an era when soda pop cost a nickel and Harlem storefronts weren't girded by layers of sheet metal and chainlink fencing. The people Siskind saw had an air of dignity about them, a characteristic he was able to highlight in some fine portraits.

He found wonderment in the eyes of boys who turned a stack of empty produce crates into a streamlined train. He snapped the swashbuckling adventure of youths sword-fighting their way across a lumberyard plank. He recorded the proud shopkeepers whose businesses withstood hard times. And he documented the decay of Harlem tenement housing.

The adults Siskind photographed sometimes appear to be suspicious of his presence in Harlem (he's white) and registered their concern by peering straight into the camera on shots surely intended to be unposed. The children seemed kinder to the photographer and less by his probing lens.

Ellison's interviews spoke of the

times. Jim Barber, jazz drummer:

"Another one comes up to me — another one a those beer-drinking bums — and says: 'I want to go up to your house sometime.'"

"I said: 'Fo what! Now you tell me fo what!' I said: 'What in the world do you want to come up to my place for? You ain't got nothin and I sho ain't got nothin. What's a poor colored cat and a poor white cat gonna do together? You ain't got nothin cause you too dumb to get it. And I ain't got nothins cause I'm black. I guess you got your little ol skin, that's the reason? I'm supposed to feel good cause you walk in my house and sit in my chairs? Hell, that skin ain't no more good to you than mine is to me. You cain't marry one a DuPont's daughters, and I know dam

well I cain't. So what the hell you gon do to my place?'"

Siskind's portraits of the people in Harlem, his genre scenes, his depictions of a bittersweet existence, all serve as a living record. *Harlem Document* captures an array of emotions shown by the subjects and conveys that drama to viewers. Each re-examination of the photos, each closer look stirs deeper feelings. *Harlem Document* is a classy study of characters and the interviews by Ellison enhance the reader's imagination.

Gerald Jordan, *Nieman Fellow '82*, is radio and television critic for the Kansas City Star in Missouri.

An Elegiac Meditation

A Fearful Innocence

Frances Davis. Kent State University Press, 1981, \$14.95

by DANIEL BELL

An elegaic chord haunted the European imagination in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a theme expressed in the title of the paintings by Guercino, Poussin, and Sir Joshua Reynolds among others: *Et in Arcadia ego* — I, too, was once in Arcadia. The pictures conjure up, as Erwin Panofsky has written, "the retrospective vision of an unsurpassable happiness, enjoyed in the past, unattainable ever after, yet enduringly alive in the memory."

This, too, is the loving vision of Frances Davis' memoir, *A Fearful Innocence* — the phrase is from Wordsworth, a lament for the "good old cause" that is gone. Her Arcadia is The Farm, a commune between Haverhill and Newburyport started in 1909 by Ralph Albertson, a leading

figure in the Christian Socialist movement, and which attracted for various periods Walter Lippmann, Kenneth MacGowan, Robert Edmond Jones, and other young "Harvard socialists" who later become luminaries in American life and culture.

The Farm was to be one more "communitorium" experiment in American life, like Brook Farm in West Roxbury (of which Nathaniel Hawthorne had been a member) or Bronson Alcott's Fruitlands in Concord, an exercise in plain living and high thinking; but with a difference.

Albertson, a Congregationalist minister from Ohio, had been a founder in 1896 of the Christian Commonwealth (near Columbus, Georgia), a colony, as James Dombrowski puts it in *The Early Days of Christian Socialism in America* "unique in the history of American Communities."

The intention of the colony was to embody the teachings of Jesus in all matters of life, labor, and property. No one was to be turned away, be he tramp or college professor. The evils of capitalism were competition and selfishness. Here the Law of Love was to apply to all social relationships. Share one, share all.

In the four years of its existence, the colony enlisted between 300 and 400 persons. Its magazine, *The Social Gospel*, attracted the interest of radicals and religious reformers around the world. Jane Addams visited the colony. Luther Burbank sent flowers and fruits from California. Tolstoy at one time thought of sending the Doukhobors there. All were attracted by the vision of Albertson, who preached a reverberating synthesis of Marx and St. Francis.

But St. Francis was defeated by avarice and cupidity. As one of the sons of the founders wrote: "...the colony was plagued by a lot of lazy and thoroughly worthless individuals [who] could not be made to work and the leaders of the enterprise were too sincerely Christian to expel them." After "the tramps" made a grab for the colony property, the enterprise went bankrupt.

It is the fascinating figure of Albertson, "Rory" to her, who is the lodestar of Frances Davis' memoir. Albertson had come to Boston, where, backed by E. A. Filene (at one time he was the personnel manager of the department store), he edited successively *The Boston Common*, *The Twentieth Century Magazine*, and the *Cooperator*, and was the center of the anti-war, anti-imperialist, anti-child-labor and you-name-it protest movements of the day. The Farm was to be a retreat for him, but a full-time life for his wife Hazel, their family, and all who wanted to come and work there, but the Farm would be owned by Rory. And they came: "The daughters of Boston social and financial establishment," the young Harvard socialists, and a variety of visitors, such as Lincoln Steffens or, on one occasion, Maxim

Gorky. They came to churn the butter, shell the peas, weed the cabbage patch, bring in the hay, talk through the night, and live out the pastoral romance of the simple and natural weekend life.

The author grew up in these surroundings. Her father, Philip Davis, a Russian Jewish immigrant, was a social worker and lawyer who spent his time selflessly working with the poor but who decided when his daughter was born, that raising her in the slum would be too much of a sacrifice; so Frances was placed on



the Farm as a boarder — a regular member of the large extended family. Her parents spent weekends there.

As in all Edens, there is a "fall." Rory had become entangled with a wealthy "Madame X," gave her a baby and moved into her house on Beacon Hill. He turned into a proper Boston merchant executive, a member of the City Club and the Chamber of Commerce, and less of a religious radical than a civic reformer. The Farm itself became more and more of an irritant to him.

Memories turn, and Hazel in her white bloomers (The Farm a minor Bloomsbury, Hazel a Molly Bloom) takes the center stage, an earth mother who attracts with her vitality and radiance the continuing flow of Harvard young men eager for the weekend idylls. But Hazel is not complex enough as an individual, even for Davis' novelistic talents, and gradually the central character of the memoir becomes, understandably, Davis herself.

Half the book is taken up with her years as a journalist, the trying years in Spain in the late 1930's where, under the watchful eye of Edgar Ansel Mowrer, she reported the war behind the Franco lines, a set of vivid sketches of the trial and fire of reporting the facts under the suspi-

cious eyes of the censor, and with the harrowing story of the blood poisoning that ravaged her body and left her an invalid. The last section of the book, a return to the Farm, is the story of the healing through the quiet love of her husband "Adam," a figure sketched with great delicacy and love.

Frances Davis is the wife of I. Bernard Cohen, the Harvard historian of science and the Adam of the book. It is not only her story but, as she means it to be, the story of a generation, one that began in idealism and sought, not always successfully, to maintain that idealism in a world gone sour. In his foreword, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. makes a suggestive analogy between the Farm and Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance," and brilliantly explores the inherent tendency to evil in romantic idealism. But the Farm was never a real communitarian experiment, certainly not an evil, at worst a folly that deserves some praise.

Davis has written an absorbing and poignant book. Its strength is at times its weakness, for in writing an elegaic meditation she flinches from some of the more difficult truths, such as the duplex character of Rory Albertson and the reasons for the non-political and even anti-intellectual choices of the next generation of Farm children. Yet these are minor lapses against the riches of character and detail.

For me, the "truth" of the book is summed up in a marvelous story she tells about her mother, Polly, a union activist whose own memories were most vivid of her girlhood in Russia and the existence of a river, the Nevyasa, where Lithuanians and Greeks mingled strangely in her recollections. One day Frances and her husband brought to the house a noted Russian historian who, when asked later whether such a river actually existed, answered: "In childhood it exists, but in Russia never." That is the story of all our innocences.

An appreciative addendum. The book is beautifully produced. In a

time of sleazy book production, this is a handsome volume, with different colophons marking off chapters and sections, photographs integrated with text, and a useful biographical index. Years ago such aspects of a book would require no notice, today an appreciation has to be voiced. □

Daniel Bell is Henry Ford II Professor of Social Sciences at Harvard University.

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Dealing With The Media

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deep-background, reporting the details but giving no hint of their origin.

I found these tiered levels of decreasing responsibility offensive, believing that if something is important enough to be said, it is important enough for someone to say it publicly and take the responsibility for saying it. I must acknowledge, though, that my staff, particularly Terry Adamson, my special assistant and the department's chief spokesman, used all the guidelines of attribution in talking with the press. Adamson contended there were many times he needed to convey facts but that he couldn't do so if they were to be quoted as the official comments of an aide to the attorney general or those of the chief spokesman for the department. I can understand his argument, but I cannot be comfortable with it. When a government official backs away from standing behind what he tells the press, he injects deceit into his relationship with the public that he is supposed to serve.

Admitting mistakes seems so fundamental, especially when you want to convince people of your honesty, that it should not have to be men-

tioned. But it is apparently something extraordinary in the nation's capital. One of my initial ideas for reorganization was to merge the Drug Enforcement Administration into the FBI, a proposal that caused a stir, especially at DEA headquarters. When we sent a team of FBI experts to study the DEA, their report made clear that the merger would be a mistake. Reporters soon were asking what had happened. I told them it was one of those ideas that sounded good when you first heard it but that further study showed would be impractical. Not all notions for reorganization are good ones, I added, and it's better to consider a whole host of proposals than only advance those you are certain will work out. I gave this explanation several times, and each time reporters reacted as if the emperor were confessing that he had no clothes.

Another example of how unaccustomed the Washington press corps is to confession of error took place at the White House when I announced the President had selected Judge William H. Webster to be FBI director. Implicit in the announcement was the fact that we were not appointing any of the candidates proposed by the prestigious committee we had created to prepare a list of the best-qualified persons. Naturally, when I was making the announcement, a reporter asked about the committee:

Q: Does that mean that the previous system the President instituted is out the window?
(Laughter)

Attorney General Bell: I will have to say that, number one, the President didn't institute it. I will have to take the blame for that. That was one of my brainstorms.
(Laughter)

Q: He bought it though.

Attorney General Bell: He sometimes has too much confidence in his attorney general. (Laughter)

I have seen some sign of that lately. (Laughter) . . . It looked like a good thing to do at the time.

My friend Reg Murphy [NF '61], now publisher of the *Baltimore Sun*, has a sign behind his desk advising those who would take on the press that it is never wise to do battle with anyone who buys ink by the barrel. But there are times, particularly for the public official, when an erroneous account is so damaging that it must be challenged, and vigorously. For me, *The New York Times* published such a story on December 2, 1977, when its Pulitzer Prize-winning correspondent, Seymour M. Hersh, wrote in a front-page piece that I had delayed a "planned appointment" of a U.S. attorney in Pittsburgh "under pressure from investigators" in the Justice Department. The implication was that I had been about to appoint a man of questionable honesty. Hersh wrote that sources he identified only as "officials of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Justice Department" had charged that we "had improperly delayed a full-scale investigation" into payments from the candidate for U.S. Attorney, George E. Schumacher, to Representative Joseph M. Gaydos of Pennsylvania. There were many things in that story that were wrong, including several statements in the first paragraph. First, I was under no pressure. Second, the appointment was not planned but only under consideration. Third, our investigation of whether there had been payments and, if so, whether there was anything improper about them, had been proceeding for several weeks. Hersh had interviewed me and Associate Attorney General Michael J. Egan the previous day and reported correctly that both of us denied the accusations.

I called a press conference within hours after reading the story and denounced the article as "scurrilous, irresponsible and completely out of keeping with anything I thought *The New York Times* stood for." Hersh

had reported that "one well-informed government official" told him that everyone in the investigation "is scared." That was too much for me. If there is anything the Justice Department and its investigative arm, the FBI, can do without, it is frightened investigators. I told the press conference I was sending the head of the Justice Department's Office of Professional Responsibility, the department's internal watchdog, Michael E. Shaheen, Jr., "to find out just what the trouble is there." Shaheen, whose reputation for independence later gained national attention through critical reports he issued concerning my successor, Ben Civiletti, and the President's brother, Billy Carter, had already demonstrated that he would report the facts as he found them, no matter how uncomfortable for anyone.

Shaheen's investigation unearthed FBI agents who readily acknowledged talking to Hersh but who insisted they had not told him they felt pressured. In the end, I decided not to recommend the nomination of Schumacher to the President — but not for any reasons Hersh had mentioned. Later, after I left office, Hersh told Terry Adamson that my reaction to the story had surprised him and that upon further investigation he had satisfied himself that I was telling the truth.

That departure from accurate reporting occurred because one of the nation's leading newspapers let its hunger for "investigative" journalism, a field in which it trailed during the Watergate era, overpower its good judgment. U.S. attorneys' posts are sought-after jobs, with rival factions supporting rival candidates. In the Schumacher case, I think *The New York Times* was used by one politically motivated side in the drive to obtain that appointment, which leads to the obvious conclusion that the reasons for providing a reporter with information should be a subject of that reporter's scrutiny before he runs the story.

Lack of restraint would be less of a

problem if the press practiced more self-criticism. Our First Amendment's freepress guarantee would not be harmed if the media began to hold itself accountable to the media. The increasing use of ombudsmen by newspapers to monitor their own performance is a step in the right direction. □

*To be concluded in Autumn 1982
Nieman Reports.*

Meeting the Barbed-Wire Frontier

continued from page 32

The third would be the deputy whose sole responsibility would be serving the public, whether this be as ombudsman, reader's representative, or whatever title seems desirable. These four people need to fit into the collegial harmony of shared mission.

Much of the current tension between reporters and editors would disappear with the kind of oversight editing I am advocating. The argument that most big papers have responsible editors for all these functions is hogwash. Yes, there are tiers of high-ranked editors; usually, they are competing bureaucrats. Many a younger journalist's progress is blocked because of the standard bureaucratic insensitivity; the end-result customarily is either a discontented staffer who leaves for greater opportunity, or a malcontent poisoning the newsroom climate. Where good people are involved, the economic loss in the (a) employment of a new person, (b) the necessary training and (c) bringing the new staffer to satisfactory levels is in the range of six to eight months' pay. The kind of deputy editor I am describing can override all manner of departmental myopia and the end-product can be a

staff with high morale along with an executive function that pays for itself many times over.

The role of the deputy serving the public is one that has demonstrated its value, yet remains widely ignored by most newspapers. There are only twenty-six ombudsmen in the United States and Canada, including one here on *The Advertiser*. Wherever they operate, the customary result is strongly heightened credibility for the news organizations.

This model is not some unproved theoretical brainstorm. I was directing editor for four newspapers over a 24-year span before reaching the point I am talking about. I won awards, drew applause from my peers, but was not actually truly effective until the day I became a boss editor without line responsibility — no flow of regular work, no stories to edit, no chits to sign. Work was carried on in a living-room atmosphere where there were conversations with associates and staffers, where ideas were brainstormed, research instituted on a score of things. Our managing editors emulated the pattern by choosing administrative aides for one-year terms of duty. It is hardly surprising that a number of these ex-aides are now first-quality editors in their own right. Out of this climate came the ombudsman concept and also one of the first major press-bar compacts covering both print and broadcast. Out of it flowed toughly independent, but responsible, award-winning journalism that served the highest principles of both a free and responsible press. Out of it also came technological advance, including the first major-city six-column newspaper, a boon to easier readership. If nothing else, that relatively short period probably justified my whole career in journalism. Not because of me. I was simply a catalyst. Yes, there were guidelines and rules. They came not by fiat, but through careful study, shared in by all, from beginning staffer to senior editors.

Any thoughtful editor of conscience

given freedom through the operation of this kind of executive staff, becomes not a bigger editor, but a far more rounded one who generates growth through his involvement in opening the windows to fresh, serious consideration of issues, both internal and public.

These are the kinds of news organizations that react thoughtfully to the findings of the eminent pollsters who tell us that there is a growing distrust of the press. George Gallup has said the credibility gap is the most serious in all his organization's years of research. Daniel Yankelovich goes further. He believes that we can expect in this decade moves to reword the protective shield of the First Amendment.

Those of us who ponder the rising disaffection of the citizens with its press believe that almost all of it is cumulative effect — the result of years of resistance by journalists. People object ever more strenuously to basic lack of accuracy, failure to check facts, misquoting individuals, invading privacy, letting reporters' opinions stand in news stories, passing along information with sources disguised, a notable lack of compassion, and as Tom Johnson emphasized, elevating press rights over all else in society. All true. All going on decade after decade. Little wonder that citizens feel used by this process and reflect bitterness over the press's role.

Yes, there is solid reason in many instances for protection of sources. People whose jobs may be at stake if they provide information, or whose personal security may be at risk, need the guarantee of confidentiality. Reporters and editors who grant the cover must be prepared to spend time in jail, if need be, to protect those kinds of sources. But to stretch this anonymity to every political figure who leaks stories to serve a personal purpose, or to prosecutors, sheriffs, and others who have axes to grind, is not only unprofessional, but immoral.

The record proves that when the ethical issues are approached on a

broad front, we fail every time. Perhaps a practical way is to choose a very few goals in response to the welter of current charges about journalistic malpractice. I am going to take the gamble of setting forth three such proposals:

- That no consent to source immunity — confidentiality — can be given without the direct grant of authority from the top editorial officer. That the same principle be communicated to the major wire services. Get enough influential editors to apply their combined muscle and there will come movement, despite the spoiled-rotten prima donna set of reporters in Washington. A new book, *The Washington Reporters*, by Stephen Hess, published by the Brookings Institution, gives ample evidence of their failures. Hess's conclusion is that "Washington news is produced without regard for how its operation affects the totality of information that reaches the public." He comes to a verdict many of us believe about most of journalism — that newspeople work mainly to impress other newspeople.

- That news organizations adopt a rule that editorial opinion cannot be part of a news account of anything. And that those columns set aside for opinion be clearly marked as such. If nothing else, let editors recognize that of all the things that erode credibility, it is the constant intrusion of opinion into reports displayed as "news." The two have their places. They do not mix. And...

- That there be a rule forbidding any instant response to a protest with the comment, "We stand by our story." Let the rule be: "We shall double-check." And if the editor is convinced the protest is without merit, any "We stand by our story" statement should include a reason so valid that every rational reader can trust the assertion.

You will note, I trust, that in each

of these proposals there is not the slightest suppression of anything. All these three points demand is consultation. They restore to editors what was once a proud duty — to decide the kinds of newspapers they wanted to publish. It makes the kind of journalism that makes the calling a pride, rather than a career devoted to the trivial, the surreptitious, the misleading and, too often, the fraudulent.

I come toward an end. But first let me share something with you. About forty-five years ago one of my mentors gave me a short creed and I've cherished it ever since. It is called "The Reformer."

The reformer is one who sets forth cheerfully toward sure defeat. His serene persistence against stone walls invites derision from those who have never been touched by his faith and do not know what fun it is. He never seems victorious, for if he were visibly winning, he would forthwith cease to be dubbed "reformer." It is his peculiar function to embrace a cause when it can win no other friends and when its obvious futility repels that practical and timorous type of citizen to whom the outward appearance of success is so dear. Yet, in time, the reformer's little movement becomes respectable and his little minority proves that it can grow and presently the statesman joins it and takes all the credit, cheerfully handed to him by the reformer as bribe for his support. And then comes the politician, grandly rushing to the banner of the victor. And all the crowd! The original reformer is lost in the shuffle, but he does not care. For as the great bandwagon which he started goes thundering past with trumpets, the crowd in the intoxication of triumph leans over to jeer at him — a cheerful crank, confidently mustering a little odd-lot of followers along the roadside and setting them marching, while

over their heads he lifts the curious banner of a new crusade.

Obviously, what I have is not at all a new crusade. Even so I can ask you to join this old one in the same spirit that motivates all honorable reformers. It asks that you recognize that the journalistic role is not one of satisfying individual desires. Journalism is only one of the several service institutions in society. I argue that it is the most important of the institutions because it feeds the minds of the total society. As individuals, we serve as the eyes and ears of the citizenry. Much ado is made of the pollution of air and water and land and of the food we eat. But what of pollution of the mind? Providing untainted information is the journalistic obligation. When that mental food is made impure by any act — inadvertent and thoughtless as well as by design — then the journalist has polluted the well.

In short, no other institution stands in the journalist's position in terms of scope of influence. The mad, headlong rush of badly organized news operations distorts the entire process. Do you need reminding that history — including modern history — proves repeatedly that people can be induced to destroy not only the freedoms of others, but also their own, including freedom of speech?

Too many say it can't happen here. Give that another, deeper thought. Think on why the experts in the field of public opinion worry so deeply about the volatile, shifting beliefs in the American public. Grasping for that Superman cloak that says "First Amendment" every time some question is raised about what we do is pretentious and spurious grandstanding.

The First Amendment will be preserved — and with it the democracy we claim to serve honorably — when the vast majority of today's journalists intellectually grasp the vital importance of the tools they have in their control and become willing to use those tools with an ethical conscience constantly at work. □

Letters

NUCLEAR WEAPONS FREEZE

Tomorrow [March 9] many New Hampshire voters will have an opportunity to express their feelings on the desirability of a nuclear weapons freeze. This is, of course, but one tiny aspect of the whole issue of nuclear warfare.

The most clear explanation of the problem and a rational approach to it that I have read is the one by George F. Kennan in the current [Spring] *Nieman Reports*.

*William B. Rotch, Publisher
The Milford Cabinet and
Wilton Journal
Milford, New Hampshire*

WORDS AND PICTURES

I work with Central American refugees, and find both the pertinent article "The Press on El Salvador" by Mary Ellen Leary and especially the photography irresistible. ["Central American Portfolio" by David Woo, *NR* Winter 1981]

*Kenneth Mahler
Panama City, Panama*

PLUS!

I write to say that your Winter issue has lots of interesting stuff in it. I have particularly noted Phil Meyer on Videotex, Leary on El Salvador, and Stolberg on Fred Friendly's book. I haven't finished the issue yet, but I'm moved to say keep up the good work.

*Edward W. Barrett, Publisher
Columbia Journalism Review
New York, New York*



MINUS?

Allow me one small needle job on Christopher Bogan in the Winter 1981 issue (p. 36). When you pass 40, you make passage into your fifth (not fourth) decade.

On a more serious level, I'm always struck by the seeming eagerness of journalists to engage in misplaced self-criticism. Mary Ellen Leary approvingly quotes Frances Fitzgerald (*NR*, Winter 1981, p. 17) as follows: "Prior to the Vietnam War it rarely occurred to the press to question the government, especially on international questions."

Drawing from either the political left or right, no statement is easier to demolish. During the 1930's and 1940's, the Hearst press and McCormick's *Chicago Tribune* were fervently isolationist, and thus constantly lambasted Roosevelt's foreign policy. In the 1950's the liberal press was horrified by the bombastic John Foster Dulles — "brinkmanship," "agonizing reappraisal," and "massive retaliation" were among the Dullesian notions that send the likes of *The New York Times* into fits of anger. Or recall *Time*'s endless diatribes against Truman's alleged "loss of China." The list is virtually endless....

*Donald W. Klein
Department of Political Science
Tufts University
Medford, Massachusetts*

Fellowships at That Other Cambridge

MILLARD C. BROWNE

The Nieman's idea's time has finally come to that other Cambridge — the one in England.

For the first time in any major British university, a program of mid-career press fellowships, consciously modeled in large part on the Nieman idea in America, is being launched this fall at Wolfson College, one of the new and innovative graduate centers at the University of Cambridge. And thereby hangs a small tale.

It was a case where all the ingredients to make it work were present and needed only a tiny stir to set them in motion. I happened to be in a position to help give the first stir and was amazed at how quickly and effectively everyone else took it from there.

As a superannuated Nieman just retired from *The Buffalo Evening News*, I had come to Wolfson College as a sort of visiting scholar to compare the constraints on British-style press freedom with those in America.

This was in the fall of 1980, when a new Wolfson president, David G.T. Williams, chanced to arrive at the

college the same time I did. A widely respected legal scholar and a leading authority in the United Kingdom on the Official Secrets Act, Mr. Williams was very much tuned in on such issues as press freedom and especially on the role of journalism in countering the British establishment's penchant for excessive secrecy.

He was to prove the key figure in launching the press fellowships, but what first planted the idea was an all-day conference of press leaders in London early in October 1980. Sponsored by the British committee for the International Press Institute, the meeting was on "Editorial Training in the 1980's," and its moderator was the chairman of Britain's most recent Royal Commission on the Press, Lord O.R. McGregor.

Most of the meeting's emphasis was on skill-training as distinct from higher professional or university education. There were some comments by a French and an American professor about approaches to journalism education in those countries. And I chimed in, as a visitor, with a brief description of some of the mid-career opportunities — such as the Nieman, Michigan and Stanford programs — available in our top universities to expose experienced journalists to some of the exciting things going on at the frontiers of knowledge.

This must have hit a tender nerve with Lord McGregor, because he began his final summation by mildly deploring the skill-training emphasis of the day's sessions, and saying that

one of the great lacks the Royal Commission had noted was insufficient journalistic exposure to education at a senior level in the top British universities.

During the Royal Commission's mid-1970's inquiry into Britain's press problems, he said, one recurring theme of many witnesses' criticisms of current journalism had to do with the ignorance of journalists about the background of complex events. This, he said, was why the commission had urged the importance of providing real professional exposure to such issues. By way of lamenting the lack of similar programs in Britain, he then referred back to my description of some of the American fellowship programs.

The Royal Commission had developed a real concern, Lord McGregor continued, about the press' role as one of the fundamental institutions of a democratic society in a complex era. Since its job was to keep tabs on all sorts of concentrations of power — in government, industry, labor, the professions — he thought it crucially important that journalists have a status and a dignity in the pecking order of occupations that would help them serve this vital democratic function well.

Back at Wolfson College, I put all this into a memo for President Williams, described the Nieman program in more detail, and offered to write Harry Press at Stanford University and Graham Hovey at the University of Michigan about the fellowship programs they are running

Millard C. Browne, Nieman Fellow '43, has retired and lives in Menlo Park, California. He formerly was editorial page editor of the Buffalo (New York) Evening News, and has recently returned from a stint as Visiting Scholar at Wolfson College, Cambridge University, England.

sponsored by the National Endowment for the Humanities. A book on the Nieman program from the Cambridge library soon added more helpful details, as did the responses from Press and Hovey.

David Williams promptly shared all this with his vice president, William P. Kirkman — himself a veteran ex-London *Times* correspondent who had been working for years to establish better liaison between journalism and academia at Cambridge — and they put it well toward the top of a crowded agenda. By mid-January, they had their own ideas for a press fellowship plan developed enough to try them out at a small dinner meeting with a few leading journalists and others. And in early February 1981, their plan was ready for a more formal unveiling before the university's College Council.

A key ingredient in making the Wolfson climate so uniquely receptive to a press fellowship idea that had taken root nowhere else in British higher education was the nature of that particular college. Founded in 1965, the merest infant among all those tradition-encrusted sister colleges with 500-odd years of greater seniority, Wolfson had been charged by the University of Cambridge with undertaking some innovative graduate-level approaches that the older colleges knew the university should be getting into but didn't want to tackle themselves.

One of these, an initiative that Wolfson had pursued from its inception, was the fostering of contacts between the academic and non-academic worlds. Two examples were a Wolfson course for mid-level managers from industry, commerce, and the police, and a Cambridge course on development for civil servants from the Third World. So the Press Fellows should feel more at home at Wolfson than any other place in England.

President Williams introduced his plan to the College Council with this statement: "Encouraged by the success of press fellowship schemes at a

number of universities in the United States, we would hope to devise a scheme for enabling journalists to reside here (normally for three months) in order to examine issues in depth, to bring themselves up to date, to participate in the College and the University, and generally profit from a sabbatical period."

Wolfson has since obtained sufficient financing — primarily through the Commonwealth-oriented Nuffield Foundation — to get its program started. By last February it had selected its first class of six Press Fellows, three men and three women,

who will come, two at a time starting October 1, from New Zealand, Jamaica, Canada, Singapore, Ghana, and Australia.

The college is still working on financing arrangements to bring the plan closer to home, with other Press Fellows to be welcomed from within the United Kingdom itself, as well as some of the United States. For details about that part of the program, would-be applicants — or better yet, would-be angels — can write either to President Williams or Vice President Kirkman at Wolfson College, Cambridge CB3 9BB, England. □

News from One Francis Avenue

South African Journalist Honored

The Nieman Foundation's Louis M. Lyons Award for conscience and integrity in journalism was awarded March 18 to Joseph Thloloe, a 40-year-old black South African who has been banned from working as a journalist by the South African government.

At the time of his banning in January 1981, Thloloe's career as a labor reporter spanned 18 years. He has worked for *The World*, a Johannesburg newspaper banned in 1977; for *The Post*, also in Johannesburg, which was closed under threat of banning in 1980; and most recently for *The Sowetan*, which replaced *The Post*. The South African government has never said why Thloloe has been banned from journalism.

In 1976, South African Security Police detained Thloloe in prison for six months. From 1977 to 1978, he was again incarcerated and held in solitary confinement for 22 months. No reason has been given for either detainment.

Thloloe was a founder and first president of the Union of Black Journalists, an organization which was banned in 1977. Ameen Akhalwaya,

political reporter for the *Rand Daily Mail* and a Nieman Fellow in the Class of '82, and Thloloe are both executive members of the Media Workers Association.

Accepting the award for Thloloe, Akhalwaya said, "Joe Thloloe is a symbol of courageous and honest journalists who have refused to compromise their ideals and principles in the face of repressive governments in many parts of the world. In particular, he is the symbol of conscience and integrity in a country such as South Africa where the government has acted ruthlessly and systematically against black media workers."

Unable to practice journalism, Thloloe is now studying for his B.A. Under terms of his banning, he is barred from attending university classes, so his studies are done through the mail.

Thloloe, the first foreign national to receive the Lyons Award, was selected for the honor by the eleven American and five foreign journalists who are studying at Harvard University as Nieman Fellows for the academic year 1981-82. □

Nieman Notes

As we go to press, amid the usual flurry of papers stacked on the desk, and across the room a clock whose hands always seem to point to five, we pause to notice the glorious May day outside the window. It must be in the scheme of things, we think, that spring in New England has such a special appeal, with its warmth and sunshine enhanced by the past months of winter chill and snowfall.

The unlikely timing — within ten days of each other — of the deaths of the first two Nieman Curators has been like a cold climate inside Lippmann House, but the outpouring of affection and esteem from Niemans all over the world has been heartening and has softened the rigor of loss. Their letters, visits, and telephone calls will keep our memories of Archie and especially Louis strong and green.

— 1939 —

LOUIS M. LYONS, Nieman Curator for 25 years, died on Easter Sunday, April 11th, at Harvard's Stillman Infirmary after a long illness. See special section, page 33.

— 1942 —

HARRY S. ASHMORE is the author of *Hearts and Minds: The Anatomy of Racism from Roosevelt to Reagan* published by McGraw-Hill Book Company on May 17th, the anniversary of the day the Supreme Court handed down the Brown decision on school desegregation in 1954.

He writes, "When I go forth among the young, and even the middle-aged these days, I get the feeling that no one remembers there was a civil rights movement before Selma. And all too many... seem to assume that all our racial problems were taken care of shortly thereafter. So I have tried to set the record straight in a memoir."

— 1943 —

JOHN F. DAY, editor of the *Exmouth*

Journal in Devon, England, died on April 10th. See page 60.

— 1945 —

A.B. (Bud) GUTHRIE of Choteau, Montana, was honored in January when the governor of that state proclaimed "Guthrie Day." Bud was given a banquet at Great Falls, where he received an engraved silver medal and was given the Governor-Arts Council Award of Achievement.

He will have another book out in September, titled *Fair Land, Fair Land*.

HOUSTON WARING, editor emeritus of the *Littleton* (Colorado) *Independent*, was honored by Loretto Heights College at commencement on May 8th, when he was awarded a Doctor of Humane Letters degree.

— 1957 —

The Justice Department dropped plans to prosecute WILLIAM W. WORTHY, Jr., a free-lance journalist, for possession of purported copies of secret American documents stolen during the occupation of the U.S. embassy in Iran, according to a news item in *The Boston Globe*, March 13th.

The department turned over the 11 volumes of documents to the American Civil Liberties Union, which had sued for their return on behalf of reporter Worthy.

Sources said the decision to return the papers and end the criminal investigation was based on an unwillingness by government agencies to confirm the documents' authenticity.

The United States publicly maintains that the papers, seized by Iranian militants during the November 1979 takeover of the U.S. Embassy, contained little sensitive information. Privately, officials say the documents' release was a serious intelligence breach.

Iranian militants photocopied the papers and put them on sale in Tehran bookstores. Worthy purchased a set when he was in Tehran last October to shoot

film footage for the CBS television network. He and television technicians Randy Goodman and Terri Taylor are not CBS employees but their expenses were being paid by the network.

U.S. Customs agents seized the documents at Boston's Logan Airport when Worthy returned from Iran, and the Justice Department considered charging Worthy under the Theft of Government Property Act, according to Charles S. Sims, an ACLU lawyer representing Worthy.

— 1955 —

WILLIAM J. WOESTENDIEK resigned in March as executive editor of the *Arizona Daily Star* in Tucson.

— 1961 —

Newsweek has been named a winner, single-topic issue category, in the annual National Magazine Awards of the Society of Magazine Editors for "What Vietnam Did to Us," by PETER GOLDMAN. He was cited for "revealing and explaining a problem we've chosen to ignore: what's happened to the survivors of a war we lost and came to hate."

Goldman is a senior editor of *Newsweek*.

— 1962 —

JOHN HUGHES, since July 1981 associate director for programming of the International Communication Agency, was named by President Reagan in March as chief for the Voice of America. In his new post, Hughes will serve as VOA director and as the ICA's associate director for broadcasting.

He spent 25 years with the *Christian Science Monitor* as a foreign correspondent and editor, and won a Pulitzer Prize for coverage of the 1964 communist coup in Indonesia. He is the owner of several weekly newspapers on Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

John F. Day, 1913-1982

John F. Day ('43), chairman and editor of *The Exmouth and East Devon Journal*, Ltd., Devon, England, died April 10th after a long illness.

For the past 18 years Mr. Day had lived at Granary Lane, Budleigh Salterton, and had November last, while his illness was already very serious, suffered the loss of his wife Elizabeth.

John Franklin Day was born September 29, 1913 in Fleming County, Kentucky, U.S.A. After graduating from high school he entered the University of Kentucky, from where he graduated with a B.A. honors degree in Journalism.

It was while he was working for the *Lexington* (Kentucky) *Leader* and later for The Associated Press, that he wrote the book *Bloody Ground* (published in 1941 by Doubleday) that was recently republished, more than 40 years later. An economic and sociological study of the Appalachian Mountains Region and a stark description of life in the coalfields of Eastern Kentucky in the 1930's, the book is used in Kentucky University's course "Appalachian Studies." Much of the investigation and background for Day's book took place when he was an undergraduate. During vacations he taught in a one-room school in Appalachia. To reach the schoolhouse, he traveled by horseback on dirt roads.

Before his Nieman year, John Day had been a special writer with the *Lexington* (Kentucky) *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 in 1954 and eventually became news director and then vice president. In 1961 he took up an appointment with Time-Life Broadcasting at their London office, and that same year he married Elizabeth Andrews, a native of England. Three years later he bought shares in, and became editor of, *The Exmouth*

Journal and he and Elizabeth made their home in Budleigh Salterton.

"When I got off the merry-go-round in 1964," he wrote, "I was ready to settle down, and I couldn't have found a more friendly and pleasant place to do it."

He had won an award in 1960 for his reporting of the Bay of Pigs incident in Cuba, but the honor of which he was most proud came to him in April 1980, when his alma mater named him a member of the University of Kentucky's "Hall of Distinguished Alumni." He made a trip to America to receive three honors at the University — he was initiated into Phi Beta Kappa, he delivered the Joe Creason Memorial (journalism) Lecture, and he joined the Hall of Distinguished Alumni. [See *NR* Summer 1980.]

He said that for the most part this recognition seemed to have come from his work with CBS and with Time-Life. While he was in the first post, CBS won three Emmys. During his affiliation with Time-Life, he helped to establish a documentary film company in Cologne, Germany, and he and his wife worked together to set up the first television service in Karachi, Pakistan.

Mr. Day for a time served as president of the Newspaper Society's Southwest region. He was for three years a governor of Exmouth School, and a member of the East Devon Golf Club. He was formerly a member of the Exe Sailing Club, the Exmouth Players, and the Budleigh Salterton Drama Group.

He is survived by two married sisters, Mrs. Jane Day Lundergan of Louisville, Kentucky, and Mrs. Mollie Day Betts of Bradenton, Florida. Mrs. Lundergan and her husband flew from America, and arrived in England in time to see and speak with John Day before he died. He is buried in Exeter.

Adapted from The Exmouth and East Devon Journal, April 17, 1982.

— 1965 —

RONALD J. OSTROW, staff writer for *The Los Angeles Times* in their Washington bureau, is the author, with Griffin Bell, of *Taking Care of the Law*, scheduled for publication in July by William Morrow & Company, Inc. (See page 4.)

— 1966 —

The April issue of *The Atlantic Monthly* includes an article by ROBERT A. CARO, "The Years of Lyndon Johnson" which is drawn from the first volume of his biography of Johnson to be published by Knopf in the fall.

He is also the author of *The Power Broker: Robert Moses and the Fall of New York*, which won the 1975 Pulitzer Prize for biography.

— 1967 —

JAMES B. WHELAN, formerly vice president and editor of the *Sacramento* (California) *Union*, has accepted the post of publisher and editor of *The Washington* (D.C.) *Times*, a newspaper funded by News World Communications Inc. of New York and scheduled to begin publication in May as a five-day-a-week daily, Monday through Friday.

Whelan is a former Panax vice president and editorial writer. He has also served as UPI foreign correspondent; Latin America correspondent for Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance in Washington; managing editor of the *Miami News*, and part-owner, editor, and publisher of the Spanish-English *Hialeah* (Florida) *News*.

— 1970 —

LARRY L. KING is the author of *The Whorehouse Papers*, published earlier this year by the Viking Press. King, a writer and playwright, recounts his experience as a Broadway collaborator, including the production of his musical "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" which has run for several years on Broadway.

"The Best Little Statehouse in Texas" brought King further recognition in the form of an Emmy, shared with Philip Buton Jr., from the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences, given to CBS in the individual writers category at its annual presentation ceremony in New York in April.

— 1971 —

The Washingtonian has been named the winner in the reporting category of the annual National Magazine Awards presented by the Society of Magazine Editors for the article, "The Saving of the President" by JOHN PEKKANEN. In their citation, the judges said that he had produced "an absorbing story, meticulously reported and smoothly written, of the attempt to assassinate President Reagan. The author reveals how much closer the President came to death than the public realized at the time."

Pekkanen is a contributing editor of

The Washingtonian.

JEROME WATSON, reporter in the Washington bureau of the *Chicago Sun-Times*, was given a Distinguished Service Award for 1981 by Sigma Delta Chi at its annual meeting in Chicago, April 12th. Watson was winner in the Washington Correspondence category for a series of reports dealing with the Reagan administration.

— 1973 —

ROBERT WYRICK is one of two reporters from *Newsday* winning first prize (in the more than 100,000 circulation category) in the Edward J. Meeman Award for conservation reporting in 1981. Wyrick, in *Newsday's* Washington bureau, explored the environmental record of American industry abroad and found some double standards. The judges were impressed with the "fresh concept and the extent of the commitment" by both the reporter and the newspaper.

Stuart Diamond, reporter for the second award-winning series, wrote on the success and failures of the Shoreham nuclear power plant on Long Island.

— 1976 —

GUNTER HAAF, science writer with *Die Zeit* in Germany, writes: "My book, *Die neue Geschichte von Adam und Eva. Der Weg zum Menschen (The New Story of Adam and Eve. The Path to Humankind)* appeared on April 1st and was well received so far (several radio stations called for interviews). Here are the technical data: Praesentverlag Heinz Peter, Guetersloh, West Germany, 1982, 208 pages, large format, about 300 illustrations, most in full color, DM 42. (A special edition for the Bertelsmann Book Clubs of Germany, Austria, and Switzerland appeared at the same time; the book club price is DM 29.) The first printing for book store sales is 20,000; Bertelsmann does a hefty 400,000 for its 2.5 million members. The book is about human evolution, of course."

RON JAVERS in May was named editor of *Philadelphia Magazine*. He has been on the staff of that publication as articles editor since January 1980. Previously he was special projects writer at the *San Francisco Chronicle* and, in 1977, concluded three years as editorial page editor and associate editor of the *Phila-*

delphia Daily News.

Philadelphia Magazine has just been named a winner in the 1982 National Magazine Awards competition, in the category "Award for Service to the Individual."

— 1977 —

ZVI DOR-NER and PAUL SOLMAN have won an Emmy Award for their PBS program "The Colonel Comes to Japan" in the informational, cultural, and historical television category. "Colonel" is an episode in the *Enterprise* series.

BARBARA REYNOLDS, formerly in the Washington bureau of the *Chicago Tribune*, is now a columnist whose writing appears in the *Detroit Free Press*, the *Oakland Tribune*, and the *Akron Beacon Journal*. She also has a column in *Essence* magazine, and broadcasts over National Public Radio. She is continuing in her post as editor of *Dollars and Sense* magazine.

Her new address: 2778 Blocker Place, Falls Church, VA 22043.

— 1979 —

JOHN HUFF, assistant business editor of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, sends news of the birth of his daughter, Neely Stockton Huff, on July 8, 1981. He adds, "She's already walking and is trying to talk."

MICHAEL McDOWELL, reporter with the *Globe and Mail*, Toronto, visited Lippmann House in March when he came to Boston to participate in a two-day symposium on Northern Ireland at the John F. Kennedy Library. The topic for his panel discussion, "The United States and the Ulster Question: The Media and the Diplomacy," was addressed also by Professor William Shannon, former Ambassador to Ireland, currently at Boston University; and David Nyhan, staff writer with *The Boston Globe*.

McDowell is a former education correspondent for the *Belfast Telegraph* and a broadcaster for BBC.

PEGGY SIMPSON, Washington correspondent for the *Boston Herald American*, was one of the authors commissioned to write for *The Women's Annual: 1980 — The Year in Review*. Her assigned chapter was "Politics and Law."

The Women's Annual, the first in a

new series on women, was published in December 1981 by the Schlesinger Library, Radcliffe College. It is edited by Barbara Haber, author and Curator of Printed Books at the Schlesinger Library. The 1980 inaugural edition provides outstanding coverage and informed analysis of every facet of women's studies, from domestic life to the arts, politics to business.

FRANK VAN RIPER, a reporter in the Washington bureau of the *New York Daily News*, had a one-man show of his color photographs at the Colorfax Gallery, April 26 - May 28. He writes, "Besides taking lots of pictures and joining a gallery, I'm also teaching a class on Washington journalism to college kids from around the country who are here on a one-term sabbatical, working in congressional and media offices, and taking classes at night. One of my sessions was on photography...I quoted liberally from the 'Writing with Light' *Nieman Reports* (Summer 1980)."

DONALD WOODS is the author of *Asking for Trouble: The Autobiography of a Banned Journalist*. (See Books, page 48.)

In February Woods received a Christopher Award from Father John Catoir, director of the Christophers, at their annual awards presentation in New York City. Woods' book is one of seven 1981 publications honored by the Christophers. The award is given to works which "affirm the highest values of the human spirit, demonstrate artistic and technical excellence, and achieve a significant degree of public acceptance."

Woods now lives in London, England, with his family.

— 1980 —

STANLEY FORMAN, Pulitzer Prize-winning photographer with the *Boston Herald American*, is a first-place winner for spot news photography in the United Press International Newspapers of New England annual award for excellence in news and photo journalism.

He has also won third place in the spot news category of the Boston Press Photographers Association annual photo contest.

— 1981 —

CARLOS AGUILAR, former reporter

with KENS-TV, San Antonio, Texas, has joined CBS.

JAMES STEWART, a reporter with *The Atlanta Constitution* in Georgia, will travel to Japan in June to participate in a two-months' study program sponsored by the Southern Center for International Studies. His wife Jo will join him for a two weeks' sojourn.

NANCY WARNECKE, staff photographer with *The Tennessean* in Nashville, in April attended the Michigan Press Photographers Annual Seminar at Michigan State University in Lansing, where she gave an address and served as a judge for the Michigan Photographer of the Year Award. The other judges were J. Bruce Bauman of the *San Jose Mercury-News* and Bruce Bisping of the *Minneapolis Tribune*.

— 1982 —

RAM LOEVY, senior director with Israeli Television in Tel Aviv, in April received the Violin of David Award for "Indian in the Sun" as the best television drama in Israel for 1981.

The film tells a story of two Israeli soldiers — one of Indian origin and the other of European — who are heading for an Army prison. The struggle for power between them has some implications for stratification problems with Israeli Jewish society.

RANDOM NOTES

Two regional reunions of Nieman Fellows were held on the West Coast, when I traveled to California in March.

Thanks to the gracious hospitality of *The Los Angeles Times*, the first dinner gathering was held in their dining room. As it happened, our affair was in competition with the Academy Award festivities which meant that the dinner hour traffic was mammoth, and a severe rainstorm caused further paralysis. Above the crowd and the din of honking horns, we enjoyed the pleasures of good food and good company.

Lynn and ANTHONY DAY ('67) were host and hostess for the evening. Also present from *The Los Angeles Times* were: Lois and JACK BURBY ('60), Sally and DAVID DE JEAN ('78), and special guests Ulla Morris, Esme and Robert Gibson and Matthew Byrne, Jr. Others

included: TILLMAN DURDIN ('49), recently retired from *The New York Times*, now living in La Jolla; LARRY ALLISON ('69) of the *Long Beach Independent* and the *Press-Telegram*; Barbara and HARRY ASHMORE ('42) from Santa Barbara (see these pages elsewhere for notice of his newest book); NORMAN CHERNISS ('59) of the *Riverside Press-Enterprise*; the DAVID DREIMANS ('49).

During dinner we discovered that Mr. Durdin would be observing his 75th birthday on the morrow, so we all raised our glasses to the occasion.

Two nights later, the second such evening was held in San Francisco at Trader Vic's restaurant. Gertrude and BILL GERMAN ('50) of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and I greeted others from the *Chronicle*: Ellen Grzech and BILL GRANT ('80) and Verna Lee and KEN WILSON ('53). From the *San Francisco Examiner* we welcomed Reba and TOM DEARMORE ('60) and Judy and BILL HENSON ('78). Additional Niemans and spouses were: MARY ELLEN LEARY ('46) and Arthur Sherry. Mary Ellen writes for the Pacific News Service and *The Economist*. Jinx and JEFF MORGAN ('72) are freelance writers. PHIL HAGER ('68) is based in San Francisco for *The Los Angeles Times*; Maureen Garretson, the widow of FRED GARRETSON ('71); Susan and JOHN PAINTER ('77) from *The Oregonian*, they had flown in from Portland; Martha and HARRY PRESS ('56); he runs the Stanford program for journalism fellowships. Four couples are retired: Jane and MILLARD BROWNE ('43), Hazle and OSCAR BUTTEDAHL ('40), Betty and BOB DE ROOS ('49), and Betty Jean (BJ) and JOHN HULTENG ('50). Three of the spouses are lawyers: Susan Painter, Ellen Grzech and Arthur Sherry.

At both dinners, I brought news of Cambridge and answered questions about the program. The last time we had California reunions was in 1979, so it was a grand treat to be together again.

Another highlight of the trip was a visit to Stanford University's journalism program, the counterpart of the Nieman Fellowships at Harvard.

On a rainy afternoon in San Francisco I took the train to Palo Alto. Harry Press was waiting at the station; we hurried under his big black umbrella to the haven of his car. There was just time, he said, for a quick introduction to the campus before the start of the 4-to-6 seminar. We drove through the gateway, down a straight road lined with tall palm trees,

past the administrative buildings, and turned on to a side street to the journalism headquarters.

Inside the long one-story building, the room was already full of Fellows and — except for the summer garb and suntanned faces — I might have been in Cambridge. I felt completely at home as, with the requisite beer and cheese in hand, I settled down to listen to guest speaker ROBERT MAYNARD ('66), editor and publisher of *The Oakland Tribune*, and a longtime friend. After the close of his witty and substantive talk, one of the Stanford Fellows invited everyone to her apartment for an informal supper — another evening of fine food and companionship.

Later that dark night, driving back to the city in a howling rainstorm, I was reminded:

Wherever friendship's sun does shine
There is laughter and good red wine;
At least I have always found it so,
Benedicamus Domino.



MUSTAFA GÜRSEL ('81), based in London, England, for ABC News, telephoned us from Beirut in mid-April after he and three other Niemans discovered each other on assignment there. It was the first meeting for some. The cluster reporting from Lebanon included one of Mustafa's classmates, DAVID LAMB of *The Los Angeles Times*, DEAN BRELLIS ('58) of *Time*, and SHELBY SCATES ('63) of Seattle, columnist for Hearst Newspapers.

"We're waiting for apocalypse," Mustafa confided. "But for the moment, all is well."



Adweek magazine's "Special Newspaper Report" published in April abounds in Niemanry: it includes the Curator as well as twelve Nieman Fellows.

"Newspapers are a habit none of us can ever unhook," says Curator James Thomson, quoted in an article by Merri Rosenberg, "Vital Signs of Spring in the Newspaper Business." He continues, "Despite conglomerates, chains, and the folding of many newspapers, I cannot foresee a day in the foreseeable future when the habit of reading will ever disappear."

GENE ROBERTS ('62) is twice quoted in Michael Schrage's piece, "Murdoch Mystery Solved! His Secret: Competitive Toughness." "The mark of a good newspaper is finding out what makes it essential to the community," says Roberts, editor of *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. "Murdoch puts out a paper that's a damn good read."

H. BRANDT AYERS ('68) is profiled in "Good-Time Publishing in the New Dixie" by Jeffry Scott. Brandy is editor and publisher of *The Anniston (Alabama) Star*.

"In Chicago, the Tower Casts a New Shadow" by Margaret G. Maples notes "the facelift going on at the *Chicago Tribune*" and cites JAMES D. SQUIRES ('71) who joined the staff as executive vice president and editor last year.

A compilation titled "The Ten Best Overlooked Papers" includes mention of *The Sun* (Baltimore), and continues "One of *The Sun's* major changes has been [REG] MURPHY ['60] brought in last year as the newspaper's first outsider publisher."

"Are These the Best Editors in America?" by RAY WHITE ('76) lists the names of five alumni among the top twelve: GENE ROBERTS ('62), JOHN SEIGENTHALER ('59), DAVID HAWPE ('75), ROBERT MAYNARD ('66), DAVID KRASLOW ('62).

The article states what the superior editor today needs: 1) the breadth of knowledge to recognize news as well as smell it; 2) the qualities of leadership to inspire increasingly large staffs; 3) the ability to recognize, recruit, and develop these same individuals; and 4) the ability to innovate.

White is the editor of *The Washington Journalism Review*.

Finally, in the "Good News/Bad News" section, two Nieman were among those asked to single out the major events of the past year that had affected newspapers, favorably and unfavorably.

HODDING CARTER ('66):

Good News — The good news is that newspapers have the financial wherewithal and the experience to do a really far better job than ever before.

Bad News — Too many papers drop the opportunity and concentrate on the obvious. They worry more about the bottom

The Press in Trouble

Paper Ploy in Buenos Aires

This is the first in a series that the editors will publish to call attention to incidents of press suppression, whether in the United States or abroad.

We welcome suggestions from readers who wish to submit names of individuals or organizations under harassment. As space and time permit, they will be listed in NR.

More complete information about attacks on the press may be obtained through local chapters of Amnesty International, or the publications of Freedom House, the International Press Institute, the Committee to Protect Journalists, or Index on Censorship.



Robert Cox ('81), formerly editor of the *Buenos Aires Herald* in Argentina, is cited in an April 19th *Boston Globe* editorial titled "The Conscience of Argentina," a reference to the English-language newspaper with a circulation of 17,000 in a Spanish-speaking country of 28 million. The military rulers have been maintaining a program of "remote-control terror aimed at the *Herald's* editors," together with a "Mafia-like squeeze on the paper's distributors that has cut circulation by over two-thirds in the past two weeks."

The reason? Only the *Buenos Aires Herald* has consistently reported the "disappearances" of individuals and entire families — 6,000 fully documented since 1976, with thousands more, perhaps three times that many — gone without a trace. In Argentina, a disappearance almost always means abduction by

government hit squad, generally followed by torture, generally followed by death.

Cox remarks that a journalist has to master fear in order to function in Argentina, and adds, "It's like being frightened of flying. If the plane crashes, it crashes, and then you're dead and nothing worse can happen."

Cox worked for the *Buenos Aires Herald* for 20 years and edited it from 1969 to 1979. He departed from South America in December 1979 after one of his children received the latest of many threats against his (Cox's) life and a warning to leave the country. The Cox family resettled temporarily in England.

In Buenos Aires his successor at the *Herald* at first resisted the series of escalating threats against him and the newspaper but finally, on April 12th, fled to Uruguay.

The current campaign against the *Herald* includes an embargo by the Newspaper and Magazine Distributors Association, a powerful monopoly established by former dictator Juan Peron. The *Herald* is getting out now through a bucket brigade of readers who go to the newspaper building, buy extra copies, and pass them out.

Cox received the Inter American Press Association's Mergenthaler Award in 1978 for services to the community, and in 1980 he was awarded an OBE "for courage and integrity."

After his Nieman year, Cox became assistant editor of the *News and Courier* in Charleston, South Carolina, where he has responsibility for parts of the editorial pages and is writing op-ed pieces and editorials on international affairs. □

line in their monopoly havens than they do about spending enough on the product. The rest of the bad news is the way existing papers are monopolies in all but a few communities. And that's bad for the pluralism of ideas the country depends on and deserves.

ELLEN GOODMAN ('74):

Good News — People in the business have become a lot more thoughtful of ethical dilemmas. I'm not talking about

Absence of Malice, although that might be a symptom. And being thoughtful about such things is always healthy. We're a lot better at looking at ourselves than the medical profession or the legal profession.

Bad News — The bad news is a lot of us in the business have an awful lot of friends out on the street because of all the papers that have closed. □

—T.B.K.L.

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