

Nieman Reports

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Dedication of Walter Lippmann House

George W. Ball
Derek C. Bok
Benjamin Bradlee

Louis M. Lyons
Archibald MacLeish
James Reston
Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

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Nieman Fellows from Abroad, 1979-1980

Guest Editorial

Louis M. Lyons

Lippmann, Conant, Nieman: A Lasting Alliance

Walter Lippmann served on the Harvard Board of Overseers from 1933 to 1939 — a germinal period for the University, whose young president, James B. Conant, was installed in the first year of the New Deal.

Conant's presidency saw the birth of two programs at Harvard, each an academic innovation: the Littauer Fellowships and the Nieman Fellowships. Both were established to train professionals in the two fields of Lippmann's activity: public administration and journalism. Both the Littauer and the Nieman bequests came as total surprises to the new president; neither was anything he wanted. Both called for invention of new kinds of University operation. For both, Lippmann was among those available for Conant to consult.

Lippmann had just started a political column — the first to be nationally syndicated — that became a strong influence on American journalism, but earlier, Conant had had reason to appreciate Lippmann's help. The columnist was chairman of the Visiting Committee of the Economics Department. With the advent of the New

Deal, this had become an area of intense controversy. Conant was beset by complaints from conservative alumni about the liberal or radical teaching of economics at Harvard. This criticism evoked a statement by the chairman of the Visiting Committee in 1936.

"In recruiting a new member of the faculty," Lippmann wrote, "the question of his views on controversial public issues is now, and we believe should continue to be, left aside; the question is whether he arrived at his views by intellectual processes that command the respect of his peers."

(Long afterwards, Conant wrote in his autobiography, "[only] when another chairman of that Visiting Committee raised the same issue, did I realize the extent of the protection Lippmann's declaration had afforded me for so many years.")

The bequest of Lucius Littauer came first, and served to influence in reverse the shape of the Nieman Fellowships. Littauer wanted his gift to establish a new school of public administration. But the faculties of several other areas — law, business, public health, government, and economics — were already providing such training. None welcomed having the field preempted by a new school.

Conant "stalled," as he said, by setting up an outside committee to survey the field. He welcomed their recommendation to start small, with some fellowships for persons already in government, rather than build a

school. Fourteen such fellowships were awarded in 1937 and a special faculty was chosen from several departments to direct the program.

But even with the bait of a degree, which the faculty called essential, it proved difficult to attract an adequate number from government posts. The program was soon expanded to include undergraduates. It became a school of public administration after all.

While the University was wrestling with the Littauer legacy, Agnes Nieman left her bequest to Harvard "to promote and elevate the standards of journalism in the United States."

Conant's first reaction was disappointment. "The last thing I should have thought of asking Santa Claus for was journalism." How to go about raising standards of journalism? Not by establishing a school of journalism, he hoped. The English department proposed using the funds for a new course in creative writing. The library wanted to use the funds to microfilm the world's press. Conant couldn't see that either would promote the standards of journalism.

Why not a fellowship scheme, he asked himself — there'd be no degrees. "Fortunately journalism was not caught up in the tangles of academic red tape," he later wrote; editors didn't ask prospective employees about their college degrees.

(continued on page 52)

Louis M. Lyons, Nieman Fellow in the first Class of 1939, and Curator of the Nieman Fellowships for twenty-five years, broadcasts news commentaries three times a week over Boston's WGBH, a member of the Eastern Public Radio Network.

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Nieman Reports welcomes articles, letters and commentaries concerning journalists and journalism, including photographs and artwork. Send with a stamped, return envelope to: The Editor, Nieman Reports, One Francis Avenue, Cambridge, MA 02138. The deadline for the Spring 1980 issue is January 4, 1980.

James Reston

Ronald Steel



HARVARD UNIVERSITY

August Ball

The Nieman Foundation for Journalism
DEDICATION OF
WALTER LIPPMANN HOUSE

On the Ninetieth Anniversary of his Birth

September 23rd, 1979

Three O'Clock

Edward Weeks

Welcome

James C. Thomson, Jr.

JAMES C. THOMSON, JR.

Curator, Nieman Foundation, presiding

DEREK C. BOK

President, Harvard University

David Taylor

DAVID TAYLOR

Chairman of the Board, *The Boston Globe*

Co-chairman, Walter Lippmann Memorial Fund Committee

The Lippmann Legacy

Archibald MacLeish

EDWARD WEEKS

Editor, *The Atlantic Monthly*, 1938-66, presiding

RONALD STEEL

Writer, Biographer of Walter Lippmann

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Albert Schweitzer Professor of the Humanities,
City University of New York

GEORGE W. BALL

Former Under Secretary of State

BENJAMIN BRADLEE

Executive Editor, *The Washington Post*

Ben Bradlee

JAMES RESTON

Director, *The New York Times*; Columnist

Dedication

Louis M. Lyons

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

Curator, 1938-39

LOUIS M. LYONS

Curator, 1939-64

James Thomson

Reception

One Francis Avenue • Cambridge, Massachusetts

A Celebration of Good Fortune



Present at the Dedication ceremony (from left): Ronald Steel, Benjamin Bradlee, Tenney K. Lehman, George Ball, Louis M. Lyons, Derek C. Bok, James C. Thomson Jr., Archibald MacLeish, James Reston, Davis Taylor, Totty Lyons, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

Photo by Rick Stafford

The text below is a complete transcript of the talks given at the Dedication of Walter Lippmann House (see program, opposite).

James C. Thomson Jr.

I am here today as the fourth and most recent Nieman Curator to welcome you to this place and to this happy celebration of a life, of a ninetieth birthday, which is also a chance to celebrate the good fortune that has brought together Walter Lippmann, the Nieman Fellowships, and Harvard University — the trinity that somehow produced today's fine weather as well. That good fortune, that good luck, began more than forty years ago when President Conant apparently took Walter Lippmann's advice, and tried the — as Conant phrased it — “dubious experiment” of giving journalists a second chance to become educated. Actually in a good many cases it was a first chance, at least for sustained college level study.

This same good luck has its culmination today in the

dedication of quarters in Walter Lippmann's memory, that are finally appropriate to the Nieman program's needs and, I would also add, appropriate to the success of that “dubious experiment” — a success for which I can claim little responsibility, especially in the presence of two of my very illustrious predecessors, Mr. MacLeish and Mr. Lyons. I might add that my third predecessor, Dwight Sargent, who helped double the Nieman endowment, is with us in spirit today, I am assured, but he is on his way West to a conference of editors.

My first happy task this afternoon is to begin this celebration and dedication by introducing to you the man whose concern for the Nieman program and whose good taste as a landlord has made possible our move to Walter Lippmann House. He is Derek Curtis Bok, someone who had journalism deep in his Philadelphia family roots, but chose instead honest work — to Harvard's benefit — by becoming a lawyer and an educator — Mr. Bok.

Derek C. Bok

Thank you all very much for coming out in such numbers to celebrate one of our very happy days.

Those of you who follow affairs on the nation's campuses are probably aware that there has grown up considerable controversy across the country about the various proprieties involved in naming buildings in universities. This has raised a number of fascinating ethical issues, controversial issues, and even provoked that distinguished journalist, Mr. Buchwald, to devote a column to the rights and wrongs of naming what I recall as the Don Corleone Hall of Legal Enforcement and Justice. Under those circumstances, and being a typically harried university president, I cannot tell you how relieved I am to be standing before you to dedicate a building in the name of someone who not only meets the minimal standards of propriety in the University, but who perfectly symbolizes the very program to which the building involved is dedicated.

As we all know, the Nieman program is designed to offer to journalism whatever a university can supply in knowledge and ideas, and no one exemplified that union more perfectly than Walter Lippmann. No one before or since has so well exemplified what wisdom and liberal learning can bring at their best to the quality of writing and thinking in the nation's newspapers. And no one could illustrate so well the very aim that was expressed in Mrs. Nieman's will: "to promote and elevate the standards of journalism in the United States."

It's very, very difficult today to live up to that ideal in a time when the number of books and the volume of knowledge have increased so dramatically, and the amount of time for reflection and thought seems to [have] diminish[ed] steadily. But we have to go on trying as best we can, and particularly so today, when newspapers are no longer content simply to report the facts, but are doing their best to try to explain and to interpret the problems that become more and more complicated and difficult.

I hope that the Nieman program can go on contributing to that more difficult ideal by giving talented journalists an



(Christopher Morrow)

opportunity to pause for a moment in their lives, and to read and reflect and absorb whatever knowledge we can provide here. And so in that spirit and with enormous appreciation for all the people, many of whom I know are here today, whose generosity helped to make this possible, I'm very happy to welcome you and to dedicate this building in the name of Walter Lippmann.

Thank you so much.

JCT: Two years ago in the spring of 1977, when Harvard offered us this wondrous house, and also released \$100,000 from Walter Lippmann's bequest to the University as a challenge grant to restore the property and help us raise an endowment and emergency fund for its ongoing support, two people named Taylor sprang into action: those generous *Boston Globe* people, Dave Taylor and his cousin, John I. Taylor. Within hours of the word of Harvard's decision, they had helped me form a nationwide Lippmann Fund Committee, which is why, with no election procedure, I have regarded them from the start as co-chairpeople by my decree. Our aim during these two years, as many of you know, has been to meet Harvard's challenge grant by raising a total of \$400,000 above and beyond Harvard's original \$100,000 — used for restoration and renovation — \$400,000 as an endowment for Lippmann House and its grounds.

I can report today that thanks to the efforts of the Taylors and their committee — and also, I should stress, thanks to so many of you in this audience, as well as those listed in the program — we have raised so far \$302,000 towards our goal, so we are more three-quarters of the way to the finish line. That means, if you can follow my calculations and if they make sense, that if anyone here today happens to have \$98,000 looking for a place to lodge, or alternatively perhaps 98 friends with \$1000 each, or to press it further, 49 friends with \$2000 each — if any of these things happen — we will be home free. And then when the roof falls in, or the foundations collapse, or the heating system explodes, I will not necessarily be remembered as the Nieman Curator who bankrupted the Fellowship program.

Anyway, this is the last I will speak this afternoon of money, except to thank so many of you present today who have helped make Lippmann House possible.

Our next speaker, our next welcomer, the former publisher and now Board Chairman of the *Boston Globe*, has been extraordinarily generous to the Nieman program for many years, both through Dwight Sargent and through me, in his giving of financial assistance, invaluable time, first-rate ideas, and boundless energy: Dave Taylor.

Davis Taylor

Thank you, Jim, for all the kind words.

When Nate Pusey asked me if I'd be interested in trying to raise some money to match a Ford grant of \$1,250,000, I fell off my boat, and probably I should have drowned, but luckily I came up, and with Dwight Sargent, an extraordinary thing happened to my life. I'd always loved this University, [but] never done anything for it. We made 113 calls in 38 states, and every pledge and gift except one was honored. I think that's a great honor to Harvard University, and to a newspaper which is often called a profession, a racket, or business, and sometimes I'm not sure which one it is.

All the Niemanns have been very dear to anybody who's been in the newspaper business as long as my family, which is in its 107th year. I don't mean to boast, but we're proud of them, we think that Harvard personifies something, and I'll make one more remark and that will be it.

When we were going around the circuit, a very distinguished publisher said to me, "What can Harvard teach a Nieman scholar?" And I said, "Harvard isn't there to teach, it's to let somebody learn."

Ladies and gentlemen, thank you.

JCT: Thank you, Dave.

We move on from a phase of welcoming and thanking to a phase of reflection on the meaning of the life we celebrate today. And at this point, I will pass this podium quickly to those who have real knowledge. My own brief personal confession will be that although I was a devoted reader and ardent admirer of Walter Lippmann's column for many years, I only met him twice. But nonetheless I have always wanted to be him when and if I finally grow up.

Anyway, to my great pleasure, the rest of these proceedings will be conducted by one who knew Lippmann very well, one who spent much time with him in Washington and Maine, as the editor of several of his later



(Christopher Morrow)

books. Our moderator will be Edward Weeks, who was the editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* for an astonishing twenty-eight years, and is still fully active as senior editor at the Atlantic Monthly Press.

Before Mr. Weeks takes over, however, I have one important announcement, and that is that thanks to the intervention of Fred Friendly, and also the generosity of the Yale University Library, we will be showing indoors at half-hour intervals during the reception after this program a twenty-five-minute CBS videotape of highlights from conversations with Walter Lippmann that were shown on national television in the 1960's. I do urge you to share these still amazingly fresh glimpses of the man we celebrate. Now, Mr. Weeks.

Edward Weeks

I feel sure that Lippmann would have been delighted had he known that he was to be permanently identified with this part of Harvard which he helped to spark. But unstinted praise always embarrassed Walter. He found it as hard to take as Dean Acheson's hauteur. Walter's versatility was such that those who were close to him were attracted by the different facets of his character. We expect the friends who speak this afternoon to mix their admiration with their reservations about his judgments on which they did not agree. But that is what Walter would have wanted. Sensitive as he was, he fed on controversy.

In 1969 the Atlantic Monthly Press signed a contract for Walter's biography, and now, ten years later, *Walter Lippmann and the American Century* is being copy-edited for publication in 1980. That span suggests the many facets and the stupendous amount of reading a young historian like Ronald Steel had to consider. Walter came to Cambridge with the notion of studying fine arts. Mr. Steel will tell us how Harvard changed all that.



(Christopher Morrow)

Ronald Steel

I want to thank Ted Weeks who suffered with me all this time.

It would be no surprise to be told that young Walter Lippmann conquered Harvard, conquered its challenges with his intelligence, ambition and wide-ranging curiosity. That one would expect. But he was also conquered by Harvard, both intellectually and emotionally, in a way that left a deep imprint on his life. Harvard helped form Lippmann's mind. That, after all, was its self-appointed task. But it also affected his character, and closed some doors even as it opened others.

Walter Lippmann came to Cambridge in the fall of 1906, a few days shy of his seventeenth birthday, and was assigned a dreary room in Weld Hall, with a small fireplace providing the only winter heat, and the nearest bath three blocks away at the gymnasium. But as neighbors he had a few friends from the Sachs School in New York where he had prepared for college in an atmosphere of Teutonic rigor. Among them was his oldest friend and New York neighbor, one with whom he had often ridden his goat-cart in Central Park, Carl Binger, who was later a Cambridge psychiatrist.

Some of the friends he made at Harvard became quite illustrious, for Lippmann's class of 1910, which numbered some six hundred men, was probably the most extraordinary Harvard ever produced. It included the journalist John Reed, who wrote of the *Ten Days that Shook the World* and was later buried in the Kremlin; radio commentator Hans von Kaltenborn; future U.S. Senator Bronson Cutting; poet Alan Seeger; columnist Heywood Broun; stage designer Robert Edmund Jones; and a track runner from St. Louis, T. S. Eliot.

Harvard College was still small enough for the two thousand students to know one another. Freshmen were not segregated, but allowed to live and eat with upperclassmen in the Yard. This was but one of the reforms instituted by the legendary Charles W. Eliot, then nearing the end of his forty-year tenure as president of the University. A man of



(Christopher Morrow)

Victorian rectitude and awesome integrity — “a little bit like God walking around” as Lippmann later described him — Eliot opened the intellectual resources of the entire University to undergraduates through the free elective system.

This was a heady draught for those who could handle it. Lippmann, who had been well grounded at Sachs in the classics and the basics, seized the chance to study with Harvard's luminaries. He signed up for psychology with Hugo Munsterberg and Edwin B. Holt, English with George Lyman Kittredge and Barrett Wendell, French literature with Irving Babbitt, English composition with Charles Copeland, and philosophy with George Santayana.

Infused with the optimism and idealism of the progressive era, he embraced the utopian tracts of H.G. Wells, the social criticism of Ibsen and Shaw, and the visions of Nietzsche. Salvation, he wrote a young lady he was courting at the time, lay in “saying with Nietzsche, Yes to the universe, then and only then are we divine and immortal.” (That's an aspect of Lippmann that soon disappeared, I'm afraid.)

Having discovered socialism — not the Marxist variety to be sure, which he with sublime self-assurance at the age of eighteen, declared to be outmoded, but the more genteel and pacific Fabian variety — he began writing political tracts for the college magazines. He excoriated the rich and, to quote from one of his articles for the *Harvard Monthly*, those fashionable ladies who bought motorcars so that they might “take their teddy bears out for an airing in Newport.” He even, in typical Harvard fashion, attacked his professors — particularly the eminently respectable Barrett Wendell.

This impertinent assault upon Harvard's pillar of gentility brought an unexpected visitor to Weld Hall one fall morning. Roused from his bed, the nineteen-year-old author found himself face to face with William James. The sexagenarian philosopher, bored in his retirement and always on the lookout for cheeky iconoclasts, had come to offer his congratulations. Lippmann charmed the philosopher, just as he charmed so many of the influential older men he soon came to meet, and became a regular tea-time visitor at James' house on Irving Street.

From James, who urged his disciples to give up logic and embrace experience, Lippmann learned the exuberant pragmatism that marked his early books.

But James had a rival for Lippmann's mind, and in the end one whose influence was far more pervasive. Quite casually in his sophomore year, Lippmann signed up for the introductory course in Greek philosophy with George

Santayana. Santayana was the opposite of James. With devastating wit and elegant turn of phrase, he demolished the nineteenth century shibboleths of progress and moral uplift that Lippmann had grown up believing. In their place he offered a seductive neo-Platonism based on the striving for beauty and perfection.

Although Lippmann fought Santayana's snare, in the end he was overwhelmed by the sardonic Spaniard. He signed up for every course Santayana taught, and though he finished his course requirements in three years, stayed on a fourth year to graduate with his class and serve as Santayana's assistant.

Santayana's impact on Lippmann increased over the years and it dominates his later books. As Lippmann himself once wrote to his friend Bernard Berenson, "I love James more than any great man I ever saw, but increasingly I find Santayana inescapable."

Lippmann was not only, as one would expect, an outstanding student of Harvard — Phi Beta Kappa and the rest — but a political activist and a bit of a literateur. Following the pre-Raphaelite fad of the day, he belonged to the Circolo Italiano and recited to his friends purple passages from Swinburne. He belonged to the Debating Club and the Politics Club. Then, in the spring of 1908, his conscience roused by the misery he had witnessed at the terrible Chelsea fire that year, he organized the Harvard Socialist Club. The nine original members, who elected him president, pledged themselves to a "radical reconstruction of society," and, as a first step, presented Harvard with a list of such radical demands as a living wage for the University's manual laborers, a lifting of the ban on women speakers, and full credit for a course in socialism — which it ultimately granted, and the first recipient of that chair was Graham Wallas, who became Lippmann's great mentor.

Although Lippmann's socialism was soon played out, for a time he was in the forefront of the collegiate socialist movement — a fiery speaker and an impassioned author, greatly in demand at campuses and in the editorial offices of radical journals.

His socialism, which stemmed from a youthful sense of injustice, was in part a response to the times. Socialists were being elected to city halls and state legislatures all over America. But it was also a response to his own personal experience at Harvard.

Lippmann had come to Harvard expecting that all doors would be open to him. He had every reason to think so. He was intelligent and attractive, quick-witted and good-humored, liked and admired by all who knew him. He had traveled widely in Europe — touring the Continental

museums every summer with his parents — and came from a wealthy and cultured family.

But he was also Jewish, even though he was in no sense religious, and soon learned what this meant at Harvard during those years, and indeed for many years thereafter. It meant he was not invited to join any of the prestigious social clubs — not asked to join the Crimson, the Advocate, or the Signet Society. It meant that certain doors were automatically closed to him, regardless of his charm or achievements. He became, like his closest friends, both Jews and gentiles who did not fit into the club man's Harvard, a political activist, critic, a brilliant outsider, rather than a comfortable insider. Only later did he become that insider he aspired to be.

The discrimination he experienced at Harvard had a powerful effect on him. He never spoke of it publicly, and he never let it stand in the way of his deep affection for his alma mater. But it made him susceptible to slights, both real and imagined, and also perhaps more sensitive to abuses of power than he might otherwise have been.

Harvard left its imprint on Lippmann, more deeply and in different ways than he himself might freely have chosen. It was a training ground for the society he was about to enter, and it prepared him well for the shoals that lay ahead.

Walter Lippmann felt a real loyalty to Harvard. Later, as his fame increased, he became a member of the Board of Overseers, faithfully attended alumni meetings, and ultimately left most of his estate to the University.

Without any children of his own, he felt a special attachment to younger journalists, and to the University where he had received his initiation. Few things would have given him greater pleasure than to be associated with Harvard, through this very special refuge — for special journalists — that bears his name.

Thank you.

EW: Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., is the Albert Schweitzer Professor of the Humanities at the City University of New York. Arthur has written the lives of Franklin D. Roosevelt, of Robert Kennedy, and he served as special assistant to J.F.K. He must have watched Walter's sometimes inconsistencies in the political area, with what emotions he will describe.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

Thank you, Ted.

Walter Lippmann wrote about the American political scene for sixty years, a third of the life of the republic under the Constitution. He knew every president from Theodore Roosevelt to Richard Nixon, which in span of time is as if some earlier journalist had known every president from Washington to Lincoln. He watched American politics over the long years from a succession of standpoints: with eager commitment as a young socialist before the First World War; with sombre disillusion after that war; with sardonic amusement in the 1920's; with lively enthusiasm followed by stately disapproval in the 1930's; with growing dismay after the Second World War. He was the supreme diagnostician of the American body politic over most of the century, and his diagnostic power resulted from the combination of sensitive and searching response to changing times with an unending quest for general principles. He was possessed by the determination to give public policy a basis in reason, and democracy a basis in philosophy. The deliberate making of issues, he said, is very nearly the core of statesmanship.

No newspaperman pressed more steadily and effectively for clarity and responsibility in the definition of public choices. None exposed public misconception and folly with such courteous, but surgical, precision. He often proclaimed the ideal of the disinterested mind. The world will go on best, Lippmann once observed, if among us there are men who have stood apart, who refused to be too anxious, or too much concerned; who were cool and inquiring, and had their eyes on a longer past, and a longer future. "The mature man," he wrote in *A Preface to Morals*, "would take the world as it comes, and within himself, remain unperturbed. Since nothing gnawed at his vitals — neither doubt, nor ambition nor frustration nor fear," Lippmann continued, "he would move easily through life. And so, whether he saw the thing as comedy or high tragedy, or plain farce, he would affirm that it is what it is, and that the wise man can enjoy it." His choice of metaphors is revealing.



(Christopher Morrow)

In some respects, Lippmann attended politics as a dramatic critic attends the theatre. He shunned emotional involvement with politicians, as a critic must shun emotional involvement with actors and actresses. "Cronyism," he said, "is the curse of journalism." Still, for all this, Lippmann was not so austere removed from what his friend Justice Holmes called the "action and passion of life" as he sometimes liked to pretend. In fact, under that charmingly unruffled surface, Lippmann was not austere at all. He was an intensely human man, he was filled with curiosity and concern about people, as well as about ideas. His talent for personal portraiture was wonderfully indulged in his journalism of the 1920's, much of it collected in *Men of Destiny*. Later, he repressed this vein in his writing, but never in his table talk. Nor did he abstain from personal participation in public affairs quite as rigorously as his celebration of disinterestedness might have implied. He was quietly active behind the scenes for most of his sixty years in journalism. He was in Theodore Roosevelt's political circle, he lobbied for Brandeis' confirmation to the Supreme Court, he wrote the authoritative gloss on the Fourteen Points for Wilson. He helped Coolidge and Morrow settle our crisis in Mexico. He drafted the statement explaining Franklin Roosevelt's position at the London Economic Conference; he wrote Pershing's Aid to the Allies Speech in 1940; and he presided over Vandenberg's conversion to internationalism in 1945. He persuaded Kennedy to describe the Soviet Union as an adversary, rather than as an enemy. The dramatic critic spent a lot of time backstage, rewriting themes, and giving tips to the players.

The ideal of the disinterested mind must not be misunderstood. Lippmann did not advocate, and certainly did not exemplify, any sort of bloodless, passionless neutrality. He involved himself perseveringly, and at times covertly, in the political drama because he cared deeply about the intelligent exercise of power and about the future of the republic. I do not think it too much to say that he cared passionately. His discipline as a man, and his craftsmanship as a writer, controlled that passion, and transmuted it into the imperturbable crystalline lucidity of his prose. But he exerted influence less because he was disinterested, than because his disinterestedness refined his passion.

Things did gnaw at Walter Lippmann's vitals; however, resolutely in the style of the Spartan boy in the old fable, he declined to show the pain. "We are challenged, every one of us," he once wrote, "to think our way out of the terrors amidst which we live." This tension between the perception of terror and the commitment to thought gave his writing its peculiar force and dignity.

The point of his life is surely not that the observers of history should stand apart renouncing action and passion, it is rather that action and passion must be forever disciplined by a sense of the longer past and of the longer future.

Thank you.

EW: Walter, as some of you know, had spells when he wanted to get away from journalism, and during one of these he and Helen dined with the Weekses in Boston. I remarked that no one had yet written a really profound history of the American foreign policy. Walter rose to the fly and he talked until nearly eleven, when they left for the night train to Washington. A day later, he sent me a three-page letter, outlining such a book, obviously teased by the thought of writing it himself. But he never did.

George Ball, a former Under Secretary of State, and a good friend, will give us his evaluation of Walter's foreign policy.

George W. Ball

Walter Lippmann did not try to bend and warp foreign policy to fit within any all-embracing philosophical system, nor was he permanently attached to any single large strategic or political concept. His thinking evolved as his reflections matured during radically changing times. Though he was, as a youth, briefly attracted to Theodore Roosevelt, the outbreak of the First World War converted him to Wilsonianism. His early views reflected his liberal convictions.

We could not, he argued, support a British government dominated by hard-nosed Tories, and he was against our intervening in the war, unless Wilson could, by enunciating what



(Christopher Morrow)

he called a "great aspiration and a great policy," render such intervention for the interests of all mankind. But by 1917, the German submarine campaign had refocused his attention on the primacy of our national interest. If Britain's ability to control the sea lanes were in peril, we must add our Navy to the common effort. At the same time, his objections to intervention were eased by Wilson's early proposal for a League of Nations, since that, to his mind, provided what he described as the means by which we could adjust to the end of isolation, to the facts of British seapower. His role in developing and elucidating the Fourteen Points has already been mentioned and well-remembered.

For a brief moment, he seems to have thought of a world government, as though it were almost momentarily achievable. But he disliked self-determination, which he regarded as a negation of the civilized idea of a state in which diverse peoples could find justice of liberty under equal laws. It was, he said, "un-American." Wilson's performance at Versailles affronted him — affronted him so much, in fact, that he opposed ratification of the Versailles Treaty, as designed to perpetuate an unjust peace.

From 1933 to 1936, he seemed curiously insensitive to the growing menace of accumulating antidemocratic forces. Though he foresaw war approaching, he still espoused an isolationist line. "The war," he wrote, "would not touch America, if we kept strictly out of it." But by 1937, he once more recalled our critical dependence on Britain's sea power. And he acknowledged that if Britain should appear in mortal danger, we would have to go in. But he didn't think that was at all probable. Like most Americans, he assumed that the Czechs would fight with French and British support. He rejected the idea of a successful blitzkrieg as a fanciful fabrication of the armchair strategists, and he had little intimation of the weakness of France. When we finally entered the war, he insisted that we put all our attention on preserving our national interest, rather than on constructing a foreign policy on any abstract principle of rights and duties, though it must be said that national interest meant for him not only physical survival, but also the preservation of national values.

Once the Cold War had started, Wilsonian universalisms seemed to him no longer relevant. With the super powers at odds, the United Nations ceased to be a usable instrument for collective security. The most it could effectively deal with were tangential matters such as assisting the winding-up of empires and the freeing of colonies. With the advent of the nuclear age, he was forced to redefine his strategic coordinates, because sea power was no longer the determinate. Europe remained for him a

central preoccupation and he continued to see the position of Germany as the key to a European peace.

Prior to the war, he had opposed the idea of European unity, because he thought a unified Europe would be under German control. But with the division of the country, while Germany could make trouble, it could no longer dominate. Unfortunately, in writing of Europe, he used such phrases as "united Europe," "European unity," or "the European system" so imprecisely, that it was often impossible to know just what he had in mind, although in my own talks with him, I often suspected that this ambiguity was quite deliberate, since he was not sure himself just what he intended. His favorite European prescription was a neutralized and decentralized Germany that would serve as a buffer between the two super powers, but both the United States and the Soviet Union withdrawing their forces, and Europe organized either independently or within a larger Atlantic community that might even include the Commonwealth, so as to save Britain the necessity of painful choice. Meanwhile, total war would be prohibited by a rigorous maintenance of a bilateral balance of power between the United States and the Soviet Union, reinforced by the mutual deterrence of nuclear weapons.

If there was one theme Walter Lippmann most consistently emphasized, it was the need to keep our commitments in harmony with our resources. That meant avoiding adventures in areas only marginal to our interests. Though in its opening days, he supported the Korean intervention, he quickly turned against it when he saw it leading to a protracted American involvement in Asian lands. Vietnam, as is well-known, was for him, as for many Americans, a prolonged nightmare. We had no business, he said, engaging ourselves in a situation not only irrelevant to our interests and beyond our resources, but where it appeared that a superarmed giant was trying to beat the life out of a dwarf. In the end, the war turned him bitterly against Lyndon Johnson, who, as Walter told me at the time, was transforming Washington into a foreign land where he no longer felt a citizen; so he stopped writing his columns, and he and Helen returned to New York.

There are a few permanent figures that stand out in the carpet of Lippmann's foreign policy, though several appeared from time to time, faded out, then sometimes transiently reappeared in slightly modified form. Yet he deeply and usefully influenced the thinking of his time about America's place in the world. Among his most attractive qualities were his rejection of doctrinaire stances and his willingness to change his mind, and even to confess error, as he did in his introduction to his book on United

States foreign policy in 1944. He was constantly at odds with himself over the logic that led him to believe in the inevitability of ultimate world government and his practical sense of what was possible in the near term. His appearance of vacillation was accentuated, I'm afraid, by his frequent failure to identify the time spans in which his predictions were to be realized.

Had Walter Lippmann written less, he would no doubt now appear — at least in the area of foreign policy — as more consistent and even more profound, though he would have influenced far fewer people. A column of nine hundred words, three days a week, was a stern discipline, since he felt compelled to comment topically, and to be interesting to his readers. Several times he told me that he had had to jettison a column we had discussed because he found that it would not work journalistically. He once plaintively described his predicament. "I have found myself writing about critical events," he wrote, "with no better guide to their meaning than the hastily improvised generalization of a rather bewildered man. Many times, I wanted to stop and find out what really happened."

To assure Walter Lippmann his proper place in the history of our foreign policy, one must therefore remember that he was not a historian with a luxury of writing after the fact, nor just the author of an occasional book, though he wrote many. He was compelled by the strictures of his chosen assignment: to help the American people think about events that often appeared in a form clouded and confused. And to try three times a week to put these events in a larger framework of understanding. If in retrospect some things he wrote now appear superficial or misguided, that was the risk of the trade which he well understood. His responsibility, as he saw it, was to provide Americans with a clarifying interpretation of turbulent events as they unfolded, to challenge the accepted wisdom of the day, and to stimulate thought. No one has ever performed such a formidable task more thoughtfully or more eloquently.

Thank you.

EW: Benjamin Bradlee is the son of one of Walter's dearest friends in the Class of 1910. Unto Ben fell the task of cajoling Walter to write for his paper when age or disinclination made Walter wary. He will speak about Lippmann, the mentor.

Benjamin Bradlee

I'm here under false pretenses, if you are expecting from me any more placing of Walter Lippmann in the intellectual and historical spectrum of his time. I am here as a pragmatical representative of the reporters of this world for whom he lit the way and for whom, at least for this one, he taught one great lesson: that there is no single truth out there for you journalists to write tonight. Somewhere he wrote that the truth emerges, and if you can remember that the truth emerges, you have learned a major lesson from this marvelous man.

Not far from here, about this time of every year, the Lippmanns would spend the night with my parents, on their way back to Washington from their summer in Maine. My mother and Helen had been friends ever since they had been co-holders of the high jump record at Miss Chapin's School in New York City. And I remember their arrival always with a mixture of dread and amusement, because it marked the end of a week of furious intellectual effort on the part of everyone in the house. Lots of midnight oil was burned to get the family into good enough shape to ask Walter about the Russian situation, and to understand his answer.

It was years of this kind of embarrassing imposition on the Lippmanns that prepared me for a later career as a full-fledged imposer, and even protégé, when I got to Washington as a cub reporter for *The Washington Post*. I had been there for only a few weeks, writing the Christmas and the New Year's Day stories, which all cub reporters will recognize, under the by-line that I had grown, already, to love so much, Ben Bradlee. Walter took me aside one night, and said some rather nice things about the stories themselves, but he said, "You've got to change that by-line. 'Ben Bradlee' is perfectly fine for New Hampshire," where I had been, "but in Washington, that's a sportswriter's by-line, and it just won't do."

And so, of course, I changed it — which is more than my son has done.

In those years, Walter was the powerhouse journalist of his times: authoritative, commanding, and yet extraordinarily unpretentious with us beginners — extraordi-



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narily generous with his time, and his encouragement. He was the first big shot journalist I ever knew who listened as much as he talked. And come to think of it, I haven't met that many since. There never has been a way to thank him for what he did for us beginners, for his profession, and for his country. This surely is a wonderful start.

EW: Of all of Lippmann's professional competitors in Washington, Scotty Reston came the closest to Walter's heart. If Lippmann chanced on a scoop, he would confide it to Reston. And whatever he says, I trust Scotty to throw light on Walter's warmth, and aspirations, and humanism.

James Reston

The evening draws on, but three questions have been raised here tonight that puzzle me. What did the girl say after the speech about the universe? Who was the girl, and how did it come out? And the other question is, how high was the high jump record, Bradlee? I think Steel owes us an answer to those questions.

I would like, and I think somebody should do this, to defend Walter Lippmann against the charge that he was the father of the American syndicated newspaper column. I don't think that's a nice thing to say about a man on his ninetytieth birthday.

As a matter of fact it is, I think, quite wrong to compare Lippmann with any columnist. And I'm sorry the chairman mentioned me in that regard, because while I regarded him and admired him more than anybody else who ever wrote for newspapers in my time, he was not really like the rest of us.

There was a touch of envy in our admiration of him, because he somehow seemed to avoid all the irritations of our professional lives. We were always taking assignments,



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rushing around in trains and planes to disasters, or waiting interminably for some big shot to tell us nothing — off the record.

Walter didn't take assignments, but gave them. No jealous editor ever fiddled with his copy, and few presidents or prime ministers kept him waiting. He used the daily newspaper for its mass audience in order to define his own philosophy. He knew at the beginning of each day when he was going to read, when he was going to write, when he was going for a walk with his wife, Helen. Even at the beginning of each year, wars or no wars, he knew when he was going to be in Washington, when in New York for the theatre, when in Europe, and when at his camp in Maine for the summer.

Now I don't think he had as much fun as we did, because he didn't have as many surprises, but those of us who were off somewhere, even when our own children were born, never quite understood how he could do so much better than all the rest of us, and make it all look so easy.

It seems to be the rule of radio and television that there shall never be an instant of silence, and of newspaper columns, that nothing said today shall endure tomorrow, but the name of Walter's column was "Today and Tomorrow." He wanted to be remembered as we are remembering him here today. And it is astonishing if you read him now to find how relevant so many of his observations are to Jimmy Carter's lament on the malaise of the country, or Andy Young's or Frank Church's odd views on the arts of diplomacy.

Among the things I treasure in Walter, though he would resent my saying so, I think, were his inconsistencies. Most of his friendships, it seemed to me, were essentially intellectual. But his inconsistencies were reassuringly human. Like most of the rest of us, he had trouble reconciling the perversity of human character with his own quest for the good society; the folly of men's indifference with his own search for truth. For example, and Arthur Schlesinger has made this point (he's always anticipating me in these things), Mr. Lippmann celebrated in his lovely, early books, the ideal of personal detachment from the personalities and politics of the day. But from Woodrow Wilson and Versailles, to Lyndon Johnson and Vietnam, he became deeply, and at the end, unhappily involved.

He was the presiding journalist of the age, because he remembered things in a country that has no memory, and related the day's news to the past and the consequences of the future. In short, he made people read and even think about his thoughts on the latest thunderclap in the news, including even officials. This is quite an achievement.

But he did not want to be judged by this test of journalistic excellence. It wasn't enough for him that he

made people listen. He wanted to be judged like his mentors, James and Santayana, on whether the sweep of his imagination and the philosophy and politics he supported were actually right.

Now nobody, to my knowledge — not even Archie MacLeish or Arthur Schlesinger here in this tent — defined so early or so well as Lippmann, the tumult of scientific and technological change that would transform individual lives in the last half of this century. He wrote it all in the 1920's, but when he quarreled with President Johnson, and abandoned his old deanery house on Woodley Road, at the gate of the Washington Cathedral, he ran away in search of the tranquil world he told us fifty years before was gone.

He went to Florence, hoping for the life of Berenson in a quiet villa, but found that Florence was full of noisy motorbikes and greedy real-estate agents, and so he went on to Fontainebleau, and the Loire Valley, and finally New York, with the same dreams, always finding, ironically and tragically, that the clamorous world he had predicted long ago, much to his surprise and sorrow, had come to pass.

My guess is that his consolation now would be the thought that he now has a place on this ground, in Cambridge. His achievement, in my mind, was to moderate, not much but some, the ancient hostility between the University and the press. And we now see, in the op ed pages, that opinion of the great issues of the day in newspapers, he seemed to feel, should not be left to newspaper people alone, but to scholars and the people of the academy.

Now Jim Thomson invited us here to a dedication, but he didn't say what the Lippmann House was being dedicated to. I suggest that it should be dedicated to the ideal Walter had in mind, of bringing the thought of the University into the daily press, and also the personal ideal of living the private life of a professor, at the salary of a columnist.

In a way, Walter, as usual, had the last word. He even anticipated the purpose of this occasion. On the eighteenth of June, 1940, in the critical days of the beginning of the last World War, he made the class dinner speech on the thirtieth anniversary of his own graduating Class of 1910. "We have come back here," he said, "along with those we love, to see one another again. And, by being together, we shall remember that we are a part of a great company. That we are not mere individuals, isolated in a tempest, but that we are members of a community, that what we have to do, we shall do together, with friends beside us. And their friendliness," he said, "will quiet our anxiety, and ours will quiet theirs, and as they live up to what we expect of them, so we shall find the resolution to live up to what they expect of us. And so, we shall renew our courage, and we shall find the strength we need."

EW: As a Yale man, and an undeviating Democrat, Archie MacLeish and Walter had some inevitable differences. And these sprang into print when, in his last book, Walter raised questions about the governability of man in a democracy. But the bond of affection between the two was stronger than contradictions, for there was a poetic appreciation in Walter's make-up which reached out for Archie's approval.

Archibald MacLeish

Nothing would make me happier than to believe that words of mine might in some way add to the dedication of this noble building to its new use, but I know better than that. And so do you. Not only Walter Lippmann house, but everything else in Cambridge, has been dedicated long ago, and not by spoken words, but by a presence. By the presence of the University, and the presence of the University has its own dedication.

Harvard alone of all the older universities in the West was born free, was unique as Sam Morison says, "in having no statutory oaths imposed on her teachers or students." Oxford had them, swearing its professors to believe the official truth and its students to accept the consequences. Cambridge University had them, but Harvard never did. And because it never did, because it was free from the start, it became what it now is. What it now 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. They need teachers who can speak of official truth, as President Conant did when he shocked the aunts of the alumni by



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remarking gently that Harvard was founded by dissenters. Before two generations, he said, had passed, there was a general dissent from the first dissent. Heresy, he said, has long been in the air. When journalists hear such a voice, in such a university, they understand as our own Nieman Fellows have come to understand, why the relation of their profession to the university is not limited to the founding of schools of journalism, but may be direct, non-vocational, humane, and real: the personal relationship of a man committed to the daily history of almost daily change and an institution engaged at the highest level of freedom in the search for what is changeless in the changing — what is truly "true."

I don't know if Mr. Conant ever defined that relationship for himself, or discussed it in his conversations with Walter Lippmann when the Nieman gift was made. I'm almost certain that he never did with me, and yet I can't be altogether certain that he never did, because I remember what he said to the first Nieman Fellows at his first meeting with them, forty years ago. "Here," he said, "is the University. Take it." It was almost as though he meant to make a gift to them, and perhaps he did — a gift of the possibility that even in the darkness and confusion of this bewildered and bewildering time, the freedom of the University might give them a vision of what freedom actually is, an obligation to the truth — that word up on the shield.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, I would like to introduce to you my successor in time in the Nieman Curatorship, but my predecessor in everything else having to do with the Nieman Foundation: Louis Lyons.

Louis M. Lyons

I must thank Archie for that very gracious statement.

We now name this building the Walter Lippmann House, and dedicate it — without disregard for Scotty's proposed legatees — dedicate its use, at least, to journalistic heirs of Walter Lippmann, happy in the inspiration of their heritage.

(over)



With that, Curator James Thomson handed Louis Lyons a bottle of champagne wrapped in red and white ribbon. Louis approached the front steps of Walter Lippmann House, gauged the distance, and wound up like a pro. He hurled the bottle; it hit the granite steps with a crack; everyone cheered and clapped; and a bell rang to signal the end of the formal proceedings.

Guests left the shelter of the green and white striped tent on the front lawn to stroll in the Fellows' Garden with its array of yellow, bronze and lavender chrysanthemums. In the crisp autumn air more than three hundred and fifty invited guests enjoyed food, drink and conviviality.

(photo by Rick Stafford)

A CBS NEWS SPECIAL REPORT

Through the courtesy of Fred Friendly of the Ford Foundation and Robert O. Anthony, Curator of the Walter Lippmann Collection of Yale University, this CBS Special Report was shown to those who attended the Dedication of Walter Lippmann House.

The following is a complete transcript of the television program as it was aired, shortly after Lippmann's death.

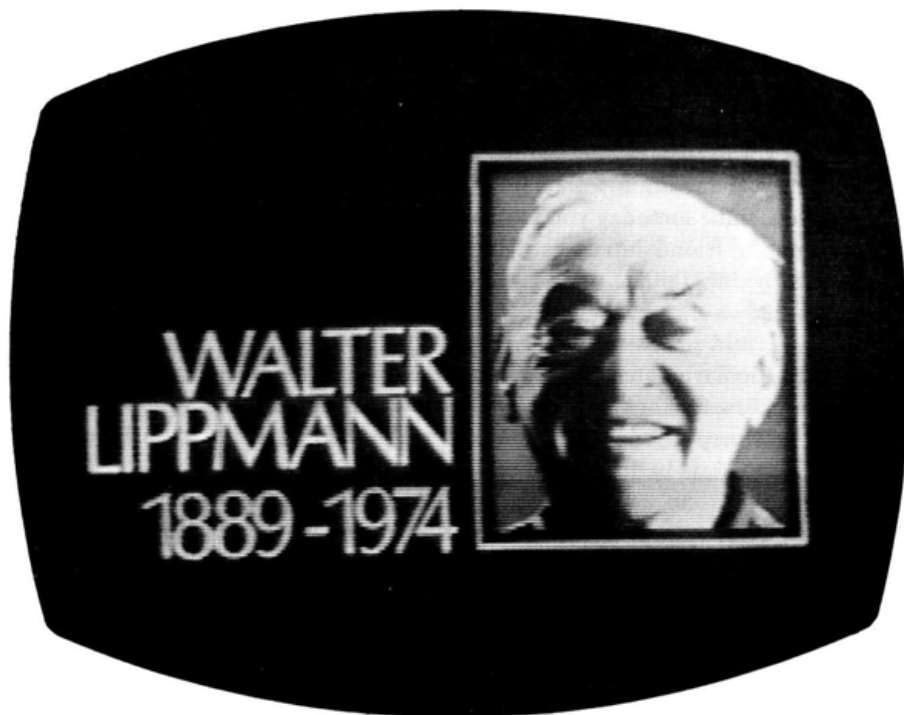
Announcer: This is a CBS News Special Report: Walter Lippmann, 1889-1974. In Washington, correspondent Eric Sevareid.

Eric Sevareid: Walter Lippmann is dead. He was the most influential writer on our political affairs, on the drift of American civilization, in his time. And it was a long time.

He was immensely learned. He was a philosopher who called himself a newspaperman.

Millions of Americans and thousands of key people in other countries could hardly start their day without reading Lippmann's column. He sounded the notes of the day. In this capital of Washington, he helped make the community weather. Presidents read him and felt pleased or pugnacious. Foreign ambassadors constantly quoted him in their dispatches. Congressmen cited him constantly in their debates. Dozens of other editorial writers and columnists took their cues from him. He was inescapable.

In 1960, he was persuaded by Fred Friendly of CBS News to overcome his diffidence about television and talk directly to the people through interviews. He did seven in all, over a five-year stretch. In 1964, I put this question to him:



Mr. Lippmann, you have been writing, and with great influence, for some fifty years about the affairs of this country. I can't think of any record to match it in American journalism — not even Horace Greeley's, I wouldn't think. You have been personally acquainted, and are, with presidents, cabinet officers, military people — many people of higher rank. In fact, presidents have come to see you. How do you maintain a relationship with them that is intimate enough so that you can go to them when you want information, and yet write critically about them, if necessary? Do you restrain yourself in any fashion to keep that relationship?

Walter Lippmann: No. I think there are certain rules of hygiene in the relationship between a newspaper correspondent and high official people in authority, which are very important, and which one has to observe. Newspapermen cannot be the cronies of great men. Once a man, even if you've known him more or less as a crony for years, once he becomes something like a governor or a representative, much less a president — it's all over. You can't call him by the first name anymore. I've known several presidents, whom I knew by their first name long before they were president; I'd never think of calling them by it when they got into the White House. While I think there's an advantage in that — an advantage to the president, that he should be able to talk his mind to somebody who won't

exploit him or betray him, and there's certainly an advantage to the correspondent, to know what's really going on, so he won't make a fool of himself as to what's going to happen — I think there always has to be a certain distance between high public officials and newspapermen. I wouldn't say a wall or a fence, but an airspace, and that's very necessary. I mean, a lot of officials are very, very friendly to you, until someday you say something they don't like, and then the friendship cools. I'm not speaking of any particular individual, but I've had that experience in my life.

ES: This is particularly interesting to me, because a number of opinion makers, as they're called, have been promoted because of their supposed intimacy with men in very high positions. Is this a bad method of operation? A bad relationship?

WL: Well, I don't want to criticize what others do, but I don't think it's a good principle to exploit — to advance your career or tie yourself up with a candidate in the hope that you'll then be the inside fellow. I think that's bad journalism.

ES: Is there a lot of that in Washington now?

WL: [makes a brushing gesture with his hand and looks away]

ES: In 1960, Mr. Lippmann discussed leadership with Howard K. Smith.

WL: In our system of government, the only leadership that's possible is from the White House. The few occasions in our history, when Congress itself has tried to lead — for instance, after the Civil War period, when Congress was supreme and the president was very weak — have been periods of very bad government in this country. Another bad period was after the First World War, during the Harding period, when Congress was in the saddle. That's no good; the country can only be led under the way our government is constructed — from the White House.

Howard K. Smith: What about the presidency as an office? Is it a possible job, or must there be changes in it so that one man can handle it?

WL: The presidency, of course, has grown into a great department of government, from being merely a personal administration. That is true. And, a great many things

could be done to make the burden of the job more manageable. But, essentially, there's nothing, no way I can think of that you can avoid the burden of it. That's the kind of government we have, and none of us wants to change it radically, and there we are.

HKS: What do you think about our decision-making process? Is it working?

WL: It isn't working, but it could work. I think it's worse than it needs to be, if I may say so, because of President Eisenhower's training as a staff officer in the Army, which makes him avoid decisions. He wants his subordinate staff officers, his department heads, to come to him with agreed decisions. Whereas I think that isn't workable in civilian government. It only worked in the Army.

HKS: What's the alternative?

WL: The alternative is for the president to decide those things. That means spending a lot more time in Washington, and a lot more time listening to those essential things. The next president will conduct the office very differently from President Eisenhower. No matter whether he's a Republican or a Democrat, it won't be conducted this way through the sixties; the problems are too severe, and too urgent.

HKS: Well, now, Mr. Lippmann, you've talked about the things we have to do: We have to mobilize public opinion behind these things; we have to make the right decisions at the right time. Can a loose democracy compete with a taut, centralized dictatorship in doing these things? Is democracy out of date, in facing these problems?

WL: No, I don't think so. But it does require very good leadership, and I have my own conviction. I am not a pessimist about this problem, although I've written quite a lot about the faults of democracy. The thing to remember is that we are at the beginning of a new political generation. The old gentlemen who had run the world during the [Second World] War and after it, are going to retire from the stage. All of them. And, the men who are going to rule not only this country, but the other Western democracies, are men in their forties, or early fifties.

HKS: In talking about the problems we have to face, almost everything you've said has indicated that the answers are traceable back to leadership. What qualities does a leader, a president, have to have?

WL: The first thing he must have is the ability to see what

matters in the excitement of daily events. He must be able to see through the latest headline, to what is permanent and enduring. This ability, this second sight, is to my mind the quality of great leaders. Churchill has it. He's the greatest man of this century, in my view, and one of the great figures in Western history. I have unbounded admiration for that man. He has all the qualities that very great leaders have, and which I call second sight, and decision, and articulateness. DeGaulle has it. I put him just second to Churchill among the great men of this century — greatest in quality. I've felt that since June 1940, when I first read the speech he made when he landed in England, bare-handed; and when you think that out of that, he rallied France, and what he's made of her now, it is an absolutely fabulous performance.

Theodore Roosevelt was my boyhood hero. Theodore Roosevelt saw in 1900 that we were a great power; he didn't wait till 1940 and Hitler to learn that. That ability to see which way the thing is going is the basis of great leadership.

The president cannot, himself, act on everything. He has to decide. So, his mind has to be judicial. The function of the presidency is to hear the arguments of the contending factions, and make a decision, and that requires first, not only decisiveness, as everybody says, but the ability to be *judicial* about it. Then of course he must be articulate; he must be able to talk in language which not the lowest common denominator understand, but the best. What you must lead in the country are the *best* of the country, and they will carry it on down. No use the president trying to talk down to a fellow who can just about read and write. Let somebody else do that. He must talk to the people who teach the man to read and write, and for that he requires, as I said, articulateness. Then he must have sympathy — he must have the ability to feel for people who are in trouble, not only here but in Korea, or in Turkey, or Cuba, or wherever.

HKS: What about the practical training of presidential candidates. Do senators make good candidates for the presidency?

WL: If they do, it's rather the exception. Our experience shows that on the whole, in the last hundred or seventy-five years, the best, the most successful presidents have been governors of big states, first. That seems to be the training where you have the whole problem of a legislature, and an electorate, and so on, in miniature, and it trains people. It's interesting to me that the three great presidents of the twentieth century — I don't think there's any doubt — have been Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and Franklin Roosevelt.

HKS: All governors.

WL: All governors. Before that, surely everybody would agree that the greatest president after Lincoln, between the death of Lincoln and 1900, was Grover Cleveland. He'd also been a governor. Now, it's not an absolute rule, I wouldn't say that, but even being a cabinet officer is not an adequate training.

HKS: Now, you've mentioned Franklin D. Roosevelt as one of the three great presidents of the twentieth century. Could you expand on your estimate of him?

WL: I have long and mixed and confused feelings about him. Having known him as a very young man, long before he had his polio, in the First World War, I thought he was an extremely attractive — he was one of the most handsome, attractive young men, quite superficial, rather uneducated, but so charming that everybody liked him. But nobody ever conceived of him as president of the United States.

Then came his illness, and during that period he grew up. Even then he had really not become the Roosevelt that the world knows. Even when he was nominated, even during the campaign of 1932, none of the New Deal was visible. That was all improvised after his election. Then, I had in and out feelings about the New Deal. The first part of it, I thought was very bad; the part that terminated in the attempt to pack the Supreme Court. And the second part of it which had to do with the compensated economy — the economy of balancing the business — I thought was very good. Then he became a war president, and on the whole, he was a great war president.

ES: One of the subjects was the CIA, when Howard Smith spoke with Mr. Lippmann again in 1961:

WL: Central Intelligence is a great, big grab bag for all kinds of things and in general, I would say, it's absolutely indispensable to have an intelligence agency. It has to spy, it has to counterspy, which is almost as important as spying, it has to do a lot of operations which wouldn't look very well in print, but which every country does, such as occasionally slipping something to a politician in a very backward country, or helping an editor who changed his mind in a backward country, and it's all very immoral, but there's no use pretending that it isn't going to be done. One thing which is very doubtful is whether it should ever mount expeditions — like the Cuban expedition. That's so big, you can't keep it secret, and therefore it's bound to fail; but

really secret things are an inevitable part of government. What they did in the CIA was to take all these things and put them in one thing, everything focused on the head of one man, who never knew whether he was trying to tell the president what was the truth about something or other, or [tell him] what ought to be done. And there ought to be no connection between the two.

HKS: Just after the Cuban debacle, you said the joint chiefs and the head of the CIA had to go. Do you still feel that way?

WL: I do. I think it's going to have to be done. It'll be done, too — I hope with as little bloodshed as possible, but, I think the CIA itself may disappear, and its parts taken over in different directions.

HKS: In all these setbacks in which the CIA has been involved, the president in a speech has implied, and many of his aides have said quite frankly to us reporters in private, that they consider the press to be a limitation on [their] effectiveness in carrying out policy — a free press, unrestrained. What do you think about that? Do you agree with that?

WL: They're very confused about all that. I think in some ways, of course, there are some things the press might do better, or differently, or not at all, than it does. But what they were complaining about was something that there's no criticism being made about — namely that the news of the Cuban expedition was published to the world before it happened. I consider it the duty of the press to expose that kind of thing to the light of day, because I don't think that a democracy like this should have secret training camps, and secret armies, and secret navies, in foreign countries, all in violation of its treaties and its own laws.

ES: In a conversation with this correspondent in 1965, Mr. Lippmann talked about Southeast Asia, and a possible withdrawal from South Vietnam:

Mr. Lippmann, there are many people here who think that if we do withdraw from that part of Southeast Asia, however it happens, that we will have suffered an enormous, historic, American defeat.

WL: Well, I tell you, if you make a mistake — and I think we've made a mistake to involve ourselves in a war on the land in Asia, contrary to all previous American teaching military teaching and doctrine — you have to expect to pay some price for it. You can't expect to get out gloriously from

a mistake. But if you mean by that, if it is meant that the United States will cease to be a power in Asia, because it negotiates itself out of Vietnam eventually, the answer to that is not true. The United States controls the whole Pacific Ocean. All the water, all the air above it, and all the air over the way into the interior of China, and so on. Now, that is a situation that has never existed before in American history, and that will continue to exist.

ES: I take it you're not concerned about any immediate toppling of dominoes in the rest of Southeast Asia?

WL: Nothing immediate. But I never believed in going into Southeast Asia; I've said many times, written it and all kinds of things, I never believed we ought to be there, but as long as we are there, I believe what we have to do is to stay there long enough to make the process orderly, rather than disorderly and violent.

ES: Does this government have an overall policy for Asia?

WL: We have objective commitments, which I believe, as policy for the long run — I'm not talking about tomorrow, but five, ten, fifteen, twenty years from now — are not tenable. And that, we've had those commitments as a result of our victory over the Japanese empire, in the Second World War. We find ourselves in places where we can't expect to stay for the rest of time. We aren't going to stay forever in South Korea; we aren't going to stay forever in South Vietnam; nor forever in Taiwan; nor in Okinawa, which is part of Japan. So if we have any sense and maturity, we will adjust our minds to the fact that over the generations, the tide is going to recede to something more normal and natural.

ES: What you're saying then, as I understand it, is that in the long run we must be prepared to live with Chinese Communist domination of Southeast Asia.

WL: The situation for us in the Pacific is very like what happened in Europe with the Russians. Now we have lived with the Soviet domination of Eastern Europe since 1945. And look at it now — it's dissolving. If we can hold China, in a great military sense, from a building a navy like the Japanese navy was at Pearl Harbor — becoming a real threat to our peace — and wait, as we've waited with the Soviet Union, in the end, the same forces will work in China that have worked in the Soviet Union. She'll relax her grip.

ES: But East Europe is confronted with a countervailing force in the sense of the great weight and prosperity of West Germany and the rest of West Europe, pressing close

on East Europe's very borders. You wouldn't have that really, would you, in the Far East? Where would the contrast and the other force come from?

WL: The best I would expect, I'm looking now at the long run, I mean, we can get the kind of pause and interlude that I think is the best we can hope for. I think that, for instance, Vietnam, which was always anti-Chinese, will follow the same line that Tito has followed in Europe, as against the Soviet Union. It'll be socialist or communist, in a manner of speaking, because those words don't apply very well in Asia, but it'll be tending to be anti-Chinese and independent, and that will be, from our point of view, quite satisfactory.

ES: In 1963, Charles Collingwood asked Mr. Lippman this question:

Charles Collingwood: Mr. Lippmann, it seems to me that you have counseled for the United States a policy of patience and fortitude. Do you really think that is the appropriate posture for the nation with the greatest power that any nation has had in the history of the world?

WL: Yes, I do. And I think it was Aristotle who said that the finest attribute of power is restraint and that there's nothing so impressive, as to have great power and use it magnanimously, patiently, and with restraint. That's exactly what the greatest power ought to be. It cannot go off on adventures; it can't go off on binges of popular emotion. It has to be conscious of the fact that the safety of all mankind, in one sense, is in its hands. And that's such a responsibility, that it can't be exercised intemperately, jingoistically, incautiously.

ES: In his 1961 conversation with Howard Smith. Mr. Lippmann also spoke about this matter:

WL: I don't agree with people who think that we have to go out and shed a little blood to prove we are virile men. This is too serious a business for that kind of thinking. And, in regard to Cuba, my feeling was not only that, but also that it was illegal for us to do it, and we cannot go into the business of violating treaties. We are not that kind of country. And then behind that all, lies a very personal and human feeling — that I don't think old men ought to promote wars for young men to fight. I don't like warlike old men. I think it's their business to try, as best they can, by

whatever wisdom they can find, to avert what would be an absolutely irreparable calamity for the world.

ES: These have been glimpses of Lippmann the man and the workings of his mind. If anything, he spoke even more directly and pungently than he wrote. He knew what he thought about a great range of issues, because he was always thinking. His daily life was rigidly structured: all morning, every morning, he read and he wrote behind soundproofed doors. It was his period of what the late Carl Sandburg used to call creative loneliness. If the house caught fire, let somebody else call the fire department. This strict, daily ritual enabled Lippmann not only to write an immense amount, more than two dozen books besides thousands of columns, but to talk with a great number of useful people over the years, and in many countries. Few men have used their time and their minds so close to maximum capacity.

He was a proud man with no illusions that the power of the pen was limitless. He was the greatest adornment of the printed press which he loved and often despaired of. He was uneasy about television at first, but when it added popular celebrity to his fame, I think he secretly enjoyed it. He made some famous mistakes in judgment of men and issues, but they were famous because they were his. His mind searched relentlessly for the realities of man and society, and he sometimes changed his mind, and said so.

He was a fastidious, sensitive soul. He could not bear violence in this century's politics of hysteria. Vietnam literally sickened him, and his implacable opposition to that intervention brought him President Johnson's implacable hostility.

The journalist, columnist and commentator is not an insider. How then, Lippmann asked rhetorically on his seventieth birthday, does he dare presume to write so much about so many things? Lippmann answered, in part, "We make it our business to find out what is going on under the surface and beyond the horizon, to infer, to deduce, to imagine, and to guess what is going on inside, and what this meant yesterday, and what it could mean tomorrow. In this way we do what every sovereign citizen is supposed to do, but has not the time or the interest to do it for himself. This is our job," Lippmann went on. "It is no mean calling, and we have a right to be part of it, and to be glad that it is our work."

There must be very few in the now very large corps of American journalists who are not glad that Walter Lippmann spent his life in this work. His standard nourished and fortified them, and surely that nourished and fortified the country he loved. This is Eric Sevareid. Good evening. □

CHINA HOMECOMING

JAMES C. THOMSON Jr.

From time to time the editors present in these pages transcripts of Nieman seminars. The following is a lightly edited version of a recent gathering of Nieman Fellows when Curator James C. Thomson Jr., shared with them his reflections on returning to China after an absence of thirty years. In a few cases he has chosen to use pseudonyms for some of the Chinese people he cites or quotes in order to avert any invasion of privacy and also to avoid misunderstanding. Furthermore, Jim Thomson — a linguistic reactionary — has not yet accepted the new and now widely used system of transliteration from Chinese to English in the names of people and places; so this transcript generally adheres to the traditional Wade-Giles system.

I have a difficult assignment, and I really don't know what I'm going to say; so we will just see what happens. My assignment is to try to tell you what it was like to return to China at age forty-seven — almost precisely thirty years after I left there as a seventeen-year-old in 1949, not having been back there in the interim, but having spent most of those thirty years immersed either in studying Chinese history, society, and language, or — during seven years in the U.S. government — in trying to deal with East Asian problems in general, and the China problem in particular.

Let me very quickly give you the context of my return.

A "brief introduction" is what you get in China at every commune, factory, or other institution you visit, and what I'm about to give you is such an introduction — usually in China it's not very brief, but at least in this case it does not have to be consecutively translated.

I grew up in China through biological and historical accident. In 1917 my parents were "called" (and that was the term then used) to serve Christ, and specifically the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, an agency of Christ's good works — were called to travel to China as

educational missionaries. My father was then an ordained minister but was already on his way to becoming a biochemist, and was appointed in that year to the faculty of the University of Nanking, which was an ecumenical, Western-sponsored, church-supported university, one of the better universities in China, and one of the thirteen so-called Christian colleges among which the most esteemed, by the time the Communists took over, was probably Yenching University in Peking. Nanking University was noted especially for its work in agricultural economics, and specifically for the work of one J. Lossing Buck — who had the misfortune to marry a writer named Pearl who won the Nobel prize, divorced him, and married her publisher; but he then got even and married his Chinese secretary, so everyone lived happily ever after.

For the next few years, until they left China in 1949, both my parents taught — my mother at the high school and college level, in things like Latin, English, history, and the liberal arts; my father became professor of chemistry and Dean of Science at the University of Nanking. He was a biochemist and public health expert who eventually went to work for the United Nations through the Food and Agricul-

tural Organization and the World Health Organization after China “fell” as we put it. (Now we call it The Liberation, but in those days we spoke of “the fall of China,” “the loss of China” to the Communists, in the year 1949.)

I arrived on the scene in China very late as, if not an unwanted child, at least an unexpected child. I had three much older siblings and was not born until 1931, when my mother was nearly forty-three, and it seemed medically improbable that I happened. I was born in Princeton, New Jersey, and born on furlough, which always made me insecure, as some of you may know from reading my childhood memoirs, because BOF — Born on Furlough — was less good than BIC — Born in China — and my siblings were born in China and therefore had status. I was BOF, and had no status. But I reminded them, once I had the gift of speech, that I could become president under the Constitution, and it was unlikely that they could unless they went through a court challenge.

(Note: I have very belatedly calculated, since this talk was given, that I was actually Conceived in China, and lived there, well packaged, for about six months. That makes me CIC — a concept it will take me a while to explore.)



I first arrived in China, at age one and a half, in 1933. Hometown: Nanking — an absolutely wonderful place, with a beautiful house, beautiful garden, loving servants, exquisite food. And all the culture and life around me was a joy until the Japanese came in and took Nanking in 1937. I left China in 1939 for the first time when I was eight and a half (those “halves” are important), and did not return until 1948, when I was sixteen, going on seventeen. At that time I took a year off before college with a friend from school — my last visit to China. And it is the year 1948-49, when I was at an age of awareness, that I had as my chief point of reference and comparison for 1978-79, when I went back to China for the first time in thirty years.

I had, incidentally, though given three opportunities, held off on going back since Ping-Pong and the Nixon breakthrough, because I wanted to bring my wife, and each time we couldn't bring spouses; and then on the fourth trip, which we accepted — the famous Harvard 1973 non-trip — the Chinese canceled at the eleventh hour for reasons that are still unclear (and probably uninteresting).

Two headings should be superimposed on this brief introduction, and they occurred to me all the time I was in that country. One is the title of a still-remembered novel, and the other the title of a long-forgotten play: first, *You Can't Go Home Again* by Thomas Wolfe; and second, *You*

Can't Take It with You, a rollicking 1930's comedy. More about that toward the end.

Final element of context: The group, which was originally fourteen, myself included, but was soon reduced

*All the culture and life around me
was a joy until the Japanese took Nan-
king in 1937.*

to thirteen after an illness in the family of one of our members forced his departure. The group was called “a delegation of civic and world affairs leaders.” Yes — why was I there? This question was not answered, except that the sponsoring body in the United States, the National Committee on U.S.-China Relations, had begun to feel sorry for its only Board member who still hadn't been to China in the post-Ping-Pong years. It began to be a distinction *not* to have gone; in fact, Arthur Waley never went lest his literary vision of ancient and medieval China be corrupted.

The other members of our delegation were people like the national president of the League of Women Voters, the president of Common Cause, two executive directors of big-city World Affairs Councils, leaders of outfits like the Brookings Institution and the Johnson Foundation. These are mostly people in the business of giving away money, thinking wise thoughts, and being nice; and that's how, I suppose, I fit in. We were — in answer to your next question — extraordinarily congenial. We were almost too homogeneous; almost, I would say, too uniformly “rad-lib,” decent, left-center Democrats; we probably all believed in semi-welfare states, and all basically thought normalization with Peking was a good idea. We needed at least one super sourpuss, but we didn't have one. We needed at least one vituperative right-winger or polemical left-winger, or both, and we didn't have them. So we were perhaps a touch too bland. However, we tried to make up for it by occasional antics, and I think our antics were rather charming. Our Chinese guides did not always see it that way.

On to itinerary: Where did we go? “China is very big; Japan is very small.” (It's a line from a Noel Coward play.) Our group met in Tokyo at Narita Airport, and flew on Friday, the 24th of November, avoiding Korea, which you should always try to do. In time, we were told over the loudspeaker by the Japanese pilot that under our right wing was Shanghai. My heart went thump-thump, and I looked down, and there was the usual cloud cover and occasional mud flats; but that's Shanghai. Then we flew

due north to Peking, which is the capital of this very large country.

We spent roughly a week in Peking, during which time we took a train down to Shihchiachuang, the capital of Hopei province, a place we stayed two nights. During the intervening day we took a two-hour bus ride through East Hopei to a village called Wugung. After we spent many hours there, we went back by bus to the province capital

It is a vegetarian's paradise — every vegetable you ever dreamed of in your life, growing all the way up every mountain and hillside.

and back by train to Peking for a couple of days more. At that point we took an airplane — which I do not recommend. I do recommend Chinese trains, incidentally; they are absolutely wonderful, they are beautiful and clean and comfortable; they are air-conditioned, in winter at least, and you are served endless mugs of tea and also fine meals in the dining car. But I do not recommend Chinese airplanes because they are dreadful. They are very old, they feel very unsafe, they are crowded and uncomfortable; and they are very Russian. Anyway, we flew from Peking to Chungking, in Szechwan, which is where the Yangtze and Chia-ling rivers come together — the one an oozing, only seminavigable river, the other that central artery of China. We spent three days there, in God's country. I had fallen in love with Szechwan province in 1948-49, because I hitchhiked there with that high-school friend of mine. He and I had spent a month and a half wandering through Szechwan and southwest China, believing (rightly) that it might be our last chance to see China for a long time.

Szechwan is one of the most beautiful places on earth. First of all, it is under a cloud cover constantly, and is sufficiently far south, just before the Himalayas, so that all the sun's nasty rays are filtered out, and all the sun's delicious rays get through. Everything imaginable can be grown in that rich Szechwan soil, all the way from the Chengtu plain (which is the most fertile place in the world) through the mountainous and hilly land around Chungking where they literally till it right up to the top of the mountains. And it is a vegetarian's paradise: You see every vegetable you ever dreamed of in your life, all the way up every mountain and hillside, including places where they don't even have to terrace the slopes. I don't know why. Maybe there's not enough rain, just gentle driplets, and constant moisture. You seldom see the sun. But it is

fantastically beautiful; and it now seems ten times more productive than it was thirty years ago. Lavish, lavish — every inch of soil used for every green vegetable; and every vegetable has been washed while growing, and no cellophane!



After Chungking and environs, we boarded a Yangtze River steamer (the vessel's name: *The East is Red No. 32*), eleven hundred people, and we steamed down the river, which took almost three days, to the great metropolis of Wuhan, where three cities are situated together at the juncture of two rivers: Hankow, the most memorable because it was a major European enclave; Hanyang; and Wuchang. Our delegation spent two days in this Wuhan complex — China's Chicago, sort of. We did this after going through the Yangtze River gorges — which are, of course, one of the great natural wonders of the world. (Both my parents were in China forty years and had wanted to take a trip through the Yangtze gorges, but never had the chance.) I do not fully recommend the gorges in winter. They are a bit more cloud-covered than usual. Within the gorges, the current is incredibly fast, the ship is about as wide as this room, and the gorges at their narrowest are only inches wider than this room; and the mountains soar way, way up to the skies, cupping occasional pagodas and temples, and wearing gentle cloud covers — so that all my pictures will look alike. As Spiro Agnew might have said, "You've seen one Yangtze gorge, you've seen them all."

As for Wuhan: It's a fascinating, lively, violent, vibrant, dilapidated city — the only place I saw pedicabs in China; I hadn't known they still existed. Pedicabs are rickshaws that have bicycles attached; the coolies don't pull them but pedal them. This form of labor, ubiquitous under the Nationalists, had (I thought) disappeared. Not in Wuhan.

Three of us plus Mr. Wang, one of our interpreters (so we called ourselves "The Gang of Three-Plus-One"), flew from Wuhan to Nanking, which is of course the center of the universe and Eden itself, while the rest of the crowd flew to Shanghai. The Gang of Three-Plus-One proceeded to spend two nights and a day in Nanking, and then took a train to Shanghai and spent a day and a half there with the rest of the bunch. And then we flew to Canton (also called Kwangchow). After a night in Canton, we took a train to Hong Kong and spent a night there. We finally went off in our various separate directions, after about three weeks of quite total immersion in China.

So much for the context, the group, and the itinerary.



Now, some cosmic overall impressions. First, what had not changed? Three things — two central, one peripheral. One of the two central things that had not changed at all in thirty years was the extraordinary beauty and variety of the Chinese countryside — the scenery that God put in China. Absolutely, unbelievably unchanged and beautiful.

The second thing that had not changed at all: the extraordinary warmth, vitality, curiosity, sense of humor, hilarity — and to repeat, ten times over, the curiosity — of the people of China, once you got outside of that dreadful company town, Peking. From the smallest village to the middle-sized towns, to great big metropolises like Chungking, with maybe four million people, and Wuhan. They surround you. By your physical presence wandering through a marketplace or along a street, at any hour of day or night, you can gather fifty people within minutes and, I would say, anywhere from five hundred to eight hundred within twenty minutes. And, you will discover that if you can find any common language, beginning with sign language, or even if you can't find a common language, they will engage you in virtually endless conversations of normally intense hilarity very soon, because they are so happy to talk to you and to ask you things. A few of us did speak Chinese, including Ed Friedman of the University of Wisconsin and Jan Berris of the National Committee, who are both fluent.

There was a pint-sized thirty-four-year-old Assistant Secretary of HUD named Donna Shalala who knew no Chinese; instead, she spoke very simple English to crowds of about five hundred people, and thereby gave English lessons. She's a natural-born teacher; she would, at any time of day or night, in the smallest village or the bigger towns, get them in unison to say, "Hello! (*Hello!*) How are you? (*Ha ah you?*) My name is Donna" — and off we would go, in chorus, the Chinese repetitive form of learning. Maybe some three thousand more Chinese people now know some English than before Dr. Shalala's visit.



I should also talk about our guides. Mr. Feng was our salaried chief guide, from the European affairs division of our local host organization, the China People's Institute for Foreign Affairs. Why the European affairs division? Because all the American specialists were off touring with

senators and members of congress. They had no Americanists available; and we were therefore assigned the Europeanists. Mr. Feng, a chief Europeanist, had — as far

If you can find any common language, beginning with sign language, they will engage you in endless conversations.

as we could tell — no language in common with us except some Chinese; and I came to the suspicion late in the game that he must have been their former Albanian expert. German? No. English? No. French? No. Mr. Feng was thoroughly reserved.

Then there was Miss Wang, an interpreter, very young and an ice maiden — could not even offer a gentle smile over little jokes, or small gifts, perhaps ball-point pens. Miss Wang is the younger sister of someone once famous who is now high up in some ministry. Our Miss Wang caught a bad cold on the Yangtze steamer and was never herself — either before or after the bad cold.

There was also gentle, languid Mr. Wu — artistic, aesthetic, and a beautiful teacher. He spoke quite good German; those of us who spoke German established a quite warming relationship with Mr. Wu.

And then Mr. Chang — a stolid thirty-seven-year-old who scowled most of the time. He was listed initially as an interpreter, but when we went to *The People's Daily* and he tried to interpret, he had such a disastrous time that his job title was changed to "logistics." Mr. Chang, as far as we could tell, was there as the secret police plant, to keep an eye on us. (It's an assignment I would not have particularly enjoyed with our group; and how he managed it, I do not know. Actually, I think he gave up quite soon.) Mr. Chang had spent five years in Pakistan (and really spoke no Hindi or Urdu) but otherwise was very funny underneath the scowl. It turned out that he loved words, even though he found sentences difficult. For instance, on a long car drive I taught him the word "geomancy." Hey, I would say, only one in a thousand Americans know what the word means. You should try it on them! And he thought that was charming. Mr. Chang and I developed a special relationship.

I was the deputy leader of our delegation, and the leader of the delegation was the president of the Brookings Institution. He was very decent and articulate and intelligent — but also quite a straight-arrow. He would ride in the first car in our motorcades and would have to sit with the provincial vice chairman, or whatever, and an

interpreter and the chauffeur. That's four people, and Chinese cars don't take many more than four people. He would have to keep saying, "Oh, that must be the Great Wall" — or "Oh, really, it takes that many tons of fertilizer per hectare?" For delegation leaders, conversation must become fatiguing.

Magically, Mr. Chang and I discovered that in Chinese kindergarten we had both learned the same poems and songs. (Miss Wang definitely had not. Because she had come out of a younger generation, and she had only known "The Great Helmsman" and such boring and repetitious political songs.) So Mr. Chang and I developed a friendship that will probably last forever, despite his probable spook connections. For instance, we recited all through China, in unison and sometimes in sequence, the poem we both loved most from kindergarten, which goes:

*Hsiao lao-tzu
Shang teng-t'ai
T'ou yu ch'ih
Hsia pu-lai*

*Chiao ma-ma
Ma pu-tsai
Gulu-gulu-gulu-gulu
Kuan hsia-lai.*

When Mr. Chang knew that I had learned that poem, too, he said, "I can't wait to tell all other guides! How funny — they don't know that one!"

So, from then on, in Szechwan villages, towns like Wanh sien, or Chungking great street scenes, Chang and I would do our school poem. And crowds as large as two hundred would gather, with tremendous excitement; the audiences' responses were quite unbelievable.

Q: Can you please translate that poem?

A: Of course, or let's say maybe — the same question was asked of Chang and me on the steamer by our delegation. Let me try to recall that evening.

--Chang, I said *hsiao lao-tzu* — what does that mean?

--Little mouse, he said.

--Okay, I said. Now, *shang teng-t'ai*?

--Climbs up a lamp.

--Yes, I say. The mouse climbs onto a bean-oil lamp.
Now, *t'ou yu ch'ih*?

--Wants to steal something to eat.

--Right! *Hsia pu-lai*?

--(Triumphantly) Can't get down!

--*Chiao ma-ma*?

--Calls for mouse mother!

--*Ma pu-tsai*?

--Mother not around!

Then comes that *gulu-gulu* part. And the only way Chang and I could do it, for the delegation, through our laughter and theirs, was by sign language — which is what that *gulu* stuff is about, namely, a mouse falling off a bean-oil lamp.



Enough about poetry. At this point let me backtrack. When I learned that my China return was finally going to happen, I was puzzled by my uneasiness about "going home." I really felt it was going home, and I'm still not sure why I was so uneasy, but I think there were several grounds.

China might have changed so totally as to be unrecognizable. Or the Chinese might not like me or be nice to me. Or, more depressing, they might deny me access to my real home, which was hometown Nanking, and my home university, the University of Nanking, where my father and mother taught, a college I attended for a few months in 1948. And they might not even let me look at my house. They might even have torn down my house. One's house, where one lived from ages one through eight, is roots.

There was a final and very puzzling unease: Should I bring a camera? Would the pictures work? I knew that if I brought a camera, first of all, I'd be so worried about should I or should I not take a picture, and, second of all, would they all come out blank?

Anyway, the key issue had become for me, long before arrival in China, would I be allowed to see Nanking?

Now let me tell you now about entry. You come from Narita Airport, in Japan, which is the most over-computerized, antiterrorist, ultramodern twenty-first-century airport ever put together — which means that every six paces you walk you are again searched, and anything you are carrying is searched. It is an airport overwhelmed by terror. And crowding. (My wife once said about Japan, it's as if one had just walked into the inside of a watch.)

You come from Narita Airport, and you land at Peking Airport. And it is as if you were suddenly on the dark side of the moon. There is nothing there except a massive slab of concrete (the runway) and a Stalinesque, ugly terminal. At

the edge of the runway are a few prop-driven aircraft that look as if they haven't moved in ten years; and you're on the only jet airplane. You take your little bags, the greeting party is there, you come into the terminal, and the terminal is like Boston's South Station today — not South Station in its great days. The contrast from an ultra-modern, let's say over-modern, civilization, to utter primitiveness, is visually astounding. People who come in by train to Canton from Hong Kong have a very different impression. It's a slower progress; the trains are more beautiful and seductive.

Then (back in Peking) it is 3:30 in the afternoon, but you see no sun. Because Peking, through the absolute transformation of its environment — the massive reforestation, and the total absence of pollution regulations — makes Los Angeles look like Tahiti, in terms of comparative grayness. Everything is gray in mid-afternoon. The people look gray, the roads look gray, the trees are gray, the mountains aren't even visible. The city, once you get to it, has been desecrated. Simon Leys (the Belgian Sinologist) was even gentle about the terrible things they have done to it. Peking is a city that always had a hauteur and was therefore, somewhat despised and feared by us Nanking kids. But onto hauteur they have grafted the ugliness of Stalinesque rococo! They have torn down everything that made Peking moderately gentle, the palace, the city gates, the delicate aspects, and of course the great city walls. They have built company-modern heavy stuff. The streets of Peking are good, I guess. Of course, they are ten times too wide. And they seem to be filled with ghosts, fleets of ghosts, or bats or locusts. And, really, what on earth are they? They are people on bicycles. In droves, thousands of people on bicycles, in black coats with fur hats, streaming away, going dingle, dingle, dingle, with the bells that have no effect whatsoever because there are enormous trucks and buses and cars going beep, beep, beep. Some cities were quieter. Nanking, for instance — I'm going to get to Nanking. Anyway, Peking is an atrocity they have not quite been able to destroy, and it's a company town. They virtually all work for the same company, and they are all going at the same pace.

I decided that I hated China that day at the airport, and on the road from the airport from Peking, and during my first days and nights in Peking. One special reason I decided that I hated China was because they announced, on the way from the airport, that we could not go to Nanking. "Sorry, no time. Busy schedule." So I decided I would throw a fit. I had been instructed by Professor Jerome Cohen that the Chinese do respond to fits, because they don't like unseemly behavior; and if you get unseemly, then they try to find some way to make the situation less unseemly. I used the Cohen technique. I also happily found two allies who shared my obsession with going to Nanking.

My stated reason for insisting on Nanking, which turned out to be the wrong one, was that my grandmother, who had expired at a ripe old age in 1936, was buried in the foreign cemetery, outside the city wall of Nanking, and that I of course needed to go and, as the Chinese put it, "sweep

*Everything is gray in mid-afternoon
— the people, the roads, the trees.*

her grave." It is something they do, even today. It's nice — a good thing to do. I said I also wanted to visit my hometown and university. But I did *not* say "my house" lest they say, "Ha, ha, too bad! No house!" But the problem with my grandmother was, it turned out many, many days later, that through long-distance phone calls and telegrams and search parties, they had been unable to locate her grave or even the cemetery. And we were about to be denied Nanking because, to their embarrassment, I think they had built a housing project — or maybe factory — on my grandmother. And once I began to fathom the grounds for their embarrassment, I switched tactics. "Oh, Mr. Wu," I said, "good friend, please forget about my grandmother. She rests in peace. It was her favorite place, and — no need. No need. Stop looking for her." They really had, I think, expeditions searching for some obscure foreign grave. Anyway, Mr. Wu (logistics person) looked moderately relieved. Happily, two of my fellow travelers, as we called each other, also had reasons to visit Nanking. Professor Ed Friedman had a letter (in Chinese, yet!) from the Chancellor of the University of Wisconsin to the President of the Nanking University, extending the hand of sisterhood for exchanges of students, scholars, and the like. Our hosts had not been forewarned of this, and it came as an amazing discovery; even Mr. Feng, our chief guide, began to take notes once he saw Friedman's impressive letter. And Dr. Shalala had co-hosted the Chinese delegation of mayors when they came to this country; and the mayor of Nanking, who was about Dr. Shalala's height and quite broad, had apparently fallen in love with her and had said, "If you ever come China and don't come to Nanking — ha, ha, too bad for you!" So we became a Gang of Three in exerting our will for modification of the itinerary.



Now, once the Chinese give you an itinerary, to change it is almost impossible. However, our will was exerted, in which process I waived the grandmother principle, the

grandmother demand. And it was ultimately, reluctantly, permitted that we would in fact be allowed to peel off and go to Nanking. (We got the news in Chungking.)

I said earlier, in my cosmic overview, that two things had not changed; one was the scenery, the other was the people. And I was most of all astonished that the Chinese people, after all these years of allegedly being turned into "blue ants," seemed strikingly individualistic, boldly outgoing, totally curious and funny and inquisitive, and astonishingly unchanged from the people I knew thirty years ago. There was absolutely no change. Furthermore, the minute you get outside of Peking, they are not all in a hurry going on company business to company places. There are more people sitting around laughing, talking, smoking, eating, drinking, than you can imagine. Underemployment — and I have now checked this out with people who claim to understand what that kind of word means — seems very high. People do not seem driven — throughout all parts of China, from the smallest village to some of the biggest cities, such as Wuhan, Shanghai and Chungking. The scene is totally unlike what I had been led to believe, even by my scholar friends (but that may be my misreading of the scholars).

A further point about my overview: I had said there was one other thing that had not changed, and that was a corollary peripheral to the two major things. That is the dilapidated condition of housing in all city centers. Although on the outskirts, and in what we might call the suburbs, there is much new housing, I was astonished at how little new building has been undertaken in the past thirty years in cities that are totally recognizable, including Chungking, Wuhan, Nanking, Shanghai, and Canton. One of the most urgent problems the Chinese must face — and they talk about it — is how on earth to house their people. When I say "dilapidated," I mean dilapidated; I do not mean that people live in hovels or shanties the way they used to thirty years ago. I just mean that they live in the same old stuff they used to live in in the central cities I knew.

Back to the cosmic overview, for a moment: What had changed? Well, the answer should be no surprise to any one who has read anything about China. Never, in any part of China — and we were, incidentally, amazingly on our own as much of the time as we wanted to be — did I see anyone who could remotely be classified as a beggar or as a person in acute poverty or misery. And I would go further and say that I never saw anyone, except in hospitals, who seemed to be unhealthy, who seemed to be suffering from the various forms of disease and especially malnutrition that one saw all over China thirty years ago. Nor did I ever see anyone ill-clothed — and this was chilly weather, though mild in South China. Everyone seemed astonishingly well-fed and

well-clothed. But that is no news, if you have heard the reports of other China visitors.

And here, briefly, a pause for "incidental intelligence." There *are* birds in China — not in the cities, but in villages. Birdlife seems to have returned. There *are* flies in China. I think we counted eighteen. A further footnote is that there *are* dogs in China, at least in the villages. (One

One of the most urgent problems the Chinese must face is how to house their people.

had been told that there are no dogs.) And we saw three cats, one of whom I addressed, since I am very fond of cats, and who sort of called out to me yearningly, so perhaps there aren't enough cat-lovers in China. And oh yes, despite thirty years of campaigns against the famous Chinese habit of hawking and spitting in public, you cannot walk on any piece of Chinese pavement without seeing signs that the Chinese still hawk and spit in public; and you have to be a little careful, because they do it all around you. And never put your head out of a train window! That was also true thirty years ago.

One small curiosity: No matter where you are, or how fatigued and confused, you can always tell the day and date — since the people who clean your rooms also meticulously turn one page of the ubiquitous desk calendar every morning during breakfast. Speaking of breakfast, whether Western or Chinese (and our group split down the middle on the subject), the surprising new offering is yogurt — quite refreshing plain yogurt, probably a legacy of the Russian alliance. Anyway, to speak for my faction, there is nothing quite so delicious as Chinese breakfasts, and I must have gained fifteen pounds. Finally, on food in general: It was uniformly delicious and varied. That was no change from thirty years ago.



On to Nanking, which will be the end of this brief introduction. Nanking. The mystifying fact was that our plane landed around 7:30 P.M. on December 7, 1978, and I realized that it was *thirty years to the day* that my parents and I had been evacuated from Nanking — on December 7, 1948, by a U.S. Navy LSM, which is sort of a large, doughnut-shaped vehicle, down the Yangtze River to Shanghai.

The airport was quiet and beautiful. No slogans — just

two simple neon characters, *Nan Ching* — Southern Capital. We stayed in great splendor at the Nanking Guest House, a quiet garden hotel. The mayor of Nanking, who was Shalala's ardent admirer, had scheduled a banquet for us that night, but our airplane was three hours late coming out of Chungking, with the stop at Wuhan where we boarded it; and therefore he canceled the banquet and rescheduled it for the next night. However, while the three of us were having a most exquisite dinner in our Nanking hotel, it was announced that the mayor was present and would see us at once. So we left our delicious edibles unfinished, and went to talk for two hours with the mayor in a guest suite. This man was especially accessible, as we had found virtually all other officials, but he was even more so. There were quite a number of such officials — from the editor of the *People's Daily* and Vice Premier Keng Piao (one you don't hear about very much, but the one they assigned to us), to the Vice President of Peking University and the Chungking and Wuhan provincial vice chairmen. (Note: In China everyone is always "vice"; no one is right up front — and therefore possibly vulnerable.)

The mayor gave us the same old spiel. And that same old spiel, just to be political very quickly, is simply that China has gone through ten years of hell. They blame it all on "The Gang-of-Four-Plus-One," and the "one" is Lin Piao. However, they say ten years. Ten years gets you back into the Cultural Revolution, which is not itself quite yet totally, explicitly denounced, given its fathering by Mao. At every factory, every commune, every farm, every university, every other institution, anyone who gets talking frankly with you talks about the ten years of hell (or "sabotage"). You do eventually get around, quite soon — and they encourage it — to the new mood. Our arrival coincided with the November outbreak of wall posters and the "Democracy Wall." We were in Peking when the throngs were reading them, and we mixed in with the crowds — particularly our Chinese-speaking members. The crowds immediately surrounded us and began talking about Kennedy and Carter and Jefferson — and "the press that got rid of Nixon in your country," and "shouldn't our press do things like that here?" I wouldn't believe it, except that we heard it.

Then, in one of these briefings, the question was raised, how can abuse of power — a phrase they have noted — be averted in the future? And the stock answers that you find all over the country, in different phrasings — they don't seem to be passed out by company order — add up to "socialist democracy." We've got to have a lot more socialist democracy, they told us. And we've got to complete the codification of our laws. And we've got to hold those in power accountable under the laws. How are you going to do it, they are asked. It's going to be hard, they

reply. They then usually retreat to assert that "the consciousness of the masses" has been so increased by events over the past ten years that the masses will not permit a recurrence of the terrible things that have happened. Anyway, the Mayor of Nanking gave us the same spiel; and two hours later, off we went to bed.



The next morning brought homecoming. Homecoming started with the Nanking University. We were driven into a whole new sector of the university, not the one I had known. In Nanking they have put two universities together, the former National Central University, and the old Ginling Ta-hsueh, which was my father's long-time university. We came to a guesthouse (which turned out to have been the "study" of General Ho Ying-ch'ing, the endlessly, corruptly, and ineffectively Nationalist Defense Minister). And there, lined up on the front steps, were eight to ten people to welcome us. I was by then no longer deputy leader; I was the leader of the Gang of Three plus Chang. Then suddenly, tall, ramrod-straight, resolved, grizzled, with eyes gleaming through steel-rimmed spectacles, and looking at me very intensely, was a familiar face. Till this moment I had been doing the usual "*Ni hao's*" (How-do-you-do's); but here I was seized by memory and stopped to say "*Ni kuei hsing, ma?*" (What is your honorable name?) — a somewhat archaic phrase, I think. "*Wo hsing DAI!*" he proclaimed, with warmth. "*Dai Anbang!*" I replied giving his full remembered name. And suddenly we were clutching each other and walking inside, babbling in two languages, and no one else existed for me.

What had happened was that when I had requested Nanking, I hoped that at least a few of my father's former students and colleagues might still be around. And a most favorite student who became a colleague, Professor Dai Anbang, was one of the people I had asked to see, because I knew that he had welcomed and cooperated with the Communist regime in its early days. Until that moment, I hadn't known that he was still alive. And there he was. He was one of my father's two brightest students in the 1920's. He went on to Columbia to get a Ph.D. in chemistry in about 1932, and he had become chairman of the department and Dean of Science after my father retired from those posts.

For the next two and a half hours — after, of course, the endless brief introduction by the Party man (painstakingly mistranslated by poor friend Chang), Professor Dai took me on his arm. This seventy-seven-year-old man, it turns out — and all this I learned later from others, not from him — spent four years of the past decade in what is

called the university's "Ox House," doing manual labor because he was accused of having wrong thoughts. The Ox House is where they put students and faculty and administrators who were thought to be rightwingers or revisionists. And he had emerged from the Ox House absolutely intact — and had been reinstated as chairman of the Department of Chemistry at age seventy-seven, and was now also director of Nanking's new Institute of Biochemical Sciences. Furthermore, the University's president himself had been reinstated only in January 1978 — after twelve years, not in the Ox House, but in prison.

The Ox House is where they put people who were thought to be rightwingers or revisionists.

In that guesthouse Professor Dai spoke nothing but Chinese, despite my cajoling. But the minute we agreed to break up and go on walking tours — which was what Donna and I had planned for this homecoming while Ed did his Wisconsin University business — he broke into English. His English was flawless and we spoke English for the next hour and a half.

While my camera was going click, click, click, he nudged me and pointed to a small old building, shrouded by trees, and said, "Twinem Chapel." I asked, "What is it used for now?" "Storage, I think." After a few more paces, he pointed and said, "Your father's laboratory." Click, click. "Same building?" He said, "No, burned down in the 1950's, but we rebuilt it exactly the way it was." Then, "Sage Hall," the big church on campus. "What is it used for now?" "Assemblies." And then we passed dormitories and athletic fields, and I took pictures of students playing badminton and soccer.

And suddenly we were on a very familiar path. And about a hundred yards ahead — my feet were just carrying me, they knew where I was, we were out of the new buildings — I stopped, and pointed. And he said, "Yes. Your house." Within a minute or so I was in front of the house and taking pictures. The front-porch columns — which, when I was a child, I thought were as vast as the columns of the Parthenon — were quite reduced and had been painted Chinese red, which I thought was quite charming. And then I was in the garden, the great walled garden, with its camphor and pomegranate and persimmon trees, fig and cedar trees, flowers, and vegetables. But: no garden. All gone. A great big new ugly building came right up to within inches of the house.

My siblings had said, "If you do nothing else, get us a

picture of the camphor tree." Where the camphor tree had stood — the camphor was an enormous thing — is what I call "son of camphor." I tore off a leaf and bit it, and it was clearly camphor. So I tore off some more leaves — and will distribute them to my siblings.

Meanwhile, Donna Shalala was carefully keeping the revolutionary vice chairman — the Party guy — a hundred yards behind us. So Professor Dai and I were able to talk totally freely as we continued around the house. Where there used to be a wall there now stands instead an old grey brick building, the house of our long-time neighbor, now expired. "Pearl Buck house," he murmured. A fast click-click; I'm aware that Ms. Buck's works are disesteemed on both sides of the Taiwan Straits — since they allegedly are condescending about the Chinese.

The walking tour continued. We saw all the old houses of all the old friends. We came back to the guesthouse, where we sat down (we had lost the rest of our party). I inscribed for Dai a copy of my book about Sino-American relations in the 1930's. He then wanted to write a message to my three siblings, and he asked if it would be all right if he wrote in Chinese. I said fine, and I asked him to tell me what it said, because my Chinese reading skill is painfully rusty. So he read it loudly to me, but in Chinese. (Incidentally, the minute we were in that house, he spoke no more English, only Chinese. People are still careful.) He read it with such feeling that I said, "That's incredibly beautiful." I didn't fully understand what it meant — but later translated it roughly as follows: "Since you left Nanking, you have been in my thoughts always — especially the memory of your revered father and mother. The fruits of their labors will never be forgotten. Our friendship is forever."

The rest of the day was spent looking at the usual monuments. Sun Yat-sen's mausoleum is in perfect shape, because, as our guides pointed out, one thing the Nationalists and Communists agree on is that Sun is the great founding father. Nearby, the Ming tombs were in great disarray — but that meant there weren't too many other people around. I much prefer the Nanking Ming tombs to the Peking ones. Of course we have to go and tour the dreadful Nanking Bridge — and, again to quote Spiro Agnew, if you've seen one bridge.... But it is their proudest local achievement, and it's a huge highway-plus-railroad bridge across the Yangtze, finally connecting North and South China. Anyway, they spend three hours showing it to us, and we had to walk along the tracks. The only time in China I saw heavily armed soldiers (in fact, armed soldiers at all, except for an occasional sidearm on a factory guard) was on that bridge, because there is still the danger of saboteurs.

Much of the city wall of Nanking has been torn down,

which action I regard as an artistic atrocity. I don't know why they do these things. If they're going to tear down a city wall, they might just as well get rid of grandmother. I mean, it's all part of urban renewal.

That evening the mayor put on a superb banquet for us, to which event they brought the other person I'd asked to see, the former president of Ginling College for Women, which was Smith-in-China, Dr. Wu Yi-fang, now eighty-six years old; she is extraordinarily animated and resilient but perhaps a bit guarded in her comments on "the old days." Friedman feels that Dr. Wu has been through some difficult years. After dinner the mayor takes us to the theatre to see a daring new popular play that is pro-Chou En-lai and subtly anti-Mao.



The end of this brief introduction came very early on the following morning when, as I left Nanking on the train to Shanghai, "it" happened. Purple Mountain loomed to the right — and Purple Mountain is the hotbed of evil spirits as well as good ones (I know that through my own sense of geomancy). I decided to take pictures of Purple Mountain and the famous Liang Dynasty stone lions at its base. And in my rush to do so I inadvertently exposed virtually an entire roll of film that I'd taken the day before.

That's when *You Can't Take It with You* came back to me very strongly. For when I looked up at Purple Mountain, aghast at my stupidity, I thought I saw the mountain smile malevolently, through its foggy shroud. As for *You Can't Go Home Again*: that relates to our garden, which is no longer a garden — which was to some degree (my siblings and I agree) the Garden of Eden. I also did walk through our entire house; and the desecration of that house could only have been accomplished by a demented and blind architect who insisted on turning every beautiful room into an ill-shapen cubicle, and destroying every beautiful hardwood floor. But at least the house is, I was told, the headquarters of the "physical culture program" of the University of Nanking. And so, for the rest of the day — crying on the inside — I joked on the outside and told all our hosts and friends that I judged it far better use of space to have physical education in our house rather than those Thomsons and their servants — which I thought was proper Chinese courtesy on my part.

The end of the six-hour train ride, which began disastrously with Purple Mountain laughing at my adversity, was the Shanghai railroad station. There, outside the carriage window, was the delicate Mr. Wu, waving at me and pointing to a person next to him, an absolutely

recognizable face, but with totally silver hair: Sophie Liu Wang, the wife of my father's most brilliant biochemistry student, Wang Ying-lai. But, much more important, Sophie was my first piano teacher — from age four all the way to age eight. I had last seen Sophie Liu forty years before. And here she was, blowing kisses at me through the train window. I pushed out of that train, with my multiple pieces of hand baggage, then dropped them all (causing some slight damage to a bottle of *mao-tai*), and seized her hand. And despite everything they say in the guide-books, I said, "Sophie, may I kiss you?" (They say Chinese don't kiss, those guide-books.) She said, "Of course!" I kissed her on both cheeks. She kissed me on both cheeks. We gathered my baggage and gathered each other arm in arm. She insisted on traveling on the bus to our hotel, the former Broadway Mansions, in the old French concession. And we babbled, babbled in English, all the way to the hotel. Then she said, "I'm coming to the banquet tonight to see you." So we parted.

That evening, at the banquet, she sat at my left; and the mayor of Shanghai sat at my right. I didn't say a word to the mayor — except for a toast I gave during the proceedings. Sophie and I talked about everything — forty years is a lot of time to cover. She was totally open with me. Ying-lai, her husband, was temporarily up in Peking, and was sad to be out of town (but I had already seen him in Cambridge when he came through with the delegation of biochemists). He's now the head of the Shanghai branch of the Academia Sinica. He did not go to any Ox House for four years; instead he was sent away to an unknown locale for one month's manual labor, but was rescued through some interventions. For ten years thereafter he had no authority, no research students, no facilities for doing his own research — even though he had led the team that had synthesized insulin and was nominated for a Nobel Prize — a nomination Mao vetoed. In the course of our three conversations, Sophie told me that for ten years they did not hear from a multitude of their friends and colleagues. But on the day that the Gang of Four was put in jail they were suddenly engulfed by friends stopping in with gifts, by telephone calls, and by letters. It was an extraordinary happening. I also learned that the day the Gang of Four was put away, all the liquor stores in four Chinese cities were sold out. (The same thing happened in Truro, Massachusetts, the day Nixon resigned.)

At the end of that banquet, Sophie said, "We must talk more, when are you leaving?" I said, "We leave tomorrow for Canton." We agreed to meet for lunch the next day. She booked a private room, the two of us met alone at the top of the hotel, where she talked totally freely for two and a half hours about the last ten years — as well as the last forty. It was literally as if no time had elapsed.



There is one more thing I must add now, which is non-chronological. After the gorges in the Yangtze River, one hour before we hit Wuhan, we were conducting — just for the fun of it — a sort of seminar with our guides up in the lounge towards the bow of the ship. Mr. Feng, our chief guide, had been asked about the changes that had taken place in China during his lifetime. (He is about fifty-one years old.) His difficult Yunnan accent was translated by Miss Wang. He gave a long and rather bitter answer about the great damage that the Americans had done in his home town of Kunming during World War II — because so many American men had lived with Chinese women, and at the end of the war the Americans had “taken away their airplanes but left their children.” The bitterness among his folk, in Yunnan and Szechwan, he said, was very deep and enduring. This, he added, is the kind of thing Americans had done in China. But suddenly (I could not believe my ears) he was saying that there were, however, other kinds of Americans in China. “For instance, Mr. Thomson’s father. Mr. Thomson’s father came here; and even though he came here many years before the revolution and the liberation, he did such great and good work that he is still remembered, forever remembered in this country. And there were also other Americans like Mr. Thomson’s father.”

At that point I had a curious sense of unexpected historic vindication, or exoneration, of at least one aspect of the American adventure in China, and I think my chief sadness was that my father had not lived to hear that.

My brief introduction is now over, and it has gone on just about as long as most Chinese brief introductions. I will now welcome requests for amplification, adjournment, or anything else.

Q: One burning question. Did Sophie make you play the piano?

A: Thank God, no. We never got near a piano. I was terrified that she might want me to perform and that I would not live up to her high expectations.

Q: Jim, how different was this openness and this freedom of exchange compared to what would have been the case a year earlier?

A: Sophie and several others said the following thing in different ways: Do you know that three years ago, even two years ago, we could not be having this conversation, and I could not be saying to you what I am saying to you now? Sophie added, of course Ying-lai and I would have greeted you, we would have come to a dinner for you, but we could

in no way have been talking the way we are talking now. There was also the head of a factory who said, let me tell you that had you come through here two years ago, first of all, I might not have been able to meet with you at all; and second, I certainly would not have been able to talk with you as frankly as I’m talking with you today. He had told us about his own experience being pilloried during the past five years. The Chinese were very conscious and explicit about this interval of openness.

Who knows how long it can last? That’s a different kind of question. And some Chinese people were asked, but what would you have told us four years ago? Well, was the reply, we would have told you the following: that everything is fine. Why would you have done that? Because we were taught to lie, and because we had to lie.

Q: You said you thought what you heard everywhere was not the result of a line that had been passed down, or at least a permission that had been given to be open, but rather was something that moved along — you inferred a private network. What basis did you have for thinking that?

A: Since my visit, I am persuaded that China, contrary to the writings of many political scientists, has been run over the past thirty years much more like Confucian China than I would have thought before. In other words, imperial edicts do still go out to the provinces, and the provincial leaders pay lip service to the edicts — and then keep doing roughly what they’ve been doing, or were going to do.

Ed Friedman intuited that people in Nanking — which University incidentally was a strong resister and was known as a bad apple for the past ten years — these people were protected to some degree by their chief local politico, the mayor of Nanking, who happens also to be on the national politburo. Friedman got word that people in significant positions at Nanking knew, within hours, of developments in Peking — and whether it was by radio, telephone, or telepathy, no one felt isolated from new developments. The network informed its own.

Q: During the trip, did you get an inkling from any of the officials of the momentous change the Carter administration was going to pull in recognizing Peking?

A: During our nineteen or twenty days in China, and during scores of briefings and brief introductions, the words “normalization” and “Taiwan” were each raised only once — each time by an American questioner from our group, never by a Chinese. That puzzled me. It seemed to me at the time that Taiwan and normalization were somehow not on the front burner. I now figure that they assumed normalization was going to happen very fast; and that Taiwan was on the back burner. But I was still mystified by the end of the trip.

The other thing that astonished me was the amount of time devoted to the iniquity of the Vietnamese, who are on the same level in terms of iniquity as the Russians.

Q: That's most puzzling. How did that come to be?

A: Two thousand years of history — and Chinese paranoia about Russian encirclement. In other words, once Hanoi and Moscow signed a treaty, the Chinese went through the roof. You have to attach that to two thousand years of mutual dislike.

Q: You talked a little about the crowds in Peking. I'd like to know more about what you felt there. Second, when you talked about the bridge in Nanking and used the word sabotage, what did you mean by that?

A: To begin with sabotage: The regime is properly nervous that certain major installations could be blown up by people; and the most obvious people would be Kuomintang agents, Nationalist agents. Therefore, the regime has reason to protect something as delicate as a bridge, and to seal off nuclear installations and military sites. And what was the first question?

Q: About the crowds in Peking and the wall posters.

A: Those posting and discussing the wall posters tended to be younger people. A lot of student types.

Q: Were you questioned because you were not Chinese? Did people come up to you and ask you to speak, and so on?

A: Oh sure. I mean, it's hard to look Chinese if you're not Chinese. And that's one of the sadnesses about traveling in China, from age one and a half onward — that anonymity is forever denied to you if you are not Chinese. Of course, any foreigner is immediately more interesting than whatever else is going on. We went into a play — by the way we saw a lot of plays and operas, five or six — and the actors were on stage when we came in, but the entire audience got up to look at us. The production ceased, for a while, to exist.

So you go into any Chinese crowd, except in the most sophisticated boulevards of the most sophisticated cities, and they'll stop reading the wall posters and start reading you. That's always been true, though.

Q: You said the other night that the leaders are skating on thin ice. Would you care to elaborate on that?

A: My impression — which is not based on many years of political analysis of Chinese Communist elites, but is based on conversations with people who have thought about this — is that a very few people at the top issue the marching orders; and that through palace revolutions,

those people can be shifted either out of commission or out of sight overnight, and that Teng's power therefore rests on a number of things, including temporary acquiescence by others, and especially on the military being supportive and held in place by its alleged leader, who is eighty-six years old. If that man were to capsize tomorrow, the military could become a free-floating force that might cause great trouble to Teng. So that phrase about skating on thin ice meant that running China is one big job being done by one small group of people who have learned to distrust each

I had a curious sense of unexpected historic vindication.

other a lot through a norm of shake-ups. Now, unity and stability are what everyone is pushing for. We've had enough of this stuff, they seem to say, so what is needed is "democratic socialism," "codification of the laws," an end to abuse of power. But most centrally, unity and stability — let's stop rocking this boat.

I think the ice will thicken, if the metaphor can be pushed. The more Teng's policy pays off, the more, let's say, oil drilling machinery is visibly coming into China, the more Boeing aircraft are coming in, the more visible plus "good for us, good for them," the better results can be obtained and the thicker the ice. And that's why I think the Carter move, which is a symbolic "plus" for Mr. Teng, is not only overdue but also well-timed, and should cause no harm.

Q: Did you find evidence out in the provinces of the instability that you describe as the thin ice?

A: In the provinces, both among common folk on the streets and among people appointed to brief us, we found what seemed like genuine enthusiasm for the new course. Who can tell? In other words, we did not see evidence to the contrary — although we did not interview Mao's widow. I think she would have been quite grumpy about the new course. The feeling was, as far as we could detect, one of euphoria, or at least a new excitement, a new breath of air. And we did not run into people who in any way seemed resistant to it; and we did run into people who seemed, as I say, not to be parrots. They were seizing new ideas, and they were seizing them differently from the people on the top.

Q: But weren't they frightened that it would end? Were "The Hundred Flowers" afraid that the bloom would die?

A: That one moves me — because I would have

thought the answer is yes; but they are apparently not frightened that it will end. I can't understand why, because I would have thought that having lived through recent Chinese history, people would be very, very cautious.

Q: This is the critical question, the question of "The Hundred Flowers" episode. Is this enthusiastic response and feeling of openness something that would be difficult to reverse? In 1957, after "The Hundred Flowers" bloomed, thousands of people were thrown into the clink. Is that a repeatable possibility; or is there a sense that this is an irreversible trend?

A: I don't think anything is irreversible. I do think they are getting themselves into real problems by sending out five thousand Chinese students to live not in hostels, during their exercises, but in foreign homes. Everyone keeps saying, "We want them to live in American homes." That way lies madness! China has tens of thousands of American tourists plus all the technicians — not only from America but from other countries — who come in to help modernize. It strikes me that they're getting more enmeshed in the external world than they have been since 1949. And to disentangle themselves would be very difficult — more difficult than closing down after "The Hundred Flowers."

Q: Could that be intentional? And couldn't that be Teng's way of thickening the ice — to make it so that his opponents can't stop him because it won't be accepted?

A: I certainly believe that's a possibility. He's watched people come and go, himself especially. Poor old Teng has no grounds for security. Maybe the enmeshment is intentional.

Q: Is it possible that the passages of the past ten or twenty years were an abnormal period and this is normal — at last?

A: The vice president of Yenching University — now called Peking University, but it's the Yenching campus and they've moved, they've amalgamated — is a physicist or maybe a chemist, and when we asked him about these things, he said, "You must realize it's only been twenty-nine years since our revolution. As for you, it's been two hundred years since yours. You've got to understand we had certain problems during that period of time. We had five years of the Gang of Four, for instance, and eighteen years of Liu Shao-ch'i. You've got to give us *time*; and we've learned." When I added up all the numbers after his briefing about the bad years, I realized that they added up to twenty-eight. So there apparently was one good year (which was maybe 1949 or 1950), and since then they've made a lot of mistakes. And that seems to me a rather nasty and sweeping judgment on the Maoist revolution.

Q: You said the Chinese are curious about us. What questions did they ask that were of any consequence, or did they ask questions that were anything more than very general?

A: Some examples: What is the future of Teddy Kennedy? How much salary do you get? What do you pay for food? How much for rent? Do you get free medical care? Some of these questions about daily life in America are embarrassing.

A lot of sudden, travelogue-type insights into other societies, including Taiwan, are showing the Chinese that they are quite far behind other societies. China is, despite its multiple charms, still an extraordinarily backward place. That, I guess, is an overall judgment I should have emphasized. Those who left in 1945, which was actually an awful year filled with much devastation, would not find the place greatly changed. Outside of Peking, the idea that they have transformed any of those big cities is preposterous.

Q: Except for the worst, like pulling down the walls and the gates and all their distinctive aesthetic and historical monuments?

A: Now you're sounding like Simon Leys, and I share your gloom on that subject. There are now a lot of suburban houses, rather unattractive, and a lot of suburban industry, and decentralization into the countryside. There are new towns.

Q: Did you see a lot of athletes, and do they take athletics seriously?

A: There is jogging, all over China. The streets of every Chinese city every morning are full of clomp, clomp, clomp, entire classes of students running to school, if you can hear them over the din of the horns of the vehicles and the tinkles of the bells of the bicycles. Run, run, run, run, run in every town. In Wuhan, I went out on my balcony to look down at this thunder of hoof-beats, and there were, I suppose, five thousand little children running to school. And one of them saw me on the balcony and waved, and then all five thousand waved.

Q: How secure is Hua? You spoke about Teng. Where does Hua stand?

A: I have no idea how secure anyone is over there, including my grandmother. My conversation with Hua was entirely off the record, and I really can't sum it up. But they — meaning those people out there who brief you and those people you talk to on the street — talk about Teng, and then they add Hua. There was, while we were there, a Gallup poll (who knows who took it and what techniques were used?) to determine the most admired people in China. I

don't know if you saw the results, but most admired was Hua. I think that was a formality. Second was Mao, third was Chou En-lai, and then Teng. I don't know who they asked. How secure is Hua? I don't know.

Q: I don't know what other socialist countries you have visited, but could you make any comparisons between China and other socialist countries?

A: I've been to Yugoslavia and East Berlin; but I have not been to the Soviet Union. I can't make comparisons.

I can only compare China with the China I knew, and with my impressions of socialist countries; and I suppose one impression is that Chinese culture, beginning with the lifestyle, the street ambiance and cuisine, is much more easy going and traditional than I had sensed the culture of places like Yugoslavia and East Germany. I can't tell you how easy going it was away from Peking — unbelievable! And this really hit me with greatest intensity. It is an undriven place, a freewheeling place.

And by the way, I haven't even talked about the look of the countryside in terms of people, those peasants out there. We went on crazy routes that we had suddenly decreed should be taken. Those people in the fields are not only well dressed, they're much more colorfully dressed. They wear brightly colored sweaters because it's mildly cool, or scarves and hats of different colors. It isn't the old China of blue — thirty years ago they were always blue, except in some regions where they were greyish. Multi-colored people working the fields! And I'm sorry to say — after years of gagging over "China Reconstructs" photography — that they all look happy. Now I don't know if they really are, but there is a great apparent cheerfulness to their labors.

They're also doing some other incredible things. Everywhere in that country where there is something that is not as flat as this rug, they're leveling it. They are regaining every inch of ground that is or could be made arable. They are leveling to make it arable, and that is hard work. They are getting rid of small mountains everywhere.

And there are incredible animals all over China — camels on the North China plain, wonderful horses, donkeys, ponies, draft animals, water buffaloes. . .

Q: You say that you didn't see any beggars. You saw people who were healthy, who were well fed. It seems to me that they have grounds to be happy, but what is this attributed to?

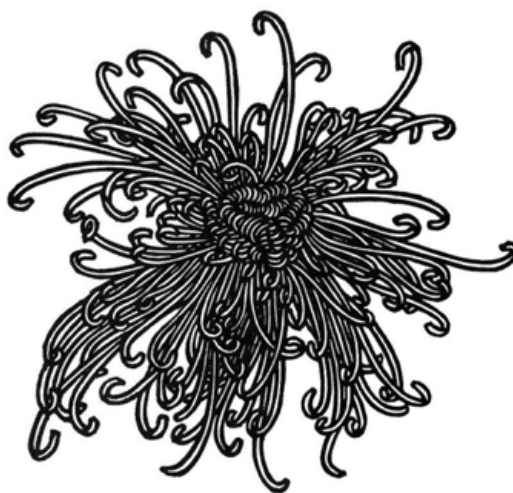
A: Production and distribution, leading to a general raising of everyone's standard of living, also a leveling. Obviously the intelligentsia, the artistic classes, the free-thinking classes, who were the ones most destroyed, demolished, and done in during the twenty-nine years as

well as the last ten years, have been victims of the leveling. There seems to be an effective communal system for production and distribution of the food and clothing of the population, even though it's nearly 900 million. I don't know how they do it. It's not easy.

Q: So are you saying that they see it as very much an ideological change? Or is it also a change in the structure of agriculture and production and distribution? Do people say it's good that all the intellectuals are out hoeing in the fields?

A: No, that's being very much reconsidered. Many of the wall posters, as well as many of the conversations, are about how bad it was to split up families and send kids from the cities into the country — and thereby, of course, destroy higher education. For ten years there have been no graduate students at these universities where Dai Anbang, the Peking University staff, and their colleagues tried to resist but keep alive. In their briefings, these brave intellectuals were bitter about the total destruction of higher education over the past decade. Now they're desperate about bridging the gap — but that's a ten-year gap with no graduate students, and also most inadequately qualified undergraduate students. Academic criteria for admission to the universities are being reinstituted — like admissions exams on things other than ideology.

I shall now formally adjourn the proceedings. Thank you. □



Chinese Chrysanthemum
Woodcut by Jacques Hnizdovsky from *Flora Exotica*
(David R. Godine, Boston, Mass., 1978)

How Hollywood Views the Press...

IN THE FLICKS

FRANK VAN RIPER

The best newspaper movie ever made was *The Day the Earth Caught Fire*.

The worst newspaper movie ever made was -30-.

The funniest newspaper movie ever made was the Adolphe Menjou/Pat O'Brien *Front Page*.

And, oh yes, the most boring — and possibly the most accurate — newspaper movie ever made was *All the President's Men*.

While it's probably true that cops and cowboys have shown up on the screen more often than reporters, surely we must rank high among those folks who have had their lives inflated to mythical, and at times sinister, proportions by filmmakers.

After all, Charles Foster Kane was no pussycat, Hildy Johnson (in either male or female incarnation) was no pushover and Clark Kent, for that matter, was no mere mortal.

For decades the reporter, like various other news types, has been something special both in films and on television. (Remember the old 1950's television show *The Big Story*, in which the exploits of "real newspapermen" were shown on the screen? The "real" newsie was introduced at the end of the program to receive an award from the show's sponsor, Pall Mall cigarettes.)

At various times, journalists have

been portrayed as patriotic "soldiers of the press" warning against fascism, a la Joel McCrea in *Foreign Correspondent* (1940); defenders of the public against organized crime, a la Humphrey Bogart in *Deadline U.S.A.* (1952); or, for a little contrast and spice, selfish, power-mad bastards, a la *Citizen Kane* (1941) or *The Great Man* (1957). The latter was a terrific flick about a faceless, beloved — and dead — radio reporter whose corruption is discovered — and reported — by Jose Ferrer, a colleague sent out to do a fawning obit by the rotten studio boss.

With the freely given caveat that everything to come is subjective and hopelessly incomplete, let me make my case why the following films and television shows deserve their respective darts and laurels. Anyone who wants to argue is invited to do so by letter to this journal.

Meanwhile, kid, take this right down to the composing room and tell Joe to put it on One.

The Day the Earth Caught Fire (1962) is a fine example of how an unpretentious film can succeed by approaching truth without trying to overwhelm it with pretense and hype.

The film has what I concede is a hokey premise: the possible destruction of earth when simultaneous American and Russian nuclear tests throw the planet off its axis and hurl it toward the sun. But the story is told through the eyes of a wonderfully ordinary reporter in London who first discovers the problem (simply by

checking the wire copy about the two blasts) and then finds himself covering a city gone mad by fear of impending doom.

Our hero is clearly overwhelmed by what he sees and (sharing a trait of Jose Ferrer in *The Great Man*) wishes he were doing something else. But he sticks with the story out of perversity and, of course, curiosity, and is there when scientists explode two more nuclear devices in an effort to undo the damage of the first.

It's the end of the movie that I love. There is a long pan of a grimy composing room in which everyone is silently waiting for word on whether or not the experiment will succeed. As the camera eye moves slowly past the Linotype machines and out the window, we catch a glimpse of two front page proofs, each ready to go.

The first says: "Earth Saved — A Nation Prays."

The second says: "Earth Doomed — A Nation Prays."

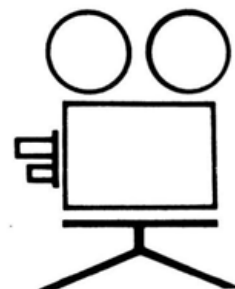
That to me is good, good stuff.

By contrast, Jack Webb's -30- (1959) takes a raft of journalism clichés and cobbles them into a movie that's plain silly.

For example, there's a crusty old lady on rewrite who has never missed a day's work in the last half century or so. She's putting together a story on a jetplane speed trial (or something) that her son is involved in when a bulletin moves that sonny boy has gone down in flames.

(continued on page 38)

Frank Van Riper, *Nieman Fellow '79*, covers the White House for the New York Daily News.



ON THE TUBE

EDWARD C. NORTON

There's an enormous similarity between the world of actors and the world of newspapermen. It would be very easy to wake up one morning and roll off the other side of the bed, if I had that particular talent.

Who said that? Robert Redford? Dustin Hoffman? Woodstein? No. It was Lou Grant, America's most widely watched newspaperman.

Actor Ed Asner has been playing Lou Grant in one form or another for more than ten years. Newcomers to the CBS program (produced by MTM — Mary Tyler Moore and her husband, Grant Tinker) may not be aware that Asner was Mary Richards' boss on the long-running series *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*. As bubbly Mary Richards, Mary Tyler Moore changed America's viewing habits in the seventies. She became America's sweetheart in a program which aired every Saturday night — an evening when one would think most of the program's target audience would be out discoing, or otherwise whooping it up.

Asner played Mary's gruff-but-heart-of-gold boss, the news director of a Minneapolis television station peopled by characters who had more depth than the cartoon cutouts usually seen on television series.

Asner "looked" the part: burly,

balding, wisecracking, and waving his arms a lot. His role fit in with the upgrade production values and characterizations typical of MTM productions.

Mary folded the television station a few years ago, and Lou Grant spun off on his own. Mary's pals, Rhoda and Phyllis, had spun off themselves, to greater or lesser success in the fickle medium. Television is way ahead of the laboratory: it has perfected cloning, or a form of it, by spinning off appendages, which then take on a life of their own. Familiarity may breed contempt everywhere but in teeveeland.

When Lou Grant returned to television, both CBS and the producers made a few mistakes in marketing. They didn't make it clear to the audience that it was a new Grant, in a new framework, and most importantly, that the yuks were gone.

The characterization was changed, and not subtly. *Lou Grant* came on the screen in an hour format, but good old Lou was in a new environment — a newspaper office. And he was there because he needed a job. That was a breakthrough on series television — real-life economics.

Although the show was shaped by the MTM production unit, who have a reputation for quality works, *Lou Grant* began to slide down the ratings totem pole. CBS had been running badly in the ratings; and the show's Monday-night slot was a ghetto, so the program didn't meet the sudden-death kind of hurdle placed in front of most

new shows. Lou limped along. The show was obviously different: It didn't have gunfire, screeching car chases, or women parading around in hot pants for no apparent reason. It was low key. It had messages. (In the words of the immortal Sam Goldwyn: If you want a message, send a telegram.)

Lou was surrounded by players in depth; a friendly, distracted Mason Adams (the golden voice of soap operas on radio and hundreds of radio and television commercials) cast as Charlie Hume, the decent but harassed managing editor; Robert Walden as Rossi, the tough-minded investigator, and Linda Kelsey as the talented reporter, Billie Newman.

Lurking in the background were a stringbean, Darryl Anderson, a/k/a "Animal," a photographer; a dapper fellow, Jack Bannon, who plays Donovan, Lou's assistant; and Nancy Marquand, who plays Margaret Pynchon, the paper's elegant publisher.

All over the nation those first few weeks of conversations in newsrooms went this way, "Hey, have you seen *Lou Grant*?... Not bad. I mean, for television."

Something was going on. Newsmen I knew were surprised — and pleasantly surprised — by the small touches: throwaway lines about VDTs, advertising, various kinds of news stories, problem types in the newsroom. The plots were not the usual television fare, either. They usually

(continued on page 39)

Edward C. Norton, Nieman Fellow '73, is a frequent contributor to this quarterly.

In the Flicks

(continued from page 36)

Does Mom flinch? *Mais non!* She keeps batting out copy and makes the first edition, presumably with her son's obit.

David Nelson (son of Ozzie and Harriet) plays a copy boy in this turkey and at one point sings something called "The Copy Boy Song."

There's also a scene when the entire cityroom erupts into rapturous cheers and applause when a kid is pulled to safety from a storm drain. As I wrote once before of this wretched flick: when I was running copy on the *Herald Tribune*, I didn't have enough time to go to the bathroom, much less sing "The Copy Boy Song." And later, when I was working nightside at the *New York Post*, the only thing I saw whenever some kid was rescued was a lot of money changing hands.

There have been several film versions of *The Front Page*, the Ben Hecht/Charles MacArthur play about competition on the Chicago police beat during the 1920's. Each has been good. In fact, I wouldn't argue with the view that this work more than any other captures the wit, pathos, bathos, callousness, boredom, exhilaration, frenzy and noise of the news business.

I happen to like the original (1931) film version with Adolphe Menjou as managing editor Walter Burns and Pat O'Brien as reporter Hildy Johnson, although colleagues argue just as strongly for the 1940 Rosalind Russell/Cary Grant version, *His Girl Friday*, in which Russell plays Hildy and Grant plays Burns.

Both are at the top of their comic form in this portrayal that has the added diversion of Hildy and Walter having once been married to one another. (The change of Hildy Johnson from male to female doesn't rankle a bit.)

The 1974 Billy Wilder *Front Page* that starred Walter Matthau as Burns and Jack Lemmon as Hildy twinned two actors who work off each other the way Whitey Ford used to work off Yogi Berra. But the film is flawed by a self-conscious and preachy portrayal by Carol Burnett of Molly Malloy, the girlfriend of tormented fugitive Earl Williams.

Still, it's hard to mangle a work that so tellingly catalogues the foibles of our business. Take, for example, this Hildy Johnson soliloquy from the Broadway version:

Journalists! Peeking through key-holes. Running after fire engines like a lot of coach dogs. Waking people up in the middle of the night to ask what they think of Mussolini. Stealing pictures off old ladies of their daughters who get raped in Oak Park. A lot of lousy, daffy buttinskis, swelling around with holes in their pants, borrowing nickels from office boys. And for what? So a million hired girls and motormen's wives'll know what's going on.

Before leaving this classic, let me make one small bow to a television version of the play that was inspired in its casting of the late Robert Ryan as Walter Burns. Even if the censors camouflaged the operative words with a train whistle, Ryan was the perfect blend of malevolence and glee when he told the conductor to have Hildy arrested and brought back to town because "the son of a bitch stole my watch."

I suspect one reason we like news flicks is that they make the job out to be more exciting than it really is. When my news editor's oldest son saw *All the President's Men* (1976), with Dustin Hoffman and Robert Redford bored out of their socks as they made foner after foner, all the kid could ask his father later was "Is that all you do

all day?" As a matter of fact, kid, it is.

It really is a question of degree. A first rate show like *Lou Grant*, a spinoff of a comedy and the best depiction of a newspaper currently on the tube, is good because it shows reporters, editors and — yes — even publishers to be human beings, not hyperactive demigods. Still, there's usually a pretty good yarn spun each week. Nobody really believes that Rossi or Billie covers a blockbuster every time he or she leaves the cityroom, but we willingly suspend that portion of belief because everything else is so real. Sometimes the show's best moments are not momentous at all, like the time Lou ran into an old friend who had hit the skids, or when managing editor Charlie Hume confronted, and later accepted, the fact that his son had joined the Krishna movement.

Contrast quality like that with dreck like *The Andros Targets* or *The Name of the Game*. In *Andros*, a deservedly shortlived series from a couple of seasons back, an obnoxious reporter was a one-man anti-corruption squad. (Another gripe: I rarely saw the guy write a stick of copy; and anything he did write was treated like it was the Revealed Word.)

Name of the Game first aired in 1968, and featured Gene Barry and Tony Franciosa as Gucci-shod expense account newsies. The show suffered from terminal pretension in much the same way that an early 1960's gobbler, *The Reporter*, starring Harry Guardino, did. Even to this then-struggling copy boy who was easily impressed, I knew that reporters didn't run around with cab driver sidekicks who had nothing better to do than park outside the newspaper waiting for Mr. Bigshot to jump in and look for something to cover.

There is one show, however, that almost every reporter I know remembers with a fond smile — *Kolchak: The Night Stalker*, starring Darren McGavin. Here was a guy who worked for a

struggling wire service (UPI please copy) and who had a hell of a time trying to convince his long-suffering editor (Tony Vincenzo) that there really were ghoulies and ghosties and long-legged beasts running loose in Gotham.

Kolchak was a flake, but a persistent, likeable flake. As my colleague Brooks Jackson of the AP observed: "Anybody who ever knew an old Weegee-type photographer could identify with this guy — even if his camera never worked. And you knew if there ever were vampires loose in your city, Kolchak was the guy who'd find them."

Any discussion of newspaper films and television programs must include *Citizen Kane* and one of the first newspaper-related shows, *Superman*, starring George Reeves.

Where do I put *Citizen Kane*? Near the top, of course. A recent American Film Institute membership poll listed

Orson Welles' masterpiece as the best American film of all time. Still, this film is not really a newspaper flick. It transcends the genre and stands by itself as a study of someone who trades happiness for success — as well as being a magnificently photographed and superbly directed motion picture. I confess I'd no sooner class *Citizen Kane* a newspaper flick as class *Casablanca* a flick about World War II.

Superman, on the other hand, is easy to classify: dreadful. It is almost as hamhanded in its treatment of clichés and stereotypes as Jack Webb's *-30-*. And that is true not only of the television series but of at least two black and white movies on the same subject and, of course, the megahyped, widescreen color epic, *Superman — The Movie*, starring Christopher Reeve.

To me, the only saving grace of *Superman — The Movie* was the magnificent Canadian settings they

used for Superman's supposedly Midwestern boyhood home, and the New York *Daily News* lobby and exterior they used for Clark Kent's venerable *Daily Planet*.

All else was cardboard.

And frankly, if I'm going to watch cardboard, I prefer it in campy, unpretentious half-hour doses, the kind that George Reeves and company served up in their best "faster than a speeding bullet" style years ago on my thirteen-inch black and white screen.

"Jeepers, Mr. Kent..."

"Where were you when it all happened, Clark?..."

"...Mild-mannered reporter for a great metropolitan newspaper..."

The show, I'll admit, really didn't have a hell of a lot to do with how a newspaper runs, but it was fun. And maybe, in the end, that's what good newspaper movies should always be.

Oh, and by the way, don't call me chief. □

On the Tube

(continued from page 37)

posed a moral dilemma for Grant or one of his staff.

Something was happening. Word spread. Fortunately, the program lingered in the backfield. It wasn't ballyhooed, it was kind of time filler. But the word got around, at least in the news business. Reporters I knew enjoyed Lou's exasperation, his attempts to change things, and his chagrin when, just like real life, plot life did not work out the way he had planned.

The program lingered for a season — treating problem areas such as conflict of interest, sex with sources, drink, and professional jealousy. There was even humor, flowing naturally from characterization and plot — not forced.

By and large that group of truly impotent critics — the daily reviewers of television — praised the program — mildly, with a few exceptions. The reviewer for one of the nation's largest papers rejected the program on the grounds that no city editor she had ever seen worked from a desk like Lou's. Some critics of her work sighed that she had gotten around to reviewing the furniture. *Lou Grant* survived.

Bit by bit the show picked up an audience. It wasn't fast food fare, and had a proven character. It was about a business that most Americans think they know about, and really don't. And it treated that business with consideration for detail and respect. *Lou Grant* could be the sleeper success of this television season. It has edged in quietly and survived because of the cutthroat counterprogramming going on on the other networks. (*60 Minutes*

is another example of that. Raved about these last two seasons as the most successful and best program on the air, *60 Minutes* took ten years and a survivor's instinct to make it to the top. I insist that the real reasons that the show made it are: One — it usually followed a sports special. Two — its competition was a thirty-third rerun of a Disney program. Three — it had Mike Wallace cheerfully gnawing on a victim's reputation in front of sixty million Americans.)

A shameless optimist could take heart from the success of *Lou Grant*. One could say that there are a lot of intelligent Americans out there with taste, and that the television programmers are wrong to broadcast for the lowest common denominator.

But with only one *Lou Grant* in an ocean of tepid prime time players, we'll never know for sure. □

Books

Objectivity: The Name of the Game (for some)

Discovering the News: A Social History of American Newspapers

by Michael Schudson

(Basic Books, New York City, 1979. \$10.95)

By W.M. PINKERTON

Objectivity — “the belief that one can and should separate facts from values” — is the theme of these essays. Schudson, a sociologist, wonders why journalists ever accepted this standard. Unlike medicine and the law, he observes, “journalism is an uninsulated profession.” It lacks the “social controls” — such as advanced education and training, removal from public scrutiny by technical lingo and other devices — that protect other professions.

News in the modern sense, he relates, was invented by the “penny press” of the 1830’s. Earlier papers served the merchant class with letters from abroad and lists of ship arrivals. The news journals, appealing to immigrants and the new middle class, sought out the doings of the rich and famous to report, and introduced verbatim transcripts of presidential addresses, murder trials, and treasury reports. Through street sales, these papers built large followings and opened the profitable business of advertising addressed to consumers.

Later in the century, “the grocer’s bill” approach rankled reporters. This style was imposed by their editors under the banners of “Who? What?

Where? When? How?” and “Accuracy, Accuracy, Accuracy.” A textbook writer (1894) proposed that “reliability and sparkle” was the recipe for success: “truth in essentials, imagination in non-essentials, is considered a legitimate rule of action in every office.”

At the end of the century, two giant figures appear in contrast: Joseph Pulitzer interested in form — “the story” — and Adolph Ochs focusing on data — “the fact.” “There is a connection between the educated middle class and information,” Schudson believes, “and a connection between the middle and working classes and the story ideal.”

Reporters lost their innocence and turned from “naive empiricism” to “the more sophisticated notion of objectivity” after they experienced the propaganda of the First World War and the rise during the 1920’s of public relations firms.

In recent decades, Schudson concludes, the ideal of objectivity has faced challenge from two developments: (1) increasing governmental management of the news — spectacularly by Senator Joseph McCarthy, cautiously by Eisenhower and Hagerly, but always firmly under the label of “national security”; and (2) emer-

gence in the 1960’s of an “adversary culture” distrustful of government and the press which served it.

“Two submerged traditions in journalism which stand against objectivity found renewed support in the sixties,” he adds: the literary tradition (*Rolling Stone* and Norman Mailer), and muckraking or “investigative” reporting (Woodward and Bernstein and the “Spotlight Teams”).

In a footnote on “a tradition of valuing well-written stories with emotional impact,” he notes that the Nieman Fellows of 1946 prized Vincent Sheean’s account of the treatment of Negro defendants by Southern courts. Schudson found the report “a highly subjective, personal, and moving piece.” His point might have been somewhat strengthened by more detail in his narrative. For instance, the AP’s first by-line in 1925 “was explained away as a special case.” Wasn’t the case Kirke Simpson’s account of the burial of the Unknown Soldier? Since we do not have at hand the author’s parallel study of objectivity in the law, we cannot judge how he deals with the emotive aspects of other professions — the advocate’s plea to the jury, the concern of doctor and nurse for the worries of patient and family.

“There is no new ideal in journalism

to successfully challenge objectivity," he concludes, "but there is hope for something new, a simmering dissatisfaction with objective reporting... [T]here is more tolerance and encouragement for a variety of ways of knowing and writing."

This doesn't necessarily conflict with the argument Chilton Bush made thirty-five years ago that "except for news that reports an accusation, it is better to let some of the news go unexplained *on the day it is published* than it is to make a departure from the traditionally-established attitude of keeping news and opinion separate."

Schudson's study dwells on East Coast samples. He is more interested in testing a theory — "If there is a history of ideas and a sociology of knowledge, is there not also a history

of ideals and a sociology of values?" — than in offering a complete history. Thus, a great epic of our times — the heroism and hard-won objectivity of reporters and editors in the South before and after the *Brown* decision of 1954 — does not appear. Yet, like the reporters and editors of the "penny press," they discovered for their region and the nation a new meaning for "news."

Schudson's "objectivity" is more rigorous than mine. This leaves unanswered a question that formed in my mind when I began to read the book: What common elements give objectivity both to the "balanced" AP lead and to the *Wall Street Journal* feature which opens, say, on a woman seated on the front steps of her house, talking about food prices; or a reporter

interviewing relatives of men disastrously trapped in a mine; or a poll of Democrats who have voting conflicts?

Like his mentor, David Riesman, Schudson generally writes direct and honest prose with a minimum of sociological jargon. He does however, harbor a scholar's delight in the fuzzy-meaningful double negative, as in "None of these improvements were unrelated to changes in transportation." He turns aside occasionally to devote a few pages to his intellectual apparatus. But his examples are instructive and his commentary provocative. □

William M. Pinkerton, Nieman Fellow '41, is retired and lives on Cape Cod.

The Best and the Rightest

The Fear Brokers

by Thomas J. McIntyre with John C. Obert

(Pilgrim Press, New York City, 1979. \$9.95)

By WAYNE WOODLIEF

"Write about what you know" is one of the first principles passed on to writers. It's also good advice for U.S. Senators.

If former Senator McIntyre (Democrat, N.H.) and John Obert (NF '57) had published only the second section of their book — a section which personally and passionately details the distortions of publisher William Loeb, ex-Governor Meldrim Thomson, and their right-wing fellow-travelers in New Hampshire — they might have given us a small gem on how an undemocratic mindset wraps itself in patriotic disguise.

Instead, the authors chose to lead their book with a national overview of the New Right, whose excesses in McIntyre's own state, ironically, help-

ed drive him from office in 1978, even as he was finishing the book.

And though McIntyre knows New Hampshire's New Right intimately, readers must settle, in the book's first section, for 177 pages written largely from the clips. Chapter Nine, "The Psyche of the Radical Right," is, for instance, simply a digest of Richard Hofstadter's *The Paranoid Style in American Politics*. Hofstadter is quoted liberally on every page.

The best ideas in Section One are drawn from other people, including columnist George Will's precise observation that "Inflation is a great conservatizer" — which could be a five-word theme for the elections of 1980. And one could almost say that if David Broder didn't exist, McIntyre never could have written Section One.

At best, the first half of *The Fear*

Brokers thus becomes a road map of the New Right, a useful stop to learn some of the names of the Best and the Rightest — Howie Phillips, Paul Weyrich, Richard Viguerie, Jesse Helms and others — before one drives on for more serious study.

One of the weaknesses of McIntyre's national overview — conceded in a footnote on page 131 — is that he has been "neither sharply focused nor especially persuasive" in demonstrating specifically how the New Right's mass mail, grassroots organizing techniques (against the Panama Canal Treaties for instance) differ from lobbying campaigns by organized labor and other liberal activists.

But Section Two is something else. Here, McIntyre is on home ground. He and Obert write crisply, holding up evidence of the threats to individual

liberties when the "hyper-patriots" gain control of a state government, as Thomson and Loeb did during the 1970's.

McIntyre details how Loeb used the state's largest daily paper, *The Manchester Union Leader*, to twist other candidates' public records and wound their families, to elect Thomson (Loeb's "clone") in 1972. Going after politicians by afflicting their families is a Loeb habit, as McIntyre reveals. By attacking Senator Muskie's wife in print, Loeb reduced Muskie to tears, and helped cost him the 1972 presidential nomination.

In 1968, Loeb savaged Governor Walter Peterson and his fifteen-year-old daughter after the girl innocently remarked, during a White House conference on drugs, that she knew some young people who smoked marijuana — she didn't say she did — but thought it was their own business.

That sort of ruthlessness causes too many "good people" in New Hampshire to stay silent. On pages 253-54, McIntyre recounts Loeb's successful

campaign to drive Dr. Tom Bonner, who had once worked for George McGovern, from the presidency of the University of New Hampshire.

"I would hesitate to say anything about Loeb," one reporter covering Bonner was told. "It's not a question of my speaking out, it's a question of what he will do in the paper to my family."

In the March, 1978, Senate speech which was the genesis of his book, McIntyre warned, "If you want to see the reputations of decent people sullied, stand aside and be silent... If you want to see confidential files rifled, universities harassed, stand aside and be silent... If you want to see dissent crushed and expression stifled, stand aside and be silent."

McIntyre is not silent. He documents Thomson-Loeb racism through Thomson's persistent glorification of South Africa and Loeb editorials which propose a cap on the number of blacks in New Hampshire and urge efforts to "keep the United States the way it is now — nine-tenths white."

The Senator also recalls the volumes of hate mail he and other Panama Treaty advocates received after Thomson's 1978 speech before the John Birch Society: "Every senator up for re-election who fails to vote against the treaties must be swept from office as though he were a Benedict Arnold."

But if McIntyre comes down righteously hard on those who inflame and distort honest feelings of patriotism, thrift and self-dependence, he — as a man of the center — urges understanding for the masses who possess those values.

His message is pertinent to the national campaign ahead. "These people are too valuable to America to forfeit them to the extremist cause, but they *will* [emphasis his] be forfeited if we look upon them as the New Right looks upon us... Smugness and condescension [do not] build bridges..."

Wayne Woodlief, *Nieman Fellow '66*, is a political reporter with the Boston Herald American.

The Clash of Symbols

The Fine Art of Propaganda

by Alfred McClung Lee and Elizabeth Briant Lee

(Reprinted by the International Society for General Semantics,
San Francisco, California, 1979. \$5.65)

By STEVEN ERLANGER

"This [book] is not merely nonsense; it reeks with reactionary demagoguery..." So says *The Communist*.

"An incandescent torch for the wanderer in the morass of propaganda..." So saith *The Churchman*.

Nothing becomes so quaint so quickly as the passions of a dead past. We are amused at great-grandmoth-

er's love letters, or Philip Wylie's attack on dear old Mom; we have made shrines of our backyard bombshelters; we utter feeble jokes about "burnt offerings" as we light up the barbecue.

The Lees, Alfred and Elizabeth, would have us all setting upon the above paragraph like Safires upon a Lance, a-gruntin' and a-rootin' for the truffle of deceit, a truth squad armed with the Seven ABC's of Propaganda

Analysis to combat the seven Tricks of the Trade of the propagandist.

They'd fasten especially on the device they call "Band Wagon" (known in monarchist circles as the "royal we"), and after every first-person plural pronoun they'd insert — very small — the appropriate "propaganda symbol" they've devised; in this case, a little bandmaster's hat, complete with plume, resting upon a baton. At normal reading distance, it

looks like a face with a pin stuck through the cheeks — very memorable.

They would also have us detect a touch of another device they call "Plain Folks," represented by a worn and cracked high-top boot with a little pull tab at the back. The symbol is designed to call to mind "that traditional analogue of an old friend, an old shoe," and is supposed to warn against propaganda that attempts to partake of the goodness "of the simple people," the "salt of the earth." We probably should see a little shoe after great-grandmother, bombshelter, backyard, and barbecue.

And perhaps the Lees would see the shadow of "Card Stacking," too, symbolized by a horizontal ace of spades, "a card traditionally used to signify treachery." The Lees mean to signify here the selective use of facts or falsehoods to build a case. Which takes care of Philip Wylie and dear old Mom. Unless, that is, one considers her a "Glittering Generality," a "virtue word symbolized by a glittering gem, that may or may not have its apparent value."

As for the two epigraphs (depending upon your biases), they incorporate — some combination of the last three Tricks of the Trade: "Name Calling" (a hand and wrist, thumb down); "Testimonial" (a seal and ribbons, "the stamp of authority"); and "Transfer" (the grinning mask of Comedy with pointed fangs), designed to carry the prestige of something revered over to something unacceptable or tawdry.

One's ingrained iconoclasm thus armed, it is rather deflating to be then led through a gleeful smashing of an idol long since ground to dust: the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, the mad mullah of the inter-war airwaves.

Big stuff in 1939, when this book was first published, but as I mentioned at the beginning of this review, rather






















quaint by now and rather hysterical. The Lees continually violate the principle that they're trying to peddle: academic dispassion. After interlarding an entire broadcast of Fr. Coughlin's (February 26, 1939) with their propaganda symbology, the Lees finally are reduced, toward the end, to such sputtering footnotes as "How?" "What legislation?" and "Very 'broad,' indeed."

The one device that the Lees them-

The Fine Art of Propaganda originally came out of the nonprofit Institute for Propaganda Analysis, which was founded in 1937 with seed money from Edward A. Filene, of the basement store fame. The Institute's officers were a well-meaning group of academics including Alfred Lee, Harvard's Kirtley Mather, and Columbia's Robert Lynd. And there was also a researcher by the name of Barrington Moore, Jr.

THE TRICKS IN OPERATION

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Ours  must be a moral  platform from which there is preached  a positive  policy based upon the principles of religion  and of patriotism . For God  and country  , for Christ  and the flag  —that is our motto as we prepare for action, for Christian American   action, which is neither anti-German, anti-Italian, nor anti-Semitic . Any negative  policy is destined to failure. Only a positive policy  can hope to succeed. Unified  action on a common  program for God  and country is more necessary now than at any other period in the history of our civilization .

Sample text from *The Fine Art of Propaganda*

selves most often misuse is the "Testimonial" (remember the seal and ribbons?), as they try to manipulate American gullibility for those with a "touch of larnin'" and a Ph.D. They recommend the Hearst newspapers and the *Los Angeles Times* of the period, and at one point, when seeking the "reasons for Jewish opposition to Communism," we are referred to a "scholarly booklet" by Fr. Joseph N. Moody, Ph.D., entitled *Why Are Jews Persecuted?* "Fr. Moody," we are told, "is Professor of European History at Cathedral College, St. Louis, and his work bears the imprimatur of Archbishop John J. Glennon of St. Louis and is published by The Queen's Work, Inc."

The Institute faded with the coming of the war, and never reappeared in later years, when the sins of Fr. Coughlin's demagoguery seemed minor next to those of Pope Pius XII's silence.

What the International Society for General Semantics is, I don't know. But I'm grateful to have their reprint of this little book — it's as good a way as any to survive the seemingly endless silly season that is already upon us, with all the shameless propaganda of a presidential campaign. □

Steven Erlanger is Assistant National Editor of The Boston Globe.

No Easy Answers, No Fixed Solutions

Questioning Media Ethics

Edited by Bernard Rubin

(Praeger Publishers, New York, 1978. \$6.95)

By CLARK R. MOLLENHOFF

Anyone who has done more than a superficial study of media ethics is struck by the complexity of the problem of keeping the press free while also creating the mechanisms that will encourage an essential self-restraint. Robert Greene of *Newsday* pointed up the dilemma by noting that the American press has a constitutional right to be wrong, but a professional responsibility to be accurate and fair in its handling of news.

To demonstrate the immense complexity of the search for an effective code of media ethics, Dr. Bernard Rubin has pulled together eleven experienced people of diverse viewpoints. In his own thirty-seven page contribution, Dr. Rubin reviews the manner in which individual newspapers and newspaper groups have tried to come to grips with the problems of conflicts of interest, the laws of libel, and the rights of privacy.



Without taking sides he demonstrates that conscientious press people can end up in diametrically opposite positions on questions of media ethics.

"There are no easy answers or fixed solutions for ethical problems in any area of life," Dr. Rubin summarizes. "Honest, upright and courageous defenders of the First Amendment are not made from one mold."

The chapter by James C. Thomson Jr., Curator of the Nieman Foundation, is an enlightening exploration of his own experiences with a search for ethics in the experiences of the Nieman Fellows he was worked with at Harvard since 1972. Thomson examines dozens of the dilemmas before the nation and the press involving extreme views on almost every public question, as well as the serious questions raised by the public, the courts and even many media people as to whether a free press can survive in the form it exists today.

He allows himself one interim conclusion that "a journalist's lot is not a happy one.

"He is unsure of his job's professional definition, unsure of the nature of 'news,' unsure of his organization's priorities, and unsure of his unique but fragile constitutional protection. So along with the craft's great freedom comes multiple ambiguity and a vast amount of ethical uncertainty. And that uncertainty is, in my view, both ineradicable and indispensable."

Although the book does not pretend

to cover the entire area of media ethics, the various chapters are written by specialists in such wide-ranging areas that it does successfully encompass the special ethical considerations of reporting the news on women, minorities, labor unions and business advertising. It treats media ethics problems from the viewpoint of the small-town editor, and the large newspaper group; the small independent broadcasting company, and the major television networks. It gives us a sample of the way the British press views the same ethical problems and either faces them or avoids the issue.

Most of the articles are highly controversial, and the value in reading is in the reader's recognition that there are these widely diverse views on media ethics, that they are honestly held views, that they often contradict each other, and are in many cases insoluble.

Nora Beloff, a distinguished British journalist and author, cuts the media down to size with the statement that "essentially the operators in the media are parasites." She explains that reporters, editors and reporters are "living off the actions and achievements of others. Whatever they write is likely to be forgotten within twenty-four hours or, worse still, attributed to somebody else on another paper." Miss Beloff's summary concludes: "It will have become clear from this account that a journalistic career is an endless series of deals and com-

promises. Nobody wields absolute power, and in a pluralist, consumerist society, there is often not much space or interest for what the reporter believes the public ought to know."

She states that there is no simple criteria on what should or should not be published, and adds, "Nor is there any clear rule about how far any writer should go in allowing...copy to be tampered with,...sources to be compromised, or...employers to use...

material in ways he [or she] finds objectionable and dishonest."

This book contains the ethical codes of various newspaper organizations with their generalized support of "truth" and "fairness" and "the people's right to know," but it demonstrates that the laudable standards are too vague to be enforceable even if there was an effective mechanism for enforcement. It points up the great resentment that exists about the

dishonesty and abuses of power by the media, and the need for the media to engage in the self-discipline required to curb the obvious and most prevalent abuses. □

Clark R. Mollenhoff, Nieman Fellow '50, teaches journalism at Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Virginia, and is associated with Jack Anderson.

Prof Pens Boffo Book

Editing in the Electronic Age

by Martin L. Gibson

(The Iowa State University Press, Ames, Iowa, 1979. \$9.50)

By BARBARA BELL PITNOF

Don't be fooled by the title. You'll find Martin Gibson's new book is more than an amalgam of anagrams (GIGO, VDT, CEEFAX) and promises of wonders to come: it is an introduction to electronic editing — a book that lets journalism students know what's happening in the world of computer composition.

Formalities concluded, Gibson moves on, with a tip of his hat to the economics of small-town journals and rank nostalgia for the days of paper and pencil, to the gist of the editing job. With humor and wit, he spells out the editorial function — from trimming words to writing headlines, from marking copy (Yes, Virginia, even in the electronic age!) to sidestepping libel. Using a question-and-answer format, hand in hand with well-constructed examples (many of them off the presses), he forces the students to think like editors: What can you trim? What else can you trim? What do you want to emphasize? How can you do

it? What does this say? Does this say it better? Can this be true? Can you reword so at least it isn't false?

Among the learning examples, guidelines, and pieces of information are Gibson's recollections. He has enjoyed this field, and it shows. Sure, the drawbacks are here: deadline pressures, reporters' egos, space limitations — all rear their heads. But none dulls his pleasure, many years later, at having answered a rival paper's headline, "Who Killed Fred Tones?" with one of his own, "'I Killed Fred Tones,' Leslie Ashley Says," and then seeing the two, side by side, on the stands. Or this one, in a discussion of inflexible layout:

... The deadline was bearing down on us one day when the managing editor, noting my distress, asked what was wrong. I replied that the entire civilized world had been unable to produce a news story worth an 8-120 (8 columns wide, using 120-point type) headline. "Damn," he said,

heading for the Teletype printer. He looked through my discards and in only 60 seconds was back with a story to stun the multitudes. On that day, the Galveston Tribune went after the citizenry's nickels with "GRASSHOPPERS PLAGUE COLORADO."

Students will enjoy this book (as would you), and that should help them learn from it. Professor Gibson practices what he professes: The writing is spare and direct. The book fails only in its layout: The margins are too narrow, the leading too small, and the format not right. Many of the illustrations lose their teaching value because of sloppy placement, two or three pages away from the text that refers to them. But "layout...is format, not substance." And the substance here is very fine.

Barbara Bell Pitnof is a freelance editor and graphic designer. She teaches book design at Northeastern University in Boston, Massachusetts.

We Are a Little More and a Little Less Because of the Computer

SUSAN TRAUSCH

The computer is not a bad guy.

I never thought I'd say that, but it's true. The computer is okay.

For years we talked about how we would lie down under our desks and bite the rug the day they took the typewriters away, but we didn't. When the era of electronic newspapering came to this office five months ago, we went quietly.

Oh, sure there's the reporter in the back of the room who keeps flinging his body over his Royal and shouting, "Up the revolution!" whenever a computer expert gets too close, but most of us have been reasonable about progress.

The men came around with the cables and the wires and the video screens and we handed them our ink and our paper and our tradition and got on-line.

The reporter in the back refers to this as "the bloodless coup" and "the great brainwashing." He says we let the rich flesh and blood world of *The Front Page* die without a fight and that when Hollywood updates the play it will be called *The Printout* and we'll be sorry.

He's right. We will. But as composer Stephen Sondheim says in his wonderful song about marriage and life, we'll be "Sorry-Grateful." A relationship with a computer is very much like that. Some days you give, some days you take, and you're never sure who's ahead or who's changing who more.

We're not the same people we were five months ago, but, then, neither is

the system — not with all those funny pictures in its memory bank.

That's how we discovered the computer could be one of the gang — through the pictures. By punching dashes and dots and stars and circles we have been able to create and pass around a whole gallery of moving electronic art. We've got waving flags, dancing lines, rolling wheels, blinking Christmas trees and flashing six-inch high messages that say things like "Log Off, Turkey!"

I mean, when a bunch of editors stand around a video screen trying to figure out what buttons to push to draw a picture of a hot number in a bikini, you know nobody is turning into an android.

The man who sends the gag memos is sending them faster, the office poetry has improved, and the novelty of jet age journalism is still fresh and flashy. We're still very much in the gee-whiz stage. Zap. Pow. Whoopee. Look Ma, no hands. Watch that story fly. Hey, it's magic.

Yep, we're having a pretty good time here, except for the guy in the back and except for the niggling fears that keep telling us we've lost a bit of ourselves.

We have, of course. We've lost the intimacy of slowly warming up to a cold typewriter over morning coffee, of cranking in the very blank piece of paper and filling it up. Now we log-on to a blinking green light and a directory of waiting stories and the sense that we're plugging into something that's way ahead of us.

We've lost some of the old electricity amid our electronics. Working in a roomful of people staring into black boxes does not ignite the same sparks that fly in Lou Grant's city room. Executing commands will never be the same as bellowing, "Copy!"

And there's a little too much talk of "who has access" now. The more information people have access to, the more important they are, and so we tend to look at each other intently and say, perfectly deadpan, "Do you have access to the EcoCop?"

That's newspeak for the "Economy Page Copy Desk" and a year ago we didn't talk like that and would have figured it couldn't happen here. A year ago we would have just walked over to a basket and picked up a paper and never thought about access.

But we are "system users" now, retrained and refined. Hildy Johnson has grown up, taken off his press hat and sat down to learn how to hyphenate and justify his margins. The old gray desks are gone, spiffed up and turned white like airline reservation counters.

Another era has ended with a whimper as a group of people with their quirks and kinks has embraced a group of machines and evolved into something new. We're a little more than we were and a little less, and that's progress.

Ms. Trausch is a reporter with The Boston Globe.

(Reprinted by permission of *The Boston Globe*)

Letters

LIPPMANN STAMP

The following letter was recently sent to the Postmaster General of the United States. Readers of *Nieman Reports* may want to help encourage this movement to signalize the remarkable contribution to national life of Walter Lippmann, a man who may well prove to be the most important journalist of our century.

Letters of support to the Postmaster General, to members of the Postal Committee of both the Senate and the House of Representatives, and to other members of Congress and Senators, would be welcomed.

PETER DAVISON
The Atlantic Monthly Press
Boston, Massachusetts

The Honorable William F. Bolger
The Postmaster General of the
United States
United States Postal Service
475 L'Enfant Plaza Southwest
Washington, DC 20260

Dear Mr. Bolger:

I am writing you to suggest that a special commemorative stamp be dedicated to Walter Lippmann's memory.

Walter Lippmann was truly a witness to his age: a brilliant young philosopher who published his first book, *A Preface to Politics*, at the age of 24 in 1913; a founder of *The New Republic* magazine in 1914; an aide to Woodrow Wilson while still in his twenties, and an adviser at the Versailles peace conference; editor of the *New York World* during the 1920's; and from 1930 almost until his death in 1974, a columnist whose opinions were syndicated in hundreds of American newspapers and whose opinions were weighed in the White House. An

intimate of such world leaders as DeGaulle, Khrushchev, Adenauer, he was also close to President Kennedy and President Johnson. In addition to being the most influential journalist of his time, he was the author of important books, such as *Drift and Mastery*, *Public Opinion*, *The Good Society*, *U.S. Foreign Policy: Shield of the Republic*, *The Public Philosophy*, and so on.

Copies of this letter have been sent to Senator Edward Kennedy and to Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, both of whom revered and admired Lippmann in life as well as in memory.

I am sure that any of the people who spoke at the recent dedication of Walter Lippmann House at the Nieman Foundation of Harvard University would second our motion.

Peter Davison

MORE ON PHILADELPHIA

Two notes on "A Philadelphia Story" [NR, Autumn 1979]: the *Inquirer* captured its fifth consecutive Pulitzer Prize in April of 1979 for international reporting. Richard Ben Cramer, a staff writer for the *Inquirer*, was the recipient for his human interest stories from the Middle East on Jews and Arabs.

Second, Emmett Fitzpatrick, who is not identified in the article, is a former Philadelphia district attorney who was forced out of office (albeit by the electoral process) by the *Inquirer's* discovery of a pattern of corruption in his office. Fitzpatrick, like Rizzo, was another *Inquirer* casualty.

MARK SELTZER
Lexington, Massachusetts

THE NAME GAME

Having recently finished the issue of *Nieman Reports* devoted to women in journalism [Summer 1979], I would like to comment briefly on one article, "A Change in Style" by Sara Fritz.

As a recent refugee from a Gannett slot (I am now with *The Boston Globe*), I would like to point out that not all Gannett newspapers have "led the way by routinely eliminating courtesy titles." The chain's flagship paper, *The Democrat and Chronicle* in Rochester, N.Y., chose to follow the AP-UPI stylebook as its bible, and of course that stylebook has retained the use of courtesy titles. Therefore, so has the *D&C*.

The writers of the stylebook, however, apparently did not know that women may now become doctors. The *D&C* brass had a solution: for consistency with other style, male doctors were called on second mention by their last names only, while women doctors were to be called Miss or Mrs. After numerous complaints from female copy editors and a letter signed by more than twenty doctors and nurses at a local hospital, the *D&C* compromised. Women doctors were then



called Dr. on the second mention, while male doctors were called by their last names only. This causes no problem when doctors of the same sex were mentioned in a story, but I still think the paper looked foolish in stories that mentioned both a male doctor and a female doctor.

I thought your readers would be interested in hearing how little style — and attitudes — have really changed.

DIANE NOTTLE
Quincy, Massachusetts

A BITTER PILL TO SWALLOW

After covering one beat or another for more than thirty years, I thought I was fairly well-seasoned. Then, I read George Berkley's "Prescription for Medical Reporters" [NR, Autumn 1979] in which he accuses reporters of becoming advocates for the medical profession. Now that's pretty hard medicine to swallow, especially from a guy who is himself obviously an advocate for vitamin cures and things of that sort.

Toward the end of Berkley's article he challenges medical reporters to pursue a few questions that they supposedly have disregarded in their one-sided reporting. He tempts us with "some interesting news stories" if we but break away from our conservative shackles.

Well, I took Berkley up on those tips and here is what I found:

- Berkley's first question: Why has the National Cancer Institute failed to publicize its startling findings linking beef consumption to bowel and colon cancer?

Answer: The raw fact is that the NCI has not failed to publish its findings. Read the NCI *Journal* of December 1973, and the news release of January 29, 1974. Another fact: NCI published more on this one subject than it has on most of its other research because it did not want to be misunderstood. NCI did so because it did

not want to raise false hopes and because it wanted to emphasize that the findings were only tentative and not conclusive.

- Berkley's second question: Why has the NCI consistently refused grant money to Linus Pauling to study vitamin C and cancer when its own unpublicized study indicates that the vitamin may be of value?

Answer: The prolonged survival rate of patients fed vitamin C reported by Pauling has been contradicted in a repeat study carried out by the Mayo Clinic and reported in the *New England Journal of Medicine* of September 27, 1979. The Mayo researchers said they could find no therapeutic value whatsoever for terminal cancer patients. NCI admits that Pauling has submitted grant applications but independent peer reviews have given them a low order of priority. They simply have not stood the test.

- Berkley's third question: Why has Sloan-Kettering failed to pursue studies showing that laboratory animals fed brewer's yeast or liver became highly resistant to cancer-causing chemicals?

The Sloan-Kettering people are puzzled by the question. Before S-K was even formed, studies by Japanese and American scientists proved in the 1940's that diets rich in the active ingredient of brewer's yeast and dried liver (riboflavin) helped prevent cancer of the liver. Numerous studies done in Japan and at the forerunner of S-K, the Memorial Hospital for Cancer and Allied Diseases in New York City, were published in a variety of journals. Riboflavin is now a common additive to foods. Berkley intimates there is a cover-up. Scientists say that is nonsense. He intimates that someone is trying to prevent the public from learning more about cancer, which is equal nonsense.

We tried one more:

- Berkley's fourth question: Why don't doctors advise diabetics to eat

chromium-rich foods to increase their tolerance for glucose? (And what is rich in chromium? Brewer's yeast and liver, of course.)

The president of the Joslin Foundation, Dr. Robert Bradley, is probably the best source of information on diabetes in the United States. He says that the value of chromium-rich foods has been studied and tried for nearly twenty years. The sad result: no impact on diabetes. He tells us that brewer's yeast and liver were fed to diabetics until it came out of their ears, but it did them no appreciable good.

Berkley had a few more questions which I did not pursue since it became clear that this was a classic case of the pot calling the kettle black. May I suggest that if George Berkley comes to you with any more hot tips, he follow them up himself.

MARLIN LEVIN
Staff Correspondent
Time-Life News Service
Boston, Massachusetts

George Berkley Responds:

Mr. Levin's letter provides a wonderful, or rather woeful, illustration of the points raised in my article.

First, regarding the National Cancer Institute's findings about beef and cancer, I did not say "publish" but "publicize." Mr. Levin should show more care when he uses quotes.

What happened was that two of the Institute's researchers compiled a remarkable statistical study linking the two, and although the NCI could not prevent publication of the study, the Institute certainly has shown great reluctance to discuss the results. As Mr. Levin says, NCI desperately seeks to emphasize the "tentative" nature of these results whenever the subject is raised. Yet the statistics in the study are even more convincing than those linking cigarettes with lung cancer. What's more, scientists at the Cleveland Clinic Foundation have since

identified a major carcinogen in beef. Obviously, the NCI simply does not want to get into trouble with the nation's powerful beef industry, and apparently it can count on the nation's medical reporters to help hide a terribly important but inconvenient cause of cancer. (Incidentally, the study apparently convinced Dr. Upton, the NCI's director, for he admits to cutting down his own beef consumption as part of his personal protection plan against cancer.)

The NCI has been even more reluctant to reveal its study showing that vitamin C helps build immunity to cancer. In this case, it doesn't want to upset the rest of the medical establishment whose support is needed to insure its funding. Medical reporters have certainly helped it to do so by not uncovering the study and by not reporting other studies, such as the one conducted by Linus Pauling and two Scottish physicians, which clearly demonstrated the vitamin's effectiveness as an anti-cancer agent. (This one showed one hundred terminally ill cancer patients living four times longer than expected after being given massive doses of vitamin C.)

The press did report the Mayo Clinic study to which Mr. Levin refers. It seems strange to see this study, designed to counteract the Pauling findings, published when the one

which had prompted it is ignored. But more importantly, none of Mr. Levin's colleagues thought of taking the most rudimentary step of contacting the party affected for a comment. Had they called Dr. Pauling they would have found that the Mayo Clinic patients had previously been treated with powerful drugs which wiped out their immunization systems.

Vitamin C's efficacy lies solely in strengthening the immunization system and it cannot strengthen what no longer exists. (Incidentally, Dr. Upton regularly takes vitamin C.)

If the people at Sloan-Kettering are "puzzled," then I am even more so by what Mr. Levin reports as their reaction. Dr. Sigiura's research into the cancer-inhibiting effects of brewer's yeast and liver were reported in full in the July 10, 1951, *Journal of Nutrition*, and did much to establish Sigiura as one of the world's most respected cancer researchers. If his findings were old hat, then the *Journal of Nutrition* apparently did not think so. And if riboflavin, which, as I hope Mr. Levin knows, is only another word for vitamin B-2, was the active ingredient, then this is news to a lot of people including Dr. Sigiura. And if vitamin B-2 has since been regularly added to most foods with the aim of preventing liver cancer, then this is news to all of us.

Actually, no one can be completely sure what factor or factors in brewer's yeast and liver make them anti-carcinogenic. But that they have the ability to make an organism more cancer-resistant has been definitely established. The real tragedy is that the medical world chooses to ignore this completely and to concentrate exclusively on more "sophisticated" ways of fighting cancer such as drugs, surgery, etc. These are also, I should add, the most income-producing for the practitioner. (By the way, since my article was published, Dr. Sigiura, in an interview with a health magazine, has more explicitly confirmed finding some cancer-inhibiting effects in laetrile.)

As for Dr. Bradley's statement, may I say that I have seen studies showing chromium's effectiveness in increasing glucose tolerance. I have never even heard of the others which are supposed to prove otherwise. Mr. Levin has obviously never seen any studies at all. For him, Dr. Bradley's statement settles the whole subject.

The gist of my charge was that in covering the medical-care system — and it certainly is a medical-care, not a health-care, system — newsmen have acted more like parrots than watchdogs. I do wish to thank Mr. Levin for so completely confirming this accusation. ☐

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Conclusions: The Inter American Press Association XXXV General Assembly

The Inter American Press Association is a nonprofit organization of Western hemisphere publications devoted to the promotion and protection of freedom of the press and the people's right to know in the New World.

More than 300 journalists from Latin and Central America, the Caribbean, Canada and the United States attended the XXXV General Assembly of the IAPA which met in October in Toronto, Canada. The Nieman Foundation was represented by Tenney K. Lehman, Executive Director of the Nieman Foundation (see also Nieman Notes). At the end of the five-day meeting, the members accepted for the record the conclusions which follow.

The cause of press freedom has had both its victories and defeats during the past six months. But while most of the victories have been unspectacular, some of the setbacks have not. Rays of hope shine through in several places, but the general picture remains sombre.

The most immediate concern lies in the Caribbean and Central America, an area of political change that has sometimes been dramatic.

The most recent alarm has come from the island of Grenada, where a coup last March overthrew a government generally considered as corrupt. The leaders of the coup quickly displayed their pro-Cuban tendencies, however, and began a campaign of intimidation against the island's only independent newspaper, *The Torchlight*. And on October 13, an order from the army commander closed the newspaper. This is the first time that a government in the English-speaking

Caribbean has closed a newspaper.

Prime Minister Maurice Bishop had previously avoided a meeting with an IAPA representative. And although he was in Toronto during this session of the IAPA General Assembly, he refused an invitation to appear before the Assembly or meet its leaders.

Another area of immediate concern is Haiti, where the Congress has passed a law limiting and licensing the right to practice journalism. Some progress had been noted in Haiti since the visit there by an IAPA mission in 1978. But if the latest law now becomes official, it will end any hopes for a freer press. And it will make a mockery of the promise President Duvalier made to the IAPA mission to promote press freedom.

In Jamaica, the government continues its attempts to intimidate *The Gleaner*. Prime Minister Manley and his cabinet members personally took part in threatening demonstrations outside its offices.

In Guyana, the government has refused to allocate newsprint to *The Mirror* or even to allow donations of newsprint for the newspaper into the country.

In Cuba, there has been no freedom of the press for the twenty years that the Castro regime has been in power, and all the communications media remain in the hands of the government. One journalist has been released from prison during the past six months, but at least eight remain in prison. The IAPA urges its members to ask their own governments to try to influence the Cuban regime to release its political prisoners.

In Central America, the major political event has been the overthrow of the Somoza regime in Nicaragua.

Before their overthrow, the Somoza forces culminated their long persecution of *La Prensa*, already marked by the tragedy of Pedro Joaquin's assassination, by burning the newspaper and destroying its plant. In spite of all the difficulties and with help and encouragement from the IAPA, *La Prensa* reappeared victoriously on August 16.

The new government junta created by the victory of the Sandinista Front has published a bill of rights, a general provisional law, on the media which is very ambiguous and restrictive of press freedom. But they also list provisions, including one in the press statute, which stipulates among other things that journalists must belong to certain labor unions. These have raised fears that they could be used to limit press freedom if the government so decided.

There is reason for hope in Nicaragua, and the new government's attitude towards *La Prensa* will be a basic test of its promises to support freedom of expression.

There was discussion but no agreement in the Freedom of the Press Committee about what should be the response of publishers asked to publish guerrilla manifestos as paid advertisements by the families or employers of kidnap victims as part of their ransom. The discussion involved El Salvador, but the issue is far wider.

In Argentina, the military government finally heeded the rulings of both the Supreme Court and a military tribunal by releasing Jacobo Timerman, publisher of *La Opinion*, after two and a half years under detention. On the same day, it stripped him of his Argentine citizenship and expelled him to Israel.

A court of appeals has also ordered the release of three other newsmen, including IAPA director Riobo Caputo, after a local judge ordered their detention for allegedly violating a national security law by publishing a news story from abroad about an Argentine guerrilla leader. But other newsmen remain imprisoned without due process of law, and at least three newspapers remain under government intervention. Furthermore, a majority of Argentine newspapers are concerned by plans to subsidize a newsprint factory of mixed private and state ownership by increasing taxes on newsprint imports and by forcing all newspapers to buy inferior paper from this plant at prices above the world level.

In Brazil, the press censorship decree remains in effect even though there exists a certain de facto freedom. And in August, police tried to stop a news story by seizing two mats of the *Gazeta Mercantil*. The most serious recent threat, however, has been the creation of a government news service to control and monopolize news about government activities.

In Mexico, there is freedom of the press, but also concern over new regulations Congress is considering to define the right of information.

In Panama, there is a project for a new independent newspaper, and the IAPA will be watching to see if the government, which controls most of the other newspapers, will allow it to publish freely.

In Peru, the government has long since recognized that the seizure of the daily newspapers in 1974 was a serious error. President Francisco Morales Bermudez has reiterated that the newspapers would be returned to their rightful owners. But nothing has yet been done to carry out that promise, and the IAPA is urging that they be returned without conditions.

The press of the United States is

probably the freest in the world. But even there, the government and the courts continue to gnaw away at the edges of the First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution upon which press freedom is based. For six months, the government successfully prevented the publication of an article on the hydrogen bomb by the *Progressive Magazine*, even though the author obtained all his information from public sources. The issue of who judges what is a legitimate nuclear secret is far from settled. The government has warned it will try to prevent the publication of all similar articles in the future.

In the courts, there have been a number of rulings which tend to limit the rights of the press and make it more vulnerable to libel suits. The most important was a Supreme Court ruling in the case of *Gannett v. DePasquale* last July which upheld the right of judges to close some criminal judicial hearings. This has since been used all over the United States to close pretrial hearings and some trials themselves.

The inclination of the Court is to interpret the First Amendment as guaranteeing the right to disseminate news but NOT the right to have access to news about government operations.

The actions of both government and courts to limit the freedom of information is of serious concern to American newsmen.

Canada, like the United States, has one of the freest presses in the world. Three recent court decisions have gone in its favor. But there are also a host of laws, rules, regulations and court interpretations that combine to inhibit publication. Recently a cartoonist in British Columbia was fined \$3,500 for allegedly libeling a cabinet minister with an editorial page cartoon, a measure without precedent. The action is being appealed.

One of the most serious concerns in the hemisphere is the spreading

movement to license journalists as a condition for being allowed to work. The movement is not limited to dictatorships. It began in Costa Rica, one of the democracies of Latin America, and in varying forms has now spread to Colombia, Venezuela, Nicaragua, Panama and Haiti. It is disturbing that some journalists themselves advocate such licensing on the pretext that it establishes professional standards.

Finally, the most serious concern of the IAPA for several years past has been the efforts by UNESCO and some of its totalitarian and Third World members to limit press freedom by subjecting it to state control. The concern continues, but recently in the MacBride Commission, there seems to have been a consensus to eliminate some of the more onerous proposals. Time will tell, however, and the struggle is far from over.

With such a grim picture in many places, we must take note of brighter spots. Along with the limitations, press freedom remains strong in several countries. And even in countries where it does not exist — Uruguay and Chile are examples — government restrictions are being applied with less frequency than a year ago.

These improvements are small, however, and challenges to press freedom abound. It requires constant vigilance and constant struggle by the IAPA and its members to defend, maintain and extend freedom of the press, which, in its best sense is the freedom of all citizens to express themselves and be accurately and objectively informed about events. □



Lippmann, Conant, Nieman: A Lasting Alliance

(continued from page 2)

The Fellows should be chosen from journalists of at least three years' experience, provided with stipends equal to their salaries, and given the freedom of the University — no course requirements, no examinations. They should be able to take the University on their own terms for a year, for their individual background needs.

Conant received authority from the Corporation to explore his idea with newspaper managers, who evinced little enthusiasm. He also consulted members of his governing boards for their views. He does not name these in his memoirs, but they certainly would have included Walter Lippmann, one of his Overseers and the most distinguished journalist of his time.

Conant's plans had the advantage, the canny administrator told the Corporation, of requiring no new building, no new funds, no special faculty; the scheme was flexible. If it didn't work, it could be changed or abandoned.

So Conant backed into the Nieman Fellowships. A "dubious experiment" he said then of the program he was later to call one of the major successes of his presidency.

He persuaded Walter Lippmann to serve on the Committee that selected the first group of Fellows.

Lippmann followed the program closely. He expressed his concern that one of the first year's Fellows did not return to his newspaper. This criticism led to the policy of obtaining assurances from all Fellows, before their appointments, that they fully intended to go back to their employers. Conant agreed with Lippmann that it was essential to have the cooperation of publishers to grant leaves of absence — then a novelty in journalism.

Lippmann came up every season through the early years for a session

with the Fellows — always the most anticipated of their seminars.

He had declined Conant's offer of a professorship. He felt it more important to put his thoughts before a larger public. He told a meeting of the Washington press corps that their task was to do the homework their readers should do for themselves, but did not.

He aimed to write so that his readers "would not be too surprised by events," he once told me. He did a column only every other day, holding that an every-day schedule prevented time to keep up with events and consider their meaning.

Even as an undergraduate, while president of the Socialist Club, he had organized a course in politics, economics, and the problems of poverty, that shaped a platform for the Boston city election. Completing college in three years, he stayed for a fourth, studying philosophy.

On graduation in 1910, he leapt at the chance to do research for Lincoln Steffens that contributed to the maverick editor's articles "The Shame of the Cities," "The Shame of the Senate," "The American Contempt for Law," and others.

"There is no kind of work that appeals to me so much as yours," Lippmann wrote Steffens. "It is what I have dreamed of doing."

One may speculate how much the zest to investigate the American condition was a result of the discrimination he had known as a Jew at Harvard. His exclusion from the college clubs and their intimate social life was a revelation of Ronald Steel's [Lippmann House] Dedication day recital. The young biographer was the only speaker to mention this side of the college life of Lippmann, the college socialist and philosophy student. The other members of the panel that day — all of an older generation — found no occasion to refer to it, if they knew

about it, in their discussion of Lippmann's later professional life.

But can it be ignored as a shaping factor in the bent of one's mind, the choice of one's activity, to challenge traditionalism?

Lippmann counted his year with Steffens as one of discovery. It dispelled illusion. It was training in objective analysis.

"We were looking, not for the evils of big business, but for its anatomy," he wrote in the book he got out of the experience, *A Preface to Politics*.

"We found that the anatomy of big business was strikingly like that of Tammany Hall... The invisible government is malign. But what is dangerous about it is that we do not see it, cannot use it, and are compelled to submit to it.

"The nature of political power we shall not change," was his cold-eyed view. "The object of democracy is to harness political power to the nation's need. The business of reform is not to set up fences — Sherman Acts and injunctions — against collusion, but to take the wheel and steer."

Three years later he joined in founding *The New Republic* as an organ for exploring public issues.

His following books — *Public Opinion* in 1922; *Liberty and the News* in 1929 — were about news. Then he undertook, with Charles Merz, a study of the most serious news problem of the time, the so-called news from Russia. Actually it came chiefly from Riga, haven of Russian exiles. The two examined the dispatches to *The New York Times*, which to them represented the best of U.S. journalism.

"From November, 1917, to November, 1919," they stated, "no less than ninety-one times was it reported that the Soviets were nearing their rope's end, or actually had reached it."

This deflated Riga as the news source on Russia. Merz went on to

become editor of the *Times*, Lippmann to be editor of Pulitzer's New York *World*. When the *World* folded in 1931, Lippmann accepted the unique offer of the Republican New York *Herald-Tribune* to contribute a column to give "the other side." This was a ten strike for the *Trib* which was soon selling the Lippmann column to papers all over the country. But it wasn't long

on "the other side." Lippmann found much to criticize in the New Deal. But his column won recognition for its independence of view and its lucid interpretation of events.

Lippmann's eminence provided him with a practical immunity from editorial censorship and gave him a strong influence to open a freer climate for columnists who followed

his trailblazing. By 1940, when the *Trib* dropped a column by Dorothy Thompson that switched support from Willkie to Roosevelt, the omission became a political news item of itself.

Gradually, more elbow room was extended to reporters, to look below the surface for objective analysis of events, with the result that readers found more meaning to the news. □

Nieman Fellows from Abroad 1979 - 1980

Six journalists from abroad have been appointed to join the twelve American Nieman Fellows whose names were announced last June. The six additional Nieman Fellows, who are funded by non-Harvard sources, are members of the forty-second Nieman class to study at Harvard. The Nieman endowment is ordinarily restricted to citizens of the United States. The Nieman Fellowships were established through a bequest of Agnes Wahl Nieman in memory of her husband, who founded *The Milwaukee Journal*. The Fellows come to Harvard for a year of study in any part of the University.

The newest Fellows are:

Annelies Furtmayr-Schuh, 38, freelance science writer, Munich, West Germany. Ms. Furtmayr-Schuh is a graduate of the University of Hull and of Munich Technical University. She has her doctorate from Ludwig Maximilians University of Munich, and plans to study bioethics in the fields of medicine, biology and the environment, and to do research in mass communication. Her Fellowship is supported by the Robert Bosch Stiftung GMBH, Stuttgart, West Germany.

Aggrey Klaaste, 39, news editor of

The Post, Johannesburg, South Africa. Mr. Klaaste holds a bachelor's degree from Witwatersrand University, and at Harvard he will concentrate on the humanities, in particular history, sociology, psychology, and local government. His appointment is funded by the United States-South Africa Leader Exchange Program, Inc.

Atsushi Kuse, 29, reporter, Osaka bureau, *Mainichi Shimbun*, Japan. Mr. Kuse has his master's degree from Kyoto Sangyo University. His studies will focus on American political institutions and research on the history, circumstances and trends of political terrorism and the relationships between political decisions and such violence. Support for Mr. Kuse's Fellowship has been provided by the Council for International Exchange of Scholars and the Robert Waldo Ruhl Fund.

Bistra Lankova, 35, executive producer-writer, Bulgarian Television Corporation, Sofia. Ms. Lankova holds a master's degree from the Academy of Arts, Sofia. Her study plan at Harvard will include research on the roots of Western culture and the societal impact of television upon audience-mass media perceptions of

artistic values. Ms. Lankova is the seventh recipient of a German Marshall Fund Fellowship for broadcast journalists from Europe.

Daniel Passent, 41, columnist, editor-in-chief of foreign trade monthly supplement, *Polityka* weekly, Warsaw, Poland. Mr. Passent has his master's degree from the University of Warsaw. He plans to study American higher education, with a special interest in Harvard University, and social and economic problems of contemporary American society. His appointment is supported by the Ford Foundation.

Suthichai Yoon, 32, managing editor, *The Nation Review* daily, Bangkok, Thailand. Mr. Suthichai attended Chulalongkorn University. At Harvard he will concentrate on the political and economic relationships, including aspects of nuclear power, among the superpowers (the United States, the Soviet Union, China and Japan) and the developing countries, particularly the Association of Southeast Asian Nations, Indochina and the nonaligned nations. He will also study contemporary American literature, art and theology. Mr. Suthichai's Fellowship is supported by the Ford Foundation.

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To the friends and admirers of Walter Lippmann:

Walter Lippmann would have been ninety years old on September 23rd of this year -- and to celebrate his life some 350 of his friends and admirers gathered in Cambridge, Massachusetts, that day to dedicate the new headquarters of the Nieman Foundation: Walter Lippmann House.

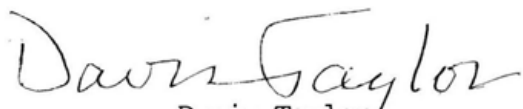
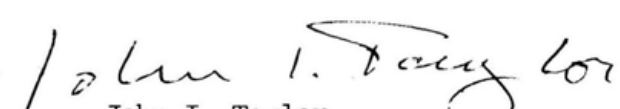
Those who were present will know with what a lively mixture of reminiscence and appraisal, of seriousness and humor, that crisp, sunny afternoon was filled.

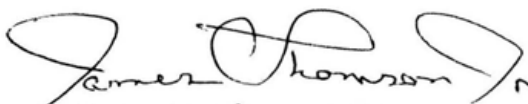
During the Dedication ceremony, we were able to announce the raising of \$302,000 toward our goal of \$400,000 in endowment. Since then, we have received an additional \$14,425. This means that we are only \$83,575 short of our goal.

If you have not yet made a tax-deductible gift or pledge to the Walter Lippmann Memorial Fund, we urge you to do so now, in the remaining days of 1979. And if you have already made a contribution, we encourage you to add to your gift. With your help, our fund will go over the top in celebration of the ninetieth anniversary of Lippmann's birth.

Please give your most urgent and generous consideration to our appeal.

With our thanks and best regards,

 
Davis Taylor John I. Taylor
Co-chairmen, Walter Lippmann Memorial Fund


James C. Thomson Jr.
Curator, (Nieman Foundation for Journalism)



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Nieman Notes

1940

Belated word has been received of the death of WILLIAM B. DICKINSON on September 12, 1978. He was formerly executive editor of the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, and of the United States Commission for the Protection of Privacy. He is survived by his wife, Joan Younger Dickinson, also a journalist; his son, William B. Dickinson Jr. of *The Washington Post*, and four daughters (two of whom graduated from Harvard). His widow resides at 2020 Delancey Street, Philadelphia, PA 19103.

WELDON JAMES and CARROLL KIRKPATRICK recently celebrated their fortieth year of membership in the National Press Club. Weldon recalls that he and Kirkpatrick, at ages twenty-six and twenty-seven, were the youngest members in their Nieman Class.

1941

WILLIAM J. MILLER informs us from Truro on Cape Cod that he is "not precisely 'retired' — just not on a payroll." He's written a couple of annual reports, speeches "for several tycoons," and tries "an occasional article."

1948

ROBERT SHAPLEN's book, *A Turning Wheel*, has been published by Random House. The author was a recent visitor at Lippmann House, and remarked on the contrast between facilities available for current classes of Fellows and those provided for his class. He is a staff writer with *The New Yorker*.

1949

TILLMAN DURDIN has terminated his period of employment as director of the information office of the Sultanate of Oman, in New York and Washington. He has returned to his home in La Jolla, California, where he serves as a special writer for the *San Diego Union* and is additionally working on several freelance assignments. His next move will be "a

swing around the Pacific basin, including a trip into China."

DELBERT WILLIS, former editor of the *Fort Worth Press*, is slated to retire January 1, 1980, as editor of the Scripps-Howard News, ending forty-seven years of service with that organization.

1950

MURREY MARDER has been appointed to the eight-member selection committee for the Edward R. Murrow Fellowship for American Foreign Correspondents of the Council on Foreign Relations. He adds, "Since 1978, I have been on a leave of absence as senior diplomatic correspondent of *The Washington Post*. I am on a fellowship from the Council on Foreign Relations (Whitney H. Shepardson Fellow), doing research on a book dealing with conflicting perceptions in American-Soviet foreign policy, 1959-79. The project is supported by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and I have an office with them in their Washington headquarters." His address: Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, 11 Dupont Circle, NW, Washington, DC 20036.

JOHN STEELE ('52), former Washington bureau chief of *Time*, and CLARK MOLLENHOFF ('50), Professor of Journalism at Washington and Lee University, were among the six inducted into the Washington Hall of Fame of the SDX-SPJ Washington chapter.

Mollenhoff has two books scheduled for publication next year: a text on investigative reporting (*The Investigative Reporter — From Courthouse to White House*) and a book on the Carter administration (*It Didn't End with Watergate*).

1953

WILLIAM STEIF writes from Washington, claiming that "your report of my being 'lost' [NR, Autumn 1979] is a bit exaggerated... Since returning from a four-year stint based in Paris for Scripps-Howard in early 1977, I've been (1) working in Scripps' Washington bureau, covering

stuff ranging from HEW to the Interior Department; (2) writing a weekly column 'The U.S. and You' for Scripps and Newspaper Enterprise Association for the past year and a half; (3) writing a number of pieces for *The Progressive*... (4) had a book published, *What You've Got Coming in Social Security and Medicare* — put out by NEA as a 'reader service'; and (5) doing other occasional freelance pieces... I'm living at 2902 South Buchanan Street, Arlington, VA 22206."

1954

RICHARD DUDMAN, Washington (DC) bureau chief, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, has received the degree of Honorary Doctor of Laws from the University of Missouri in St. Louis. He has also shared, with Joseph Harsch of the *Christian Science Monitor*, the Edward Weintal Prize for Diplomatic Reporting, given for his dispatches from Cambodia in December 1978 and January 1979.

1955

ALBERT L. KRAUS has become editorial director for *The Journal of Commerce*, 110 Wall Street, New York, NY 10005.

WILLIAM WOESTENDIEK, executive editor of the *Arizona Daily Star*, will serve as a judge for the William Randolph Hearst Foundation's annual scholarships and grants to colleges and universities.

1959

NORMAN A. CHERNISS, executive editor, *Riverside (CA) Press-Enterprise*, writes to correct the report of the reunion of the Class of 1959 in the last Nieman Notes: EVANS CLINCHY and PHIL JOHNSON were not in attendance; however, class members JOHN SIEGENTHALER, WILFRED (Bud) RODGERS, and R.V. PARASURAM were there.

1960

DOM BONAFEDE, senior editor of *The National Journal*, has been selected by WHYY-TV, the public broadcasting station in the Wilmington/Philadelphia area, to be

an advisor to its "Presidency Series." He met recently in Washington with other noteworthy political scientists from around the country to discuss the content of the three programs which will be aired nationwide in January and February 1980.

1961

ROBERT P. CLARK, formerly executive editor of the *Courier-Journal* and *Louisville Times*, was named editor of the *Florida Times-Union* and *Jacksonville Journal*. He will be in charge of all news and editorial operations of the two daily papers and the combined Saturday and Sunday papers. His address: 2970 St. Johns Avenue, 4E, Jacksonville, FL 32205.

1965

RAY JENKINS, editor of the *Montgomery (AL) Advertiser* and Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist, has assumed the number two spot in President Carter's press office. According to *Editor & Publisher*, Press Secretary Jody Powell will continue to head up the office, with Jenkins slated to spearhead the current effort to devote more time to wider-ranging issues and less time to press briefings. Jenkins says he'll leave the news business "with mixed feelings."

1966

ROBERT C. MAYNARD, formerly editorial board member of *The Washington Post* and director of the Berkeley Summer Program for Minority Journalists, took a new job in September to become editor of the *Oakland (CA) Tribune*, a recent member of the Gannett chain. It is believed he is the only black journalist to direct editorial operations on a major daily newspaper in the United States.

1967

WILLIAM F. WOO, editor of the editorial page of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, is spending a year or so in Washington, writing editorials and columns from the capital and "trying hard to get a little brighter about government." His address: 1701 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW, Suite 550, Washington, DC 20006.

1968

Editor & Publisher reports that Rutgers University will soon house an unusual

resource institute for professional journalists if the institution's Board of Governors gives the project its blessing later this year.

The article continues, "Under the direction of JEROME AUMENTE, a former reporter for the old *Newark (NJ) Evening News* and the *Detroit Free Press*, the Rutgers Journalism Resources Institute will provide both print and broadcast journalists with intellectual resources, research capabilities, advanced study opportunities and specialized assistance in return for the promise of lasting ties to the institute."

1969

RICHARD C. LONGWORTH of the *Chicago Tribune* attended the annual meeting of the Inter American Press Institute in Toronto in October to accept the Tom Wallace Plaque for a series of front page stories and photographs on South America, produced with his colleague, Ronald Yates, who was unable to be present. (See also *Incidental Notes*.)

1970

WILLIAM MONTALBANO writes: "It's like the army — having developed a nodding acquaintance with low bars and piratical figures from Belize to Baires, I am now enroute to Peking to open a bureau for *The Herald* and Knight-Ridder Newspapers." For several years, he had been the Latin America correspondent for the *Miami Herald*.

1972

JOHN S. CARROLL has left the *Philadelphia Inquirer* where he had been for the past six and one-half years — most recently as metropolitan editor — to become editor of the *Lexington (KY) Herald*. He says that he is "delighted with the paper and its prospects and hopes that Nieman friends will keep in touch." During his five years as metropolitan editor at the *Inquirer*, Carroll's staff won a number of national awards, including Pulitzer Prizes in 1977 and 1978.

1973

WILLIAM STOCKTON, who had been doing free-lance writing, has been named director of science news at *The New York Times*, effective July 1, 1979.

1974

SHIRLEY CHRISTIAN has resigned as Associated Press chief of bureau for Chile and Bolivia in order to become the *Miami Herald's* Latin America specialist.

ELLEN GOODMAN, syndicated columnist with *The Boston Globe*, has had her second book, *Close to Home*, published by Simon & Schuster.

1975

DAVID HAWPE, city editor of the *Louisville Times* for the past year and a half, has been named managing editor of the *Courier-Journal*.

1976

Elizabeth and ROBERT GILLETTE announce the birth of Carolyn Wyman Gillette on March 29, 1979, in Pasadena, California. Carolyn's older sister, Amy Elizabeth, is now three years old; her father is science writer for the *Los Angeles Times*.

GUNTER HAAF's first book is being published in Spain. He says "it is a somewhat popular overview on new research in human evolution, titled *The New Story of Adam and Eve*." It will be published in Germany in about two years.

Gunter is also recipient of the "Glaxo Award" of the Technisch-Literarische Gesellschaft, the West German Association of Science Writers. He is a science writer with *Die Zeit*, Hamburg, West Germany.

1977

JOSÉ ANTONIO MARTINEZ-SOLER and Ana have written from Spain, where he is working for the administration as advisor to the Minister of Economic Affairs. Ana is also working in the administration, in the Press Cabinet of the Vice President. They enjoyed a visit from NANCY DAY ('79) last summer. José has contributed to *The Waning of the Fourth Estate*, soon to be published by MIT Press and Macmillan's of London.

JOHN EUGENE PAINTER and Susan Elizabeth Reese were wed in Yachats, Oregon, on October 13, 1979. John is a staff writer for the *The Oregonian* and Susan, who attended Harvard Law School, is a partner of Hawk & Reese.

1978

ARUN CHACKO, formerly chief reporter for the *Indian Express* in New Delhi, has joined the staff of *WorldPaper* as associate editor for South Asia. He was a guest at Lippmann House recently when he was in Cambridge to attend a meeting of the associate editors and Board of Directors of *WorldPaper*.

1979

MICHAEL McDOWELL, formerly education correspondent with the *Belfast Telegraph*, Northern Ireland, has been engaged as senior associate in the journalist's program of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. In this capacity, he will be "completing a project of the current Irish-American/Northern Ireland connection which has become increasingly significant in recent months. The project will last a year or more and will comprise my writing a short series of investigative-analytical articles for *Foreign Policy* and the op ed pages, or the like, of leading U.S. papers and magazines...."

His address: Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY 10020. Telephone: 212/572-8216.

MICHAEL McIVOR and Carol Bishop announce the birth of Joshua David McIvor on August 13, 1979. "We're all back home now and learning how to get used to one another. He's great and we're exhausted." (See also Incidental Notes.)

INCIDENTAL NOTES

The *Nieman Reports'* special issue on Women and Journalism (Summer 1979) received a tip of the hat from the *Columbia Journalism Review* (September/October 1979) which said, "This notable collection of more than a dozen articles on women and journalism is dedicated to Agnes Wahl Nieman, the benefactor who made possible the creation of the Nieman program at Harvard...and who, as a woman, would not have been eligible for appointment during the first seven years of the program. It is a fine and fitting tribute... With its unusual double focus on both the specifics of the Nieman experience and more general matters of professional concern, this special issue adds perspective to the growing literature on the subject that is both comprehensive and fresh."

*

Attending the XXXV Annual Meeting of the Inter American Press Association in Toronto in October were the following Nieman alumni: MARTIN W. GOODMAN ('62), president of the *Toronto Star* and of the Canadian Press; DAVID KRASLOW (also '62), publisher of the *Miami News*; RICHARD LONGWORTH ('69), reporter with the *Chicago Tribune* (see also Nieman Notes, 1969); ALEX MALDONADO ('65), executive editor, *El Mundo*, San Juan, Puerto Rico; and JAMES R. WHELAN ('67), vice president and editorial director, Panax Newspapers, Washington, D.C.

Martin Goodman delivered the welcoming speech at the main reception and banquet; Alex Maldonado and David Kraslow are on IAPA's Board of Directors. Tenney Lehman had a chance to visit with these Fellows, as well as with resident Canadians MICHAEL McIVOR ('79), director of radio current affairs, Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, and WILLIAM FRENCH ('55), book editor *The Globe and Mail*, Toronto, and his wife, Jean.

*

At the first of what may become an annual event, the current class of Nieman Fellows, their families and the Nieman staff gathered for a weekend in October at the Osgood Hill Conference Center in North Andover, Massachusetts.

The purpose was twofold: first, to provide a "retreat" in response to suggestions from recent Nieman classes who felt the need of time away from the bustle of Cambridge to get acquainted with each other early in the year; second, to familiarize the class with the legendary ED LAHEY ('39).

Beginning with a family style dinner on Friday evening, the weekend brought together the eighteen new Fellows, thirteen spouses, and nineteen children — whose ages ranged from three months to twelve years. After dinner, the adults joined Philip Weld, retired president and editor of Essex County Newspapers, and Tom Winship, editor of *The Boston Globe* — two of Lahey's closest friends — Grace Lahey, his widow, their daughter, June, and Mrs. Weld. His family and friends shared reminiscences of his pithy comments, wit and views on journalism. His opinions and definitions are still fresh, and remain part of the Lahey legend.

Sunny fall days were ideal for outdoor sports and long walks through the surrounding fields and woods, brilliant in their autumn foliage. Relaxed evenings were spent in conversation, group singing, and card playing. By Sunday afternoon some lasting friendships, among all the generations, had begun, and the weekend was, indeed, a "retreat." □

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**Walter Lippmann and Curator Louis M. Lyons at a Nieman Seminar
Faculty Club, 1960**

Photo by Howard Sochurek (NF '60)

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