Nieman Reports

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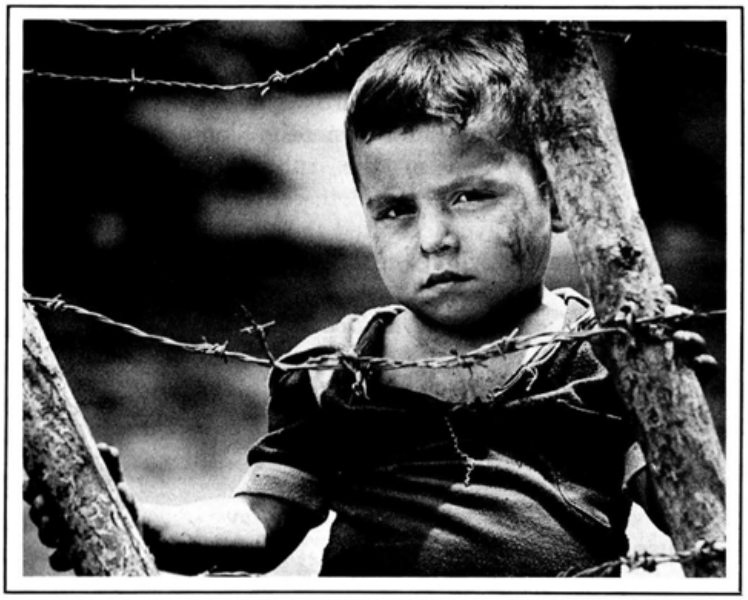

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Prophets in Blue Jeans

When King Nebuchadnezzar read the writing on the plaster wall of his palace more than two thousand years ago, the hushed courtiers watching motions of the mysterious hand could not have known that their sovereign would go mad.

"Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin" — "You have been weighed in the balances, and found wanting" — was enough to send their ruler running out of the royal pavilion in frantic search of a pasture: according to biblical history, his mind had become that of an animal, and he ate grass with the oxen. He underwent what today is called a psychotic episode — but that is another story.

The handwriting on the wall and the catalyst of Nebuchadnezzar's trauma was the forerunner of a familiar contemporary sight: the graffiti that appears whenever and wherever people are driven to convey to each other the passion of a cause or situation. The personal immediacy of this cogent and concise form of communication reflects issues and doctrines unlike any other medium. While it is possible to walk past an assortment of scrawls and take the words at face value, one should recognize the risk involved in ignoring the hidden agenda — the anger, conviction, or fear — behind each scribbling hand that has held a paint brush or spray can.

Construction sites, with their walls of concrete and plywood, attract display. In Harvard Square, where the project for a multimillion-dollar extension of the subway system continues, twentieth-century prophets have decorated the unblemished areas with exhortative language:

Viva Cuba Libre!

12th — we remember Steve Biko

No Exxon

My Happy Birthday

FU AMERIKKKA

Clash

No Nukes

Atlanta 25 more reasons to make revolution

Today?
(stencilled beneath a black mushroom cloud)

Vas Deferens

Knox Pres. #195

No Draft

Nuclear victim
(painted on the sidewalk beside a life-size tracing of a fallen figure)

Break out May 1st

U.S. guns kill U.S. nuns in El Salvador

The foreboding common to most of these somber-colored messages contrasts to the optimism in the bright

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A Conversation With

Oriana Fallaci

In May 1981, writer Oriana Fallaci held a seminar with the Nieman Fellows; this transcript of their meeting has been edited for publication.

Ms. Fallaci is the author of several books, including *A Man* and *Interview with History.*

Nancy Warnecke, Nieman Fellow '81

Oriana Fallaci: Why am I here? To begin with, I'm here because it's Harvard and I've never been to Harvard before — I have been to Yale, so I wanted to see Harvard. Then because I was curious about you. I mean, curious of people who stop working as journalists and go to study journalism. How can they do it? It seems to me that if there is a work that enters into your blood as a habit, as a system of life, as a drug, this is journalism. And I know how hard it is for me to abandon it when I have to write a book. It is a tremendous sacrifice.

See, for the novel *A Man*, I abandoned journalism for three years — three long years during which from morning to evening, day after day, month after month, year after year, I did nothing but write that book. And I felt in jail, I was so unhappy that every night I expected anxiously eight o'clock to refind journalism through the news. The news, the news. So, at least, I would know what was happening in the world beyond the walls of the tiny room where I had jailed myself. And from the television I heard that so many things were happening in the world: that Mao Tse-tung was dying but I was not there — I was not in Peking; that the Watergate thing was taking place but I was not there — I was not in Washington; that there were the elections in America, but again — my God, I was not in America. I was in that tiny room writing a novel, making literature.

Yes, the great sacrifice I have paid for this book which has cost me so many sacrifices, in any sense, has been to be far from the places where things happen. Because this I have done all my life since the age of sixteen, when I started being a reporter. So I was very curious to see you people who leave your work, that drug, to go and study. I'm not a flatterer, but you have my admiration because I wouldn't have your guts.

What should I talk to you about? Number one, I hate to lecture. Number two, the things I would really feel to talk about are centered around *A Man*, and it seems to me that this is not the place to talk about my book because we are not here for literature, we are here for journalism. Also, you must know that my journalism exists very little at this point of my life because in June 1976 I left the magazine where I was working and started to write *A Man*, and when it was finished I did not return to any newspaper. So, now I am a journalist without a newspaper. Which is marvelous because nobody can oblige me to go where I don't want to go; nobody can wake me up in the middle of the night and say "Write three pages for tomorrow morning." I go where I want, when I want, and I have no problem in publishing what I write because everybody wants it — it's an ideal situation. I should add that at this point in my life I don't really regard myself as a journalist; rather I regard myself as a writer who does some journalism. I say "some" because all I've been doing since I finished *A Man* has been a few interviews. Now ask me some questions and I'll try to answer.

Question: What does Oriana Fallaci want to be known for? When you die, besides putting on your gravestone, "Here lies the person who got Stalin out of — "

Fallaci: T'ien An Men Square. Here lies the woman who got Stalin out of T'ien An Men Square — you know, the big square in Peking, the one with the entrance of the Forbidden City and the People's Palace and the Mao Tse-tung mausoleum. Well, I guess you mention this because I said it a while ago, as a joke and. . . maybe I should explain what we're talking about. It goes back to my interview with Teng Hsiao P'ing last year. At one point Teng started to defend Stalin, and I just can't stand Stalin. So we got involved in a discussion that practically interrupted the interview and Teng said to me: "Listen, shall we do something: you remain of your opinion, I remain of mine, and we go on with this interview." So we did go on with the interview and I asked Teng why they kept those giant portraits of Stalin and Lenin and Marx and Engels in T'ien An Men Square. "They were supposed to be there for important ceremonies only," Teng answered, "then the Cultural Revolution came and decided they should stay forever." "But now the Cultural Revolution is over," I said. "What are you waiting for to take them off?" Teng answered with a little smile, then he got up because he had to attend some meeting and gave me a second appointment for Saturday morning.

On Saturday morning, when I went again to the People's Palace, I passed from T'ien An Men Square and *EP!* There is no more Stalin, no more Lenin, no more Marx, no more Engels — the Big Brothers aren't there any more. They have been taken off. I got so excited that, as soon as I saw Teng again, I lost my control. "I love you, Mr. Teng, I love you! You took them off! You listened to me, I did it! When I die, I want on my grave these words: 'Here lies the woman who took Stalin off of T'ien An Men Square.'" Teng laughed so much. . . . Yes, as paradoxical as it may look, it would be amusing. Yet limiting. You know, to have those words on my grave.

The inscription I would really like is much simpler and shorter: "Here lies a writer." Because this is what I am : a writer. You are wrong, here in America, to call me a political interviewer. Being an interviewer is only a part of my work and of my life. I interview well because I am a writer; those interviews are made by a writer — by a playwright, if you want. Take the last one with Lech Walesa. It is a play. You could perform it on stage with two actors: a man and a woman. It begins with a burst, a fight, when he attacks her and she attacks him back, and things happen as in a play through the first act, the second

long answer, so you cannot excerpt it, put it out of its context. It is dishonest, and it is not intelligent.

Let me also give you the example of the excerpts from interviews given by some politician or statesman, those published under the title "Excerpt from an Interview." This seems to me a very illegitimate thing, an abuse. Because how do I know that you did not commit an error in picking up that particular excerpt and not giving what was around it before and after? I never do it, never. Which is the reason why my interviews are so dramatically long and I am the despair of newspaper editors, who always complain about their length. I say: either you publish them totally, or you don't publish them at all. Sometimes they promise, they swear, and then they betray me. For instance, *The London Sunday Times* just betrayed me with the Walesa interview. They bought it, they gave me their word of honor, they swore that they would publish the complete text, no cuts, no manipulations, then I found out that they had abolished some questions, mixed some answers, cut and manipulated the whole text in the most shameful way. I got so infuriated that I wanted to challenge the editor in chief to a duel in Hyde Park. For

> Interviews are direct and effective and dramatic. They are beautiful because they are theater.

act, the third act...The same is true for the Khomeini interview. It is a play. You even have the *coup de scene*, when I take off the *chador* because I get angry. So he gets angry in return, etc. Of course, in order to tell scenes of that kind, theatrical scenes, things have to happen. But things always happen to me, God knows why. With Teng it happened in that Stalin episode, with Khomeini it happened in that *chador* episode, with Walesa it happened in that fight....And once these stories are written, the interview becomes more than an interview: it becomes a play. A play full of information, yet, a play.

Question: Let me follow up by saying why is it important in these interviews with political leaders to not excerpt, to write everything in its entirety?

Fallaci: I'll answer by giving an example of the reporters who interview me, especially those who come without tape recorders. They don't take notes and then, all at once, they get all excited by something I said, a short phrase, a word maybe, and they write it in their notes. Why did you do that, I say, what did you write, how are you going to publish that, in what context? Because I said that thing in the context of a reasoning, of a discussion. It was part of a Christ's sake, it is a tremendous responsibility to interview a statesman, a head of state, so you cannot choose what you like and discard what you don't like.

Question: I know you write large pieces but in your more well-known interviews — Golda Meir, Kissinger, the Ayatollah — the bulk is the questions and answers which come after the introduction. Have you chosen the question-and-answer format because you think it's more honest than writing a piece?

Fallaci: No, I wouldn't say that an interview is necessarily more honest than an article. On the contrary, an interview can be much more dishonest than an article because the article is something you write with your own words, an interview is something where you can only report the words which were said by the interviewed. And betraying the words which were said to you, distorting or manipulating the answers, is much worse than using badly your own words in an article. So, the reason I chose making interviews was to find a new way of reporting, or if you wish, a new way to express myself as a journalist and as a writer. I thought, as I still think, that interviews are direct and effective and dramatic. They are beautiful because they are theater. See, I always go back to the word "theater" — life. When you want to give the portrait of a person, nothing is as good as an interview, I believe. The only problem is that today there is an inflation of interviews. Everybody interviews. Journalists interview journalists, television people interview television people, everybody interviews somebody. And I'm afraid to have some responsibility, alas, in that inflation, that fashion.

Question: Do I understand you correctly that you don't do any editing at all of your interviews, that you don't transpose the order of a question, that what we read is exactly what's on your tape recorder?

Fallaci: No, no, I do some editing, of course. I'm a writer, not a secretary or a tape recorder. Editing is not illegitimate, and it is often indispensable. For instance, you have the right and the duty to catch immediately the attention of the reader and you have to start in an interesting way. Possibly you have to start with the most interesting thing that the person said to you. But when you interview politicians, especially statesmen or the heads of state, even that kind of editing can be dangerous if not done with enormous care and honesty. So I try to start the interview, verbally, with the question which will open the written interview. And, unless something unpredictable happens, as it happened with Walesa for instance, I follow that rule. Not an easy rule, mind you, because the most interesting question is often the most dangerous one, and very rarely journalists have the guts to place it at the beginning of the interview. I can see it when they interview me. They begin with all the smiles, chat-chat, chat-chat, and only at the

end do they say, "Is it true that during the month of July you robbed that bank?" Yes, at the end, possibly when they are next to the door, ready to escape. Well, this is certainly not my style. I can be accused of many things but not of being a coward writer. Do consider the interview with Khomeini. What was it that I most wanted to say to him? That he was the new Shah of Iran, that is, a dictator, a tyrant. And I did it. At once. I did not expect to be next to the door, ready to escape. Nor did I expect to be next to the door when I asked Teng Hsiao-p'ing about the trial of the Gang of Four and I said that in my opinion, and in many other people's opinion, the trial missed a fifth accused one, and maybe a sixth — that is, Mao Tse-tung and Hua Kuo-feng.

Another thing to say about interviews is the duty of double-checking when something very important or disconcerting is said. Journalists, usually, jump on the "scoop" as vultures and keep it on their claws: "He said it! She said it!" I don't. When something strikes me, I ask for confirmation: twice, three times. I did it with Alvaro Cunhal when he said that he was against democracy and Parliament. I did it with Walesa, when he said: "If the Jeruzelski government fails, then Solidarity should go to government." I couldn't believe my ears. I asked him to repeat it. He did, but when I saw him again the day after, I said: "Listen, Lech, I have been transcribing what we did yesterday and I want to be sure that you really meant what you said about Solidarity going to government if Jeruzelski fails. I'm doing this because your phrase is very dangerous indeed, dangerous for you, for Solidarity, for all." He confirmed it, again, so I wrote it.

Question: If he had said, "I did say it but I don't want it to be printed," what would you have done?

Fallaci: I wouldn't have printed it. Maybe I am going to scandalize you all with this, but I would not have printed it. Do journalists have the right to write everything? Not always. Not always. If a danger exists, as in this particular case, they should not print it.

Question: For you, is there a difference between working as a writer and as a journalist?

Fallaci: I am the same person when I write an article, when I write an interview, when I write a book. It's the same mind, the same personality, the same approach. So I follow the same rules, the same methods, either I write a book or I write an article. To begin with, I rewrite a lot. I rewrite and rewrite and rewrite. *A Man* was rewritten four times and then massacred on the galleys. I rewrite to make it simpler, to make it easier. Secondly, I try to be clear. Simple. You know, when I was sixteen and I started writing for the newspapers, I wrote in a difficult way: to show how much culture I had, how smart I was or I thought to be. But soon my mother, who was a very intelligent woman, began to say: "Please, write simple. Please make the simple people understand. Write for the people, not for yourself!" And this recommendation has never abandoned my mind, and when I write I'm always concerned that the taxi driver understands what I mean, that the waitress understands what I mean. I try to be simple, and to say the truth with clear words. Very often, other journalists don't. In order to tell a truth, they go around and around and they write between lines. Why? If one is a thief, just call him thief. If one is a murderer, just call him murderer. If one is an idiot, just call him idiot!

Do journalists have the right to write everything? Not always.

Question: Would you disagree with the view that you really broke through to the English-reading public with the Kissinger interview?

Fallaci: Oh, no! That's unfair! That's offensive! My God, you are speaking of a human being who before that interview had worked all her life, and risked her life in Vietnam, in the Pakistan war, in the Middle East war, in the Latin America insurrections, a woman who had already written several books, books already famous all over the world: how can you say that this woman owes her popularity and success to a stupid phrase of a politician who looks at himself as a cowboy? It's unfair. Really unfair. Worse, it's insulting.

Question: I want to ask you a question about your novel, the last novel, *A Man*. It is a novel, it's fiction, so one cannot argue —

Fallaci: It is not fiction. It is truth, it's a *roman verité.*

Question: That's what I'm getting at, but it is a novel. And because the author is Oriana Fallaci, who is also known as a journalist, and because the novel is based on a true man and a true line of events, one tends to take everything in the book to be real, true, although this should not be so. I arrived in Athens after the death of Alekos and that was the biggest story in Athens at that time, especially among journalistic circles because everyone was curious about whether it was an accident or an assassination. So my question is: what is your conviction as a journalist; if you were covering that story, as a journalist, would you sign your name and say then it was an assassination?

Fallaci: Are you joking?

Comment: No, I'm serious, that's why I'm asking.

Fallaci: Oh, my God. Number one, I covered the story as a journalist — it was very painful, but I did — and I wrote exactly the same things which are in the novel. Number two, do you think that because the book has the structure of a novel — it is written as a novel, but it tells real facts, real names, real dates, everything is true — do you think that I would make up, invent the most important thing, that is, the assassination of this man? I wrote the book because he had been assassinated! There is no doubt that he was assassinated! What I tell in the book is exactly what happened.

Question: In Argentina 64 journalists have disappeared in the last years, also in Uruguay and in Chile —

Fallaci: In Brazil, in Bolivia...Salvador...etc., etc.

Question: Right. Since you yourself were a victim of this kind of aggression against journalists, do you have any idea about how the journalists of the world can help stop these disappearances in many countries of the world?

> If you kill and arrest and torture... the labor workers, the teachers in the universities, and the politicians, it's obvious that you kill the journalists also.

Fallaci: You cannot stop the aggressions against journalists and, anyhow, why should journalists be safer than the others? When I was wounded in Mexico during the Olympic Games massacre, people said, "Poor Oriana, look what happened to her." But my father made the only comment that should be done. He said, "If she goes where they shoot, the least that can happen to her is to be shot." Then let me answer this way: of course I suffer for the disappearance of those journalists, those colleagues, of course I feel outraged. But I don't feel *particularly* outraged because in a dictatorship journalists are arrested. Of course they are arrested: aren't they victims of the dictatorship also? So, when a whole country is oppressed and tortured and killed, why should we cry more for them or myself? Why should they have a special status like Rome open-city, you don't bomb Rome? You bomb Florence, you bomb Bologna, but you don't bomb Rome. If you kill, and arrest, and torture, and kill the labor workers, the teachers in the universities, and the politicians, it's obvious that you kill the journalists also.

Question: What we are trying to say is — sometimes, it has helped tremendously in, say, Argentina, when lawyers or physicians from other countries have gone down to help their colleagues who have been imprisoned. Couldn't journalists form an international group like lawyers have done, so that when something like that happens in a country, a few representatives could go talk with the president or the head of state?

Fallaci: I feel embarrassed to answer, because I feel incapable to answer in a different way from the way I think. And the way I think is just what I said. I don't see why there should be a special protection for the journalists, I don't see why we should be more concerned and more scandalized because they do to the journalists what they did to all the other people.

Question: But if you silence a journalist, who is going to talk for the other people?

Fallaci: This doesn't make a journalist's life more precious than the life of a labor worker or of a politician. My opinion may be wrong but I think that when a country is oppressed by a dictatorship, the way Argentina is, we must fight for the freedom of everybody, not only for the freedom of the journalists. Forgive me for disappointing you.

Comment: I really want to follow up on this. I don't think anybody should feel a journalist is more valuable than a laborer on the street or anyone else, but we have a mission. I don't like to feel that all the other governments would think nothing of it if they heard that a journalist was disappeared or killed in an incident; that their reaction would be to say that, well, he shouldn't have been there. If the talk at the killing or disappearing of a journalist would make a noise all over the world —

Fallaci: It does.

Comment: They would now see that if they are more organized, it would make more noise than it has been. We haven't been making enough noise since there are sixty-odd journalists missing. On a personal basis of course you can say that he or she is not more valuable than other people, but at the same time you may not like to be in Argentina, but you are doing it as part of your job and you should have some security, and you are also doing for humanity....

Fallaci: No, I don't see why the disappearance of a journalist is more dramatic than the disappearance of a peasant. If tomorrow there would be a dictatorship in my country, I wouldn't think that killing me is more important than killing my father who is an old man living in the country, or killing a little girl whom nobody knows.

Comment: A whole peasant family can be killed in one village and nobody hears about it, but if a journalist who was there trying to cover the scene was killed, and if other journalists were writing about it, it would be a help to that cause, whatever it is.

Fallaci: Then I will answer in another way. In the massacre of Plaza Tlatelolco, at Mexico City, I got three good bullets in my body all right. In that massacre 560 people were killed, and the fuss that many newspapers, both in Europe and in the United States, did for me was almost as big as the protest for the death of those 560 creatures. In certain cases it was bigger. Well, I think that this was outrageous. Was I more important because I was a journalist, a well-known journalist? And what about those kids, those women, those men who had been slaughtered while I remained alive? Why should newspapers cry for me and almost ignore that those 560 were born, had lived, had been killed?

Question: I want to ask you about celebrity status. People say, ah-ha — Oriana Fallaci, yes I'll talk to her, but I won't talk to anybody else. I just want to talk to Oriana Fallaci because my name looks good under hers. The question is what kind of validity does that give to your interviews? Does it embarrass you to have this celebrity status, so you can get interviews that other people can't?

Fallaci: To begin with, it is not true that this celebrity status you speak of helps me to get interviews easily. On the contrary. Obtaining an interview with a head of state or a statesman is far more difficult for me than it is for you. It takes me months, sometimes years, to convince them and often I fail. This because I am known to be tough, not apt to be fooled, and because an interview with me doesn't pass unobserved. It goes all over the world, it becomes an event. Then, the fact itself of being known does not help as you think because when you go somewhere you make news and this alarms the other journalists, it cancels the secrecy which is necessary. "She is here, why is she here, if she is here it means that there is something big, whom is she going to interview this time, the Pope or God itself?" So they want to interview me and I have to hide, to avoid people, otherwise they follow me and find out what work I'm doing. It happened, for instance, when I was in Teheran to interview Khomeini, and in Peking to interview Teng Hsiao-p'ing. But it may happen here, too: recently I was in Washington, where I go often, and I don't remember what column of what newspaper said that I was in town to interview Haig.

It also happened in Poland when I went there to interview Walesa. I didn't tell anybody I was there and, in order to be unnoticed, I chose a little hotel that journalists did not even know. Yet, the day after, the news spread all the same. As I had some days ahead of me before seeing Walesa at Gdansk, I decided to go to Lodz and see the students of the Lodz university who were on strike to obtain the abolition of Marxism teaching. I said to myself: nobody knows me in Lodz, I will pass unobserved and I'll have a good meeting with the students without telling them who I am. But, when I was with them, my illusions vanished. "Oriana, Oriana. Oriana Fallaci is here." It is not good. No good at all, believe me. Because it kills spontaneity in the people, and arouses jealousies and envy and unnecessary competition in the journalists, and also their hate. Well-known people are loved on one side and hated on the other side, but hate suffocates love almost always — without counting that being a celebrity is the biggest threat to personal and professional freedom. A double-edged knife. Now, let's face it: I am not saying that I spend my life crying over this double-edged knife. I would be a hypocrite if I said that I do. Celebrity can be pleasant too. Besides, it is a reward, a medal. But, professionally, it is an obstacle; an iron chain at your feet.

Celebrity can be pleasant... it is a reward, a medal. But, professionally, it is an obstacle; an iron chain at your feet.

Question: You claim that if you want information you must be transparent, like a mosquito, invisible, otherwise the effect would be that you are changing the event you want to witness and report on —

Fallaci: No, it is not that. It is that if you don't pass unobserved, if you are on stage as the person or the events you report, you move badly and you risk to know less. Or nothing. Do you know that obtaining a visa for a country that doesn't give visas too easily is almost impossible for me? If you want to go to the Soviet Union, you ask for a tourist visa and you get it and you go. But if I ask for a tourist visa for the Soviet Union, I have to chase it for months and maybe I don't get it at all. When the Czechoslovakia drama took place in 1968 and journalists were not welcome there, many of them entered with a tourist visa. I could not. Who would believe that I wanted to be a tourist in Prague in those days? Had I obtained a tourist visa like the others, I would have been stopped at the border.

Question: But earlier you said you construct your interview as theater — you effectively create the event, that changes it, and this —

Fallaci: No, no, no. I didn't say that I create the event! I

said I'm a writer, and I write the interviews with that theatrical approach, because I'm a writer.

Comment: You said that things happen to you independently from your will. No doubt you imprint your personality on the interview.

Fallaci: Well...yes...I guess this is true. I cannot annihilate myself because I face Kissinger or Khomeini and I would say that, on the contrary, they light me up.

Question: How much, then, do you effectively change; how much of those interviews is as much about Oriana Fallaci and what she does to these people as they are actually transmitting information about how these people think?

Fallaci: The question is not clear.

Question: How much do you change the nature of the interview by the way you interview?

The first responsibility for an interview is with the interviewer, not the interviewed. Because it is the interviewer who drives the car, who conducts the meeting.

Fallaci: Change what? Change the words?

Question: Change the information, change the —

Fallaci: Change the information? Are you out of your mind?

Question: I am trying to say that you yourself enter that interview as a character, as a personality, dominating that interview. How much, effectively, do you alter, therefore, the information, how visible do you become?

Fallaci: Well...as said, I'm visible. No doubt I'm there and they feel it. No doubt I bring my personality to it, and my ideas and my beliefs and my temperament. In that sense, I guess I do influence the interviewed. But this is true for every interviewer. An interview depends a lot on the one who interviews, and are you asking if another person in my place would put the same question I put and if another person would get the same answer?

Comment: Yes, and if I can take it further, I would say that your personality dominates the stage.

Fallaci: I already admitted it. I said: once there, I *am* there. And I am what I am. And I belong to a certain culture, I have certain beliefs, I bring with me a precise concept of life because I have done certain things and I've been in certain places and I've suffered certain experiences, sorrows. So that kind of personality, whether you like it or not, is there. And it influences, of course. But this goes for everybody, I repeat. The first responsibility for an interview is with the interviewer, not the interviewed. Because it is the interviewer who drives the car, who conducts the meeting.

Question: I'd like to shift gears here. We've heard a lot of discussion this year about how the American media covers foreign affairs, how it covers the world; could we get your viewpoint on that?

Fallaci: Let me point out that I hate to generalize because, again, you have to deal with individuals and not with a rigid rule. Some American journalists will do it well, some will do it less well, some very badly. But for my country's concerns, I can afford the luxury of generalization because I know the case and I know what they should talk about, and it seems to me that nobody does it very well in the States. When I read what they say about Italy in *The New York Times*, for instance, I get very frustrated. Recently, there was a title on five columns which said: "Italians only care about scallopini and fettuccini, they don't give much for politics." Oh God! If there is a country who is overpoliticized, and in an unbearably hysterical way, this is my country. Italians bring politics even in the fettuccini, even in the scallopini. In the universities they don't study because they make politics: meetings, demonstrations, strikes. In the factories it is the same. And so in the offices, in the homes, at the football game, everywhere. Politics are their flesh and blood, their obsession, their sickness. So, to say that my country is not political really means bad journalism, bad information. Or lack of information.

The same with the Red Brigades problem. It does not seem to me that American journalism has informed Americans very well on the matter of Red Brigades. Most Americans still believe that the Red Brigades are a branch of the Italian Communist party. I mean, red. They do not understand, because they have not been informed, that the Red Brigades are black — that they are fascists. And this authorizes me to say that, when it comes to international politics, American journalism is too often far from being exact. It works better when the area interests America directly: Vietnam or Middle East or Far East. But Europe — well, I would not give many awards for their reports on Europe and from Europe. I rather would say that those reports reflect a certain political ignorance of

Americans in general.

Question: Aside from your justified fear of being misquoted or quoted out of context, what are the other reasons why you hate to be interviewed?

Fallaci: Well, they always ask me the same questions — usually, very banal questions or questions which clearly demonstrate a total lack of homework. I think this is insulting, especially with a person like me who prepares herself so much and so well when she goes to interview others. Journalists have too often been dishonest with me, and unprepared and very little imaginative. They have always come to me with their stupid banal clichés of the aggressive ebullient Italian who attacks everybody, possibly slaps her victims or beats them, and so *they* behave aggressively, with silly arrogance. Yes, this offends me enormously. It offends me and bores me. It never happens that I have fun in giving an interview, that I get interested. And when I give a good interview, which happens almost every time, I end with the feeling of having made a useless gift to someone who did not deserve it. Because he or she was a traitor or a bad journalist or even stupid. And then there is another thing which bothers me when I am interviewed: the fact that the interviewer comes to me with complexes, and is shy or scared. You know, you cannot be shy or scared when you make an interview, otherwise you get paralyzed by your fear or you react to it with arrogance, and you do not think and you spoil the whole thing. In order to make an interview one must be tremendously relaxed, alert yet relaxed, intense yet relaxed. Interviews are not for shy or nervous or fearful people who tremble and blush. And even less for people who are jealous of the interviewed. I have been testing it also a few weeks ago, during the interview I gave to *Playboy*. I thought it would be a serious interview, an honest interview, and instead it was one of the most painful, outrageous experiences of my life. I wouldn't recommend it to my worst enemy. That poor interviewer came loaded with all the possible complexes (often, inferiority complexes), and all the most banal unintelligent clichés about my person. To make things worse, he did not put questions. He made speeches. He did not listen to me, he wanted me to listen to him. And, finally, to make things worse, he had done very little homework indeed. In fact, the interview was supposed to develop mainly about my novel, *A Man*, and I discovered that he hadn't even read a third of it — and that was while flying from Los Angeles to New York. The result was disastrous — sorry: I cannot respect those journalists.

Question: I found the American media's coverage of Mitterrand's victory in the French elections quite unbearable. Could you, as a European journalist and someone closer to the scene, tell us your evaluation of the Mitterrand victory and your predictions about what might happen as result of the June elections and their overall importance for Europe?

Fallaci: I was stunned by that victory; I did not expect it. It is the first time that I lost a bet on political elections. For instance, I won all my bets on Reagan. I said he would win and win well. The same with Margaret Thatcher. But this time, I was sure that Giscard d'Estaing would win again. Because I had been in France several days and nothing there made me suspect that Mitterrand would win in that way. Also, I did not expect Marchais to back Mitterrand.

> If there is a country who is overpoliticized, and in an unbearably hysterical way, this is my country.

Anyhow, you want to know why, in my opinion, Mitterrand won, and here is what I think. Well, it has not been a vote for Mitterrand, it has been a vote against Giscard and his aristocratic pompousness. What happened in France was a regicide, yes a regicide. By voting in Mitterrand, they have killed the king, his majesty Giscard. Because this is the way that Giscard was behaving in the end, and I was wrong to believe that the French could bear it. Giscard's mistake has been to forget that in France a revolution had taken place, the first and biggest revolution of our times: the French Revolution which wiped out monarchy and aristocracy to set the bourgeoisie at their place. Giscard forgot that the conservative in France are not aristocrats, they are fat bourgeois. And behaving as a king, a monarch, an aristocrat in a country which had cut forever the head of the king, he irritated those conservative bourgeois. He threw them in the arms of the Socialists, of Mitterrand. Yes, this is why he lost. But this doesn't explain why Mitterrand won that way, so well. He won that way, so well, because the unexpected happened, because Marchais gave him the support of the Communists. I say unexpected because Marchais is not a Communist like Berlinguer, or Carrillo. He has absolutely nothing in common with the liberal democratic Communists in other countries of Europe who try to cut their umbilical cord with Moscow. He is an old-style philo-Soviet, he backs the invasion of Afghanistan, he would back an invasion of Poland, so I don't see how he can cohabit with a man like Mitterrand. Anything is possible of course; politics is the art of the illogic, it is never logic which makes politics, but this flirt between Marchais and Mitterrand leaves me deeply perplexed. That's all. History will tell us the rest. □

What Videotex Can Learn From Newspapers

PHILIP MEYER

The newspaper remains unbeatable,
in many aspects, as a home information retrieval device.

The newspaper business is being threatened by a radical new technology capable of delivering the printed word directly and immediately to the home. This new technology may produce an electronic newspaper, or it may produce something else. Whether it can usurp a newspaper's most critical functions remains in doubt, but the concerns felt in the newspaper industry are well-founded.

The specter of videotex appears just at the moment when newspapers are already losing the readers' habitual commitment of time. New forms of information distribution, spawned by technology, have been cutting into newspaper readership for more than a decade. The following numbers from the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago tell the story:

In 1967, a national sample of adults in the United States was asked, "How often do you read a newspaper — every day, a few times a week, once a week, less than once a week, or never?" Seventy-three percent said they read a newspaper every day.

Five years later, in 1972, the proportion reporting daily newspaper readership was down to 69 percent. After three more years, it was 66 percent. By 1977, it was 62 percent. And when the most recent measurement was taken, in 1978, only 57 percent of adults in the United States reported reading a newspaper every day. (The next measurement will be performed in 1982.)

Where are these readers going? Very few have abandoned the newspaper altogether. The proportion reading a newspaper at least once a week has declined only slightly between 1967 and 1978 — from 91 percent to 87 percent. Newspapers still reach about the same number of people. But the frequency with which those people are reached has been greatly reduced.

There is no lack of theory, with empirical backing, to attribute this decline to technologically based alternative means of distributing information. In 1972, Maxwell McCombs offered his "principle of relative constancy" which holds that the growth of mass media is constrained by two finite resources: time and money. Total media demand is not very elastic. Therefore, if one medium grows, another must shrink to make room for it.

The shrinkage predicted by McCombs was documented by John P. Robinson when he compared the uses of time by urban adults in the United States in 1965 and 1975. Time spent watching television increased from an average of 89 minutes a day to 130 minutes. Time spent with newspapers declined from 22 minutes a day to 14 minutes. Total free time increased somewhat, but television took all of that gain plus some minutes away from newspapers as well. The people who kept Robinson's time diaries reported in 1975 that more than 40 percent of all their free time while awake was spent in front of television sets.

Books and magazines held their own in this competition for time, proving that print itself is not dying. Other printed media passed newspapers by moving from 14 minutes a day to 15 minutes in the 1975 measurement.

Another social scientist, Richard Maisel, had already explained why. In 1973, Maisel published his theory of the decline of mass media which held that, as an adaptation to technology, forms of specialized publication were overtaking the more general forms. This theory, later

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popularized by Alvin Toffler, holds that as the economy of the United States shifts its output from goods to services, it supports — and creates demand for — a wider variety of skills, needs, and interests which in turn generate demand for more specialized information. Maisel found evidence in a wide variety of cases: suburban newspapers growing more than city papers; technical books gaining more than fiction; quarterly magazines growing more than weekly or monthly magazines; and even off-Broadway plays prospering at the expense of those in the larger theaters around Broadway. In each case, the more specialized medium gained at the expense of the more general alternative.

This capability for narrower segmentation enjoyed by other media is now coming to television. This may be bad news for the networks, with their traditional appeal to mass audiences. For television in general, however, it means even more power to attract viewers and more formidable competition for newspapers and other print media. Cable, with its many channels, the satellite-relayed super stations with their specialized programming, and the availability of recorded programs all make watching television an increasingly attractive way to spend time. Newspapers, down to 14 minutes a day of the average adult's time in 1975, stand to be hard-pressed to defend their little slice of the day.

Newspaper companies have been forced to think about the 14 minutes and how to preserve or even expand them. Is electronic delivery the answer? To consider that question, we need to define our business. In 1965, William Mindak suggested to a gathering of newspaper circulation managers that newspapers might suffer from "marketing myopia," a term coined earlier in the *Harvard Business Review*. To define what we do as the newspaper business, he warned, puts too narrow a view on what we do. It tempts us to place too much emphasis on our physical activity and its product rather than on the needs of the customer and the way we serve those needs. A business that is under pressure to survive, Mindak said prophetically, can do it by figuring out what the needs are; how it can best meet them; then concentrating on that optimal activity.

Newspaper people have generally responded to this thesis with the observation that we are in the information business, but that definition may be too broad. Lots of different kinds of companies are in the information business — banks, for example. A bank records and transmits information about the removal of assets from one owner to another. A travel agency is another example, its function being to provide buyer and seller of transportation with information about one another and to obtain and record their commitments. Information is the underlying product in a great variety of enterprises, and it does not fully define what newspapers do.

A narrower and potentially more useful view of a newspaper's function has been offered by Hal Jurgensmeyer, who was a founding organizer of Knight-Ridder's videotex experiment and is now with the University of Miami. In Jurgensmeyer's view, a newspaper is in the influence business. The revenue comes not so much from readers paying for information as from advertisers seeking to influence those readers. Circulation accounted for 19.1 percent of Knight-Ridder's consolidated revenue in 1980 while advertising accounted for 74 percent. As a newspaper person whose background is mainly on the news side, I embrace this view for it provides an economic rationale for an editorial product of high quality. By making itself a credible, heeded, respected voice in the community, the newspaper enhances the value of its advertising space because it can then deliver influence along with the information. Our product is both information and the context of information, and it takes an editorial side to shape that context into an aesthetic and influential package.

How does a newspaper do this? By linking itself so closely to its community that it provides form, structure, and validation for the belief systems and experiences of that community. "A newspaper, then," said Theodore L. Glasser, "is dramatically and intrinsically satisfying not as it imparts information, but as it represents shared beliefs. . . .Thus the imagery a story creates, not the 'facts' a writer presents, accounts for the aesthetic quality of news."

Glasser's observation came in the context of a complaint that newspapers are appealing to too homogeneous an audience, striving for too much mass appeal, and ignoring the local neighborhoods and communities that support them. He blamed economic pressures on publishers for this consolidation of audiences, and that part of his argument may be already out of date. Economic pressures are moving newspapers toward a renewal of interest in neighborhood and cultural diversity. For instance, in Miami there are at least two examples: subdivision of the Miami *Herald*'s home county into five areas for the local, on-site production of semi-weekly

newspaper supplements with both news and advertising specific to the community; and publication, county-wide, of an optional Spanish-language section for subscribers who request it. Economics are pushing newspapers toward greater specialization. Part of the appeal of videotex technology is that it may increase the opportunities for delivery of specialized information. But can it also deliver influence?

The British model offers only a little reassurance. It may be possible to create a videotex system with a personality and a community-based aesthetic appeal, but first an editor is needed. Prestel, the British Post Office's videotex system, lacks the coherence which an editor could give it, and the way it is structured may make the application of editorial skills impossible — with the possible exception of certain subsets of the data base. With a multiplicity of independently operating information providers, there is a confusing variety of forms and approaches. Separation of advertising and editorial content is not always maintained. Prestel's role is more that of a neutral broker of information than maintainer of community beliefs and values.

Within that general structure, however, the marketplace is operating, and we can begin to get some tantalizing hints of the forms which it favors. Some Prestel operators are newspaper companies, and they are experimenting with mixes of news and advertising not unlike those found in newspapers. They are also beginning to find that it is easier to clear the market with small packages of information, frequently updated, aimed at highly specialized segments, and that these segments are more readily found in the business community.

The American model may prove to be quite different, and it may develop under different kinds of economic pressures. Knight-Ridder's Viewtron database was fashioned from a newspaper perspective tempered by a realization that newspapers may need to adopt new technological forms in order to survive. Viewtron does have a personality. The source of this personality is in the consistent visual appeal, maintained through central control of its graphic designs, and in the dialogue with users maintained by the editor through Viewtron, and to researchers directly. Through group interviews, the users have confirmed that Viewtron does have a coherent identity in their minds. Moreover, its influence potential may be significant. Because users are actively involved in the information retrieval process, making Viewtron more like a newspaper than like television, they place a higher value on that information. "It's because you're going at it; it's not coming at you," is the way one user expressed it.

Viewtron also shows some promise of approaching newspapers in the crucial area of community involvement. The experiment was set in Coral Gables, Florida, a community with strong local identity and citizen involvement, and Viewtron reporters found they could deliver local news with greater speed and in more detail than the Miami *Herald*'s semi-weekly zoned section for the area of the county which includes Coral Gables. Users noted and appreciated this fact, and, contrary to the reported Prestel experience, some had the patience to read long stories, dutifully pushing the button to "turn the pages" a dozen times or more. It is too soon to tell whether the economics of publishing electronically will permit such intense focusing on the local community, but the potential seems worth further exploration.

Some aspects of the newspaper will always be beyond the reach of electronics. Marketing consultant Steve Star has pondered some generally unexamined functions of the newspaper in which the process of reading, not the substance read, provides the pleasure. Burying one's face in a newspaper, for example, can provide privacy by erecting a wall of newsprint between oneself and the surroundings. It is a way of avoiding eye contact, a means of averting unwanted conversations on the bus or in the living room. And there may be pleasure in the tactility of the newspaper. The way a newspaper looks, feels, and smells when it is opened provide consumer rewards which have yet to be measured. Some conversations with readers suggest that physical contact with the newspaper may have an almost sensual quality.

The way a newspaper looks, feels, and smells when it is opened provide consumer rewards which have yet to be measured.

In addition to all this, the newspaper remains unbeatable, in many aspects, as a home information retrieval device. John LeGates of the Harvard University Program on Information Resources Policy recently asked the directors of the American Newspaper Publishers Association to imagine the following new technology: "It will carry 30 million bits of information, weigh less than three pounds, handle both text and graphics, be completely portable, be accessible in any order, operate 24 hours a day, cost less than 25 cents a connect hour, and be mostly paid for by someone else." The only technology — new or old — with that capacity is, of course, the daily newspaper.

Some form of the newspaper will therefore probably always be with us, but it may have to change its shape to adapt to an increasingly electronics-dominated environment. Some new technology will work in defense of the newspaper's traditional form. Pagination, the next major development in newspaper production, will make it possible to lay out pages on a computer screen, and then to feed the information directly from the computer to the

machine which produces the printing plate. Such a development may make it economically advantageous to produce national newspapers in multiple sites simultaneously — or at least national wraparounds or inserts, freeing local resources for better coverage of community news, perhaps for delivery by teletex. If major newspaper organizations compete in the production of these national packages on conventional newsprint, there could be a gain in diversity of approach and viewpoint, with a corresponding potential for service to national communities defined by non-geographic boundaries. Advertisers may find it profitable to influence these national communities with a frequency not made possible by television or magazines.

In Europe, national newspapers, historically the dominant media, are beginning to lose ground to regional publications. They appear to be victims of the same trend toward specialization of information which has caused suburban papers in the United States to grow at the expense of their metropolitan neighbors. To continue to prosper, they too, may find it necessary to cultivate specialized interests which are not related to geography. The threat — or the promise — of teletex is that it may be able to reach these specialized audiences more efficiently.

It is this creation or enhancement of a community which adds the crucial value to information, and the extent of this added value may determine which forms of media prevail in the coming competitive struggle. The readiness with which Viewtron users have used the system's bulletin board feature to share beliefs and values begins to suggest the power of this medium as a community enhancer; how this group communication would work on a larger scale remains to be tested.

One of the aphorisms of the marketing specialists is that customers don't buy quarter-inch drills; they buy quarter-inch holes. Business people must think in terms of needs, not of products. As various applications of the new technology are exposed to the marketplace and tested, we may be surprised by some of the underlying needs videotex will be serving. The need to facilitate a sense of community should not be among the surprises. □

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Prophets in Blue Jeans

continued from page 2

October sunshine, as hard-hat crews work their mammoth machines, and students stroll in easy-going parades to their classrooms.

Nieman Reports lingers at some of the issues that this season's writers of graffiti have publicly flagged for the attention of those who pass by.

Oriana Fallaci speaks of the chances taken by writers and journalists in other countries when they focus on suppression of their press and their free speech; Ireland's present exertion as it affects news-gathering adds another chapter to that continuum of strife; racked with dissension, El Salvador should create in observers a climate for imploring justice; and the explicitness of the Berlin Wall and its more shadowy constraints repeat the news that a terrible constriction is abroad.

The book reviews sustain the theme: *Everything We Had* forces readers to share experiences of the scarred survivors of Vietnam; *Minnesota Rag* is champion for a judicial system that dares to allow absolute freedom of the press; and *At Large* presents a compilation of op-ed pieces from the astute and inquiring intellect and heart of a nationally syndicated columnist.

Awareness must be the precursor of constructive action. It is the stuff of decision and change — and, one hopes, of hope.

—T.B.K.L.

The Press On El Salvador

MARY ELLEN LEARY

Editorial patterns yield a surprising consensus.

One index to critical American sentiment about the Reagan-Haig policy toward El Salvador and one measure of the degree to which American opinion-makers have learned any "lessons of Vietnam" was the outpouring of editorials during February and March of this year. Complaints have recently been raised in several quarters — on the MacNeil-Lehrer Report, for instance, and in *The Nation* (April 25) and *The Columbia Journalism Review* (May-June) — that the U.S. press has fallen short in its coverage of El Salvador. However, a survey of editorial opinion in thirty-eight widely diverse newspapers shows that an independent and skeptical eye is being cast on official U.S. policy.

To an overwhelming extent, these newspapers across the country — whether large, medium, or small in circulation; some dominant in metropolitan areas, some published in rural communities, some in the backwoods — disputed the administration's assumption that El Salvador's problems should be viewed primarily in terms of a global Soviet threat. Root cause of that tiny, tormented country's murderous present conflict is seen by most of the press as the unjust division of its wealth and resources and the long oppression of its poor.

The single point most frequently stressed in these editorials is that U.S. military aid ought to be conditioned specifically on containment of El Salvador's right-wing military forces as well as the leftist guerrillas and on continuation of needed internal reforms, political and economic. A great many also found it worrisome that the hurry to get additional arms to the Central American country seems to have obliterated U.S. concern about bringing to justice those who killed six U.S. citizens, the three nuns, one social worker, and two AFL-CIO agricultural advisers.

Also very striking in this cross section of press opinion is alarm at the U.S. "go it alone" approach. Washington, according to numerous papers, should have summoned together friendly and democratic-oriented countries within this hemisphere, such as Mexico and Venezuela, to search for an El Salvador peace that would serve that nation's people and hemispheric interests, not just U.S. interests. A total of twelve papers strongly urged mediation involving other nations and nine additional papers stressed the U.S. need to develop a long-range policy towards all of Latin America.

Many papers in this February-March sampling featured repeated editorials on the subject and forcefully argued that the wise U.S. policy would make this crisis the start of a new and constructive Latin American approach. "The U.S. has more choices than simply to back a military junta with arms shipments" said the *Stockton Record*, at the edge of California's rural Central Valley, a Mexican farmworker center. "U.S. policy at this juncture depends on a bi-polar view of world politics in which all countries are either pro-Soviet or pro-U.S." it said, and called this "a limited view of national interests."

Some papers suggested Canadian participation in peacemaking efforts; some pointed out that West Germany or Sweden or Europe's Socialist leaders might bring the leftist leadership to the bargaining table. A number proposed a multi-nation endeavor along the lines that resolved conflict in Zimbabwe. Papers that differed in their esteem for the administration's move such as the *Des Moines Register* (generally critical) and the *Chicago Tribune* (generally favorable) had in common the view that the Organization of American States should be involved in peace moves. "American finesse, not force is required"

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said the *Miami Herald*. The *Concord* (N.H.) *Monitor* urged consultation with other Central American nations, especially Mexico. The *Portland Oregonian* noted that Duarte seemed willing to meet with mediators, and urged the administration to pursue this opening. The Knight-Ridder paper, the *San Jose* (Calif.) *Mercury News* warned "President Reagan... risks alienating American friends in Latin America for no discernible strategic or economic gain."

Said the *Sacramento Bee*, "Alarmist rhetoric based on simplistic East-West fears, without regard to the complex problems plaguing Central America, could create a situation neither we — nor they — can control....The U.S. course...will require a delicate, difficult political solution involving those allies who best understand the situation: Mexico, Venezuela, Costa Rica...which have expressed a willingness to mediate...."

The administration was not bereft of support. Among the thirty-eight papers, five unquestioningly endorsed not only the military aid but the attendant argument that framed this in terms of staving off global Communism. These five were: *San Diego Union; Wall Street Journal; Manchester* (N.H.) *Union Leader; Princeton* (Ill.) *Bureau County Record; New Haven* (Conn.) *Register*. Another six had some favorable responses to the administration's actions but were dubious about the "Cold War" approach or insistent that internal El Salvador reform not be neglected. All the rest raised serious questions or sharp criticism.

To what extent did this cross section of editorial opinion reflect some "lesson of Vietnam"? Although references were made to obvious similarities, the surprise was that foreboding about Vietnam parallels was not the central feature of any editorial approach. It was mentioned, yes. "You worry us, Mr. Reagan," said the *Salt Lake Tribune*. "It all sounds reassuring — and so familiar. Remember?" said the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. But the whole question of "Vietnamization" was submerged in the far more positive call for wholly different tactics by the administration.

Where the real "lesson of Vietnam" revealed itself was simply in the fact that the newspaper editorials had a more informed, more independent, and more assertive tone than most editorials on foreign policy before that unhappy Southeast Asian war. In fact they represent a new press attitude, independent and vigorously skeptical about national policy, and often forthright and brusque in criticizing it. This illustrates an accumulated change, many of the editorial writers themselves acknowledged, as a consequence of "feeling burned" first by an administration deceptive about Vietnam and then by an administration trapped in Watergate. The degree of change this constitutes in the American press was emphasized by Frances FitzGerald, author of *Fire in the Lake*, when she wrote:

"Prior to the Vietnam War it rarely occurred to the press to question the government, especially on international relations. Now no newspaper any longer assumes the government is disclosing all the truth about a situation and none any longer assumes the government is being led by particularly brilliant people better informed than the rest of the nation."

It might be one thing to find such a coinciding pattern of views in the top half-dozen newspapers of widest circulation. But it is far more revealing of American attitudes to find this same pattern expressed all across the nation, often in papers of only 20,000 to 50,000 circulation, locally owned and highly conscious of community attitudes. A consensus emerges from the metropolitan dailies, from rural Massachusetts, Washington state lumber towns, mild-mannered Salt Lake City, Caribbean-attuned Miami, and Mexican-alert California.

Does it make a difference? Louis Wein, editorial writer of the *Everett* (Wash.) *Herald* said "I am confident that press attention and editorial reaction has surprised the administration and compelled it to take another look at what it's doing. What's critical now is for the press to stay with this story." □

El Salvador in the Catholic Press

El Salvador figures more prominently and more consistently in the Catholic press than in the secular dailies. Looking over numerous diocesan weeklies, one discovers, first of all, how vigorously many bishops have carried to their home bases the National Conference of Catholic Bishops' forthright condemnation of U.S. military aid to El Salvador. One of the most powerful statements to appear in any Catholic paper was made by San Francisco's Archbishop John R. Quinn after he returned from witnessing, in San Salvador, the savage assault on Archbishop Romero's funeral service. Also in San Francisco, the local Catholic press amply reported the support two Catholic bishops and an Episcopalian bishop gave a longshoremen's boycott of military cargo bound for El Salvador. The *Green Bay Catholic Compass*, like many other diocesan papers, gave special prominence to the demands of Archbishop John R. Roach of St. Paul-Minneapolis for "tough lines" to be taken with the El Salvador junta as a condition for aid. "Our problem with the centrist government," he said, "is that it is not centrist enough."

So it goes, randomly, every week. The *Tennessee Register* played prominently the account of Catholic missionaries' struggles in Latin America, given by Bishop

Michael Murphy of Cork, Ireland, after he revisited Peru where he had served through the sixties. In Newark, New Jersey, *The Advocate* gave important space to a Seton Hall University "teach-in." When the American Friends Service Committee, after completing a seventeen-member, two-month study-tour of Central America, expressed alarm at today's parallels with events in Vietnam, the story was reported in the Catholic press — but barely surfaced in secular papers.

Some consider dioceses heavily populated by Hispanics in California and the southwest particularly attentive to Latin American news. This is the view of Joan McCarthy, twelve years a missionary in Latin America and now commanding the Latin American desk for the San Francisco archdiocesan Commission on Social Justice. She notes the attention paid to El Salvador by *The Tidings* of Los Angeles, the San Bernadino *News Letter*, and *El Visitante*, the Spanish-language paper published in San Antonio, Texas. But cursory examination of a wide assortment of papers indicates interest is lively in dioceses remote from the Mexican border.

It is in news coverage, whether of events in El Salvador, local controversy over administration policy, or the background conditions in Latin America generally, that the Catholic press has stood out. *The Catholic Voice* of Oakland, California, for example, scooped dailies by obtaining a direct telephone interview with Jose Napoleon Duarte in which he labeled elections there as "the light at the end of the tunnel." As secular reporters have acknowledged, the church has been the principal witness to the exploitation of the poor in Latin America and the most reliable source of information about the real situation in strife-torn nations like El Salvador. While a number of Catholic magazines along with the *National Catholic Reporter* and missionary publications have led the way in telling the Latin American church's story, the diocesan weeklies have also done a noteworthy job.

As far back as 1972, when the Christian base communities were being established in Salvadoran parishes as a means of training Catholic lay leadership, reports about this effort and its frustrations reached Catholic readers in the U.S. So did allegations by the wealthy that village priests involved in such efforts were "Marxists." Later came the stories of "death-squad" disruptions of churches, schools, social centers — and then assassinations. Since 1977, eleven priests have been killed in El Salvador, in addition to Archbishop Romero, and some sixty priests expelled or forced to flee for their lives.

One diocesan editor who has visited and reported on El Salvador first hand, Fr. James Murphy of the *Sacramento Catholic Herald*, remarked on the consequence of such news. "When you have an archbishop known for his championship of the poor assassinated in the midst of saying Mass, and four religious women whose lives were dedicated to serving the poor wantonly murdered, a powerful message gets through to the American Catholic that his church is being persecuted. The reason becomes plain. It is the priority given the poor. This is having a profoundly unsettling effect on many Catholics who normally consider themselves conservative and backed President Reagan to regain conservative values. We can tell by the letters we get that this is altering previously conservative views." Then he added: "American Catholics are beginning to perceive what many in the church sense: that the center of Catholicism is moving away from Europe to Latin America with an ever-stronger emphasis on service to the poor."

Not all Catholic papers reflect these emphases in their reporting. For instance, the Twin Circle Publishing company's *National Catholic Register* usually centers upon news of the terrorist tactics on the left, and it shares administration alarms about Communist intrusion. There ripples through many letters from readers and through some editorials in diocesan papers a similar concern about Communist expansion in Latin America. But editor Dan Morris of the Oakland diocese *Catholic Voice* said he has not seen a single Catholic paper which actually endorses the Reagan administration's view of El Salvador as the appropriate place to confront the Soviets or which favors sending the junta arms.

The diocesan press has not hesitated to discuss El Salvador in editorials. The *Newark Advocate* reiterated Archbishop Romero's call for reforms without military means. *The Witness* of Dubuque, Iowa, lamented the U.S. military effort: "What a waste." Dollar for dollar, it said, economic development is worth more than military aid. In Boston, *The Pilot* shook its head in similar fashion over American emphasis on military measures, favoring a political solution instead: "Until the U.S. shows willingness to support social and structural change, all the arms and advisors will not bring peace and justice to a troubled people."

Editorials in diocesan papers, however, have generally not been as blunt and directly critical of administration policy as those in *NCR*, in Catholic journals like *Commonweal*, and in the daily secular papers. Yet there seems to be a growing firmness of tone. The *Sacramento Catholic Herald* has had three editorials lately opposing U.S. arms supplies to the junta and urging peace negotiations instead. In Los Angeles, *The Tidings* has had four editorials on El Salvador this year, questioning President Reagan's view that Duarte heads a "moderate" government, and questioning the wisdom of shipping arms to a government that lets its own people be decimated by paramilitary forces. The most forceful editorial asked for mediation and proposed the Vatican, the UN, or the OAS as mediators — but not the United States, since it has foreign military personnel on Salvadoran soil.

—M.E.L.

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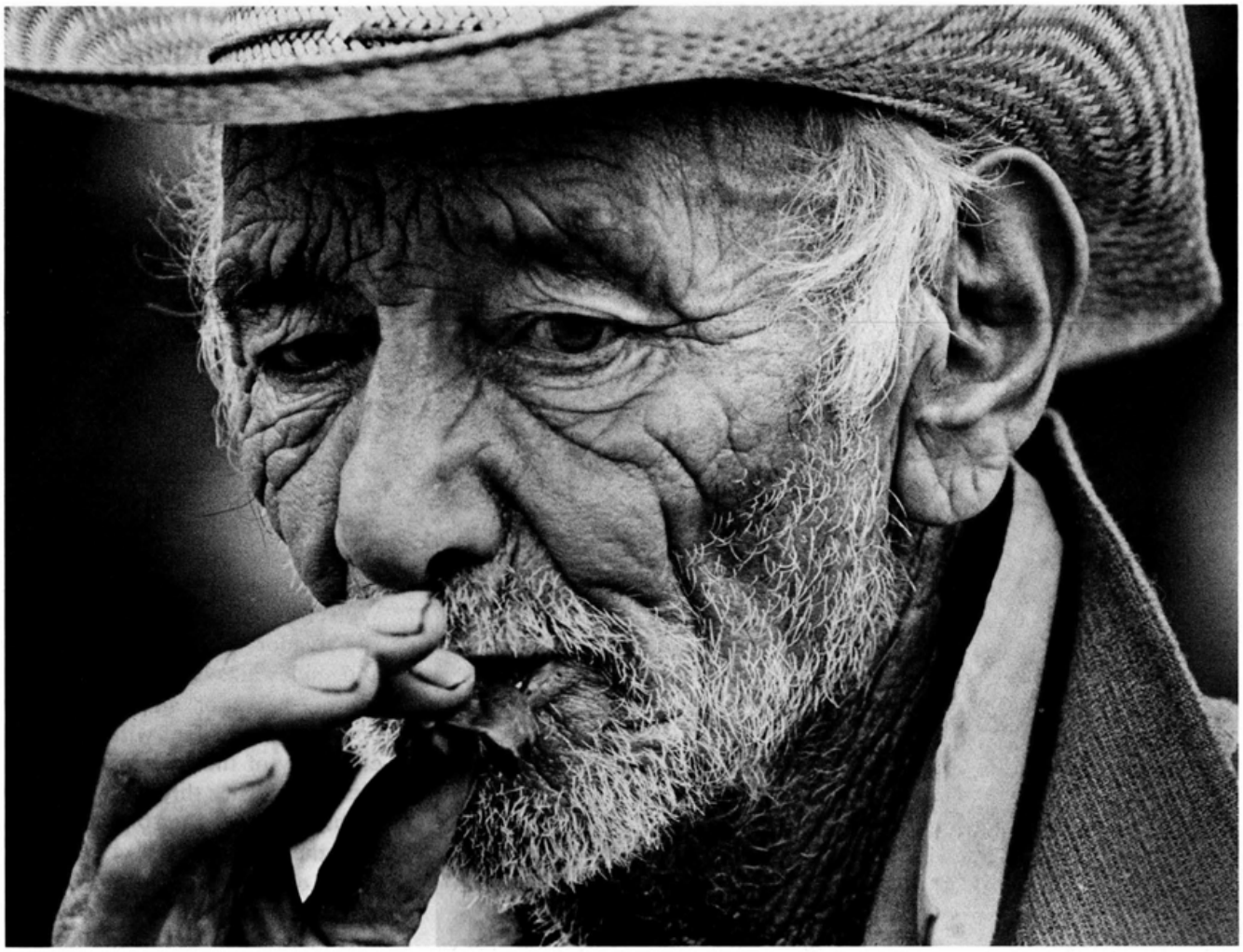
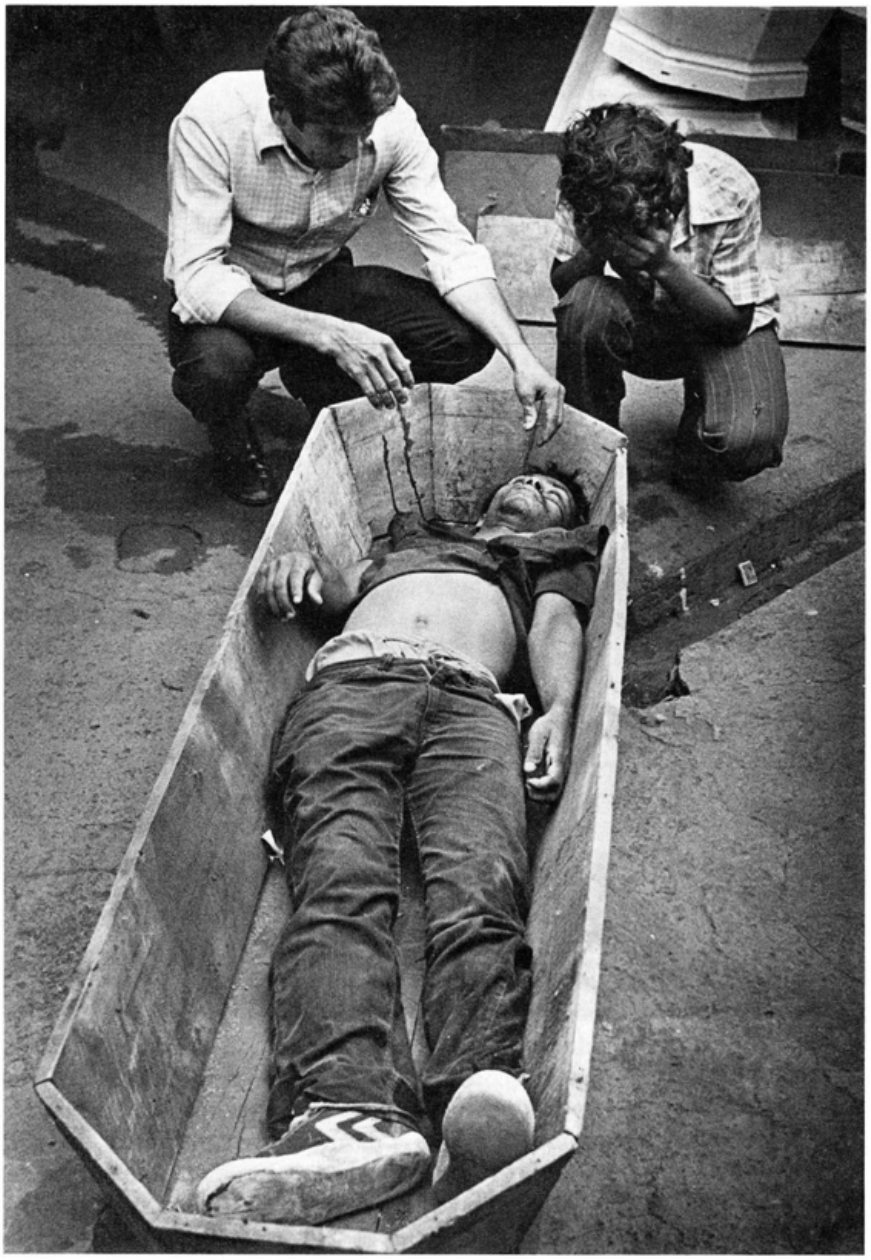


Man on the street, San Jose, Costa Rica

Central American Portfolio

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID WOO

TEXT BY DAPHNE NOYES



Friends cry over dead man in San Salvador

Most of these photographs have appeared in The Dallas Morning News. *For them, Woo received the paper's Dealey award, and won first place in the National Press Photographers Association monthly newsclip contest (multiple feature category).*

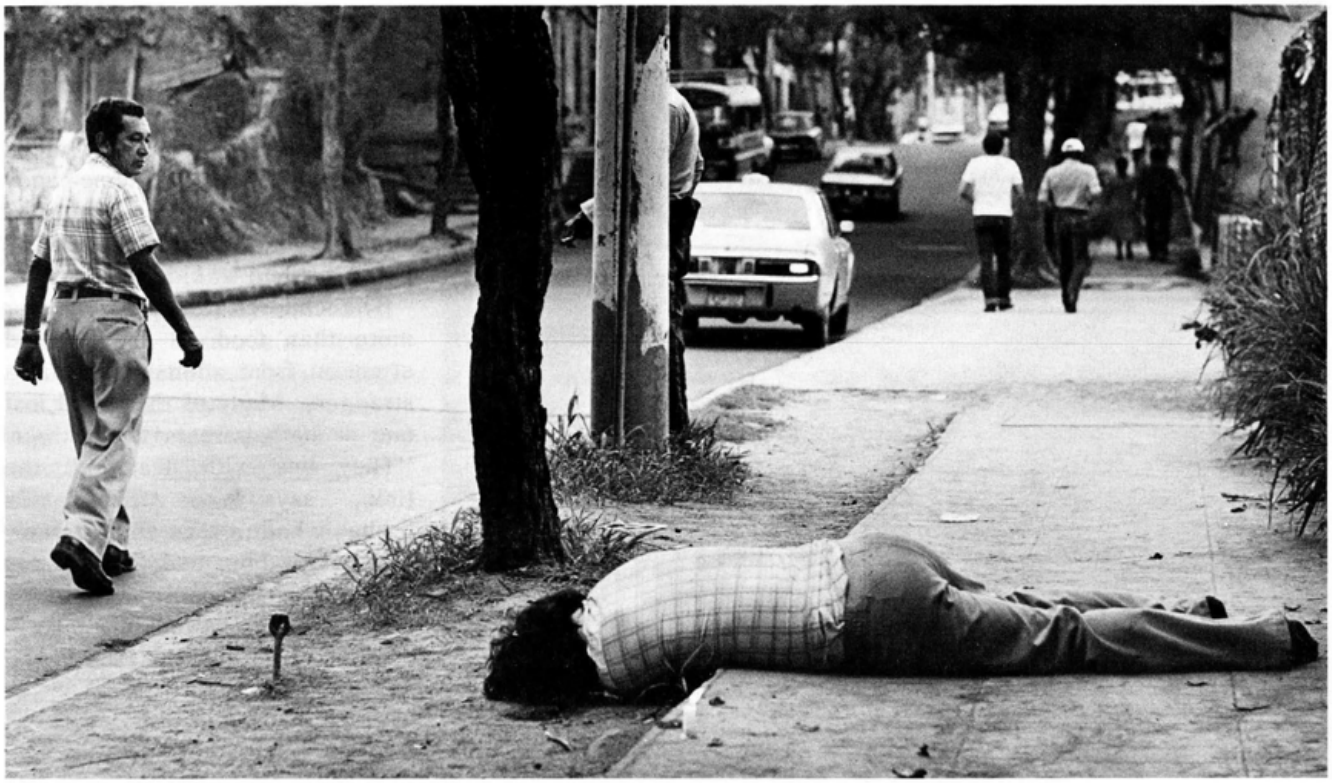
In the spring of 1981, *The Dallas Morning News* sent staff photographer David Woo and Mexico City bureau chief Stephen Downer on a two-week trip to Central America to interview leading public officials and businessmen of Honduras, El Salvador, Costa Rica, and Guatemala for a political and economic overview of their countries.

While on the assignment, Woo quickly found himself looking beyond the faces of the decision-makers to the faces — and lives — of those who are affected by policy and politics — and who cannot defend themselves against either: the very young and the very old.

As part of his morning routine, Woo cruised the streets in a taxi. In El Salvador, corpses on the streets and sidewalks were a common sight — five or six a day. The bodies were a silent witness to the efficiency of the truckloads of soldiers who drove through the city at night, enforcing the 10 p.m. curfew with their rifles.

On one of his morning rides, Woo encountered a woman with only one shoe, lying on the sidewalk in Guatemala City. "I don't think she was dead — I think she was asleep. But she sure didn't move. At least she found someone to look over her while she was taking her siesta."

Woo remembers a similarity between the expressions on the faces of the children and the old people. "It was as if nothing could bother them any more," he says. "They just kept to themselves — I almost felt like they didn't know what was going on around them. Maybe they didn't want to know; maybe they didn't care any more; everything was out of their hands. They would answer questions we asked them, but they didn't offer anything. They were very quiet — I think they just took one day at a time."



Man walks by dead body on the streets of San Salvador

Asked if this assignment was different from others, Woo responds: "Although I had been shot at before, I'd never been in a war. I knew that in El Salvador we were going into an open zone and wouldn't have that much protection; we had to rely on our common sense and other people's experiences."

Commenting that an Associated Press photographer had been shot and wounded in the leg after taking pictures without the army's consent, Woo talks about the intuition journalists must learn to depend on in dangerous situations, and the balance between taking risks and courting disaster. "In other Central American countries," he says, "I felt more secure; I had a gut feeling no one would shoot me. I could push to a certain degree — but I knew when to stop. If the army somewhere else said not to take pictures, I might try to sneak a shot anyway. But I never would in El Salvador.

"In a way," he continues, "some of the feelings I had in the refugee camps were similar to those I get when I'm working in the barrios, the ghettoes, at home. But in the States there are so many agencies, public and private, to take care of people. In El Salvador, aside from the Catholic Church and the Green Cross, there was no agency — only the sense of personal survival, with terror and death all around."

●

The first refugee camp he and Downer visited, Woo recalls, "was right in the city of San Salvador, on a soccer field in the Catholic church diocese. It didn't look so bad at first, but then you'd see the shacks and huts all around the edge of the field — there were two or three thousand people living there with primitive sanitary facilities, right in the country's capital. They would

Woman in the street of Guatemala City

La Bermuda refugee camp

stand in line for hours, waiting for next to nothing for food. After a while, it really starts to get to you."

Outside San Salvador, at La Bermuda refugee camp, Woo "made the mistake of carrying some candy in my pocket. When I reached in for a roll of film, the candy fell out and I was mobbed by kids."

The children were starved for more than food — they craved attention from adults, even from strangers. Many of them had lost one or both parents in the war. "They live with death all the time," says Woo. "Those kids probably hadn't seen anybody new in a long while, and there I was with a bunch of cameras around my neck. They followed me everywhere — I felt like the Pied Piper.

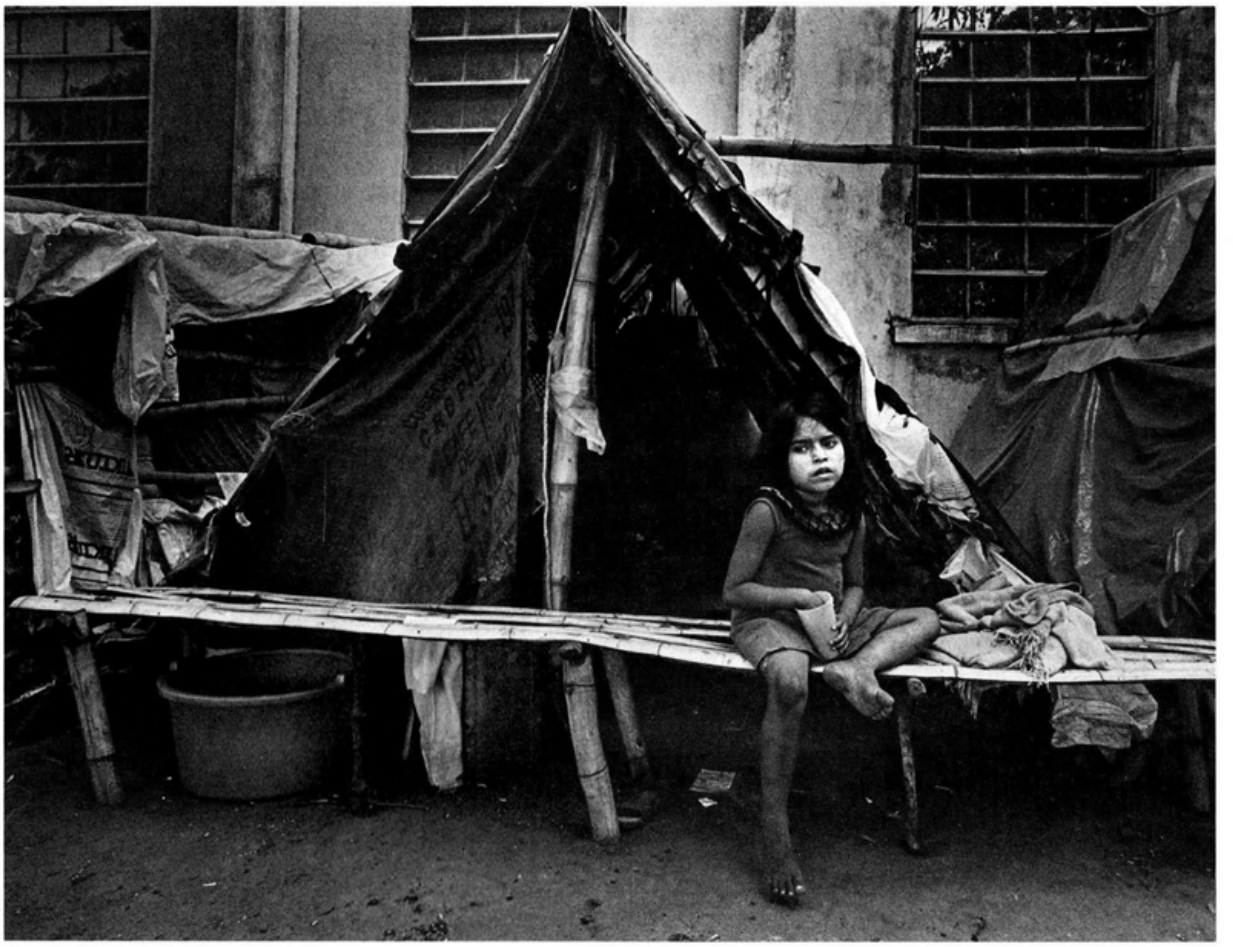
La Bermuda refugee camp

"Looking at those kids' faces, I was so sorry for them. I wanted to take all of them back to the States with me. What will happen to them when they are grown up? Will they live to grow up? Will the fighting still be going on?"

Not long after the writers, photographers, and camera crews left La Bermuda, the army evacuated the camp. La Bermuda's former residents — some had been living there more than a year — are now living in a more confined site — to protect them from guerrillas, according to army officials.

As for La Bermuda, suspecting that Green Cross workers had been harboring guerrillas there, soldiers burned the deserted camp to the ground. □

Guatemala



Refugee camp, San Salvador

For journalists visiting El Salvador, the first stop is the Salvadorean Press Corps Association, where their credentials are checked before they are issued a special press card. Both Downer and Woo were given a letter from Colonel Marco Aurelio Gonzales on behalf of Colonel Garcia, head of the army, asking for cooperation and courtesy from soldiers.

But, says Woo, there were times when the letter and press card didn't do much good. Leaving La Bermuda refugee camp outside San Salvador, only a few minutes after a CBS film crew had departed — apparently with no problems — Woo and three other photographers were startled when soldiers leapt from behind bushes and ordered them to stop. Although each one had been searched before being permitted to enter the camp, Woo and his colleagues were detained for 45 minutes. "They kept us there with our hands on top of our heads — and machine guns pushed into our sides," Woo recalls. Meanwhile, other soldiers searched the car, even removing the air filter to look inside the carburetor. (After returning to San Salvador, Woo learned that the CBS crew had undergone a similar search. "They tore that television camera crew's van apart," he says. The story was subsequently picked up by United Press International.)

"It was one of the cleanest searches I've ever been through," says Woo. "But I still have no idea what they were looking for inside the carburetor."

—D.B.N.

Refugee camp, San Salvador

Ireland's Troubled Press

PAUL G. ASHDOWN

When I was in Ireland in the summer of 1980, I stopped by the American embassy to chat with the press attaché. After assuring him the answers to my questions would be confidential, I asked if he provided the State Department with a summary of what the Irish were saying in their newspapers. (I had an idea this was one of the things press attachés did.)

"Who would read them?" he asked, surprised at my question.

Although I had pledged confidence, unfortunately he repeated the answer to the above question — and many others — in a letter to friends in the United States. A copy of the letter was accidentally included with a publicity handout about President Reagan that was mailed to the *Irish Times*, the republic's most important newspaper. While the editors weren't too interested in the handout, they took a rather keen interest in the missive, and published its contents on the front page.

According to the attaché's letter, the Irish are "a people with too much human nature — violent and compassionate — for their own good.... Ireland has food and climate well matched for each other: dull," he wrote, observing that "the high cost of goods, their unavailability, the dreary urbanscapes, the constant strikes and the long, dark and damp winters combine to gnaw away at one's enthusiasm for being here. The troubles up north are a constant depressant as well, and there is no end in sight for that complex senseless tragedy." Ireland, he concluded, is "pretty small potatoes compared to other countries of Europe." If no great issues pass in the diplomatic pouches between Washington and Dublin, summaries of press dispatches presumably are unimportant.

The press attache is now a long way from Ireland on an assignment he may find more salubrious, but the "complex senseless tragedy" he left behind continues to present special difficulties for Irish newspapers, which are beset with a multitude of problems. Irish laws prohibiting the press from referring to the Provisional IRA are largely ignored. Most newspapers have worked out a *modus vivendi* with the state by not carrying lengthy interviews or profiles of IRA members and by reporting incidents and statements with restraint. *Magill* magazine published statements by an unidentified "leading member" of the Provisional IRA who said the IRA will step up its efforts to slay leading Britons, including the former secretary for Northern Ireland and the head of the British judiciary. Because the intended victims were identified, in this case the magazine would have been remiss in not publishing the interview. The state-controlled broadcast media, however, have greater difficulty and remain circumspect in their IRA coverage. When Radio Telefis Eireann broadcast a reporter's summary of an interview with a Provisional IRA chief of staff in 1972, the government fired all RTE's administrators. In 1976 the government again ordered RTE to stop broadcasting interviews with Provisional IRA members and also banned interviews with spokesmen for the IRA's legal political party, the Provisional Sinn Fein.

Foreign coverage of Ireland is preoccupied with the IRA and the conflict in the north. Irish leaders and industrial associations are concerned, justifiably, about foreign perceptions of Ireland as a nation of gunmen and bomb throwers, and when tourism declines it is as likely to be blamed on continuing publicity about IRA terrorism as it is on high prices.

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Although there is a free flow of information between Dublin and Belfast, and the *Irish Times* and RTE have correspondents in Brussels and London, Ireland is more dependent on foreign sources for news and information than are other European nations of comparable size.

A tradition of secrecy has evolved from Ireland's civil wars and external domination. But Irish journalists have no right of professional secrecy (as do lawyers, physicians and clergy), and have on occasion been detained for not revealing their sources. The government has *sub rosa* tendencies. Under the Criminal Procedures Act a journalist may not report preliminary hearings of indictable offenses. Cabinet meetings and certain parliamentary committee meetings are closed to the press and there is continuing pressure on journalists to restrict political information.

Dublin newspapers have been prosecuted for contempt for criticism of the Special Criminal Court, which sits with three judges but no jury. *Hibernia*, an irreverent Dublin weekly newspaper, has been repeatedly throttled by libel judgments. The publication recently settled a suit brought against them by Royal Ulster Constabulary personnel *Hibernia* had accused of abusing prisoners. When *Hibernia* libeled a priest, its editor argued that he should have the same limited liability enjoyed by a corporate officer of a company that is sued. But the court rejected the defense and levied a heavy fine against the publication.

The *Sunday World* lost a sizable judgment when it libeled an Irish senator. Recently the *Sunday World* was enjoined from publishing an article on a stock exchange inquiry into allegations made by a former employee against government brokers. Such prior restraint is uncommon but is in some cases mandated by Irish law.

The Irish Constitution guarantees free speech but makes the state responsible for ensuring that the press "shall not be used to undermine public order or morality or the authority of the state." This extends to publication or utterance of "blasphemous, seditious or indecent matter." In practice, censorship in Ireland, when it exists at all, is token and is largely negated by the circulation of news media that is available from Britain and Northern Ireland.

During World War II censorship laws were enforced to prevent publication of anything that might jeopardize Ireland's neutrality. Catholic morality is ostensibly protected by the Censorship of Publications Act that forbids publication of matter that is indecent, obscene, or advocates birth control. Although newspapers have largely been exempted from the provisions of such laws, they have been fined heavily for publishing certain judicial proceedings for divorce, also proscribed by the censorship law.

Rather than explicit controls upon the press, there is in Ireland an elitist news perspective derived from shared newsgathering practices. Political correspondents from national newspapers take turns in the press gallery of the Oireachtas. They attend the same functions, talk to the same sources, arrive at the same conclusions, and generate similar political responses. This type of reporting is risky, as was apparent during the national elections in 1977, when the press assumed a victory for the national coalition of Fine Gael and Labour. Journalists ignored public opinion polls that repeatedly called the media's conclusions into question; the opposition of Fianna Fail elected the largest majority of parliamentary seats in the history of the republic.

Another problem for Irish newspapers is that they carry the highest rate of value added tax in Europe; this tax is levied on both advertising and newspaper sales. Irish publishers have required a zero-rated value added tax, newsprint subsidies and capital equipment grants with limited success. Ireland imports almost all its newsprint and this has become increasingly expensive. While Ireland's per capita consumption of newsprint is about average for European countries, Ireland is a large consumer of newspapers in relation to its wealth.

Ireland has more than 90 labor unions, representing 75 percent of the non-farm labor force, and no law governs collective bargaining. Virtually all Irish journalists belong to the British-based National Union of Journalists (NUJ) which expresses great concern with the new printing technology. Among the dailies only the *Cork Examiner* and the *Irish Times* have made the complete transition to photocomposition, as have about half the provincial newspapers. Few papers have introduced direct input systems and editing terminals. High interest rates have been as much of a deterrent as union opposition.

The *Irish Times* had the benefit of an EEC training grant and some government assistance in converting to an integrated editorial, administrative and commercial computer system — but the NUJ contends this led to an extra workload for journalists and unanticipated financial problems that arose from lower productivity than was expected in the new caserooms. The NUJ pressed this claim to negotiate additional benefits, including a four-day work week. The NUJ also contends that computerized production methods will gradually blur the distinction between journalists and some production workers, and urges its chapels to press for appropriate compensation.

Ireland's newspapers face continuing competitive pressures from the British press. The daily circulation of British newspapers in Ireland is estimated to be 231,000, at least 40 percent of the population regularly reads a British Sunday newspaper. British books and magazines dominate the domestic market. In Ireland daily newspaper readership declined from 60 percent of all adults in 1972 to 54 percent in 1978. In Dublin alone the reduction was an alarming 11 percent. Readership of weekly newspapers decreased by 38 percent from 1973 to 1978. The readership of evening newspapers dropped from 48 to 45 percent during that period. All categories of people except

housewives without children, people above 45 years of age, and people in the middle-class socio-economic group decreased their readership of morning and evening newspapers. Analysts attribute at least some of the decline to increasing penetration of the British *Daily Mirror* and other popular tabloids. While this has not led to newspaper failures it probably has contributed to increasing ownership concentration. The *Sunday World*, with its circulation of 319,000, was acquired by the Independent Newspaper group, which publishes the *Irish Independent, The Evening Herald* and *The Sunday Independent*. Dublin-based newspapers have increased their holdings of provincial newspapers and the *Independent* alone controls three newspaper groups. Other major concentrations seem likely but there has been no public outcry.

Television viewing has increased considerably since 1973 and at least 80 percent of the adult population watches television on a regular basis. This figure undoubtedly will increase with recent improvements in channel selection and penetration. Of even greater concern is the fact that television news is overwhelmingly considered more reliable than newspapers.

Because of its limited economy and small population, Ireland is unable to support either an exclusively commercial or non-commercial broadcasting system. The Wireless Telegraphy Act of 1926 provided for a state broadcasting service to be financed by license fees and import duties on wireless sets and components. The act also permitted the broadcasting of advertising matter and Ireland became one of the few nations to finance its service by selling time. From 1958 to 1968 the volume of broadcast advertising doubled and its value quadrupled until it was one percent of the gross national product. Most of the increase was spent on television. In 1976 radio and television attracted more than 40 percent of Ireland's advertising expenditures, a matter of increasing concern for the newspaper industry. In 1978 a second RTE channel, also financed in part by advertising revenues, went on the air. Between 1970 and 1976 advertising revenue as a percentage of total RTE earnings, declined from 61 percent to 46 percent, primarily due to the fact that RTE costs rose faster than its advertising rates. RTE officials hope to increase combined advertising revenue on the two channels by about 15 percent to bring revenues more in line with expenses.

*

Irish readers may obtain a broad spectrum of viewpoints on most issues, although Irish laws and customs to a degree determine what newspapers are willing to print. While most Irish newspapers are attractively designed and competently edited, they typically lack adequate attribution, consistently good news judgment, and investigative reporting. Many Irish journalists see the Irish press as provincial, proprietary, and preoccupied with trivialities.

Education for journalists in Ireland is unsystematic; there is a general lament about the lack of adequate research of professional training available for newspeople. RTE usually hires reporters from the newspaper industry but offers them only limited training in broadcast writing and editing. The Catholic Communications Institute established their Communications Centre in Dublin in 1965 and began media training two years later. Courses in publishing, cinematography, and journalism are available to clergy and lay persons of all faiths. A two-year course of study for journalists is offered by the School of Journalism at the College of Commerce in Dublin. Newspapers have assigned their junior reporters and editors to take the course, and have shared the cost with the NUJ. A pre-entry training course graduates about 20 potential journalists a year. There continues to be a disdain for formal journalism training, especially among the provincial newspapers, which prefer on-the-job training to programs of instruction. Accordingly, there is no academically based communications research center in Ireland, although the School of Journalism is interested in developing one.

Unquestionably Irish society is becoming less insular and more open to changing roles for women and young people. Half the Irish are under 25 and a quarter of the population is under 14. A growing population reverses the unhappy situation that existed when Ireland's most prominent export was its people. A youthful labor force attracts significant foreign investment, although Ireland's gross national product per capita is the lowest in the EEC. The nation has battled 20 percent inflation and 8 percent unemployment and must import most of its energy. But economic growth was near the EEC average for much of the past decade and manufacturing output was expanding rapidly. A healthy economy might facilitate social change, which in turn might increase freedom of information. But the continuing tensions in the north and the seeming intractability of centuries-old disputes divert attention from social and economic matters, promising continuing difficulties for Ireland's troubled press. □

Travels Behind The Iron Curtain

WILLIAM GORDON

Twenty years ago, August 19, 1961, saw the completion of the Berlin Wall, and with it the physical division of the city into East and West. When the building began, the free world went up in protest, but as the memory of World War II fades, there is less talk about this barrier dividing a nation.

Just before the nineteenth anniversary of the building of the Wall, I joined a crowd in East Berlin on a street leading to a high fence in sight of the Brandenburg Gate. Armed police in squad cars and on foot seemed to be everywhere. When the crowd came to a stop at the fence, people began to look toward the Gate and beyond to the 13-foot-high Wall.

Curious to know what was happening, I singled out a young man and asked about the gathering. He looked surprised, thinking perhaps that I should have known the reason. Seeing that I was foreigner, he moved closer and explained, "People come here every day to look for relatives who might appear on the other side of the Wall. This is the only place where they can be seen. People have been coming here like this ever since the Wall was built." With this, he vanished quickly into the crowd.

Parallel to the Wall is a tank barrier made of steel railings. There is also an area called "no man's land," mined and electrified. Although several thousand people escaped over the Wall in earlier years, nearly a hundred have died in recent times trying to escape.

*

East Germany was the first of the three Iron Curtain countries my wife and I planned to visit on a three-thousand-mile automobile trip. It was past midnight when the customs officers at Checkpoint Charlie at the East and West German borders finished with us so we could proceed to West Berlin. We had just come from Holland, where we had been living in The Hague for more than a year. Outside the checkpoint we were directed on to a dimly lit road where we saw signs telling us we were in East Germany. As we headed toward Berlin, we saw dark and dismal lookout towers along the roadside. It was impossible to see who might be watching as we drove by. Naturally, we had mixed feelings about traveling in an Eastern bloc country after dark. Our fears began to mount when we saw a sign telling us we were still nearly a hundred miles from Berlin, and increased when I noticed that the gas gauge had dropped below the half-full mark. As we got further from the border, it seemed that the road to Berlin grew darker — but it was too late to turn back.

Signs showing parking areas along the roadside would appear occasionally, but there were no lights to guide drivers in and out of the areas. I wondered what would happen if something went wrong with the car and we became stranded on the road. When we saw lights that we thought might lead to a village where we could purchase gasoline, we were mistaken. As we came closer to the lights, we saw several people standing near automobiles. They were apparently being searched by the East German police. We continued as though we didn't see them.

After reaching Berlin, we were told never to stop to investigate or observe such situations. In cases where Americans were involved, we were advised to wait and report the incident to the West German or

William Gordon, Nieman Fellow '53, is a retired journalist and diplomat. His most recent post was as Cultural Attaché at the American Embassy in The Hague, Netherlands. In October he was on tour, lecturing at the University of Georgia in Athens, Atlanta University, and the University of Tennessee in Knoxville.

American authorities in East Berlin. We were also told of instances when people have been stopped, questioned, and arrested by the East Germans and held for days without authorities in West Berlin being aware of it.

After we reached West Berlin, we applied for permission to visit the East to see what it was like during the day. We were warned that we would have to spend all the money we took with us — we could not bring any back with us; that we had to account for it all; and that any unspent money had to be turned over to the East German authorities.

Beyond the Wall on the East side we began to see what parts of Berlin were like before World War II. As we moved farther away from the Wall, going East, we discovered a city still marked by the ruins of war, with buildings, streets, and sidewalks grossly lacking in attention.

Although East Germany has a reputation for the highest standard of living in any Eastern bloc country, the masses seemed to lack the comforts we saw elsewhere in Eastern Europe. There were individual cases of middle-class appearance among the people — but the majority seemed old and depressed. Those who were allowed to leave the East, we were told, were age 65 and up, since their absence relieved the government from the responsibility of paying them social security benefits.

The shops and stores looked drab, depleted of merchandise. Long lines of people stood and waited patiently before what were meant to be vegetable and fruit stands, in hopes of buying produce already old and withered. These queues seem to be everywhere; the longest were in front of the butcher and meat stores. Some people, I was told, had come in from small towns many miles away and had been waiting since before dawn.

Other European cities thrive with restaurants, sandwich shops, and sidewalk cafes — but not East Berlin. Newspaper and magazine stands are hardly seen, nor are publications from the West. In fact, all literature and reading matter is thoroughly checked by authorities when people from the West enter the East. Anything found to be objectionable is confiscated or destroyed.

Radio and television stations in East Germany and in other Eastern bloc countries are owned and controlled by the government. Nothing is shown or broadcast without first being censored by the Eastern bloc or Moscow.

I saw several bookstores; all of them seemed to be well-stocked — but I saw the names of only two Western authors in the stores that I visited: William Shakespeare and Charles Dickens.

*

Curiosity about the United States and Americans is very obvious in Europe — especially the Eastern countries. While passing through the border checkpoint between East and West Berlin near the Wall, I noticed a large newspaper article posted on the wall of one of the buildings. What caught my eye was a picture of Angela Davis in the center of the page. Although the article was written in German, it was prominently placed where it could be seen by all who passed through customs.

On our way to Czechoslovakia, an East German border guard or customs officer followed our car as we were clearing customs between East and West Germany. He repeatedly glanced through the rear window of our car, apparently trying to read a luggage tag with our names and address. After we had cleared customs and were waiting near the end of the line, he came closer to the car and asked, "Silver Spring, Maryland — what is it like there?"

After trying to explain life in Silver Spring to him, I asked if he had ever been to the United States — and if not, if he would like to visit there. "I would very much," he replied. "But it would be very difficult for me," he added as he waved us through the gate to the main road that led to Dresden.

*

Some of the ruins in East Germany, especially in the once beautiful city of Dresden, made a deep impression on us. Silhouetted against the evening sun, the shattered buildings left in the aftermath of World War II made parts of this East German metropolis look like a ghost town. These ruins, we were told, had purposely been left untouched to remind the world of the tragedy of war.

While driving toward the border of Czechoslovakia, after leaving Dresden, I noticed several cars closely following us. The occupants appeared to be family groups — probably returning from or going on vacation. After several miles, I decided to pull in at one of the rest areas. The cars behind us followed us and stopped, too. We got out of our car and started to walk toward one of the other cars. When we spoke to some of the passengers, we were greeted with silence, so we returned to our own car and continued on our way.

As we drove deeper into Eastern bloc territory, thoughts of this incident and others like it reminded us of the United States and its position in world affairs. Despite the silence of the people who trailed us and refused to speak, we continued to be questioned by others about the United States — especially about the upcoming presidential elections.

"Who's going to be the next President of the United States?" I was asked by a customs officer at the border between East Germany and Czechoslovakia. "What about Angela Davis — wouldn't she make a good President?" asked another before I could answer the first. I reminded them that it was too early to predict the elections — but as far as I was concerned, Miss Davis was not my choice. They looked at me rather strangely, then disappeared into a

building with our passports.

When they returned, I asked about hotel accommodations in the little town of Toplice, where we hoped to spend the night. One of the officers beckoned me to follow him into a nearby building. On entering, I came face to face with two other officers. They wanted me to tell them more about the United States. "Is it true," asked one, "that every American has at least one car? Are most Americans rich? What about blacks and whites — do whites hate blacks as much as they say?"

I tried to answer their questions in the short time that we had, but when someone else came into the room, our conversation abruptly stopped — but not before they had given me the name of a hotel in Toplice.

When we reached the town, it was already dark. No neon signs flashed the direction to the Hotel Thirmia the officers had told us about. What we did see everywhere was the Red Star; it was posted on almost every street corner. The townspeople's directions were of little help; we kept driving around in various directions. When we saw two police officers walking along the street, we told our story to them and they were able to lead us to the hotel. Upon arriving there, we discovered that we had driven along the same street several times without recognizing the hotel — only a faded sign on the front identified it.

However, we had no difficulty in obtaining accommodations. The clerk, who spoke no English, tried to apologize through an interpreter for the service, which she called "very modest." But to us, the service, which included meals, was excellent.

Toplice, a town of about 30,000 people, looked old and neglected, but clean. Watching from my hotel window at dawn the next morning, I saw people rushing through the streets behind pushcarts, on their way to work. As in East Berlin, people young and old lined up in front of small food shops, waiting patiently to buy withered vegetables and other groceries. There were a scarce number of items in the shops; the cameras, souvenirs and clothing were all expensive and obviously on display for the tourists rather than the inhabitants.

We had almost as much difficulty finding our way out of Toplice as we had earlier in locating the hotel, although the absence of street and road signs was something we had

learned to expect. We saw many, many people working in fields of what appeared to be corn, beets, wheat, tobacco, and hay. We had not seen anything like this since the days when black people in the United States had been hauled off in trucks to work as day laborers in the fields of Mississippi and Arkansas. We were disappointed at the lack of technology — the absence of farm machinery one expects in large agricultural areas. Instead, we saw men and women working by hand, cutting hay with scythes. We saw horse-drawn wagons filled with people or loaded with farm produce mixed in with tractor-drawn trucks and automobiles, all making their way along the narrow road to Prague.

Surrounded by hills and open fields, Prague remains one of the most imposing cities of Europe. We had the feeling we were entering a city through which whole centuries had passed, a city that retains much of its ancient beauty.

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There is a general tendency for the media in both Western and Eastern Europe to capitalize on America's problems — both real and imagined. News about the United States in Eastern Europe is almost always negative; for example, in Czechoslovakia the newspapers published pictures showing black people being beaten by white police officers and chased by police dogs. The press was still printing photographs of the riots in Miami — although it was almost a year since they occurred.

The Eastern Europeans who had an opportunity to talk expressed their affection for the United States; they were quick to deplore what they called American racism and imperialism. "These should be removed from your country," they told me. They expressed sympathy for the American hostages being held in Iran — but they blamed the United States for allowing it to happen.

Despite the negative image so frequently displayed in the Eastern European press, there was an underlying friendliness among many of the people we met — the receptionist at the hotel outside Prague, the customs officials at the East German-Czech border, the young police officer in Prague who halted all traffic on a main throughfare so that we could reach a safe, convenient parking place, the man on the subway who guided us to the main museum in Prague. Almost daily, it seemed, someone would appear out of nowhere to offer assistance. Our car, a white Ford Granada, was a big attraction in Eastern Europe. Wherever we stopped or parked it, people would gather around it, look it over from top to bottom, make gestures and raise their right thumbs in approval. Another American attraction in Eastern Europe was a large

Coca-Cola sign in front of the hotel outside Prague where we stayed. It was the only advertising sign connected with the West that we saw in front of any business building. Coke was the most expensive soft drink listed on the hotel restaurant menu, selling at the equivalent of $1.50 a bottle.

There is far less interest in religion and politics in Czechoslovakia than there is in Poland. Young people in particular dispel their energies in sports and hardly anything else. Political dissent seems subdued. Religious leaders dare not speak out with anything that may conflict, even slightly, with government policy. If they do, their licenses are revoked and they are certain to face severe punishment. We heard stories about some clergy who lost their licenses and were forced to work at menial jobs.

We were greeted quietly and cordially by the people we met — they looked at us seeming to have an inner desire to talk, but also a fear that someone might be watching them. We had the feeling that most people had been warned not to get too close to foreigners.

The Red Star and other Soviet symbols were seen everywhere. Huge Soviet signs were found not only in the cities; but also displayed along all the frequently traveled highways, to remind people of the "thirty years of friendship" between Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union.

One constant reminder of this friendship is the new subway system in Prague, a gift from the Soviet Union. The system is very modern and efficiently run; the cost for riding is reasonable — cheaper, in fact, than Western subway systems.

On the other hand, the streetcar and bus service in Prague is among the worst we saw in Europe — terribly overcrowded. "We have to stand and wait, sometimes long hours in the rain and snow," one man said to me, "only to learn that the streetcar or bus has broken down. It seems that someone is trying to embarrass and punish us."

The day we left Prague, we drove northwest toward Poland. It took us almost two hours to get out of the city and onto the right road. The maps we had been given seemed out of date and we found the road signs obscure and without directional markings.

After we had been driving for a long time through the countryside, we came across what appeared to be the remnants of free enterprise at work in Czechoslovakia: a Western-type roadside beer and sandwich shop operated by a young man and woman. There were no advertising signs, we just happened to see the open-air place with tables between two buildings. We went straight to the grill where the man was preparing sausages and chicken over an open fire. "You Americans?" he asked us. Before we could answer or ask the price of the food he began to slice off double portions of sausage and place them between large pieces of bread. "Take this," he said, "special for you." We took the sandwiches, ordered drinks from the young woman, and sat down among the other customers. The price of the meal was less than $1.50 for the two of us.

Late in the afternoon we cleared through customs at the Polish border and proceeded toward Wroclaw, with 600,000 inhabitants, the fourth largest city in Poland. All along the winding road we saw statues of the Virgin Mary and the Apostles decorated with wreaths, fresh flowers, ornaments, and ribbons. Some were even sparkling with electric lights.

Since we had been told by the Polish Embassy in Prague that no reservations would be necessary at any hotel in Poland, we went straight to one of the largest in Wroclaw. But the desk clerk informed us that there was no vacancy and could give no assurance that other hotels in the city would accommodate us on such short notice. We considered going to the next city, if we could reach it before nightfall. But as soon as we started to drive away there was a knock on the window of the car.

"You want a hotel?" asked a young man. "Follow me, I'll show you a hotel." At first, we were reluctant, but decided to go along with him. He got into his car and drove off with us following. About two blocks from the hotel we came to an attractive section of the city dotted with comfortable-looking suburban homes. He stopped in front of one of the houses and invited us inside. "You can stay here with my mother," he said. "She will take care of you." Our car was locked in a garage and we were given the key.

We asked the price of the room for the night. "Officially or unofficially?" he asked. We didn't know what he meant at the time, but after we had been in Poland for several days, we soon learned. He told us our bill would be $20.00 for the two of us and that we could pay his mother the next morning.

As soon as we settled in our room, the young man's mother appeared with a tray filled with an assortment of sandwiches, and tea. "For you," she said, "to eat before sleep." We thanked her, ate, and retired. The next morning we awoke to a full breakfast of cheese, bread, eggs, and coffee brought to us by the same pleasant woman. We paid her and thanked her and her son for the fine service, invited them to visit us in the United States, and drove away while the neighbors stood watching and waving to us.

We pondered the experience of the night before. We had heard stories about how authorities keep close watch over foreigners who might establish contact with citizens of Eastern bloc countries, especially those who may have visited them in their homes. We later learned that the practice of letting rooms to visitors had become a business in many parts of Poland, since it provided one way of making extra money — especially hard currency.

Many of the Poles we met were firmly wedded to the Roman Catholic Church. Their interest in religion

seems far more manifest than what we saw in the rest of Europe. Many spoke openly and enthusiastically about their affiliation with the church. We had the feeling that Roman Catholicism is the strength of the Polish character; the central point around which Poles can rally. It is the one thing that Communism has not been able to destroy in that country.

The Sunday morning when we left Wroclaw, we were startled to see churches in every town filled to capacity. In some villages, the lines of worshipers extended out of the buildings into the streets. There were crowds near the windows and every other conceivable opening where the services might be heard.

"You must visit Czestochowa," a journalist friend had told us. "It's the seat of Roman Catholicism in Poland. You must also visit the monastery and the Shrine of the Black Madonna," he added.

Founded in 1832, the monastery is the destination of many pilgrimages. We arrived in Czestochowa in time to join the crowd of several thousand people who were making a pilgrimage to the monastery and the shrine. Once we entered the monastery, we were caught up in a wave of worshipers and were swept from chapel to chapel. The wave finally ended in a large chapel where we faced the Shrine of the Black Madonna.

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Another sight which struck us was the number of broken-down motor vehicles we saw while driving between Wroclaw and Warsaw. Some were large trucks, blocking a portion of the narrow highway; apparently they had been left there for a long time. There was a scarcity of service stations. As in Czechoslovakia, we saw a number of horse-drawn wagons on the road. Some were carrying loads of people who apparently were on their way to church services.

When we reached Warsaw we hailed a taxi driver and asked him to lead us to the Novetel Orbis Motel, where we had been promised accommodations. "I have been watching you," he said in very good English, "while you drove back and forth through the city. What is the problem?" After telling him our story and offering to pay him with a few dollars, he led us directly to the hotel, where we had no difficulty getting accommodations.

"I hope you are not here to see the authorities," he said to me. I assured him that we were tourists who only wanted to see the country. I told him about the night we spent in Wroclaw with a Polish family. "This is not unusual," he said, "many Polish people are letting their homes to tourists. We need the money." Again he said to me, "I hope you are not repeating this to the authorities. We need money — American dollars — to survive here."

He said he hoped the United States would continue its grain embargo against the Soviet Union. "The pressure helps us, and gives us more time to organize and fight back against the Soviets who are always on our backs." He also told me that the Poles are trying to find a new way to get out from under "the weight of Moscow." His automobile, not a very new one, had been acquired through the black market.

He spoke of the housing problem in Poland. "I still live with my wife's parents in a small apartment, with our one small child," he said. "I cannot find a separate place to live and I would like to find a way to emigrate to another country, but that is very difficult." In Poland it takes a young married couple an average of from five to ten years to obtain housing where they can live alone.

He spent two hours with me, asking questions about the United States while switching back to some of the problems in Poland. When he was ready to leave, he insisted that he return the next day. After we had had a second talk, he wanted to return for a third time to tell me more, but I persuaded him not to come back, adding that as guests in his country, our association night after night might lead to some misunderstanding by the authorities. I gave him a few more dollars, thanked him for being so helpful to us, and wished him good luck. He left the hotel and we never saw him again.

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There are a hundred different daily newspapers in Poland, representing various groups and parties. *Tribuna Ludu*, the official government newspaper, is the largest. Until the coming of Solidarity you could not buy any newspapers on the street — only in government hotels, kiosks, and press club reading rooms. There are four radio stations and two television channels in Poland, all operated by the government. There is also a world-wide Polish news agency.

Criticism of the United States in the Polish press has not been as intense as it has in some other Eastern bloc countries. The Poles seem to be more concerned about their own internal problems than they are about those in other countries.

The black market money exchange business extends far beyond the hotels, restaurants, and hucksters on street corners. After we had traveled almost a hundred miles out of Warsaw on our way back to the border of Czechoslovakia we learned more about this when we drove into a service station for gasoline. After the attendant finished serving the cars, the drivers paid with Polish money. I took this to mean that everybody paid

with the same money. However, when the attendant started to service our car, he noticed the Polish money I was holding in my hand. He stopped suddenly and came up to me. "No," he said, "can't take this — " pointing to the money in my hand. "Can't take this. Must have dollars." When I asked why, he repeated, "Dollars, dollars." I was confused and began to look around for someone who might be able to help. I noticed a Catholic priest standing next to one of the cars that had just been served. I went over to him, thinking that he might explain but he looked at me sympathetically, shook his head, got into his car, and drove away. We then drove to the next service station, about 50 miles south, but the experience was repeated — no dollars, no gasoline.

A few miles further on, we saw two police officers sitting in an automobile by the road. We stopped and tried to explain our story to them. They were very polite and at first appeared concerned, but as the conversation progressed they began to pretend they couldn't understand English and suggested that we might get help in the next town. We thanked them and drove on.

It became clear that this demand for dollars in Poland was an organized plan to obtain hard currency. As long as you were driving an American or foreign car you simply could not purchase gasoline with Polish money. We had no alternative but to try to bargain with the gasoline stations. Whenever I entered a service station to purchase gasoline, I would ask for the boss, who usually could be found inside a small house near the pumps. I would go inside the building and show the man in charge a few dollars. Seeing these he would immediately instruct the attendant to fill my tank. I found myself getting two to three times as much gasoline when I paid in dollars than I would have if the transaction had been in Polish money.

After saying goodbye to our journalist friends in Warsaw we began working our way out of Poland by traveling South. When we finally reached the final checkpoint between Poland and Czechoslovakia we saw automobiles from non-Eastern bloc countries being pulled aside and thoroughly searched. We were also told to park in a special area, but we were not given the rash treatment we saw being given to others. We never learned the reason why. Confusion seemed to prevail all around the place.

When the officials finished with us and waved us toward the border gate that led into Czechoslovakia, a tired and dejected young customs officer stumbled up to our car.

"You are Americans, I know," he said. "You must have some whisky to drink with you. Can you give me a bottle — please?" We knew that similar requests had been made by officers to other people passing through customs and we had seen several packages and bottles wrapped in small bags being given to officers who quickly hid them under their desks. Even though we had never followed the practice of carrying strong drinks around in the car, this was one time I wish that we could have been in the position to oblige. It was obvious that this young man, like so many others living under the constant pressures of a socialist state, was in need of something to temper his frustrations. Our sympathy went out to him and to the thousands of other young people who are caught up in a situation not of their own making.

We saw signs of frustration almost everywhere we went in Eastern Europe. We met so many people who openly admitted that they felt pinned down without even a bare element of hope for the future. As we traveled across Czechoslovakia toward the Austrian border, I kept thinking about the group of young Polish teachers I met at a conference in Amsterdam in the spring of 1980. "Please forgive us," one of them said, "if we are not able to visit very long with you. We must be careful with what we say, for fear we may be overheard. You see, before leaving Warsaw for this conference, we had to sign papers promising not to spend too much time with foreigners. We dare not violate this agreement."

Despite all the restrictions imposed on the citizens of Poland, there was a special feeling among the people that did not seem evident in other Eastern bloc countries we visited. This organized spirit of national will appeared to permeate the thinking of Polish people everywhere and ordain them with an underlying determination to run their own affairs again.

Traveling 3,000 miles through socialist territory made me recall what a journalist in Warsaw said to us. "The difference between communism and the free enterprise system is obvious." Our experiences during the trip — living under the shadow of lookout towers manned by armed guards; seeing what happens to people psychologically when a nation and families are divided by a 13-foot wall — gave us the feeling of arriving at the Promised Land as we reentered the West. □

Foreign Nieman Fellows Appointed

Six journalists from abroad have been appointed to join the eleven American Nieman Fellows whose names were announced in June. The six additional Nieman Fellows, whose Fellowships are funded by non-Harvard sources, are members of the forty-fourth Nieman class to study at Harvard for a year.

The new Fellows are:

Ameen Akhalwaya, 35, political reporter with the Rand *Daily Mail*, Johannesburg, South Africa. Mr. Akhalwaya attended the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, and at Harvard plans to study constitutional history, particularly as it pertains to constitutional systems in democratic countries with a preponderance of minority groups. Mr. Akhalwaya's Nieman Fellowship is supported by the United States-South Africa Leader Exchange Program.

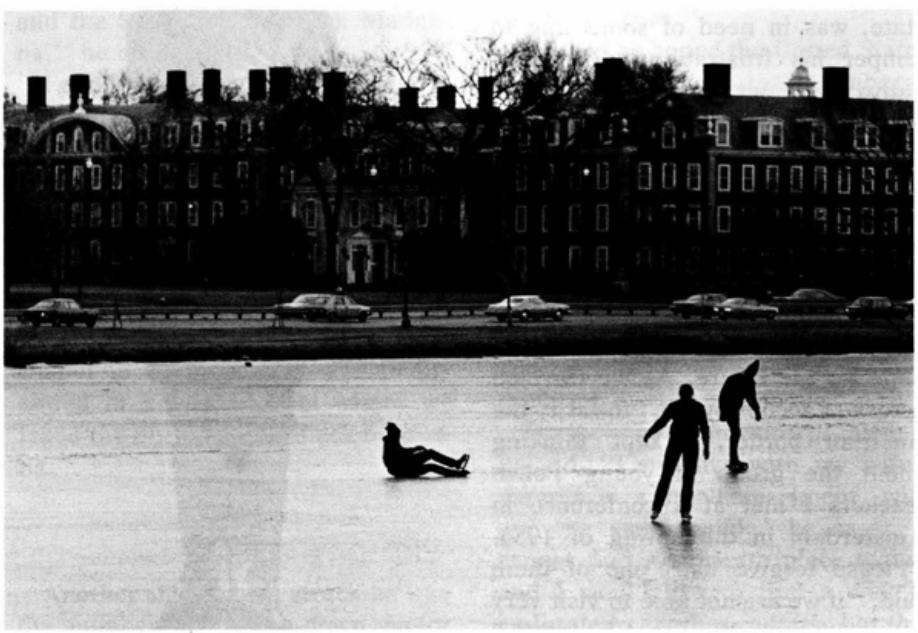
Piero Benetazzo, 44, special correspondent, *La Repubblica*, Rome, Italy. Mr. Benetazzo has a degree in law from the University of Padua. His study plan includes East-West relations, in particular the historical trends and constants of Soviet foreign policy; the basic elements of American foreign policy; the relationship between industrialized and developing nations; and the concept of detente. Mr. Benetazzo's Fellowship is supported in part by the Ford Foundation.

Ram Loevy, 41 senior director, Israeli Television, Tel Aviv. Mr. Loevy has his bachelor's degree from the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. He will concentrate on comparative political behavior — in particular, nationalism — and the media; and the fields of influence on creativity such as psychology, philosophy, literature, the plastic arts, and music. Mr. Loevy's Nieman Fellowship is supported in part by the Ford Foundation.

Ramindar Singh, 38, special correspondent, *Indian Express*, New Delhi. Mr. Singh holds a master's degree from Delhi University. At Harvard he will focus on international relations, with special emphasis on how the foreign policy of superpowers affects and determines the defense needs and strategies of countries in or near potential areas of conflict. His Nieman Fellowship is funded by the Ford Foundation.

Claude Van Engeland, 32, subeditor, Belgian Radio and Television, Brussels. Mr. Van Engeland graduated from the University of Brussels. He plans to study the social, economic, and political problems of countries in the Middle East, and the foreign policies of the Soviet Union and the United States. Mr. Van Engeland is the ninth journalist from abroad to be awarded a Nieman Fellowship under the sponsorship of the German Marshall Fund of the United States; he is also recipient of a grant-in-aid from the Commission for Cultural Exchange, Belgium.

E-ping Zhang, 33, editor and writer in the Culture-Education Section of the Central People's Broadcasting Station, Beijing, People's Republic of China. Mr. Zhang attended the School of Railway Institute. At Harvard he will study modern civilization and research the changing civilizations of developing countries as they are influenced by the developed nations. He will also research ways to bring about deeper understanding between the American and the Chinese people. Mr. Zhang's Nieman Fellowship is supported by a grant from the Ford Foundation. □



Michael Nagy

Books

Without Let or Hindrance

Minnesota Rag
Fred Friendly. Random House, 1981, $12.95

by DAVID STOLBERG

Minnesota Rag: how's that for a book title? Hands down, it's the best of the year.

And even though subtitles are usually given to hyperbole, this one is apt: "The Dramatic Story of the Landmark Supreme Court Case That Gave New Meaning to Freedom of the Press."

The rag in question was the ill-fated *Saturday Press*, a strident voice in the wilderness of Minneapolis newspapering in the 1920's. The voice hollered loudly against crooks and crooked officials and it didn't take long for them to muzzle it.

Now, fifty years after the Supreme Court tossed out the Minnesota law under which the *Saturday Press* was gagged, one of this country's premier journalists celebrates the anniversary with one of the premier books I've read in the First Amendment field. (Allow me to plug another one, soon to be published jointly by the American Society of Newspaper Editors and the American Newspaper Publishers Association. Titled *Free Press and Fair Trial*, it offers the best and most concise review I know of about the evolution of the First Amendment.)

Fred Friendly emerged from his years with Edward R. Murrow and of running CBS News with a full appreciation of matters that count, and of how to report them. *Minnesota Rag* is further proof of these Friendly facets.

I shared a podium with Fred at the ASNE convention in Washington in April, and was so interested in the way he came to write the book I must have been the first one in line when it finally arrived in Cincinnati book stores last summer.

"I was at a luncheon at the Ford Foundation wtih the trustees three years ago," Friendly told our audience of editors. "Hedley Donovan, senior executive of Time-Life, was there. I knew he came from Minneapolis-St. Paul. I queried him a bit about the prosecutor in this case and about Minnesota in 1928 and 1929. It was useful but he didn't know much about *Near* v. *Minnesota*. Two seats away was Irving Shapiro, who said he knew 'all about that case. Donovan is the wrong fellow to talk to. My father used to give money to J.M. Near.'

"Now, J.M. Near was a virulent anti-Semite," Friendly continued. "Any law school professor will tell you the case was about an anti-Semitic, blackmailing publication that never told the truth and which, in spite of that, was permitted to have a gag against it lifted.

"I asked, 'How could your father help him?'

"'My father loved J.M. Near,' Shapiro answered. 'He ran a tailor shop. My father also wanted to have his own drycleaning business. When he started to build a little place at the back of the shop, the Mob moved in. A man named Mose Barnett, right out of Damon Runyon, came in and said, "You've got to pay the protection society so many hundred dollars a week or you can't have a drycleaning place."

"'My father was a tough, stubborn Lithuanian immigrant, and he fought it. In answer to that, the Mob beat him up and sent him to the hospital. I watched them. They threw acid and lye on all the clothes in the shop. But my father kept fighting it. Eventually, Mose Barnett was sent to prison. I was the witness.'

"So I said, 'That's an unbelievable story. Are you telling me that everything J.M. Near wrote was true?' He said, 'Most of it. My father gave him money and gave him groceries to keep his newspaper going, because he believed in it.'"

Friendly, who confesses that *Near* v. *Minnesota*, had always been a hobby of his, thereafter interviewed Shapiro extensively and got new insight into the case. It was the *Saturday Press* which ultimately forced the trial of Mose Barnett, and the principal witness against him was Irving Shapiro — who was then 12 years old.

Friendly recounts how a woman approached the lad to congratulate him on his testimony and predicted: "Someday you may be governor of Minnesota." Shapiro never made it to the Statehouse, but at the time of his interviews with Friendly, he was chairman of the board of the DuPont Corporation.

The Near case qualifies, in Jefferson's words, as "a genuine morsel of history," and Friendly has turned it into a feast. He digs up earlier Minnesota rags, at Duluth, and relates how their scandal-mongering led to enactment of the Public Nuisance Law of 1925. A century and a half after the adoption of the Constitution, the state offered a major opportunity to emasculate the

free press guaranty through prior restraint by court action.

The gag law was invoked against Minneapolis's *Saturday Press* in November 1927. The state courts agreed with prosecutors that Near was operating "a malicious, scandalous and defamatory newspaper" and put him out of business.

Near's cause was considered lost. His defeat in the courts was hailed by the established Minneosta press, which had actually helped lobby the scandal-sheet law. Roger Baldwin's fledgling American Civil Liberties Union raised the first outcry on the national scene, but it was not until the powerful Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick took up the cudgels that Near had any hope. Bertie, sometimes described as having "one of the finest minds of the fourteenth century," threw the resources of his Chicago *Tribune* into the fray, dragged the American Newspaper Publishers Association into reluctant line, and ultimately won the day.

On June 1, 1931, Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, speaking for a bare majority of five, declared the Minnesota law unconstitutional.

There were a lot of "ifs" along the way. The most interesting involved timing. The case took so long going up and down the Minnesota judicial ladder that it landed in Washington only weeks after the deaths of two justices — including Chief Justice William Howard Taft — who assuredly would have voted to uphold the Minnesota statute.

Minnesota Rag runs 243 pages, but Friendly wraps up his narrative in 179 of them. The appendices include the full text of Hughes's historic opinion — the basis of the Pentagon Papers decision against prior restraint in our own time.

The book is filled with marvelous quotes, from Blackstone on, about the essentiality of unfettered speech in a democratic society. One of my favorites, from Madison's *Report on the Virginia Resolutions*, says this:

"Some degree of abuse is inseparable from the proper use of everything, and in no instance is this more true than in that of the press. It has accordingly been decided by the practice of the States, that it is better to leave a few of its noxious branches to their luxuriant growth, than, by pruning them away, to injure the vigour of those yielding the proper fruits. And can wisdom of this policy be doubted by any who reflect that to the press alone, chequered as it is with abuses, the world is indebted for all the triumphs which have been gained by reason and humanity over error and oppression; who reflect that to the same beneficent source the United States owe much of the lights which conducted them to the ranks of a free and independent nation, and which have improved their political system into a shape so auspicious to their happiness? Had 'Sedition Acts,' forbidding every publication that might bring the constituted agents into contempt or disrepute, or that might excite the hatred of the people against the authors of unjust or pernicious measures, been uniformly enforced against the press, might not the United States have been languishing at this day under the infirmities of a sickly Confederation? Might they not, possibly, be miserable colonies, groaning under a foreign yoke?"

Minnesota Rag is a great human interest yarn. It is fascinating history, filled with might-have-beens, and what-ifs. It is *haute cuisine* for First Amendment freaks. It is fun.

Buy it. Read it. □

David Stolberg is assistant general editorial manager of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers. He is vice chairman of the ASNE Freedom of Information Committee, and immediate past chairman of the ASNE Press, Bar, and Public Affairs Committee.

A Collection of Accomplishments

At Large

Ellen Goodman. Summit Books, New York, 1981, $12.95

by CHRISTOPHER BOGAN

Some pundit once remarked that when you reach the age of 40 you become responsible for your face.

Boston Globe columnist Ellen Goodman (Nieman Fellow '74) has made the passage into her fourth decade, and her new book, *At Large*, is proof that she is aging with grace and good humor.

In this collection, which contains more than a hundred of her newspaper columns, Goodman reveals her true face: she is one of the sanest, most thoughtful and quietly eloquent newspaper columnists writing in America today. In another fifteen or twenty years, readers will no doubt call her "wise." But since she is now *just* 40, suffice it to say that she has a distinctive brand of common sense, wit, and insight.

At Large comes two and a half years after Goodman's last book, *Close to Home*; after a Pulitzer Prize and an ASNE Award for writing in 1980; after much travel, much listening, much observing, and several more seasons spent digging in her garden.

Her voice sounds the same as it did in the past — except, maybe, that it speaks with more assurance. Compare the pictures on the covers of *At Large* and *Close to Home*. There's a change.

In 1979, the dust jacket photo shows Goodman sitting on some porch steps, smiling, her glasses pushed high up on her forehead. She's dressed casually in jeans, a pullover shirt and sandals. The morning newspaper dangles from her hands.

Two and a half years later, her smile is the same and the paper is still in her grip. But now the cover photo shows her with the newspaper tucked beneath her arm, as business people on their way to work carry their morning papers. She sports a blazer, blouse, and skirt; a pocketbook hangs from her shoulder. Her left wrist, formerly bare, now supports a wristwatch. She looks as if she's been caught for this photograph at large — between places and between interviews. She looks older, more mature. She looks as if she's grown up — and accepted the fact.

Those who don't trust the impressions cast by photographs should just read the columns offered in *At Large*. Separated into nine subject categories, they move gracefully and intelligently across a wide range of thoughts on both public and private life.

Robert Frost once noted that style is the way a person carries himself into the world. Ellen Goodman's style in these columns is a clear reflection of the orderly march of her thoughts and views about contemporary American life. Unlike so many of her colleagues, whose tortured prose about ponderous matters of public policy appears on op-ed pages throughout the country, Goodman writes like an angel and, to this reader, seems more interested in listening to the conversation of the couple at the table next to her during lunch than attending a politician's speech at her local Rotary Club.

She typically greets readers in a conversational tone. Her usual voice is quick, sometimes coy, often witty and pleasantly punning; it's a voice full of cleverness and one that's always happy to sing a metaphor.

"It's not that I have anything against psychiatry," she cheerily confessed to her readers one March morning. She was about to launch a lively attack on a new American boom industry: psychiatry. "Some of my best friends have been shrunk as if their heads were 100 percent cotton. When it's over, they fit better."

"The church around the corner from my house has been turned into condominiums," she began a column last April. She speaks in the tone of someone who might be talking about the weather, so one is inclined to trust her from the start. It's not alarming then when she shifts from talk about the outer weather to talk about the inner weather.

Yet, she's seldom, if ever, unduly heavy or morose, and she usually refrains from becoming thunderous or dogmatic in her views. When she's her best, Goodman's writing and her thoughts are as crisp and clear as mountain air.

She observes life's ordinary events. In her columns, she writes about her dog biting the electrician, about coming home from vacation, about falling asleep at parties, about Mother's Day and Father's Day, about shopping and teenage sex, about the seals that swim off the shores of Maine, and about dozens of other things.

"I am rooted at home," she observes, "in the rhythms of my family life, and also in a public world."

Goodman's strength lies in her ability to look at ordinary occurrences and see larger meanings in them, to point out the connections between what goes on in our private lives and what goes on in the public world of which we all are part.

Although many columnists tend to be didactic, Goodman is not unpleasantly so. Her columns read like short stories or fables from which she draws the morals of modern life.

She is weakest, I think, when she does become dogmatic in her views, when the fables she tells don't really support the morals that she offers. I found this happening most often in a section called "Of Men And Women." Here, and briefly in other sections of *At Large*, I sensed that Goodman had made up her mind on certain matters and then forced the situations she had observed, and about which she was writing, to illustrate her views.

Equally annoying is a stylistic or grammatical habit Goodman sometimes leans on in her writing: to emphasize a point — usually when she is being ironic or sarcastic — she capitalizes words that are commonly written with lower-case letters.

"Goodbye to the Era of Self-Improvement, hello to the Era of Self-Preservation," she writes in one typical column. "Goodbye Hedonists; hello Pessimists."

Too much of this too often and she starts sounding like a salesperson for AMWAY or EST; she's not writing honestly but mouthing slogans. Fortunately, she doesn't do this very often and *At Large* is by and large, good reading.

Of course, reading columnists in book form lacks the immediacy of reading them in the daily newspapers, but good collections make up in consistency what they lack in immediacy. All columnists will write some dogs, pieces they would like to forget the day after publication; that is to be expected from anyone who writes under constant deadline pressures. The hope is that the dogs are locked in the pound when the columnists go to meet their book publishers.

Goodman has chosen carefully in this collection of her most recent work. The 106 columns — presumably the best culled from approximately 250 columns written since *Close to Home* was published — have not begun to sag with the passage of time. *At Large* presents a wide and still interesting view of American life coming into the 1980's. □

Christopher Bogan is a staff writer with The Spokesman-Review *in Spokane, Washington, and a Nieman Fellow in the current class.*

Other Voices, Other Dooms

Everything We Had: An Oral History of the Vietnam War by Thirty-three American Soldiers Who Fought It

Al Santoli. Random House, 1981, $12.95

by ALEX S. JONES

Everything We Had might better have been named *Blood and Waste* to alert the reader that thirty-three tales of carnage will unfold as these American soldiers tell their stories. The gore, described in detail, drips from spirits as well as bodies.

This poignant book was intended to award a human face to the men and women who went to Vietnam to fight. The faces they show us are profoundly, sometimes horribly, human.

At first glance, the title may seem to bear a lost-cause, swaggering humility which one often finds in books about the Confederate Army or the American Indians — perhaps not coincidentally the only other groups of Americans to lose a war. Irony peels off that title, however, in every direction.

Rifle Squad Leader Herb Mock went back into a Vietcong ambush for his buddy and came out crazy. Navy SEAL Mike Beamon stalked barefoot at night on assassination missions which took him deep into the Vietcong-held jungle. He murdered with skill and a sickening rapture, eventually sickening even to him. Pilot William Lawrence endured years of torture and isolation as a POW. He returned to find his wife had long since gone to another man. Rifle Platoon Leader Robert Santos saved lives by being an expert in a fire fight. He knew his men both trusted and hated him.

Gayle Smith went to Vietnam as a nurse. She was aginst the war and thought she could help bring people back. Instead she developed a pathological hatred of the Vietnamese. Scott Higgins lined up prostitutes for the Officers' Club. Rifleman Jonathan Polansky fell in love and for three months spent his free time teaching English to children in a friendly village. For revenge, the Vietcong killed everyone in the village. Brian Delate, a helicopter door gunner, came home and a woman friend of his mother's, martini in hand, asked, "Well, did you kill anybody?"

Mr. Santoli, himself a Vietnam vet and a winner of three Purple Hearts and a Bronze Star, wanted the truth to be told so he let the Vietnam soldiers tell it themselves. As haunted men, they do.

One and all, they do not try to justify, only explain. They ask that we understand what happened to them, but — as they know better than any — the common theme of all these tales is appalling and tragic error. Those speaking know that they were wasted.

A human voice has great powers of subtlety and resonance, and Mr. Santoli's idea was brilliant because firsthand memories have at least an illusion of credibility which is hard to match.

In the soldiers' voices, Mr. Santoli knew, could also come a sense of what happened beyond the limited power of the words themselves. He is right, but he made a mistake in thinking that he could capture spoken words by transcribing oral history. *Everything We Had* should have been a serious project for National Public Radio.

To give words on paper the genuine life of a voice is very difficult and requires artistry, not accuracy. Words spoken and then written aren't right, just as even the best written dialogue often sounds false when read aloud. This is the gravest limitation of Mr. Santoli's book: It doesn't sing.

Even though they are muted by not being actually heard, the voices in *Everything We Had* are very compelling. The thirty-three who speak are all survivors, but the book is filled with ghosts, among them the friends and enemies left behind and the speakers' own innocence and youth, killed in action. There is no innocence left in *Everything We Had*. The speakers remember how they were "before" with a gruffness and cynicism that is endlessly sad.

Mr. Santoli has structured the book into a rough chronology which begins with a vignette entitled, "Welcome to the War, Boys." It sets the tone: "...and some people were shaking and some people were throwing up, and one guy got down and started to pray."

The narrative thread extends from the last months of the Diem regime in 1962 to the chaotic airlift climaxing the fall of Saigon in 1975.

The stories have been divided into five sections which reflect the changing course of the war: "Gathering Clouds"; "Sand Castles"; "Peaks and Valleys"; "Barren Harvest"; and "Operation New Wind."

Mr. Santoli has touched, if lightly, on almost every aspect of soldiering in Vietnam: the Kennedy administration's hidden little war; the Tonkin Gulf incident; Special Forces; POWs; Air Force bombers; medics; riflemen; officers and enlisted; men and women; black, white, and Hispanic.

Many went as idealists. Throughout all the accounts of ambushes and beer and disappointment, there is a sense of men looking up from their awful combat-solder's job and hoping to see purpose and power on the horizon. They trusted their country to have sent them on a mission that was not only morally correct, but also not a fool's errand.

Some are bitter and some are not,

but on every page is the confusion which was never resolved. Many claim never really to have known why they were there or what they were supposed to do. That single fact makes this war different from any other war for Americans, and it makes these soldiers isolated and outcast, gnawing on themselves and what they did. For the thirty-three Mr. Santoli chose, the telling of their stories seems almost a catharsis.

The author is present in these stories by others. He tells his own tale which is crammed with hatred — mostly for the politicians who would start and stop the bombing with no apparent regard for the toll it took on American lives when the bombing pressure was lifted. Vividly and obscenely, Mr. Santoli tells of wanting to kill Melvin Laird, for instance.

He is also present in the titles he has chosen for each story: "The Nine-to-Five War"; "The New-Life Hamlet"; "Getting Loaded"; "My Men"; "The Nurse With Round Eyes"; "A Strategy of Terror."

Despite all the anger, Mr. Santoli and all the rest have a white-knuckled bravado which is their substitute for pride. They have the bond of enduring something terrible.

Though they have earned it, the soldiers seem to be mortified by their yearning to be understood, even pitied. Like the war itself, their message — as it comes through this book — is confused. Mr. Santoli seems to know that their bravery and courage do not make the Vietnam War less a tragedy or more correct. His object, which he achieves, is to ensure that they themselves, the human beings and Americans who went there, are not lost.

Two specific changes would improve *Everything We Had*. Readers are given the name, job, unit, and dates of service, and also the location of where each story takes place — yet there is no map. Locating the Kobi Tan Valley and so forth would be helpful.

Mr. Santoli has also included pictures of 26 of the 33 soldiers. The faces in the photographs make up somewhat for not actually hearing the voices, but all 33 should have been included.

The job of the book was traveling all over the country interviewing Vietnam veterans and then editing their copy. The stories are not in verbatim transcript form with every falter, grunt, and quirk of diction; they have been cleaned up to read well, and they do read well and quickly. Mr. Santoli's editing has made the voices into echoes of voices, however, and that is a shame. For instance, there is virtually no humor in the book, and it is hard to believe that some black comedy wasn't present in the telling.

Also absent is an explicit judgment by these soldiers on whether they should or should not have gone, or whether — if called — they would go again. Duty, as they feel and understand it, is never directly addressed.

Even so, *Everything We Had* is valuable and worth reading carefully.

Mr. Santoli has made an important contribution to our national obligation to understand what happened to us in Vietnam.

His book will confirm the worst.

For most readers, it will also wring a new sympathy for those who went to Vietnam, and a compassionate, nightmarish sense of "there but for fortune go I." □

Alex S. Jones, Nieman Fellow '82, served aboard the USS Kearsarge *and the* USS Coral Sea *in the Gulf of Tonkin, 1969-70. He is editor of* The Greeneville Sun *in Tennessee.*

FROM EVERYTHING WE HAD

John Muir, rifleman
2nd Battalion, 1st Marines
I Corps

"I have a little problem here because there's three days that I don't have any memory of...I lost my entire squad and I kind of went berserk. At least I'm told I went berserk. I don't have the foggiest idea what I was doing. I was told that I was throwing rocks at people. I was really gung-ho. I have no memory of it. We did hand-to-hand fighting, we hit them with rocks, but they didn't get behind us. I hit one guy right between the running lights with a big old rock the size of a softball. Knocked him right back down the hill. Got two points for it, too. These were actually uniformed, well-equipped regular army forces. They had helmets, web gear, the whole thing.

"We did a fine job there. If it had happened in World War II, they still would be telling stories about it. But it happened in Vietnam, so nobody knows about it. They don't even tell recruits about it today. Marines don't talk about Vietnam. We lost. They never talk about losing. So it's just wiped out, all of that's off the slate, it doesn't count. It makes you a little bitter."

Mike Beamon, Scout
U.S. Navy SEALs (Sea, Air, Land guerrilla warfare)
Mekong Delta

"We did one mission, God, we spent half the night in a pigsty. We got into the area around one o'clock in the morning and climbed into a pigsty, a feeding area, and buried ourselves beneath all the manure and straw. We were looking through the wall. It was like a barn. There were little tiny cracks. We were waiting for our target to come in the marketplace, a tax collector who collected during market time, about eight o'clock in the morning. It was a sizable little village for Vietnam — must have been twenty hootches with a center courtyard — and he came into the area. I'll never forget that. He came walking into the area after we'd been sitting there all that time, and we just jumped up and knocked the entire wall down as we came out shooting. We just blasted everything, bodies were flying around. I just started running for the guy we wanted. It was my job to search him completely. I picked up an arm that had been blown across the courtyard and searched the sleeve. I had to search all parts of the body. The body would be strewn all over the place, kicking and squirming and puking, eyeballs rolling around...It was like picking through a broken car...It wasn't like a human body any longer." □

Nieman Notes

A continual source of pleasure at Walter Lippmann House is the letters, telephone calls, and visits from Nieman alumni/ae. We always are glad to have news from Fellows; we also welcome comments and suggestions about the program or the magazine.

With our thanks for keeping in touch —

— 1943 —

FRANK K. KELLY is the author of *Court of Reason — Robert Hutchins and the Fund for the Republic* to be published in December by the Free Press (a division of Macmillan Publishing Co. Inc.). The book tells the story of the Fund for the Republic and how, for more than a quarter century, it supported civil rights, civil liberties, nuclear disarmament, proposals for a new U.S. Constitution, and other liberal ideals.

Kelly is the author of eight books, including *Your Freedoms: the Bill of Rights, Your Laws, The Martyred Presidents,* and *The Fight for the White House*. He served for 19 years as an officer of the Fund for the Republic.

— 1945 —

HOUSTOUN WARING, editor emeritus of the *Littleton* (Colo.) *Independent,* was named Colorado Citizen of the Year. Presenting the award at the Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs on October 1 was Donald R. Seawell, chairman of the board at the *Denver Post*.

— 1949 —

LAWRENCE WEISS, formerly with *The New York Times* and the *Denver Post*, is executive director of both the Denver Bar Association and the Colorado Bar Association, with offices in Denver University Law School.

— 1951 —

ROY FISHER, dean of the University of Missouri's School of Journalism, will leave his position in the summer of 1982 to take a one-year sabbatical, and then will return to the university to teach.

Fisher formerly was editor of the *Chicago Daily News.*

— 1953 —

CALVIN MAYNE, director of communications with the Gannett Foundation since 1976, has been elected vice president/grants administration. The new vice presidency was created by the trustees as part of a general staff reorganization and expansion to reflect the increased number and variety of the foundation's grants and its education programs. Foundation headquarters are in Rochester, New York.

— 1954 —

RICHARD DUDMAN, living in Maine since his retirement as Washington bureau chief for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, writes: "Helen and I are having a great time running our own radio station. I'm supervising various engineering jobs, as well as serving as news director and doing a little sailing and prospective boat building on the side. It's funny how little we miss Washington."

WILLIAM WOESTENDIEK, executive editor of the *Arizona Daily Star*, Tucson, was elected president of the Associated Press Association of California, Arizona, Hawaii, and Nevada, during the organization's annual meeting in Reno.

— 1958 —

SIMMONS FENTRESS, long-time Washington correspondent for *Time* magazine, died of cancer at his home in Chevy Chase, Maryland, on August 11.

Mr. Fentress, who joined *Time* in 1961, served as Atlanta bureau chief, White House correspondent, and Saigon bureau chief before settling in Washington in 1967 to cover politics and general news. He began his career in 1945 as a copy editor and reporter for *The News and Observer* in Raleigh, North Carolina. Ten years later he moved to *The Observer*'s office in Charlotte to serve as an editorial writer. A native of Maribel, North Carolina, he was a graduate of Wake Forest College.

Known among his colleagues for his ebullient good humor, Fentress, according to *Time* columnist Hugh Sidey, "possessed a special quality of fairness; he never arrived at a harsh judgment." He returned frequently to North Carolina for surf fishing along the Outer Banks and water fowl hunting. He is survived by his wife, Ruth (Blount).

In a letter recently received from Dorothy Elizabeth Marshall in Australia, she writes: "For the record, my husband LLOYD MARSHALL continued to work after his Nieman year with the *Daily News*, the evening paper of Western Australia Newspapers. When the *Sunday Independent* started here about 13 years ago, he was invited to join the staff. He stayed there for about four years, but since then has worked solely for Lang Hancock, the mining magnate (former owner of the *Sunday Independent* also).

"Recently he has written two screen plays one of which has been accepted by the Queensland Film Corporation, and it is hoped will go into production later this year.

"Three years ago he had a severe coronary, and made a splendid recovery to take up this fresh interest in the writing field, after first writing a novel (as yet unpublished), then progressing to screenplays."

TOM WICKER, syndicated columnist and associate editor of *The New York Times*, has been named distinguished visiting professor at the University of Kentucky for the 1981-82 academic year.

— 1961 —

JOHN POMFRET, general manager of *The New York Times*, has been appointed executive vice president and will continue as senior vice president of the New York Times Company.

TOM PUGH, associate editor and editorial writer for the *Peoria* (Ill.)

Journal Star, left the paper in August, according to an item in *Editor & Publisher.*

— 1962 —

MURRAY SEEGER, recently returned from Brussels where he was European economic correspondent for *The Los Angeles Times*, served as Howard R. Marsh Visiting Professor of Journalism at the University of Michigan in September and October.

JOHN HUGHES has been nominated by President Reagan to be associate director of the United States Information Agency in Washington, D.C.

Hughes is president of Hughes Newspapers Inc., Orleans, Massachusetts, which publishes several weekly newspapers on Cape Cod.

— 1963 —

PATRICK J. OWENS, Washington-based correspondent for *Newsday*, served as a panelist at the *Pine Bluff* (Ark.) *Commercial*'s Centennial Symposium, "The Newspaper and the Community," in September.

Owens remarked that a newspaper's dual role as a money-making business and public voice was never an easy one, and shouldn't be. Ethical questions, however, are answered by newspapers in a standard fashion, he said, with publishers sitting down with management, and asking, "How much will integrity cost us, and can we afford it?" He later commented that television was turning Americans into "a nation of opinionated dummies," because it presented abbreviated scenarios of events, and viewers came away thinking they knew what was going on. Newspapers must avoid the same trap, he said.

ALLISTER SPARKS, former editor of the *Rand Daily Mail*, Johannesburg, South Africa, and affiliated with that organization for 22 years, has been named South African correspondent for the *London Observer*. In 1979 he was honored, along with Rex Gibson of the Sunday *Express*, as International Editor of the Year.

— 1964 —

DAN WAKEFIELD, novelist and writer has edited the *Tenth Anniversary Double Fiction Issue of Ploughshares*, a literary quarterly published in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

— 1965 —

RAY JENKINS resigned as editor of the *Clearwater* (Fla.) *Sun* to become editor of the editorial page of the *Baltimore Evening Sun* effective November 1.

Jenkins, a Pulitzer prize-winning journalist, is former special assistant to President Jimmy Carter. He also holds a law degree and is a member of the Alabama bar.

— 1966 —

ROBERT MAYNARD, editor of the *Oakland* (Calif.) *Tribune* and *Eastbay Today*, was promoted to the additional role of publisher of those newspapers in August. He is the first black to fill these top positions on a major metropolitan newspaper.

Later that month Maynard was honored as Frederick Douglass Journalist of the Year, along with Lerone Bennett Jr., senior editor of *Ebony* magazine, by the National Association of Black Journalists at their sixth annual convention in Louisville, Kentucky. The award goes to the person or persons contributing the most to the advancement of black journalists during the previous year.

After coming to the *Tribune* as editor in 1979, Maynard increased the editorial staff from 130 to 177 in his first year. Two-thirds of those hired were women, and more than one half were members of minority groups.

Maynard is a founder and former chairman of the Institute for Journalism Education and directed its Summer Program for Minority Journalists at the University of California at Berkeley for three years.

— 1967 —

DANA R. BULLEN II, for twenty years a reporter and editor of the *Washington* (D.C.) *Star*, in September was named executive director of the World Press Freedom Committee, a group of 31 journalistic organizations unified to respond to major threats against the independent news media of the world. The WPFC also conducts a cooperative program with Third World media by providing seminars, workshops and training and serving as a clearing house for equipment.

PHILIP MEYER, former director of news research for Knight-Ridder Newspapers, resigned to become William Rand Kenan, Jr., Professor of Journalism, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

— 1969 —

JONATHAN YARDLEY, Pulitzer Prize-winning critic and formerly book editor of the *Washington Star*, served as a judge to select the recipient of the *Baltimore Sun*'s first H.L. Mencken Writing Award. The winner, announced in October, was Mike Royko, syndicated columnist of *The Chicago Sun-times*.

The *Baltimore Sun* established the annual award on the occasion of Mencken's 100th birthday, in recognition of the unique literary style characteristic of one of America's great journalists.

Yardley, who has started work on a biography of Mencken, commented, "As Mencken was the sage of Baltimore, so Royko is the sage of Chicago."

— 1971 —

JOHN PEKKANEN, an independent writer since 1972, has been named a winner in the 15th annual Penney-Missouri Magazine Awards, in the health and medical science category, for his article, "Hope All Things, Endure All Things," published in *The Washingtonian.*

Formerly with *Life* magazine, Pekkanen is the author of three nonfiction books in addition to many articles mainly involved with medicine and science. He was a Drug Abuse Council Fellow, and a National Magazine Awards finalist.

RONALD WALKER, special assistant to Congressman James Scheuer (R-N.Y.), writes that he and his family traveled across the country this summer. "In September I drove out to Colorado with my oldest son, Mark, to put him in the University of Denver as a freshman. I simply refuse to believe he's in college. He was such a small kid on Shaler Lane [Cambridge].

"Diane and I see the Dan Rapoports and John Pekkanens quite often; Dan has held two 'East Coast Reunions' of our

Nieman class since 1971 in Washington...."

The Walkers' new address: 5401 Westbard Avenue, Apt. 1308, Bethesda, MD 20816.

— 1972 —

ROBERT DEITZ has been appointed a vice president of Hill and Knowlton, Inc., in their Dallas office. Dietz has worked as an editor and reporter for the past 15 years and most recently held the post of business editor of the *Dallas Times Herald*. He formerly was public relations director for the *Courier-Journal* and *Louisville Times* (Kentucky).

— 1974 —

NED CLINE, former assistant managing editor of the *Greensboro* (N.C.) *Daily News*, was named managing editor in August. He writes: "I don't see nearly enough of the Nieman group anymore, only an occasional correspondence with those of my class. I did have drinks and dinner with ED WILLIAMS ('73) several weeks ago, and found that Marylyn, his bride, whom he snatched from Cambridge environs during his Nieman year is pleasantly pregnant."

SHIRLEY CHRISTIAN, Latin America correspondent for the *Miami Herald*, received an honors citation at the presentation ceremony of the Inter American Press Association Tom Wallace Awards October 12 in Rio de Janeiro.

— 1976 —

PETER BEHR, financial writer for *The Washington Post*, traveled to Europe last summer with his family — his wife, Marty, and their children Sandy, Chris, and Martha.

The Behrs, having visited Nieman classmates in Germany and France, report that all is well with Elga and GUNTER HAAF near Hamburg, as well as Inge and ROBERT FIESS in Paris.

Peter, in Cambridge recently, visited Lippmann House with Sandy on a trip to look at colleges in the area. He also brought some snapshots taken during their summer vacation, showing the Behrs with the young Fiesses, Ariane and Jean-Marc, also with the young Haafs, Niki and Susu, and various groupings of parents and offspring.

RON JAVERS, articles editor of *Philadelphia* magazine, has been named a winner in the 15th annual Penney-Missouri Magazine Award under the category of Contemporary Living for his article, "The Hardest Lesson."

— 1977 —

M.G.G. PILLAI, a freelancer in Malaysia, writes from Kuala Lumpur: "The Nieman reunion was an eye-opener and I found it a rewarding experience. I shall try and attend every one of the future ones. My only complaint that three days was rather too short: we should perhaps think in terms of a week-long reunion, with those not able to spare the time come for the crammed three-day event, and others for the week. Still, I am glad I came — as I hope you all were in seeing us there in Cambridge.

"I am just about to leave on a month-long reporting trip to Thailand — where I shall meet SUTHICHAI YOON ('80) — Sri Lanka, India and Bangladesh. I shall try and meet the Niemans in those countries and send you a progress report for Nieman Notes."

— 1978 —

ARUN CHACKO, associate editor in New Delhi, India, for *WorldPaper*, stopped in at Lippmann House in September. He was due to have a reunion with some of his fellow Fellows in Washington, D.C., the next day, and looked forward to a dinner gathering with ALAN EHRENHALT, FRED BARNES, ALICE BONNER, and MOLLY SINCLAIR.

— 1979 —

MICHAEL McDOWELL, after completing a year of study and research as a senior associate at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, moved back to Belfast, Northern Ireland, to work for BBC Current Affairs, covering politics. In October he crossed the Atlantic Ocean again and joined the staff of the *Globe and Mail* in Toronto, Canada.

MICHAEL McIVOR, formerly producer, radio Current Affairs with CBC, has been made a member of the editorial board of *The Toronto Star.*

Carol Bishop, his wife, has formed a media research service in Toronto called "Search and Rescue" that does research for writers and authors within 24 hours.

DONALD WOODS's book, *Asking for Trouble: The Autobiography of a Banned Journalist*, published in London earlier this year, has now been published in this country by Atheneum, New York.

Donald, in the States on a book tour, visited Lippmann House recently and led a seminar for the current class of Nieman Fellows.

FRANK VAN RIPER, after five years on the White House beat for the *New York Daily News*, is covering national politics. His profile of Walter Mondale appeared in the *New York News Magazine*, November 1.

Frank, an avid photographer, has had his work shown in four separate photo exhibitions within the past few months.

LAWRENCE WALSH, having finished his first year at the University of Pennsylvania Law School, is now associate editor of *The Progressive* magazine in Madison, Wisconsin.

WILLIAM GILDEA recently completed a profile on Washington D.C. political satirist Mark Russell for *Town and Country* magazine.

Additional news of his class from Frank Van Riper:

"PEGGY ENGEL, the Pearl Mesta of the class, hosted a terrific party in Washington September 12 for Donald Woods, who had a fine time greeting his old friends and drinking buddies. Soaking up the suds, wine, and great food were: Frank Van Riper and Judith Goodman, Emily and GRAEME BEATON, Mary Fran and BILL GILDEA, Marcia and BOB PORTERFIELD, and BILL EATON.

"Peggy Engel's debut as a Metro staff writer for *The Washington Post* was about as good as you can do: a boxed front page piece on Maryland's abysmal workers' compensation system that jumped to a full page inside. She's working 18-hour days and says she likes it. She told this recently to some of her colleagues over breakfast — at a hotel across the street from *The Post*, so she wouldn't be late for work."

SABAM SIAGIAN writes on a postcard datelined Hanoi, 12 October: "I'm touring Vietnam and Kampuchea for about three weeks. The picture shows Ho Chi Minh's tomb. Talking with the people

here, visiting places with the scars of many wars still visible, I couldn't help thinking...when will this people experience peace?"

Sabam is deputy chief editor, *Sinar Harapan Daily* in Jakarta, Indonesia.

— 1980 —

EVERETTE DENNIS, Visiting Nieman Fellow in the summer of 1980, in October became dean of the School of Journalism at the University of Oregon, Eugene.

During this past summer Everette was working at Harvard's Institute of Politics to help plan the new center for Press, Politics and Public Policy in the John F. Kennedy School of Government.

BISTRA LANKOVA now living in Massachusetts, was producer in Bulgaria of the film "Army Orderly by Vocation," which has been awarded the Golden Ear of Wheat at the recent Feature Film Festival in Valladolid, Spain.

The story depicts the gradual dehumanization of a simple man of peasant background who is unprepared to cope with the sophisticated, cynical military world into which he is thrust.

ROBERT TIMBERG and Kelley Andrews have announced their marriage on Saturday, the nineteenth of September, in Lewes, Delaware. Timberg is the *Baltimore Sun*'s Washington correspondent. He is also the author of the story "Unaccompanied Children" published in the October issue of the *Boston Monthly* magazine.

SUTHICHAI YOON, managing editor of *The Nation*, Bangkok, Thailand, in June was awarded the Koh Jai Wook Memorial Award for 1981 by the Press Foundation of Asia based in the Philippines.

In citing Suthichai, the foundation said that under his leadership "*The Nation* has become a powerful vehicle of Thai opinion, with thought-provoking, lively and courageous reporting on national affairs."

The award was set up in 1976 to commemorate the chairman of the South Korean newspaper, *Dong-A Ilbo*. Under its terms, Suthichai will undertake a tour of Southeast Asia and the Far East to exchange views on contemporary issues with journalists and colleagues.

— 1981 —

PETER ALMOND, reporter with the *Cleveland* (Ohio) *Press*, visited Japan in September and wrote a postcard from Tokyo saying that he had seen Nieman classmate Masayuki Ikeda, news editor of Radio Japan.

ROBERT COX, former editor of the English-language *Buenos Aires Herald*, is now with the *Charleston* (S.C.) *News and Courier*.

At a recent meeting of the Association for Education in Journalism at Michigan State University in East Lansing, Cox was a member of the panel on international communication. He said that American journalists and journalism educators should exert pressure on the Argentine government to free the approximately 60 journalists who are in Argentine prisons. He added that Argentine rulers are sensitive to American concern about political jailings in that country, a fact which may have spared the life of Jacobo Timerman, former editor of *La Opinion*, who was recently freed after months of captivity.

Cox, whose own life and that of his family were threatened, dismissed the idea that the Argentine press can be of help to the incarcerated journalists, many of whom have disappeared without a trace.

"The press in Argentina is dead," he declared.

— 1982 —

JUDY ROSENFIELD and her husband, Ira Simmons, were the focus of an article "Paternity Leave: Why Not?" in the September issue of *The ASNE Bulletin*. Both journalists are employees of the *Louisville* (Ky.) *Times*; Judy is editor of the Neighborhood Section; Ira is feature writer for the Saturday Scene magazine. When their son was born last April, Ira asked for, and got, a leave to take care of the infant. Andrew, now a toddler, is learning to navigate the curved stairway in Walter Lippmann House.

*

Recent visitors to Lippmann House include returning Niemans and spouses: Ana Westley from Madrid, Spain, who is married to JOSE ANTONIO MARTINEZ-SOLER ('77); DONALD ZYLSTRA ('54) with NASA in Washington, D.C.; ANTHONY DAY ('67) of *The Los Angeles Times* (who gave a seminar for the current class); JAMES BOYD ('80) en route to Minneapolis from Des Moines; WILLIAM GORDON ('53) back home in Washington, D.C. after a stint overseas; and PAUL LIEBERMAN ('80) and JIM STEWART ('81), both from the Atlanta *Constitution*, and on assignment in the Boston area, took time out for a cup of coffee in Cambridge.

—T.B.K.L.

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