

n i e m a n

autumn 1974



Falling • Nicholas Daniloff

*In the last decade, two superpower kings have
tumbled ignominiously from power.*

Words on Pictures • Stephen D. Northup

*Most editors have had their only photographic
experience in college . . .*

An Ideological Warrior in Moscow • Murray Seeger

*Correspondents who carry cameras . . . are
special targets.*

Busing: Banned in Boston? • Ned Cline

*Boston's politicians apparently have
learned nothing . . .*

Reflections: The York Gazette and Daily • James Higgins

*A lot of fellows who started newspapers . . . were
in it not for the money but to have their say.*

Bierce & Brann: Two Iconoclasts • Edward C. Norton

*The dark side of American written humor . . .
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VIEWPOINT

Denied: An Autumn for Our Discontents

Nice as it was to have Jerry Ford in the White House, though no longer making his own breakfast, it had been an oddly unsatisfying late summer. Or so it felt to one newspaper addict on Outer Cape Cod.

Now, with the unpardonable pardon, it all comes clear. Those premonitions have been fulfilled. A rare chance for the cleansing of our nation has been lost.

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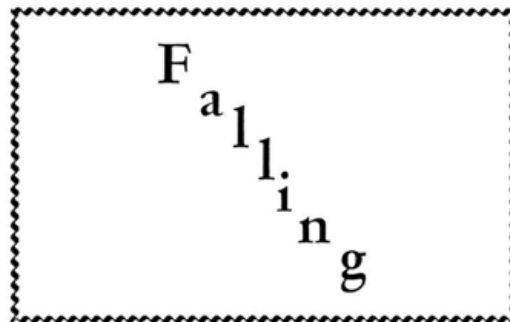
Prior to the pardon, and despite the brief honeymoon, the dominant emotion had been let-down. The Emperor was never indicted nor tried, nor even expelled from office. He simply withdrew to his Pacific palazzo, like the abdicated Diocletian to Split on the coast of Dalmatia. Not that vengeance or blood-lust was the driving force of his enemies (he was right: they *were* his enemies, even those of us who failed to make the list). Rather the need for a return to high principles, to fundamentals of redress, to the stern dignity that gave rise to the American experiment.

For one long rapt moment, as we watched the proceedings of the House Judiciary Committee, we retrieved those principles, fundamentals, and dignity. For a moment our yearnings were on the verge of fulfillment: restored pride in our selves, our representatives, and our much vaunted system. There was an unmistakable kinship, across the years, the races, and the sexes, from James Madison of Virginia to Barbara Jordan of Texas.

But then came Nixon's self-removal, confessing little, understanding less. And we were deprived, not of an inquisition, but of due process in the redress of our grievances. Those clear-eyed men of 1789 would not have had it so. They made no provision, in fact, for resignation of the presidential trust once that trust was violated. They stipulated impeachment, trial, and then either conviction or acquittal. They further allowed for prosecution after dismissal from office.

We, however, are given to sleazier ways. Plea bargaining for a Vice President ravenously on the take. Minimal suspended sentence for a convicted Attorney General, the highest law enforcement officer in the land. And then for the President himself, resignation, massive lifetime emoluments, and his successor's strong suggestion of a pardon if he ever

(continued on page 34)



In the last decade, two superpower kings have tumbled ignominiously from power. Most recently at midday, August 9, 1974, Richard Nixon resigned the presidency of the United States; ten years ago at midnight, October 15, 1964, Moscow announced the fall of Nikita Khrushchev as First Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party and Chairman of the Council of Ministers. In covering these two upheavals as a journalist, I perceive in retrospect that they contained a number of uncannily similar elements.

To be sure, the politics of the two downfalls were vastly different. The American process of undoing was tortuous, agonizingly slow, and embarrassingly public. The Soviet procedure was tortuous, brief, and secret. However, when the ultimate leader's position was truly threatened, political ideology became irrelevant. The president and the chairman clung to the remnants of power like drowning men clutching waterlogged driftwood.

As the fateful decision became imminent, and then irreversible, both governments retreated into defensive postures, and wrapped themselves in restrictive press policies. It was, at first, like divorcing couples trying to hide their incompatibilities. Then as the situation progressed, there was concern for the personal dignity of the embattled leader. Finally, and probably most important, that part of the government which was to survive was anxious to reassure the nation, and minimize world reaction—knowing that when the elephant sneezes, the rest of the world catches cold.

In both Moscow and Washington, the scenario of falling divides into eight rough stages. In stage one, the endangered leader tries to spread an overlay of "business-as-usual" to cover a seriously unstable situation, but certain warning signals announce major trouble ahead (stage two). When the resignation is no longer avoidable, the decision is reached in secrecy (stage three). Nevertheless, journalistic enterprise breaches that secrecy (stage four). While these first

exclusive reports are impossible for other newsmen to confirm immediately, there follows a torrent of reportage and speculation (stage five). Several observable events then take place which are related to the coming announcement and can no longer be disguised (stage six). The resignation announcement itself is relatively brief, and reassuring to the public but it is quickly followed by more savage explanations (stage seven). Finally, the fall from grace ensues, and is accompanied by the hasty removal of old vestiges and the beginning of an uncomfortable retirement (stage eight).

Khrushchev's political end was played out between the end of September and October 15, 1964; the analogous dates for Nixon were July 12-August 9, 1974. Curiously enough, both had retired to vacation homes by the sea—Khrushchev to his opulent dacha at Pitsunda on the Black Sea, and Nixon to La Casa Pacifica at San Clemente overlooking the ocean.

While Nixon's position had been in dispute increasingly since the Watergate break-in, Khrushchev's security seemed unchallenged. Foy Kohler, the American ambassador in Moscow, had been reporting to the State Department that there was no threat to his authority. Years later, officials told me that the Central Intelligence Agency agreed with this conclusion, although there was some scepticism within the State Department. Henry Shapiro, a veteran Kremlinologist, reflected these confident assessments in a commentary distributed by United Press International from Moscow barely a month before the fall on September 8, 1964: "The mantle of power," Shapiro wrote, "never rested more easily and securely than it does on the shoulders of the 70-year-old coal miner Nikita Khrushchev."

This was stage one—"business as usual." Khrushchev, apparently himself unaware of the impending challenge, left Moscow in leisurely fashion by train for the Caucasus. Members of his "kitchen cabinet" left on missions abroad

—Pavel Satyukov, editor of Pravda, went to Paris; Yuri Kharlamov, chairman of the state committee on television, went off to Norway. Aleksei Adzhubei, his son-in-law and editor of Izvestia, remained in the capital.

It has since come to light that Khrushchev received his first warning signal (stage two) on October 3 from his old friend and Presidium member Anastas Mikoyan who came especially to Pitsunda. The Presidium of the Communist Party was increasingly distressed by Khrushchev's failure

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to consult his colleagues, his disregard for expert advice, his dictatorial manner. In short, Khrushchev, like Nixon, was not only losing confidence, but also was facing an accusation of abuse of power.

The launching of the world's first multi-passenger space ship, Voskhod-1, on October 12, 1964, was a smokescreen behind which the crucial events took place. The nine-man Presidium convened in Moscow, and Mikoyan again travelled to Pitsunda. The old friend was carrying a second warning, but was still willing to participate in a charade of normality. As usual, Khrushchev held an enthusiastic telephone conversation with the orbiting spacemen which was nationally televised: "I warn you," Khrushchev chortled to the cosmonauts, "you managed quite well with the gravity overloads during take-off, but be ready for the overloads which we will arrange for you after you come back to earth. Then we'll meet you in Moscow with all the honors you deserve." He gave up the phone reluctantly, complaining that Mikoyan was grabbing it away—and his face disappeared from the screen forever.

Normality endured for a brief while, and departures from the norm were not quickly recognized. The Presidium decided to recall the space mission prematurely, and ordered newspapers to omit any reference to Khrushchev in publishing congratulatory telegrams. At Pitsunda, meanwhile, the French Minister for Atomic Energy, Gaston Palewski was awaiting a luncheon meeting with Khrushchev, which was suddenly advanced to 9:30 a.m. on October 13 without explanation. The meeting, nevertheless, took place, and TASS announced it. But TASS carefully neglected to add that Khrushchev then flew secretly to Moscow to confront his accusers.

On his return, Khrushchev went immediately to the Presidium where he lost his fight. Just as in the United States, where the impeachment of a president by the House of Representatives would be followed by a Senate trial, so too, the Khrushchev case was referred to the Central Committee. Mikhail Suslov, a Presidium member and chief

ideologist, presented a five-hour-long accusation to that body of over 300 members, and Khrushchev responded at length. Again, Khrushchev failed to win the support of a majority of members. It remained only for the Supreme Soviet, the Soviet parliament, to ratify these decisions depriving Khrushchev of supreme party and government power.

Throughout this whole period, Moscow maintained an appearance of calm. A lovely autumn was beginning; the air was clear and soft; the mushrooms were plentiful. Not a word of the political events appeared in the press. The decision to call down Voskhod-1 seemed slightly odd since the mission had been expected to last a week but the hint contained in the following conversation between ground control and commander Valetin Komarov was inscrutable:

Ground: Are you ready to proceed to the completion of that part of the program (the descent)?

Komarov: The crew is ready, but we would like to prolong the flight.

Ground: I read you, but we had no such agreement.

Komarov: We've seen many interesting things. We would like to extend the observations.

Ground: There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio . . . we shall go, nevertheless, by the program.

The Shakespearean allusion was from Hamlet: "There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are

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dreamt of in your philosophy." But what did it mean? And what did it mean that Khrushchev did not put in his usual call to the cosmonauts after they landed?

We Moscow correspondents pondered those questions, but we could not answer them. Years later scholars would produce convincing evidence that Khrushchev's serious troubles went back to the U-2 spy plane affair of May 1960, and were compounded by the undignified shoe-banging incident at the United Nations, the Berlin crisis of 1961, the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, the wheat harvest failure of 1963, the sharpening ideological dispute with Peking in 1964.

• • •

The warnings which President Nixon received during his San Clemente stay were not so discreet as those that Mikoyan brought Khrushchev. But that was expectable under the more open American political system. Since the mire of Watergate began oozing into the presidency, Nixon had tried to slog his way out and minimize the importance of the "third rate burglary," to proceed resolutely to carry on the nation's business, and, at the same time, defend himself. In 1973 he plunged into his second summit conference

in Washington with Khrushchev's successor, Leonid Brezhnev, under the shadow of the Senate committee's probe of the Watergate affair. In 1974 he flew off to Moscow for his third summit under the threat of an impeachment action. No doubt the continuation of these regular consultations between superpower adversaries was in the long-term interests of the United States, Soviet Union and the world. But what a stunning example of the "business-as-usual" syndrome it was that a president would confer with his most serious potential enemy when his own political position was about to be torpedoed!

The warning bells of stage two were so clearly audible that only the deaf could fail to hear them. At times the President and his intimates appeared deaf, and possibly also blind. Newsmen wrote of the air of unreality which seemed to pervade La Casa Pacifica when the Supreme Court issued its ruling that the President had to turn over an additional 64 tapes to special Watergate prosecutor Leon Jaworski; when the Senate Watergate Committee released further evidence which devastatingly demonstrated that the President knew about the Watergate coverup at a very early stage; when the House Judiciary Committee embarked on televised hearings which resulted in the recommendation of three articles of impeachment; when Republican congressman Lawrence Hogan announced that he could no longer support the president and would vote in favor of impeachment.

Khrushchev used to say that no statesman willingly gives up power of his own free will. The glory of power, its splendid perquisites, its positive uses, its evident corruptions, similarly obtain in America. The day before the president returned to Washington from his western holiday, his

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spokesman Ronald Ziegler was saying that the chief executive was absolutely convinced that he had not committed an impeachable offense, and that the full House of Representatives would not adopt the proposed articles of impeachment. However, on the flight from California to Washington, chief of staff Gen. Alexander Haig was more sober. He acknowledged to the pool of reporters on "The Spirit of 76" that the situation was, indeed, serious.

Thus it became clearer that the political crisis was moving towards stage three, although the White House spokesmen tried to portray the President as executing his daily routine with discipline and concentration. Until August 8, the eve of resignation, Gerald Warren, the spokesman who did most of the talking, insisted that the President had no intention of resigning. He disclosed that the President was reviewing the tapes to be turned over to Jaworski, and

attending to other business. The White House News Office continued to disgorge its usual cascade of handouts detailing a variety of decisions. And then on Saturday, August 3rd, the President and his family flew to the privacy of Camp David.

Covering that retreat on the crest of the Catoctin Mountains was almost exactly like covering a secret meeting of the Communist Party. Camp David is a discreet hideout in the Catoctin National Forest marked only by a very modest sign. It is as strictly guarded as any strong post in the Soviet Union. Its pleasant country cottages are hidden among the trees, surrounded by a double wire fence which is topped with coils of barbed wire. Military guards, armed with weapons and accompanied by dogs, secure the entrance. Press contacts between Camp David and newsmen on that weekend were only slightly better than press contacts between the Kremlin and Moscow correspondents. Jerry

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Warren, who spoke for the embattled President, remained in Washington, and the wire service correspondents who covered the story from the base of the mountain had to call back to Washington for their alleged inside information.

That Sunday afternoon none of us saw the only major piece of news which became visible—the gleaming U.S. Marine helicopter which sputtered over the valley and landed in the retreat. But Jerry Warren called to confirm that the President had summoned his top advisers including his two speech writers, Ray Price and Patrick Buchanan. On the basis of that morsel of information, the AP and the UPI did what their counterparts in Moscow frequently have to do: they made the most of that morsel without really knowing what the most was. In this case, the two wire services urgently reported that the President had reached a decision (because his top advisers were present) and was discussing how to put it before the public (because his speech writers were present). But what the decision was remained mysterious. The President had not decided to resign—although subsequently White House officials acknowledged that the possibility of resignation had been talked about. Rather, the decision was to release transcripts of his June 23, 1972, conversations with his top aides which were highly incriminating. So incriminating, in fact, that he had hidden them from his closest supporters and his defense counsel, James St. Clair. The tapes showed, when they were made public the next afternoon, that the President was involved in the coverup from the beginning despite his

protestations to the contrary. The President had done the unforgivable in democratic politics: he had perpetrated a major lie to his colleagues, the Congress, the public.

By Monday evening, August 5, the inevitability of resignation was staring Nixon in the face. But, of course, according to stage three of the scenario he was bound to keep his

The warning bells of stage two were so clearly audible that only the deaf could fail to hear them.

own counsel. Earlier that day he had convened his cabinet to discuss an issue which was on everybody's mind—the national inflation and the economy. As I watched him conduct the meeting in the Cabinet Room, I saw a man who appeared relaxed, good humored, serene. He radiated confidence . . . or, should I say, he wore a carefully contrived mask. He was determined that the business of government should go on as the House of Representatives pursued its constitutional process. And he would not resign . . . not resign . . . not resign, his aides kept on repeating up until Wednesday, August 7.

On that Wednesday, Jerry Warren's tone changed ever so slightly. He would no longer say flatly that the President had no intention of resigning. Rather he adopted this formula: "I have to tell you quite frankly," he told the regular midday news briefing, "there is nothing to add to anything that has already been said." This shift was noticeable. But it was still inscrutable, like the premature recall of the spaceship Voskhod-1, or Khrushchev's failure to greet the crew by telephone on their safe return. By early Wednesday afternoon, there were other signs that Nixon had passed through stage three to stage four.

This next phase was that of the unmatched journalistic exclusive. In the ensuing hours, the *Presidence Journal-Bulletin* reported that Nixon had taken the irrevocable decision to resign; the *Phoenix (Arizona) Gazette* reported that he would step down by the end of the afternoon. The source of these two stories was mysterious, but the *Journal-Bulletin's* report had the ring of truth about it. The unnamed confidential source said: "I can tell you that the decision is irrevocable. The President has come to the conclusion that the national interest may best be served by his resignation, irrespective of the mammoth injustice committed against him that has prompted this painful decision on his part."

Who could be in a position to pass this information on to the press? The identity of the source has never been disclosed, and does not seem likely to. But it was public knowledge that the President had met with Rabbi Korff Tuesday evening and again on Wednesday morning. The rabbi had become one of Nixon's last political supporters, rallying

a reported two and one-half million Americans in the President's hour of need. After his Tuesday encounter at the White House, Rabbi Korff had issued a statement which said that he would support the President whatever he did. On Wednesday in an interview with this reporter, Rabbi Korff said the President's predicament was sad, and unjust, but he told me I would have to draw my own conclusions about resignation. Possibly, Rabbi Korff, who comes from Providence, Rhode Island, was more forthcoming with the hometown newspaper.

Stage four of the Khrushchev saga was announced by a similar journalistic scoop. At 4 P.M.—a full five hours before the official announcement—the *London Evening News*

The President had done the unforgivable in politics. . .

of October 15, 1964 published a story reporting the trouble in the Kremlin. The news had been filed by Viktor Louis, a Soviet citizen of French ancestry, who was among the very few Russians allowed to serve as an occasional correspondent for the Western press. Since he produced an unauthorized translation of *My Fair Lady* in the late 1950s, his enterprising exploits had become renowned. Many believed he was a secret police agent. When he wrote about the Soviet political scene, his remarks were taken seriously. His exclusive said in part:

"Moscow is being decorated in preparation for welcoming the astronauts who come to the capital tomorrow. But missing from the usual portraits of government leaders is the well-known face of Mr. Khrushchev. Nobody knows anything for sure, but many Russians expect either today or at the latest tomorrow morning some explanation of a number of unusual events now taking place."

Stage Five: the exclusive reports create pressure on the rest of the journalistic community to confirm the sensational news. A feverish excitement reigns; all stops are pulled out. Telephone calls are placed to officials of all ranks, but they go unanswered.

In Moscow, Sam Jaffe, the correspondent for the American Broadcasting Company, receives a cryptic tip from a Soviet friend: "Sam, someone you know and respect is out." Jaffe asks: "From both positions?" Answer: "Yes." Jaffe paces up and down his apartment for hours trying to decide whether to file. He painstakingly checks other sources, notes the Viktor Louis scoop, and decides to inform his New York office. Late in the evening, other Western journalists begin getting veiled hints. Finally, workers at the government newspaper *Izvestia* inform the Westerners that their afternoon paper will not come out as usual, but will be held up for simultaneous publication with the morning newspaper *Pravda*. Something is up.

In Washington, ten years later on Wednesday, August 7, a similar turmoil is in progress. President Nixon calls three congressional leaders to the White House, Sen. Barry Goldwater, the former Republican presidential candidate, Sen. Hugh Scott, the Senate minority leader, and John Rhodes, the House minority leader, to discuss the growing pressure for resignation in the Congress. The three emerge from the Oval Office at the end of the afternoon, and inform the White House press corps on the Northwest lawn that they outlined the congressional situation, that they did not urge resignation or any other course of action, and that the President did not communicate to them whether he intended to resign, or to stick it out till the bitter end.

No one in authority at the White House is willing to comment, or even answer the telephone. At 10:30 p.m. Secretary Kissinger's black limousine is spotted in the White House driveway for whatever that may mean. And then there is a coincidence quite similar to the significant delay in publication of *Izvestia* in Moscow:

A White House staff member meets an old journalist friend as they ride home on a late evening bus. The White House official is worn out, but talkative. He tells his friend that Ray Price has been drafting the resignation speech and having difficulty in getting the right wording. The decision has been definitely made. The news conveyed in this fortuitous conversation quickly finds its way into the four star edition of the *New York Daily News* of Thursday, August 8, and other news media.

Stage Five: observable public events connected with the fall can no longer be disguised.

In Moscow, Red Square is being decorated for the returning cosmonauts. A huge portrait of Nikita Khrushchev hangs on the front of the Moskva Hotel on the evening of October 15 at 10:30 p.m. At 11 p.m., it is being dismantled by workmen. United Press International learns of this development—and flashes the news.

In Washington, on Thursday morning, August 8, 1974, Vice President Ford officiates at a Medal of Honor ceremony at Blair House, across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House. His staff assistants disclose he is postponing a planned political campaign trip to the West Coast. I stop Defense Secretary Schlesinger on the street after the ceremony to ask if all the reports of impending resignation "are just pure bunk." Schlesinger pulls on his pipe, but doesn't answer. A colleague asks if he will serve as defense secretary in a Ford Administration, and Schlesinger replies: "That would be a decision that Mr. Ford would have to make"—the first official affirmation. Immediately after the ceremony, Ford is summoned to the Oval Office to get the word.

Stage six: the official announcement.

Scene: USSR. TASS releases the news at three minutes past midnight:

"A plenary meeting of the Central Committee of the CPSU was held on Oct. 14. The meeting granted N. S. Khrushchev's request to be relieved of his duties as First Secretary of the CPSU Central Committee, and chairman of the Council of Ministers of the U.S.S.R. in view of his advanced age and deterioration of his health.

"The plenum of the CPSU Central Committee elected L. I. Brezhnev First Secretary of the CPSU Central Committee."

In Washington, on the night of August 8, 1974, President Nixon's resignation announcement from the Oval Office is longer, and more personal. But that is largely a question of style. The same essential elements are there. The chief must step down for an objective and acceptable reason: loss of support in Congress. There is no significant admission of error or wrong-doing. Continuity is stressed. The number two man will quietly succeed.

These two announcements—designed to maintain the personal dignity of the leader and to reassure an uncertain nation, and a shaken world—tell only a part of each story.

Within two days (stage seven) *Pravda* publishes further accusations against Khrushchev whose name henceforth is banned from public mention. "Hare-brained schemes" and "armchair methods" are among the general accusations hurled against the erstwhile leader. New words like "voluntarism" and "projectorism" are coined to indicate that Khrushchev had come to believe that his own deep convictions must be right, that his fantasies would come true.

The follow-up in Richard Nixon's case comes from the President himself at a farewell meeting in the East Room

As I watched [the President] convene the meeting in the Cabinet Room, I saw a man who . . . radiated confidence. . .

of the White House on Friday, August 9. It is a tortured, intensely emotional performance under the merciless klieg lights. The statesmanlike demeanor of the resignation speech is shattered; at times, the chief executive, in his last hours of legal authority, seems a broken man, wallowing in self-pity while all the time denying it:

"I only wish I were a wealthy man," he says as he denies that personal gain ever motivated anyone in his administration. "At the present time I've got to find a way to pay my taxes."

"I'm not an educated man, but I do read books," he says as he searches for a quotation from Theodore Roosevelt which he wants to read.

"Nobody will ever write a book probably about my mother . . . my mother was a saint . . ."

This is the other Nixon, the Nixon without the mask, without the self-control—crude, invidious, combative to the end.

Stage eight: Gen. Alexander Haig delivers Nixon's one-line resignation letter to the White House Office of the Secretary of State at 11:35 a.m., slightly more than 25 minutes before Gerald Ford is sworn in as president. At that moment, President Nixon is flying over Jackson City, Missouri, in "The Spirit of 76." It must be an intensely bitter moment for a man who had counted on presiding at the splendid ceremonies of the nation's 200th birthday in 1976. When he arrives in California, he emerges as a private citizen, while at the executive mansion in Washington his memory is already gathering its first dust. His mementoes are gone from the shelves in the Oval Office; at noon, his press staff is replaced by the new President's press staff. Even the candid Nixon photographs which decorated the corridors of the White House are speedily replaced with similar shots of Ford meeting with Soviet Ambassador Dobrynin and other political figures.

When I ask the News Office to reread the transcripts of the briefings of early August for this article several weeks later, I am told that all those records have been sent to the National Archives for safe-keeping. Only a number of White House personnel remain to aid in the transition. Gen. Haig is the last to go at the end of the summer.

Khrushchev's stage eight is more bitter still. In retirement, his health takes a turn for the worse—rather like

Nixon. He is listless and anguished. His physical needs are taken care of, but the Kremlin seeks to erase his memory from the popular consciousness. He is made an "unperson." His name is edited out of the new editions of the history books, his existence may not be discussed in the news media. A book by Anatoly Gromyko, son of the Soviet Foreign Minister, describes the Kennedy administration and makes only the most fleeting reference to Khrushchev at the summit meeting with Kennedy in Vienna, June 1961. Khrushchev, who overturned the Stalinist cult of personality, who experimented with international crises and took important steps toward disarmament, who made daring revisions in Communist doctrine, is identified blandly as "the head of the Soviet government."

It is little wonder that Khrushchev began dictating his memoirs. And although it is extraordinary, it is entirely understandable that he allowed these reflections to be smuggled to the West where they would be preserved at the Columbia University Oral History Project by bourgeois historians more respectful of the past.

Perhaps there is a "stage nine:" the search for exoneration and recognition before history.

Richard Nixon, when do we hear from you again?

—Nicholas Daniloff

Freedom from something is not enough. It should also be freedom for something. Freedom is not safety but opportunity. Freedom ought to be a means to enable the press to serve the proper functions of communication in a free society.

Zechariah Chafee, Jr.
The Press Under Pressure
[Nieman Reports, April 1948]

Words on Pictures

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

My purpose is to try and express some of my understanding of that short-changing, and more importantly, to try and start a dialogue in these pages in the issues to come about our daily use of pictures.

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

Most papers have one or more reporters who are called upon to travel with some regularity, but this fails to carry

. . . In most city rooms photographers are second-class citizens.

over to the photographers' assignments. Again, I cite the *Post*: a few years back Bill Greider was sent out around the nation to do an Indian roundup—the social, economic, cultural state of the first Americans. Not only was no photographer assigned, but no word of the project ever reached the department head until it was well under way. In the case of *The New York Times*, seven times that newspaper has sent reporters to China, but not once has it thought enough of its readers' visual interest to send along a photographer. Our readers deserve better.

This discrimination starts early. Even the prestigious

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

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

The huge majority of managing editors and city editors and page editors are word people. Perhaps it should be so,

These . . . daily visual atrocities the reader suffers are perpetuated by lack of understanding, interest and imagination.

as by training, by experience, by desire and inclination, they have been educated to think in terms of print. Writers can ponder subtleties of meaning, word roots and sentence structure while the poised pen or the silent typewriter waits.

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

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

Sometimes a picture from the back, or simply a close-up of a man's hands, will tell more than words ever could.

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

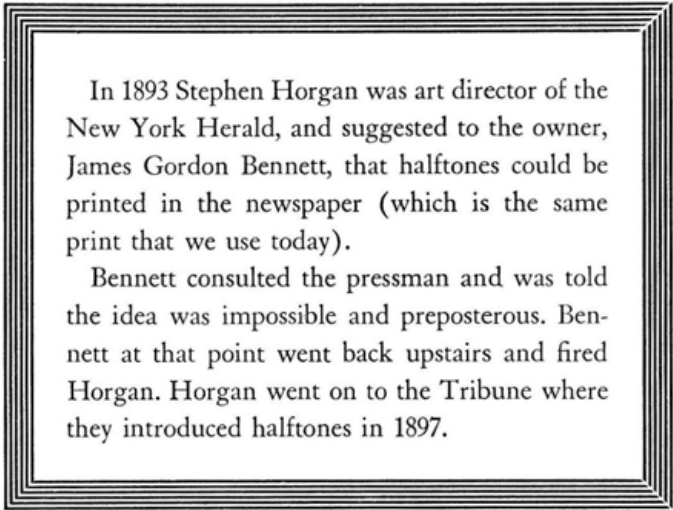
Much is said these days about newspapers becoming daily magazines in order to compete better for the readers' attention and interest. For photographers, this is a welcome move, as in most cases it is coupled (in the individual papers) to a clearing of the front pages of each section, opening up a variety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

About that content: ask any photographer on any publication for his main gripe and you'll hear, "They never run the good stuff." All too often he's right. In the big year-end photojournalism contests only about 20 per cent of each year's winners have ever seen the light of day. Now there's some-

The photographer must look beyond the words being spoken. There is a whole nuance of body language and facial expression.

thing wrong here. Too many good pictures are getting away because of lack of visual incentive and poor editorial judgment.

There is another side to this situation as well—assignments. Try this little experiment: look through a week's worth of papers—not only yours, but those you have access to in your office. How many hand-shake pictures can you count? Here is an example of pure visual hogwash. The reader collects next to no information from this space. Now if the point of the exercise is to get a picture of the mayor in the paper, then send a photographer down to spend some time with him and run a good one. On the other hand, if



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

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

the desire is to show the recipient of a plaque/check/key/etc., then spend some time with that person, and show the special qualities perceived. I know if the recipient were, say, a woman who had pulled six kids from a swollen creek, it's a little hard to illustrate her in a re-rescue; but you might picture her talking with the kids, or simply make a good portrait of her by herself.

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

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

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

We live in an environment that is rapidly changing—not only our towns, but also our people. I feel it is vitally important to document and record these changes, to see where we are, where we have come from, and in which direction

we are headed. Photography is a precious tool in this effort—it can help us explain ourselves to others, and to us.

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

Pictures speak a universal language. I have a feeling that if you took Eddie Adams' great photograph of South Vietnamese Colonel Luan shooting the Viet Cong on that Saigon

One thing becomes apparent right away: you have precious little time to catch the eye, and mind.

Street and showed it, without caption, to as wide a spectrum of viewers as you could reach, the same emotions would be engendered. The outward manifestations would probably vary, due to cultural and political mind-sets, but down deep, where the Real Guy lives, the stirrings would be the same.

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

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

—Stephen D. Northup

An Ideological Warrior In Moscow

When a zealous Komsomol smashed Chris Wren of The New York Times in the face and then knocked Lynne Olson of the Associated Press into the Moscow mud with a punch in the stomach last September, he was striking blows in the east-west battle of ideas.

The two reporters, along with the rest of the American press corps resident in Moscow, and many diplomats, had gone to a new residential area to witness an unusual event, a large, outdoor display of "unofficial art," works produced by painters who do not belong to the Soviet Union of Artists.

In front of the reporters, the Soviet secret police (KGB) mounted a massive display of repressive weapons—including bulldozers, water trucks, uniformed and plainclothes' police and helpers dressed in civilian clothes—to brutally close the show.

One of the vigilantes spotted Wren taking a picture of the ugly scene and with the help of some friends pushed the camera into his face and hit him, chipping a tooth. Ms. Olson went to Wren's assistance and was knocked down. Mike Parks of The Baltimore Sun and Russ Jones of the American Broadcasting Co. were manhandled when they tried to help their colleagues.

For the Moscow correspondents, that Sunday in Semenovskoye was the ugliest confrontation with the sprawling arms of the Soviet security agencies in many years. It was an explicit, painful example of the sometimes mysterious Kremlin dictum, "there is no peaceful co-existence for ideology." But not the only example.

The correspondents were indirectly warned that they were exempt from the modest benefits of political and economic detente between Moscow and Washington nearly two years ago when a visiting American editor talked with the chief of the Soviet Foreign Ministry Press Office. Asked why the American correspondents could not be allowed to travel more freely within the Soviet Union, as well as across its borders, and have more access to original news sources, the Soviet official replied: "Correspondents are defined as agents of the enemy ideology and there is no peaceful co-existence for ideology."

From the time former President Nixon arrived in Moscow in May 1972, the resident American correspondents tried to capitalize on the official opening of better relations with the Soviets to improve their working conditions. Their list of requests was short and modest. But in two and a half

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

S. D. N.

years the Soviets made no changes in their stringent rules restricting correspondents' activities.

Meantime, the newly accredited representatives of American business started arriving in Moscow in the wake of the new agreements on U.S.-Soviet trade. The difference between peaceful co-existence and ideological warfare became clear.

The new business representatives, like the resident diplomats, were given permanent exit-re-entry visas making it possible for them to leave and enter Moscow at will. Correspondents must still apply for individual visas for each trip for each member of their families whether it is an emergency to see a doctor or dentist in Helsinki or simply a shopping venture to London. Since a correspondent cannot draw dollars from his bank account, or buy an airline ticket, without physical possession of a visa, the requirement is more than a bureaucratic annoyance.

So far, the businessmen are not required to pay Soviet income taxes, an annual ritual for the correspondents who are required to report their income and pay 13 per cent in a lump sum. (A proposed income tax treaty which would end this procedure which also effects Soviet journalists in the U.S. has yet to pass Congress.)

The businessmen, of course, do not try to travel outside Moscow very much nor do they attempt to meet Soviet citizens outside the official circles they deal with. On these issues, the correspondent faces the same limits that have been in effect for decades.

According to current rules, no correspondent can talk with a Soviet official without prior approval of the Foreign Ministry. Approval is rarely given or comes so late that the

"Correspondents are defined as agents of the enemy ideology and there is no peaceful co-existence for ideology."

correspondent has dropped the subject. An official interview arranged through the Novisti Press Agency, a branch of the KGB, costs a minimum of \$25 an hour, paid in dollars, not rubles.

Diplomats were recently given the right to travel within the Moscow Oblast without prior permission while correspondents are still limited to a smaller circle roughly 25 miles from the Kremlin. While restricted areas within the region are still closed, the new order gave diplomats about 65 miles in which to drive and made Zagorsky, the Vatican City of the Russian Orthodox Church, available for unannounced visits.

To travel out of Moscow, American correspondents must get permission from the Foreign Ministry and then make their travel arrangements through either the official agency, Intourist, which requires payment in hard currency, or the

Although the U.S. Government gives good support to American correspondents who come under fire in Moscow, the Swiss have set an example no others have come close to.

The Swiss a few years ago warned the Kremlin that if the one correspondent in Moscow representing a Swiss paper was expelled, then all four Soviet correspondents working in Switzerland would also be expelled.

When the Soviets protested the disparity in numbers, the Swiss answered, "He is the only one we have."

diplomatic agency (UPDK). They must also get approval from Novisti if they want interviews on their trip and receive visas from the Passport Office (OVIR) before they can buy any air or train tickets. Each step requires written requests.

A correspondent can very easily be denied permission to travel because of this tangled system without knowing the true reason for the refusal. Sometimes the Foreign Ministry simply says "no," which makes it easy for the correspondent to report the action to the U.S. Embassy which can urge the State Department to reciprocate against a Soviet journalist in the States.

But sometimes Novisti explains they have no one available to help the visitor; or Intourist says there are no facilities available in the chosen city for foreigners; or UPDK says the hotels, planes or trains are all booked.

Preventing an American correspondent from traveling is only one of many devices the Soviets use to discourage or punish those writers who come under suspicion for writing stories categorized under the amorphous heading, "anti-Soviet."

Nearly every American working in Moscow, sooner or later, writes something "anti-Soviet" and they are all under constant surveillance. But some correspondents try harder to "get along" with the official spokesmen they meet and avoid making the contacts or writing the stories that will stimulate stronger official reactions. As one who tried neither to get special favors from Soviet contacts nor went out of his way to antagonize his hosts, I offer a case history of how the Russians treat "ideological agents."

Shortly after I arrived in Moscow in January 1972, I introduced myself to the Foreign Ministry press office. They were there to "help," F. S. Fedorenko, a veteran deputy, said. He also noted that my predecessor, Harry Trimborn, had written some stories from Armenia which the local officials resented. Such incidents made it difficult for the Foreign Ministry to get permission for correspondents to travel outside Moscow, Fedorenko added.

The first indirect warning I received came through another American who had tried to make "friends" with his

Novisti contacts. One of the Novisti spokesmen, the American said, had asked about me and suggested a story I wrote about the dreadful food sold in state stores sounded "anti-Soviet."

My next warning came directly from Fedorenko who met me at the big British Embassy reception for the Queen's birthday in June.

"What is the matter, Mr. Seeger, don't you like this country?" he asked, in Russian. "Your stories sound as if you don't like this country." He refused to elaborate or specify

Nearly every American working in Moscow, sooner or later, writes something "anti-Soviet"

any particular stories that had upset the small circle of officials who read American newspapers. After delivering his message, Fedorenko became a congenial Ukrainian and introduced me to some interesting people.

The next messages were even more direct. I was denied permission to travel, along with Rick Smith of The New York Times, to view the harvest in Kazakhstan or to Georgia to see the New York City Ballet perform. Smith and other Americans were permitted to go to Tbilisi but for me there were two messages over the telephone, the same except for the nationalities involved.

"You cannot go to Kazakhstan because the people of Kazakhstan will not receive you. The people of Kazakhstan do not like the stories you write." Since I had never been there, I asked which stories upset Kazakhs and was told all my work was distasteful and that they were reacting to what they had learned about me from other Soviet citizens. I asked for the names of those people who were upset because, I said, they were not paying for the subscriptions. The Foreign Ministry spokesman hung up.

As a result of this action, the State Department barred two Soviet journalists from going to Chicago and announced publicly the step was taken in retaliation for what had been done to me in Moscow.

The travel ban was dropped when I requested permission to visit Riga in November but while I was there, Literaturnaya Gazeta, the weekly published by the Writers' Union, carried an article denouncing me. In response, I wrote a letter to the weekly, correcting some factual errors and suggesting that instead of attacking foreign correspondents the Soviets should remove travel barriers and open more channels of communication. I was invited to the L.G. office to "discuss" my letter.

My host was head of the international section, a man named Prudkoff who was known as a probable KGB officer and as the official who had talked last with David Bonavia of the London Times before he was expelled from the

country that spring. When I sat down, Prudkoff started to denounce me in bitter terms, saying "ruling circles do not like what you write" and that "you are the most disliked correspondent since Harrison Salisbury." I answered that I considered this a great compliment but refused to listen to denunciations. After an unrewarding talk about the comparable conditions for correspondents in Washington, New York and Moscow, and a firm "niet" when I asked if they were going to print my letter, Chris Catlin of Reuters, who accompanied me as both a witness and translator, and I excused ourselves.

A month later the same publication attacked me again, although this time the story carried what amounted to answers to some of the points I had made in my letter.

This progression, from early, indirect warnings to a personal confrontation, seemed scheduled to test my reactions. The reason the process was not carried further to its natural conclusion—expulsion—was probably a concern by the Soviets that there would be a strong American reaction. This could range from an immediate reciprocal expulsion of a Soviet journalist to even stronger anti-Moscow feelings in Congress where the Kremlin was trying to get trade and concessions.

Other correspondents experienced variations on these psychological themes. James Peipert of the Associated Press, a bold correspondent with good underground sources, found his 1973 press credentials were not renewed, although his colleagues' were. The Soviets were apparently hoping the AP would take the hint and transfer Peipert, but the agency stood firm and refused. Peipert's document was finally issued.

Jay Axelbank, who worked in Moscow eight years for the United Press International and Newsweek, was called in

" . . . Ruling circles do not like what you write . . . you are the most disliked correspondent since Harrison Salisbury."

and warned directly by the Foreign Ministry over "poor behavior" including driving a car with a dented fender. He worked for more than a year with a press card that had to be renewed every three months. The first correspondent to interview the leading political dissident, Prof. Andrei Sakharov, Axelbank continued to work as usual and Newsweek supported him.

While the Soviet attempts at intimidation seem crude and ineffective to most experienced American correspondents, the Russians have had enough successes for them to continue their tactics. Many correspondents from other western countries are not nearly so bold as the Americans because they are not supported by either their managements or governments.

One of the minor gestures the Americans stationed in Moscow have been seeking is the right to join the journalists' club (Dom Journalisti), known as one of the best restaurants in Moscow.

So far the Soviets have done nothing more than permit foreigners to attend occasional "international nights" when the local members are kept out. When Soviet journalists are told theirs is the only major world capital without a club for foreign journalists, they answer that a new facility is on the drawing boards.

The Italian government television company withdrew its correspondent under Soviet pressure and a Japanese agency transferred one of its men shortly after his arrival because the Soviets objected to a book he had written. Some young correspondents fear their careers would be damaged by an expulsion or serious denunciation. Other reporters simply cannot stand the psychological or physical pressure that the KGB can apply, especially because the general atmosphere of surveillance and isolation is so strong in Moscow.

Time and again when correspondents covered the tiny, brief demonstrations staged by Jews attempting to emigrate or dissidents expressing some grievance, the security police would try to provoke correspondents into some action that could lead to a fight or arrest. The favorite KGB tricks were to step on correspondents' toes, blow smoke in their faces, call them names or take their photos over and over. When Gordon Joseloff of the UPI made the mistake of visiting a group of Jews by himself, he was met by a squad of KGB men who took his notebooks away.

Correspondents who carry cameras, as the Moscow wire reporters usually do, are special targets, apparently because the Soviets fear the repellent reaction generated worldwide by photos of demonstrations and police repression. While they can accuse foreign correspondents of creating "anti-Soviet inventions," they have more difficulty denying photographic evidence. In the same way, while there is no censorship of copy from Moscow, the Soviets control the transmission of all still photos and bar all television filming by foreigners except that done under Novosti control or during such special events as summit conferences.

While the pressure on Moscow correspondents varies little from year to year, it is clear that higher authority, probably policymakers in the office of the Communist Party Central Committee, react when the security forces have gone so far as to cause strong overseas revulsion to their tactics.

This apparently happened in the case of the September art show since those arrested were let off with easy sentences

and many had their paintings returned. There were no apologies to the assaulted correspondents, however.

If there is a lesson to be learned from this history of "ideological warfare," it is that it is wrong to equivocate with the Soviets or bow to their attacks. Correspondents who try to "make friends" with their official contacts are soon taken advantage of. If they finally write something the Soviets do not like, they are criticized even more severely than the correspondents considered "unfriendly" to begin with.

The writers who stand up to the pressures gain a measure of respect from the Soviets, especially if their stories are as accurate as the limited opportunities for first-hand observation and research available in Moscow can make them. On the ideological-journalistic front, as in diplomacy, the Soviets respect toughness.

Unfortunately, neither the Nixon Administration nor, so far, the Ford has shown much interest in the problems faced by American correspondents in Moscow. The subject of the limitations placed on correspondents did not figure in any of the three summit meetings between Nixon and Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev.

The U.S. Embassy has consistently supported the Moscow reporters' effort to bring their working conditions several stops closer to the conditions enjoyed by Soviet journalists working in New York and Washington.

At the higher diplomatic levels, however, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger has shown little interest in the issue. Most reporters who have worked in Moscow feel there will be no changes made in the Soviet treatment until the White House shows as much concern for improving cultural communication as it has for improving trade relations.

—Murray Seeger

"My liberalism stops with busing my children into Roxbury. I'll use a private school first, although I wouldn't mind having black kids bused to my area."

—From "Busing: Banned in Boston?"

Busing:

Banned in Boston?

In his recent book *THE GOOD OLD BOYS*, Paul Hemphill (Nieman Fellow '69) writes at some length of his Nieman year and how—after poormouthing his way past the Selection Committee—he found himself in the company of intelligentsia who theorized that as a Southerner he revered only God, Sears and Roebuck, and Eugene Talmadge.

Well, for Hemphill's information—or anyone else who might give a rebel yell—things have changed little since 1969 in that regard. There are those who still think Southerners worship Sears, although God and Talmadge have been replaced by school segregation and Sam Ervin.

And speaking of school segregation, it's good to know that busing is no longer banned in Boston.

Good? No, not really. Interesting would fit better in one sense, disturbing in another.

It was interesting to watch Bostonians approach the crisis, but disturbing to see the results.

Boston, that cradle of American liberty in 1776 and citadel of abolitionist zeal in subsequent years, has fallen victim to a common southern frailty: letting its better behavior of the past be eclipsed by its worst instincts of the present.

Busing for Boston, of course, was inevitable unless there are in fact some of us equals more equal than others. Forced busing is one of the few things the South hasn't been behind in—a fact assured by the Swann decision three years ago.

Southerners didn't do it because they wanted to, of course, but because they had to once the court had mandated. So be it for Boston.

One of the most beneficial, albeit troublesome, learning experiences at Harvard was to witness first-hand the raw racial bigotry and hypocrisy surrounding the coming of forced busing to Boston. The South, indeed, has no monopoly in this area.

Perhaps it shouldn't have been surprising. After all, that bedrock of infinite wisdom, George Wallace, had been shouting from the rooftops for years that the North was worse than "down home where the folks are." But having been "down home" with the Wallace folks as a reporter and observing the pugnacious little man first-hand during his political stumpjumping, it somehow seems appropriate not to believe it simply because Wallace said it.

(It should be pointed out here that Wallace has shown his own true decisiveness on matters politic by coming full circle

from nevah being "out-niggered" again in the 50's to "segregation now and forever" in the 60's to being governor of "all the people" in the 70's).

After a Nieman year watching the politicians of Boston barricade themselves against the realities of busing in order to end their practice of systematic segregation, it's hard to prove Wallace wasn't right—if for all the wrong reasons.

Yet somehow, I had expected more. Wasn't Massachusetts the first state in the nation to adopt a racial imbalance law a decade ago? And aren't the country's best and brightest sequestered inside Harvard's hallowed halls?

Remember, too, that it was 10 years ago that Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Peabody, the governor's mother, and some men of the cloth wound up in a Florida jail after conducting a crash course on teaching southern racists how to love thy neighbors of another color.

Well, as events of this summer and fall have shown, so much for Boston's leadership capacity. Righteousness has given way to wrath. The chickens are roosting along the banks of the Charles this year.

Put still another way, Bostonians have seemed to prove Simmons' Law. As explained recently by James J. Kilpatrick, this rule promulgated by an astute Mississippian holds that one's enthusiasm for coerced integration increases by the square of the distance by which one is removed from the actual event.

The South, of course, deserves no medals for its legalized segregation in the past. But despite their reluctance, South-

Boston, that cradle of American liberty in 1776 and citadel of abolitionist zeal in subsequent years, has fallen victim to a common southern frailty. . .

erners have accepted the laws prohibiting such action more readily than have those angels of enlightenment in and around Boston.

It took legislation and the courts to do it, but those two factors have changed the actions if not the moods or the hearts of southern parents and politicians. So far, the same can't be said for Boston—or Harvard.

To be sure, the necks of too many southerners are still red (and not from working in the sun either), but somehow the color doesn't glow so much as the self-righteous aura of yellow in Boston this year.

The moral leadership which was so vitally needed on the sensitive subject of forced busing in Boston was never displayed during the spring and summer either before or after federal judge Arthur Garrity in June made official what everybody knew: the schools had been deliberately segregated over the years, and the only way to change the pattern was to order busing.

Out of all those in leadership roles, only resourceful Catholic leader Humberto Cardinal Medeiros displayed—early enough—the courage and concern for the community's well-being. He stood tall in support of the racial imbalance law (before the legislature decided the statesmanlike thing to do was repeal it) and vowed the Catholic schools would not become a haven for parents who would flee public schools.

And what about Harvard's finest and their public commitments? Their silence has been deafening.

Professor Archibald Cox broke the Harvard faculty logjam of lethargy in May when he made a New York speech

. . . One's enthusiasm for coerced integration increases by the square of the distance by which one is removed from the actual event.

saying "racists" had about succeeded in taking control of the Boston public schools. His position was admirable, but given the circumstance that his Manhattan appearance was before black delegates to the 20th anniversary gathering of the school desegregation case, it hardly took courage. What else could he have said? Even so, Cox has been a lone voice.

Boston's politicians apparently have learned nothing from the horrors of resistance in the South a decade ago. While the Bull Connors used police dogs and fire hoses to enforce their rules, the Boston pols have been substituting pious hypocrisy and worthless rhetoric. The means were different, but the ends were the same.

Throughout the summer Mayor Kevin White (who seemed to spend almost as much time out of the city running for some office as he did at home running the municipal government) was never quite able to balance his conflicting positions which favored integration on the one hand and opposed forced busing on the other. To his credit, however, White did conduct a series of small neighborhood meetings on the subject prior to the September opening of schools.

One of the more generous comments to be made about Gov. Francis Sargent's actions is that he brought on delay and confusion with his own so-called solution to integration, a plan which included what was not inaccurately labeled a "slave bounty" in that it offered bonuses to white schools which would accept more black students.

And then there was that giant leader of men, school committee chairman John Kerrigan. With public comments bordering between the ridiculous and obscene, he called the whole court-ordered busing plan outrageous and said it was nobody's business that he was sending his own kid to a private school.

Is there any wonder that less than two-thirds of the youngsters showed up for school the first day the buses rolled, that

rocks and eggs were thrown, that gunshots were fired, that people were injured through violence?

"It has been much worse here than anything I've witnessed in the South during the 1960's," one Harvard faculty member—with extensive southern travels to his credit—said as the buses were about to roll.

A quote from another Harvard lecturer and author of some note on liberal causes: "My liberalism stops with busing my children into Roxbury. I'll use a private school first, although I wouldn't mind having black kids bused to my area."

Those were comments from Cambridge in 1974, not Oxford, Mississippi or Mobile, Alabama in 1964.

To be sure, the South does not have any Roxburys, and this fact has brought on desegregation problems of a new dimension in the North. The Roxburys have grown in part because the South has over the years shipped its worst racial squalor to those places.

Cross-town busing in the South has most often meant transporting white middle-class kids into black slum areas (where white school boards had put up first-class buildings in an effort to keep black kids there), but it has not often meant having to face a daily diet of ghetto crime and moral decay.

But since neither the federal courts nor racial bigots have stopped at the Mason-Dixon line, there is either a law for all or a law for none.

This fact exists despite the very recent and amazingly perceptive discovery by HEW Secretary Caspar Weinberger that there is often a very strong divergence between what the law says and what the public wants.

Forced busing for the sake of racial balance is hardly an ideal solution. But it is one solution to deliberate school segregation and so far no one has come up with a better one, all the useless political rhetoric of the North and South notwithstanding.

Most school kids who ride buses don't do so for the sake of achieving integration anyway. They ride because it's the most convenient way to school and they ride only to their closest school. If statistics are to be believed, only three per cent of all kids who ride buses do so for the sake of achieving some court-ordered integration plan.

The fact is that, even given the problems of busing, desegregation has worked in the South where the courts have spoken and the community leadership has accepted responsibility. But Boston hasn't yet decided to do that.

Given the hypocritical lectures to the South of a decade ago and the ugly mobbism of September's school opening, suffice it to recall, from one Southerner to Bostonians of the future, the words of the 18th century adage: "Be not righteous overmuch."

—Ned Cline

From the Nieman Scrapbook—
April 1948

Viewpoint: Too Many Experts

Two recent inquiries in the mail disturbed me. One was from a trustee of Dakota Wesleyan College, asking for help in drafting a curriculum for a school of journalism. The other was from a student at Louisiana State University, soliciting advice on labor reporting as a career.

The basic (and irritating) premise in each of these communications is that I am an elder of one of the "learned professions," whereas I am in truth Social Security No. 326-07-7215 on a newspaper payroll, which makes me eligible to sixteen weeks of unemployment compensation if things get tough in the "profession."

On the college side, and to a growing degree in the newspaper offices, the people in our business have been acting like a lot of chiropractors trying to convince themselves that journalism is a profession. I'm afraid this is a bit of intellectual parvenuism. Such an attitude would ignore the ineluctable fact that the history we write is used to wrap lunches and line pantry shelves.

This "professional" concept emanating from the colleges is probably more responsible than any other factor in the development of specialization in report-

ing, which, I believe has been overdone. The "specialist" reporter is now so well established in the business, however, that it is virtual heresy to say this.

The "specialist" in a newspaper office is an easy prey to pedantry, whether he is writing about labor, finance, science, politics, sociology, religion, or any of the other fields that have become specialized areas for reporters.

It is only a matter of time before the expert becomes dull, because the expert eventually becomes totally immersed in his subject, and loses sight of the whole—some truth that nothing louses up a news report like too many facts.

To the young man at Baton Rouge, intent upon a career as a newspaper "specialist," I would advise that he strive for superficiality of knowledge. To my mind, the good reporter has a decent background in the history of his country, and some awareness of the world about him, but in any specific field of learning he should be about as deep as a one-pound box of candy.

This freedom from erudition on the part of a reporter makes it much easier on the customer when he takes a hurried glance at the report of the day's events.

That is, if the reporter can be content with expressing an idea or a fact in a simple declarative sentence. This feat is not as easy as it sounds. The simple declarative sentence gets out of hand unexpectedly because of the ever present temptation to write "fancy."

Simplicity in writing also takes a beating in the effort to compress. The Associated Press, our greatest (and also our smuggest) newsgathering agency, has just about destroyed the simple declarative by decorating it with dependent clauses and participial phrases which give the reader the uncomfortable impression that he is taking an intelligence test as he tries to cling to the subject and the predicate of a tortured sentence.

—Edwin A. Lahey

(Editor's note: A member of the first class of Nieman Fellows, 1938–39, and a reporter for the Chicago Daily News, Ed Lahey was the recipient of the Elijah Parish Lovejoy Award in 1967. He died in 1969. That year the September issue of Nieman Reports carried special tributes in his memory written by Louis M. Lyons, Dwight E. Sargent and John S. Knight.)

A Reporter Reflects: The York Gazette and Daily

For exactly 21 years, from Jan. 1, 1949 to Jan. 1, 1970, this reporter worked in various capacities at The Gazette and Daily of York, Pa., a newspaper which was legendary in its own time and about which other legends have developed since it was sold by its editor and publisher, J. W. (Jess) Gitt, late in 1970 when he was 86 years old. Gitt acquired The Gazette—founded in 1795 as a “Pennsylvania Dutch” German-language weekly, *Die York Gazette*—not long after he had finished law school at the University of Pennsylvania and had returned to undertake a career as a lawyer in the county where his ancestors had settled down in the 1720’s.

At that time the name was not Gitt but Kidd. Although Jess Gitt possessed most of the traits of character attributed to the Pennsylvania Dutch—hard-headed, independent, shrewd, stubborn and quizzically humorous—his forebears came from England. What happened to the York County Kidds was that they found themselves among German immigrants in and around the town of Hanover in southern York County. “Dutch” (properly *Deutsch*) efforts to pronounce Kidd in something resembling the English language transformed it to Gitt, which the family at length accepted as inevitable. To his dying day, however, which occurred in October, 1973, Gitt insisted that he was a lineal descendant of the famous pirate Captain William Kidd.

Often, in the 1950’s, after I had become his newspaper’s assistant editor, he used to tell me that if ever he were called before “one of those unconstitutional inquisition committees” which were summoning, among other advocates of unfettered freedoms of speech, press and assembly, a number of reporters and editors, he would make a clean breast of the fact that “my name ain’t Gitt at all but Kidd, K-I-D-D, like the pirate, who’s only one of the skeletons in the family closet.” Although no committee subpoenaed him or anyone else from The Gazette and Daily, I think I knew him well enough to say now that he would have spoken exactly as he rehearsed his lines. He was as fearless as a man can be, not fazed by practitioners of political, economic or social power. He wanted his newspaper to be the same and mostly it was.

The Gazette in 1915 had been run aground financially by an uncle of his, a careless attractive rascal who had taken a flyer in all sorts of enterprises, counted his wealth in millions, and wound up wandering around Hanover keeping

an eye out for discarded cigar butts. “What the hell,” Gitt once said to me. “Nobody looked down on him for that. He was, after all, a Gitt. A Gitt of Hanover, Pennsylvania. Whatever we did we were Gitts. That’s all. We had standing—even if Uncle Harry was stooped over much of his late years picking cigar stubs out of the gutter.”

These comments reveal some inside stuff on Jess as well as Uncle Harry. The editor-publisher of The Gazette and Daily had standing in York County. He took canny pride in this and used it to practical advantage all through the 55 years he directed an extraordinarily aggressive and progressive newspaper, which Uncle Harry’s poor business judgment—100 per cent the opposite of that exercised by Jess Gitt—had dropped into the hands of an apprentice lawyer.

“It was luck, pure chance,” Gitt said in 1972, when his reminiscences were fortunately and extensively recorded on tape, “that I got the paper.” A Philadelphia law firm headed by Owen Roberts, previously one of Jess Gitt’s teachers at the University of Pennsylvania and later appointed a U.S. Supreme Court Justice, represented bankers to whom Harry owed \$5 million, quite a sum in those days. Others in the firm entertained misgivings about assigning disposal of Harry’s York County assets to a relative. But Roberts,

... “My name ain’t Gitt at all but Kidd, K-I-D-D, like the pirate, who’s only one of the skeletons in the family closet.”

having vouched for Jess’s integrity and ability, was authorized by the firm, after Gitt had almost finished the liquidation work, to compliment the young attorney.

In addition, he advised his former student to buy The Gazette, the only piece of Harry’s county real estate empire which hadn’t yet found a taker. Small wonder. The paper’s circulation was less than 7,000, its equipment in bad shape, its “good will” status not far from zero. Gitt respectfully pondered Roberts’ opinion that something could be made of The Gazette.

“I wasn’t so sure,” Gitt remarked in his recollections, “because on Harry’s say-so I’d been hired as a part-time police reporter, only to get the axe from the managing editor. I won’t say why but it was the kind of thing that didn’t give me confidence in that fellow’s outlook on covering the news. I really knew little or nothing about journalism and, even provided I could raise the money to buy the paper, I’d probably have to keep that managing editor on the job. What then?”

The question answered itself just a few days after he became The Gazette’s editor and publisher, having been enabled to assume its ownership by virtue of a loan from his mother and an aunt. He never was willing to say

what he paid for the paper. "The price was ridiculously low," that's as much as I or McKinley Olson, my successor as assistant editor, could get out of him. (Olson taped Gitt's reminiscences and will include fragments of them, together with Gitt editorials and columns spanning more than half a century of history, in a forthcoming book, *SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY*.)

At any rate, here is how Gitt describes his sudden education as an editor, and the manner in which he himself abruptly re-educated the man who had fired him and who, after this lesson, remained with *The Gazette* for many years:

"A murder had been committed in or near a well-known hotel owned and operated by a person prominent in the councils of the Democratic Party, to which the paper had been giving its support, largely because my Uncle Harry was tied in with that political crowd. The managing editor, the very same who had dispensed with my services as a police reporter, told me we dare not print the whole story. Certainly we mustn't print the fact that the murder had occurred at the hotel. Or that the accused had been drinking at its bar prior to the killing. The managing editor said if we were crazy enough to print such things the hotel proprietor had the political and otherwise power to destroy us. He'd manage to have all the hotels, saloons and liquor dealers withdraw their advertising. Also he'd see to it that the normal public advertising notices from offices in the county courthouse—the sort of ads all local newspapers receive as a matter of course—got cancelled permanently.

"It was luck, pure chance . . . that I got the paper."

"Then the managing editor informed me that he had already given orders to the staff to cover up the facts. I simply changed the orders. We printed the story. Within one day 50 subscribers left us, no small loss at the time. Every hotel and drinking place stopped getting the paper. But the very next day our sales to newsstands increased by about 50. Then I got to thinking about those liquor ads. I decided to cut them out for good. My father had been an alcoholic and died of what I learned later in life was a disease, although it wasn't so regarded then, and I had firsthand acquaintance with the harm liquor could do. As far as I was concerned, people could drink if they wanted to. But I wasn't going to take any ad money to induce them to drink.

"So *The Gazette* never printed any more booze advertising. The liquor boys howled like hell at first. The paper's ad sales people didn't much care for it either. Perhaps I didn't realize altogether the meaning of those events in 1915. Actually, I had no intention of staying with *The Gazette*. I figured I'd put it back on its feet, sell it, and resume

practicing law. In the meantime I'd express myself, and run the paper, in accordance with my principles. Little did I know that the things I was coming up against, as I tried to put out a decent honest newspaper, were going to draw me into journalism for 55 years."

Gitt, it is true, did have a combative nature, which this early run-in with the hotel owner and liquor interests served to whet. Also, his deeply-held principles had been challenged by what he often told me were, in his opinion, the

The paper's circulation was less than 7,000, its equipment in bad shape, its "good will" status not far from zero.

worst enemies of humanity's possibilities for a better life: ignorance, greed and selfishness. The principles themselves can perhaps best be indicated by a conversation we had in 1950, when I took over for the most part the job of writing the paper's one daily editorial, something Gitt had reserved largely to himself for about 35 years. (He believed strongly in simplicity of style, his models being the King James Bible and the speeches of Abraham Lincoln; and he furthermore encouraged terse concrete expression throughout his newspaper, although he constantly fumed that he could never get what he wanted. He seemed to suspect that most writers had been systematically programmed into "longwindedness" in order to disguise the fact that they had little or nothing to say. He justified his rather long editorials, however, not only on the grounds that he felt he himself had something to say but also that readers deserved plain, full development of important ideas. As a result, few issues of *The Gazette* and *Daily* contained more than one editorial.)

I asked him about procedure, minutes after he had suggested that I become active editor and editorial writer. Should I consult him or his son, who under the title of Executive Editor filled the function of a general manager, about subject matter and editorial approach? No, he said, I was to be on my own, since he assumed that I had read, understood, and subscribed to the principles contained in the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution—chiefly its Preamble and the Bill of Rights and, most chiefly, the First Amendment—and the Sermon on the Mount. Was he correct in so assuming? I said he was. "Well, then," said Gitt, "there's no problem. Those are the fundamentals on which my editorial policy is based. Go ahead and write whatever you have a mind to."

For the next 20 years he may have made four or five comments or recommendations to me on editorials. Surely no more than that. I think that this unusual behavior on the part of an editor and publisher fairly characterizes the kind of "radicalism" which *The Gazette* and *Daily* represented in the field of journalism. Many of its friends

and foes over the years have misinterpreted the paper's opinions as "radical" from their own point of view, principally because they either could not or would not comprehend the philosophic origins of, say, Gitt's opposition to: monopoly, false or misleading advertising, the Palmer Raids, General Franco, Hitler (before the U.S. was involved in the World War II,) international cartels, the Smith Act, the trial of the Rosenbergs, the Marshall Plan, the Truman Doctrine, U.S. cold war foreign policy, the intervention in Vietnam (long before the U.S. got actively into Indochina, *The Gazette* and *Daily's* criticism dating back to the Eisenhower Administration's aid to French attempts to re-impose colonialism in southeast Asia), and so on and so forth.

Thus one legend can be laid to rest. Gitt's newspaper was never a "newspaper of the Left," as the phrase would be used in Europe, nor was it maverick and eccentric. Generically speaking it could aptly be called conservative, in that it sought to conserve and to foster the democratic values, the ideal of the general welfare, embraced in founding documents of the country as well as in such spiritual testaments as the Beatitudes. Gitt, by the way, harbored a certain skepticism about the originality of the Sermon on the Mount, in which he thought he detected elements of pre-Christ Stoicism. He never accepted history, religious or political, as given in the books. "Stuff can get slanted," he occasionally remarked, "just like in newspapers, for one reason or another. Not only in western literature either. Look what they did to Gautama, for example, possibly the best fellow that ever lived. Made a Buddha out of him, an idol practically, so ordinary folks wouldn't catch on to his teachings about devoting your life and work entirely to others. If everybody started acting that way, which is absolutely possible and

"The managing editor . . . told me we dare not print the whole story."

always has been, private privilege would disappear overnight. Don't think the big shots down through the ages haven't been aware of that. And they've always been able to get hired hands—public relations men—to cover up the truth with a lot of highfalutin gobbledygook. The more I read the more I have to shake my head at what those birds have gotten away with. The so-called intellectuals."

When Gitt passed on to me the assignment of writing editorials, he was, in effect, surrendering a hobby and a habit which had as much to do with his decision against resuming law practice in 1915 as his discovery that *The Gazette's* managing editor practiced suppression of news which might offend advertisers or other powerful groups in York County. Each morning, early, he rode the trolley twenty miles or so from Hanover to York. The first few hours of the day he spent in *The Gazette's* business office or roaming around

the shop, talking with one and all. Almost at once he found he had to borrow more money to purchase new linotype machines and a dependable press, the latter to replace an antiquated model that frequently broke down, thereby preventing delivery of the paper to "people out in the county." These, farmers mostly but also township and borough small merchants, craftsmen, preachers, housewives et cetera,

[Gitt] believed strongly in simplicity of style, his models being the King James Bible and the speeches of Abraham Lincoln. . .

comprised then and always the base of *The Gazette's* circulation. It was a York County, not a York city, newspaper, as every apprentice reporter was promptly informed the first day on the job.

After lunch, which he usually ate at the Lafayette Club—a status institution whose select membership, like that of the Union League in Philadelphia, consisted of industrialists, bankers, executives, lawyers, doctors and such—Gitt secluded himself at the paper in a fourth floor hideaway, surrounded by stacks of old copies of *The Gazette* piled, in Uncle Harry fashion, helter-skelter. It took him perhaps an hour or so to "have his editorial say," primed as he was by the reading he had done the previous night at home. He subscribed to any number of journals, periodicals, academic and professional publications. (Later he credited *The Nation* and *The New Republic*, among other weeklies or monthlies, for his anticipation of the stock market crash of 1929. In the period before that devastating event, this prediction was both discounted and scorned by his Lafayette Club colleagues, who thought him, to say the least, "a fool whippersnapper.") He kept reading books, too: Paine, Lincoln, Twain, Steffens, Sinclair, Veblen, Shaw, Bryce, de Tocqueville, Darwin, Chafee, Melville—even Marx, whom he felt to have his heart in the right place, that is with the underdog, but "wrongheaded in his economic determinism."

For a while Gitt experimented with learning how to operate a linotype machine in order to set his own editorials. He acquired some proficiency but finally acknowledged that the trained mechanics were quicker and better. "Besides," he said long afterwards, "I just wanted to get the hang of it so as to know what it was like to do that sort of work day in day out." Chances are more than one consideration led him to abandon his fling at typesetting. According to rumors still floating around the plant when I arrived, the Typographical Union rules had been politely pointed out to him by the Chapter chairman. Although in that case I think Gitt would have volunteered to join the union, as he did in the 1940's with the Newspaper Guild when he all but invited the Guild to organize *The Gazette* and *Daily's* reporters. As time went by he was made none too happy by

memories of that invitation and, I think, would have rescinded it if possible, which of course it wasn't.

My guess is that his passion for golf convinced him it was wiser to allow skilled men to set the editorials. "I was slow on the machine," he once reminisced, "and made a bunch of goddamn errors. Hell, the whole afternoon started slipping by. If I got out to the York Country Club I'd have time to play only two or three holes before I had to head home to Hanover for supper." Anyway, he developed a daily pattern of showing up in the composing room with his editorial no later than 1:45 p.m. By 3 p.m., having read and

Gitt's newspaper was never a "newspaper of the Left" . . . nor was it maverick and eccentric.

corrected the proof, he was usually on the first tee at the country club. An accomplished athlete from boyhood, with a record of football and baseball stardom at Franklin and Marshall College in neighboring Lancaster County, he soon became a first-class golfer and stayed with the game until he was in his mid-80's, when he responded to his wife's cautious proposals that he cut down by saying, "Why the hell should I? I'm still shooting my age."

He liked to explain that winning at golf—one year he took the York County amateur championship, sinking a 60-foot putt en route to victory—meant little to him. "It was a release for me," he said. "A relaxation. Being in the open air, under the sky, looking at the wonderful green grass and the trees. I loved it. It cleared my mind. Refreshment. Then I could read at night, stoke up for the next day's work, the editorial writing especially, and so it went. I felt satisfied. Yes, it's true that I got most satisfaction out of having my editorial say. Seems to me a lot of fellows who started newspapers back then, or somehow got hold of one like I did, were in it not for the money but to have their say. That all changed. The papers themselves commenced to become bigger and bigger. The chains came in. It all changed. Men who ran newspapers because they had something to say dropped out, leaving businessmen in charge. Money, money, money. The money business. Christ, you have to take in money to make a go of things but the minute money gets the upper hand, you're done for. The whole trouble with newspapers, as they've developed, is that they've turned into business institutions instead of the educational institutions for real popular government which the writers of the First Amendment intended them to be."

Gitt's disdain for money as a prime value, and business as a way of life, was genuine. Nevertheless, in 1915 he had to "take in money to make a go" of the rickety Gazette. To his astonishment and chagrin, it came from a source he had learned as a law student reading Blackstone to regard as

"barbarous and inhuman": war. "In Blackstone," he said, "I found out that in the past trial by battle, wager by battle, had been one method of settling criminal cases, until it was discontinued as cruel and ridiculous. Well, what is war but the same damn thing only instead of killing one man, thousands or millions get killed? So I came to hate war and to believe one hundred per cent in the settlement of all international disputes by peaceful means."

The First World War, therefore, saddened him. But it turned out to be, as he was always the first to say, the salvation of The Gazette. Owners of business and industries, flooded with excess profits, preferred to use these to their own advantage rather than pay taxes on them. "They went crazy spending on advertising," said Gitt. "You didn't have to try to get advertising. You had to try and keep the ads within reasonable limits. Nothing to it. We all profited by the war. We were all war babies—the York Refrigerating Company, the county chain companies, S. Morgan Smith (later absorbed by Allis-Chalmers), The Gazette too. That's what bailed me out. Just that. War."

By 1918 Gitt had paid off his loan obligations and achieved a success that prompted him to make an offer for his competition in the York County morning newspaper field, The Daily, then a property of the evening York Dispatch, still published in 1974. He had the idea that by purchasing

"The whole trouble with newspapers, as they've developed, is that they're turned into business institutions instead of the educational institutions for real popular government. . . ."

The Daily and merging it with The Gazette under one name, The Gazette and Daily, the frugal Pennsylvania Dutch and Scotch-Irish of the county would figure they were getting two newspapers for the price of one. It was not a bad estimate, apparently. The Gazette and Daily survived and prospered under Gitt's careful management, never laying off a single worker during the depression, never cutting wages, always continuing full pay for sick leave and upon retirement, never—until its final two years—the recipient of a single cent of subsidy from Gitt himself, who had become comfortably well-heeled due to inheritance and judicious investment, or from his moderately wealthy wife. In the mid-Sixties he received a bid of \$4 million for The Gazette and Daily, which he refused. It came from a newspaper chain and he didn't like them on principle.

How was he able to do this?—to publish such a paper whose motto, composed by Gitt, read "an honest to goodness newspaper without fear, favor, bias or prejudice" (except, naturally, for the public interest and the general welfare). The Gazette and Daily's performance pretty well lived up

to its claim. How did he make a go of it in a county community whose people were stolid, unimaginative and addicted to various institutional forms of stability? That paper produced: two Nieman Fellows, a two-time winner of the Guild's Heywood Broun award, a reporter who has long been director of publications for the AFL-CIO and editors and reporters now on the staffs of just about every major daily in the country. The newspaper itself has become the subject of feature articles in publications such as *Newsweek* and *Editor and Publisher*; has been honored five times with the N. W. Ayer award as "best-looking" tabloid of the United States. In 1956 it received the top award among all newspapers, on which occasion the judges* observed that *The Gazette and Daily* might well represent the "paper of the future." How did all this happen? Why did Gitt sell

the paper in 1970, for far less than \$4 million, to some hometown lads?

An endeavor to come up with the answers and a commentary will be found in the next Nieman Reports, when a second and concluding article will appear on Jess Gitt and his still significant newspaper, *The Gazette and Daily* of York, Pennsylvania.

—James Higgins

*Norman Cousins, editor of *The Saturday Review*; Jay Doblin, director of the Institute of Design at the Illinois Institute of Technology; and Homer E. Sterling, professor of graphic arts design at Carnegie Institute of Technology.

Notes on Contributors

Nicholas Daniloff, a former Moscow correspondent for United Press International, is now based in Washington where he covers the White House, State Department and Congress. **Stephen Northup**, a photographer with Time Inc., has been assigned to their recently re-opened Houston bureau. In 1973 Northup was awarded first prize from the White House Press Photographers Association for his coverage of the November 1972 demonstrations at the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington, D.C. **Ned Cline** is a political and legislative reporter with the Greensboro (N.C.) Daily News. **Daniloff**, **Northup** and **Cline** were all Nieman Fellows in the class of 1974.

Murray Seeger has rejoined the Washington bureau of the Los Angeles Times after 30 months as bureau chief in Moscow. He was a Nieman Fellow in 1961-62. **James Higgins**, a writer, teaches journalism at Boston University. He is co-author of *THEM AND US*, a book about rank-and-file trade unionism, published this year and scheduled to come out in paperback early next year.

Frank Freidel is Charles Warren Professor of American History at Harvard University and author of numerous books on American history. **Ben H. Bagdikian**, author of *THE EFFETE CONSPIRACY AND OTHER CRIMES BY THE PRESS* and *THE INFORMATION MACHINES*, is a former Assistant Managing Editor for National News at The Washington Post. **Carl W. Sims**, Nieman Fellow 1973, is a copy editor for the Minneapolis Tribune. **Robert Caro**, Nieman Fellow 1966, is the author of *THE POWER BROKER*, reviewed by **Justin Kaplan**, who won both the National Book Award and the Pulitzer Prize in 1967 for *MR. CLEMENS AND MARK TWAIN*. Kaplan is also the author of two current books, *LINCOLN STEFFENS: A BIOGRAPHY*, published last spring and reviewed in this issue, and *MARK TWAIN AND HIS WORLD*, scheduled to appear in October.

Edward C. Norton is assistant assignments editor with the New Jersey edition of the New York Daily News. He was a Nieman Fellow in 1972-73.

Nieman Fellows 1974-75

Six women and sixteen men have been appointed for the 37th class of Nieman Fellows in Journalism to study at Harvard University in 1974-75. The fifteen American Nieman Fellows and seven Associate Nieman Fellows from abroad, totaling twenty-two, constitute the largest class in the history of the Nieman program. Six of the journalists will hold appointments under special funds administered by the Nieman Foundation: two Robert Waldo Ruhl Fellowships; one German Marshall Fund Fellowship; one Louis Stark Memorial Fellowship; one Price Waterhouse Fellowship; and one National Science Foundation Fellowship.

The new American Fellows are:

John P. Corr, 39, columnist and feature writer for the Philadelphia Inquirer. At Harvard he plans to study American history, anthropology and social relations.

Thomas J. Dolan, 31, investigative reporter for the Chicago Sun-Times. Mr. Dolan received his bachelor's degree from Indiana University and will study economics, American history and government.

Sheryl A. Fitzgerald, 31, features editor, the Journal and Guide, Norfolk, Virginia. Ms. Fitzgerald is an alumna of Norfolk State College and plans to pursue a program in Afro-American studies, political science, and sociology.

David V. Hawpe, 31, Associate Editor and editorial writer, the Courier-Journal, Louisville, Kentucky. Mr. Hawpe holds a bachelor's degree from the University of Kentucky. He will study economics, American and European history and environmental studies.

Gloria B. Lubkin, 40, senior editor, Physics Today. Ms. Lubkin holds degrees from Temple and Boston Universities, and at Harvard will concentrate on biology, geology, and the history of science and its relationship to government. Her Fellowship is supported by the National Science Foundation.

John N. Maclean, 31, Washington correspondent for the Chicago Tribune. A graduate of Shimer College, he plans to study international relations, international economics, and American history.

Curtis Matthews, Jr., 39, Washington correspondent for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Mr. Matthews holds degrees

from the University of Notre Dame and St. Louis University. At Harvard he will study Constitutional law, the American judiciary and legal history.

Wendy L. Moonan, 27, Editor of Juris Doctor Magazine. Ms. Moonan has her bachelor's degree from Wellesley College, and proposes to study judicial reform, Constitutional law and legal methodology.

Eugene Pell, 37, Chief, Foreign News Service, Westinghouse Broadcasting Company in London. A graduate of Harvard College, he will focus on economics, social relations and American history and law.

Michael A. Ruby, 31, general editor of Business and Finance section, Newsweek. He is a graduate of the University of Missouri and at Harvard will study international economics with special emphasis on multi-national corporations, developing and industrialized countries and economic order. His Fellowship is supported by the Price Waterhouse Foundation.

James R. Scudder, 36, Assistant City Editor of the Arkansas Democrat, Little Rock. Mr. Scudder holds degrees from Hendrix College and Southern Methodist University. He plans to study in areas of philosophy, theology, sociology, and American history.

Elaine Shannon, 27, Washington correspondent for the Nashville Tennessean. Ms. Shannon is a graduate of Vanderbilt University and plans to study economics, public policy and American history.

Frank W. A. Swoboda, 37, National labor correspondent for McGraw-Hill Publications in Washington. Mr. Swoboda is an alumnus of Virginia Military Institute and will concentrate on political economics, industrial relations and labor law. He is the third Nieman Fellow to be supported by the Louis Stark Memorial Fund for labor reporters since the creation of that Fund in 1959.

Dee Wedemeyer, 30, reporter for the Associated Press in New York. Ms. Wedemeyer has a bachelor's degree from George Washington University. At Harvard she will study American social history, child development and public policy.

Joseph D. Whitaker, 26, reporter for the Washington Post.

He is a graduate of Shaw University and at Harvard wishes to concentrate on medical ethics, medical law and the education of the mentally retarded.

(These Fellows were nominated by a committee whose members were: Mary I. Bunting, Assistant to the President for Special Projects at Princeton University, and former President of Radcliffe College; Charles U. Daly, Vice President for Government and Community Affairs, Harvard University; Frank A. Daniels, Jr., President and Publisher of the Raleigh (North Carolina) News & Observer; Edwin O. Guthman, National Editor of the Los Angeles Times; Thomas F. Pettigrew, Professor of Social Psychology, Harvard University; Eileen Shanahan, reporter in the Washington Bureau of The New York Times; and James C. Thomson Jr., Curator of the Nieman Fellowships.)

In addition, the following seven Associate Nieman Fellows from abroad have been appointed members of the 37th class:

Andrew P. Drysdale, 39, Assistant to the Editor, The Star, Johannesburg, South Africa. At Harvard Mr. Drysdale will concentrate on African affairs, race relations, European and American history and contemporary Russia. His appointment is funded by the U.S.-South Africa Leader Exchange Program, Inc.

John J. Grimond, 27, of the editorial staff of The Economist, London, England. He holds a degree from Oxford University and plans to study the American system of government, and the relationship between politics and the press. A first Visiting Nieman Fellow, and the holder of a Harkness Fellowship, he will spend the autumn studying the Georgia gubernatorial campaign and will be in residence at Harvard in the spring term only.

Ranjan K. Gupta, 32, special correspondent, The Indian Express, New Delhi. Mr. Gupta holds degrees from Delhi University and will concentrate on U.S. foreign policy,

American history, and Russian and Chinese developments in southern and central Asia. He is one of the first two holders of the newly established Robert Waldo Ruhl Fellowships within the Nieman Foundation.

Yong-tae Kim, 38, political editor of the Chosun Ilbo, Seoul, Korea. He has his degree from Seoul National University. His study plan will include aspects of political science that involve theory, development and comparative politics. His appointment is funded by the Sung-kok Foundation of Seoul.

Teru Nakamura, 36, reporter in the Cultural Department, Kyodo News Service, Tokyo, Japan. Ms. Nakamura is a graduate of Tokyo University and plans to study Japan's modernization, the historical evolution of urban patterns in Asia, and student movements in the United States. Her appointment is jointly funded by the Japan, Yoshida, and Asia Foundations.

Olusegun Osoba, 33, deputy editor, Daily Times of Nigeria, Lagos. Mr. Osoba is an alumnus of the University of Lagos. He will concentrate on American foreign policy with special reference to Africa. He is also a holder of a Robert Waldo Ruhl Fellowship within the Nieman Foundation.

Gunther E. Vogel, 30, editor and director, Zweites Deutsches Fernsehen (ZDF), Mainz, Germany. Mr. Vogel studied at a German business school, and at Harvard will concentrate on educational television, especially with regard to the social and psychological aspects of medicine and mental health. He is Harvard's first recipient of a German Marshall Fund Fellowship.

The Nieman Fellowships were established in 1937 through a bequest by Agnes Wahl Nieman in memory of her husband, Lucius W. Nieman, founder of The Milwaukee Journal. The Fellows come to Harvard for a sabbatical year of study in any part of the University.

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Letters to the Editor

To the Editor:

In its winter issue, Nieman Reports took both sides of an ancient controversy, and managed to sound harebrained on both of them. The York Gazette and Daily certainly deserved commemoration. But Morris A. Ward's ultimate finding—"to be successful a newspaper must to some extent reflect or reinforce prevalent public attitudes"—is both untrue and the last refuge of the worst publishers. Whether you want to look at Mr. Loeb's Manchester Union-Leader or J. N. Heiskell's (now Hugh Patterson's) Arkansas Gazette or a host of papers more dully removed from the views of their readers, the evidence everywhere is that a paper's politics has little to do with reader acceptance. (Advertiser attitudes can have a good deal to do with acceptance, which is one reason most papers are so conservative.) The opposite would seem more nearly the case: That a reader's politics are likely to suffer erosion if they are assaulted daily by a different set of prejudices. It's difficult to imagine Roman Hruska in the Senate from a state served by a less lethargic, less conservative sheet than the Omaha World-Herald. But this is a very old discussion and it's a pity Author Ward missed it.

Newspapers do find it profitable to give readers some of what they want. Edward C. Norton's "Modest Proposal" overlooks the discomfiting fact that Abigail Van Buren or Ann Landers invariably run many lengths ahead of all other features in readership surveys. Those same surveys indicate that, to answer Mr. Ward's question, a great many people think the comics are funny or interesting.

Patrick Owens NF '63
Newsday
Garden City, New York

Morris Ward replies:

Mr. Owens perhaps errs in giving more emphasis to the extent to which I suggest that newspapers must "reflect" community attitudes, and I suspect we are more in accord than he may believe that excessive emphasis on this point is indeed the "last refuge of the worst publishers."

As I wrote in the article, newspapers must, "to some extent," gain the confidence of their readers if they are to be in a position to influence those readers. By *totally* neglecting its readers' appetites over a long period of time, the York Gazette and Daily in effect laid the inevitable groundwork for its own demise. Had the Gazette just reasonably bowed to local attitudes—for instance, by running conflicting opinions, at least occasionally, on its op-ed pages—that remarkable newspaper perhaps would still be with us today.

Mr. Owens's comment about Senator Hruska's ability to hold his office appears to contradict his earlier observation, with which I generally agree, that indeed reader acceptance of a newspaper is not tied to that newspaper's politics. Indeed, I fear the two are woefully unrelated.

In the end it is precisely because J. W. Gitt's Gazette and Daily did not *occasionally* bow to community attitudes that those attitudes did not "suffer the erosion" which Mr. Owens suggests would be the case. Reason in pursuit of its high-minded editorial objectives might have won for the Gazette and Daily a greater influence within the community—and perhaps even a longer life in York.

Daniel Yergin, Esq.,
% Stent,
24 Thorn Tree Court,
Park View Road,
London W.5.

Dear Daniel,

Thanks for letting me see the report on the British press [NR, Spring-Sum-

mer, 1974]. You were generous to The Sunday Times, but reported some unattributed cynicism which needs rebutting. First, it was suggested that The Sunday Times has been inhibited in dealing with North Sea Oil because Lord Thomson has a stake in that development. On the contrary, and the evidence is there for anyone who cares to look, The Sunday Times has actually been the newspaper most persistently critical of the original licensing because it gave too much profit to the developers (editorials 14-7-1974 and 4-3-1973). Nobody ever gives Lord Thomson enough credit for being an honest man: he says he does not interfere in editorial policies and he doesn't.

Secondly, it was suggested—again by a critic so brave he remained anonymous—that The Sunday Times had lost its nerve after its thalidomide battles and begun retreating from investigations. This is an absurdity demonstrated by what is published and by what we are investigating at the moment, and by what we are fighting to publish against legal restrictions. We continue to resist the legal attempts at suppression by Distillers; we are currently appealing an order they won in a Law Court for their documents to be treated as confidential. And on the day the Nieman Reports landed on my desk we filed a complaint in the United States District Court in Los Angeles to force the makers of the DC10, McDonnell Douglas Company, to open to reporters the pretrial proceedings involving relatives of the 346 people who were killed.

In these expensive legal battles we may well lose our shirt, we haven't lost our nerve.

Yours sincerely,
Harold Evans
Editor
The Sunday Times
London

cc. James C. Thomson Jr,
For publication Nieman Reports

(more)

Daniel Yergin replies:

Mr. Evans exaggerates the criticism to which he objects.

I did not write that Lord Thomson had intervened to quash Sunday Times' investigations into North Sea oil. One mention of Lord Thomson referred to journalists' being "curious" as to whether Thomson's extensive North Seas holdings would affect coverage by the newspaper—certainly a legitimate and important question.

The other reference to Lord Thomson was in fact a left-handed compliment from a left-wing journalist. No one denies that The Sunday Times has been the boldest, most energetic and active investigator on the British press scene. However, it operates in an environment that is much more hostile—legally, economically, ideologically—to such enterprise than that found in the United States. The paper has suffered legal reverses, and such orientation could—especially in time of spiraling newspaper production costs—become increasingly expensive. Thus, it is not surprising that many journalists, both on The Sunday Times and with other papers, should "speculate" and "worry" as to whether the obstacles might become overwhelming. Moreover, morale was affected by the ability of Distillers Ltd. to tie up in legal knots The Sunday Times' exposé of thalidomide.

But with all this said, I stand by my point—that The Sunday Times has been the most courageous, committed and effective newspaper in this area. I hope Mr. Evans and his colleagues lose neither their nerve nor their shirts.

Coming

The Black Press:

Is It Necessary?

Book Reviews

Behind the Front Page

by Chris Argyris

(Jossey-Bass Publishers; \$12.50)

A casual visitor to the newsroom of a metropolitan daily is usually surprised and disappointed. Except for a few incurable role-players, there are no Front Page characters running around yelling "Stop the press!" People appear studied, relaxed and quietly purposeful.

Newsroom people know better, of course. There is a rhythm that everyone in the room understands and no outward melodrama is needed for coordination and communication. But if they work for an organization with vitality, newsroom people also know that these quiet people are often undergoing inner pressures of time, uncertain information, fear of error, alternatives in story organization and anticipation of reaction by superiors.

Newsroom people know something else. Underneath the seeming relaxation lie ferocious competition, complex game-playing, and newsroom-corporate power struggles that can be unpredictably damaging even to bystanders. Gay Talese in *THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER* described these power struggles at The New York Times in terms of conflicting personalities. Chris Argyris, James Byrant Conant Professor of Education and Organizational Behavior at Harvard University, in his *BEHIND THE FRONT PAGE* looks at the same scene with a different X-ray, that of the social scientist with a theory of organizational behavior. With few exceptions, his analysis is accurate and appalling.

Argyris spent three years studying a real paper he calls The Daily Planet with scrupulous avoidance of identifying

characteristics. But a lot of people in the trade feel sure that it is The New York Times, and it is not hard to spot the personalities called "A," "B," and so forth.

Argyris interviewed at length and many times the top forty editorial and corporate executives, tape-recorded at will any meeting of two or more people, and held days-long seminars in which he played back some of his tapes and presented his analyses to the top executives who responded in order for him to do re-analysis.

He found that newspaper people work in a system that is played as though no one can win without someone losing, that underneath the professionally purposeful relations there is a low level of trust, an extremely low level of risk-taking, a sense of helplessness among subordinates, and underneath cosmetics, one of the lowest levels of real help to colleagues and subordinates that he has ever found in any industry.

He was stunned by the degree of secrecy in decision-making by executives, of dishonesty in personal relations (most often to avoid trouble), all intertwined in genuine pursuit of professional quality.

The result was an internalizing of hostility and all other real human emotions, a failure to make definitive decisions, and what he believes to be a profound if subconscious effect on the news.

Executives learn less from subordinates than in other fields, he says, because they don't listen, except for one-upmanship. Subordinates believe their careers are governed by conspiracy, and the low level of trust among all means that management does not learn when problems have reached crisis proportions. Then executives use "cosmetics" and are surprised when this fails and the staff "demands for benefits and wages, as payment for dissatisfaction, will increase. . ."

But the "Daily Planet's" executives genuinely believed they were open, very

frank with everyone and humane. Only after extremely long and painful sessions, with Argyris playing proof on his tapes for days on end, did they agree that dishonesty and secrecy underlay the cosmetics. The author makes clear that with few exceptions he was dealing with extraordinarily gifted men of intellect and that this situation had grown without conscious plan. (This is undoubtedly true in many newsrooms. An exception is *The Washington Post* where two years ago a top news executive proudly told visitors that he ran his shop on a policy of "controlled tension," though at the *Post* there seemed to be perpetual surprise when manipulated and powerless professionals, as Argyris predicted at the *Times*, made "demands" for benefits and wages, as payment for dissatisfaction. . .)

Argyris' study at the alleged *Times* and his therapy ended because it was too painful and he decided there was no desire to make fundamental changes.

Except for his free advice to other publishers, the author's most important conclusion is his theory of the impact on news. He says the newspeople he worked with maintained a sense of integrity by living with a vision for society that they did not apply to themselves, a paradox supported by their projecting their own problems onto other institutions. "For example, newspapers may demand that institutions of government be open to the press, but they will nevertheless argue that they themselves should be closed to examination. . ."

The diagnosis will strike home to thousands of reporters and editors and it is confirmed by the consistent refusal of news institutions to be open to press councils and criticism that in no way threatens freedom of the press.

But Argyris' prescription strikes me as dangerous. He concedes that press councils, ombudsmen and reporter involvement in decision-making will have good effects, but predicts that eventually they will either be wiped out if they get too close to the truth or will develop their own organizational pathology. He

argues that since most of these problems are subconscious, newspapers should "have a small but highly skilled staff of specialists in organizational behavior . . . they will design learning environments . . . and for a newspaper they would conduct serious and systematic diagnoses in such crucial areas as the relationship to reporters' needs and the living system on one hand, and the quality of reporting and editorial activities on the other."

There are major problems with this, I think. There is no reason to believe that this team of behavioral scientists would not be wiped out the way external critics are if they make painful discoveries that threaten the status quo. It's more likely that like most company shrinks they would become loyal to management and adapt the individual to the sick system rather than the reverse. And most important, there are too many of Professor Argyris' behavioral colleagues who lack his modesty, sensitivity and powers of self-examination. Brigades of them are crawling over schools, prisons and other institutions like pretentious magicians imposing cults of behavior modification both invalid and destructive.

It would be comforting to say that since the *Times* is unique, *Argyris'* experience is unique. Unfortunately, there are Daily Planets all over the journalistic landscape. If there aren't many Argyrises around, at least there are copies of his book. It doesn't cost much; it is deductible as a legitimate cost of doing business; and it should be read by every publisher.

—Ben H. Bagdikian

Coming
Type v. Tube

Lincoln Steffens, a Biography by Justin Kaplan

(Simon & Schuster; \$10)

Like most outstanding writers of autobiographies, Lincoln Steffens created his own myth and through it gave meaning to his life. The myth was particularly appropriate to the depression year 1931, when there was disillusion with the American system and the earlier efforts of the Progressives to perfect it. A radical vanguard of intellectuals looked to the Soviet Union for the answers to the problems wracking the United States. Steffens placed himself at their head, as the man who returning from Russia in 1919 had proclaimed, "I have seen the future, and it works." As a concomitant, Steffens in his *AUTOBIOGRAPHY* looked back at his fame as a muckrake journalist in the Progressive era as a quixotic failure, a simplistic chase after superficialities.

More than forty years have gone by, and attitudes have again changed. Chasers after the Soviet rainbow seem deluded fools, and, in the age of Watergate and Naderism, with investigative reporting of both government and industry at its apex, muckrakers are again heroes. In giving us Steffens the man rather than the myth, Justin Kaplan restores the hero, although as one would expect of a biographer of Kaplan's sensitivity and broad knowledge, one with a good bit of the antihero about him, and one who is representative of much in the successive ages through which he lived. To literary critics, Steffens will remain the rather ambivalent figure who wrote the *AUTOBIOGRAPHY*; to historians and newspapermen, Kaplan presents him as a vital, effective journalist. Among historians at least, Steffens' reputation will continue, more as muckraker than memoirist, and in considerable part because of Kaplan's outstanding biography.

This is one of those instances in which the biography surpasses the subject.

Steffens himself is not always attractive, and is rather elusive as a personality. Nor was he a thinker of notable dimensions. But Kaplan makes him the vehicle for examining the state of journalism and intellectual life in America from the 1880's into the 1930's, a fascinating half-century and more. There is much to be learned in this broad-based, meaty, and wise account.

Steffens came well equipped to the field of investigative reporting. He spent an unruly boyhood in California, somewhat antagonistic toward his father, a well-to-do Sacramento businessman. Nevertheless the elder Steffens financed his son through the University of California and several years of study in Germany and France. Steffens absorbed something of German social science, with its emphasis upon scientific method and orderly government; he focused even more upon psychology, and attended the lectures of the French neurologist, Jean-Martin Charcot, one of Sigmund Freud's teachers. Backed with this learning and an elegant wardrobe and manners, he embarked upon a journalistic career under the aegis of that famous gentleman editor, E. L. Godkin of the *New York Post*.

It was the era when, late in the nineteenth century, genteel reformers, among them the mugwumps, were trying to purify American politics, especially in the rapid-growing cities. Steffens speedily became prominent as their journalistic spokesman, publicizing the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst's campaign against vice and police graft, associating himself with another famous reporter, Jacob Riis, and with the new Police Commissioner, Theodore Roosevelt. He was able, as Kaplan observes, to "apply his laboratory training and his literary ambitions to what was recognized during the 1890's as the prime data of the modern writer: the ferment, the shame and the promise of the cities."

After five years on the *Post*, Steffens became city editor of the moribund *Commercial Advertiser*, and staffed it

with young Harvard and Yale graduates of literary ambitions to whom he taught the techniques of reporting:

"Steffens ran his city room on the belief that 'the great struggle of a writer is to learn to write as he would talk.' When there was time, he encouraged his reporters to talk their assignments first, and when he felt that he had got them excited enough to go for the heart of the story, he would say, 'Good, now write it that way.' (His own prose, when he came to maturity as a muckraker, was the equivalent of his staccato, stripped-down talk.) He was willing to forgive blunders, even to be amused by them, if he felt that the writer had looked at the news freshly, still saw red at a fire and felt pity at a disaster, searched for the odd fact and the revealing comment."

These able young men also reflected the other side of Steffens, his continued involvement with the intelligentsia. (Some years later he successively employed as research assistants two Harvard protégés, Walter Lippmann and John Reed, whose fame came to exceed his own. Still later, he was one of the presiding celebrities in Greenwich Village, Paris, and Carmel, California.)

Gradually Steffens came to feel that he must escape the limitations of editing, even of McClure's Magazine, and concentrate upon magazine writing. The result in 1903 was the "Shame of the Cities" series for McClure's, the basis for Steffens' enduring fame as a journalist. It was one of the great achievements of that school of writers from whom President Theodore Roosevelt benefited so much, and upon whom, as a political hedge, he pinned the label "muckrakers."

In no way did Steffens as an investigative reporter deserve the opprobrious term "muckraker." He was notable for his careful, balanced presentation of urban wrongdoing. His sympathy with those he interviewed together with his knack for asking the right questions led to unusual success in drawing out peo-

ple. In turn he set forth what he regarded as the admirable qualities as well as shortcomings of both the corruptionists and the reformers. There were subtle shadings in the municipal portraits, and Steffens was too sophisticated to suggest that the overthrow of a machine would lead to instant, permanent utopia.

In one lasting respect, Steffens shared a basic assumption of the Progressive intelligentsia which at times proved false, that improvement must come through strong individual leadership. Progressives hoped to obtain their program through a powerful President, a Roosevelt or a Wilson. With each in turn Steffens became a devotee, then disillusioned. More than that, he seems to Kaplan not only to have been strongly admiring of the municipal reform heroes, but even, in a less direct way, of the bosses. Business leaders like Henry Ford and Owen D. Young evoked his enthusiasm, even into the early depression years of the 1930's. And, like so many of his contemporaries, he lauded the Italian Duce, Benito Mussolini, until the rape of Ethiopia in 1935.

So, it followed that Steffens, gradually drifting leftward in his ideology, elevated into his pantheon of heroes first Lenin and then in the 1930's, Stalin. Even through the early Stalin purges, Steffens up to the time of his death in 1936 remained an apologist, though never a Communist Party member. At this point he is fixed in literary history. It is a position perhaps owing something to the time of his death, since had he lived to 1940, like most of his left-wing contemporaries, he too might have rejected Stalin.

Be that as it may, Kaplan in this fine biography has himself wrought what he cites one reviewer as saying about Steffens' *AUTOBIOGRAPHY*: "He has written the psychological history and, so to say the extended epitaph of a whole generation, a whole social movement, a whole class."

—Frank Freidel

Reporters and Officials: The Organization and Politics of Newsmaking by Leon V. Sigal

(D. C. Heath Co.; \$11.50 cloth, \$4.50 paper)

If news, as one cliché holds, is whatever the media tell us it is, then newspeople, gatherers and purveyors, must be the primary influences on our lives and our society. But this tautology must be wedded to another: we who gather and disseminate news are often told by others what the news is. These others are "high government officials," "administration sources," "public affairs/information officers," "highly placed sources," "a spokesman," et al.

The art of leading or pointing reporters to the news has been refined and institutionalized across the land, but it probably has reached its institutional zenith in the nation's capitol. In 1969, for example, Leon Sigal writes in this slim, readable volume, the Department of Defense "alone had 200 authorized positions for public information officers while the services totaled an additional 2500 slots." But, as the importance of the office and the individual ascends the pecking order, the less becomes the difficulty of persuading reporters and editors to follow the pointed finger. And at the top, of course, one man—the President—can galvanize newspaper offices and bureaus by having an aide tell UPI and AP, "President Jones will hold a press conference today at 4 p.m. in the East Room of the White House."

He knows that the Washington press corps will be there in force. And the press corps would not dream of not being there. Is the press being used? Yes, but under our form of government, this relationship is a crucial one, as Sigal explains. At the lower end of the pecking order, the press corps' response is not nearly so immediate nor concerted, but the relation is no less important if we are to be an informed

society. Sigal devotes a chapter to the Skybolt missile controversy of the Kennedy Administration to demonstrate fully how the various levels of government used the press, on both sides of the Atlantic, and the consequences of those actions.

Two American papers bore the major burden in that episode of diplomacy by press conference and news leak, The Washington Post and The New York Times. It is these two institutions that Sigal focuses on in his study of two sets of questions: "First, how does the press cover the nation and the world? How does it process the information it gathers? Second, why do officials make use of the press? How do they accomplish their aims through it?" The Post and the Times were singled out, Sigal writes, because of their large national overseas reporting staffs, because they are read so widely in Washington and have so great an influence on policy makers and administrators daily and because of their reputations among their peers and readers.

Along the road to these answers, Sigal takes us into the 15th Street and 43rd Street newsrooms for a look at the politics of newsgathering. How did Post editors decide how to report the Kent State shooting episode? (Four years ago, at least, the rich just kept getting richer: the Times happened to have a man on the Kent State campus at the time who was doing a general story on campus unrest. His eyewitness account won the Pulitzer.)

When the President decides to deliver a foreign policy address in Princeton, which Times desk and reporter covers the story? Metropolitan because Princeton is part of its news area; the White House correspondent, the State Department/diplomatic reporter; the Pentagon correspondent, the U.N. correspondent? Not questions of great moment, surely, to the world at large, but important, nonetheless, for what we learn about the decision-making processes in the two newsrooms.

An equally illuminating episode took place too late to be included in this book: the struggle at the Post after the burglars were arrested at the headquarters of the Democratic National Committee shortly after midnight one June morning last year, when the incident was found to have a direct connection with the Committee to Reelect the President. After it became clear that this was not "just another third-rate burglary attempt," there reportedly was a fierce tug-of-war between the Post's metropolitan desk, which had covered the story from that morning, and the national desk, which came to think that the story was too important to be handled by the metro staff. National lost that fight but the paper—not the individual, local reporters who broke the story—won the Pulitzer.

Why wasn't the national desk on the case faster? Because, one suspects, it did, indeed, look like a relatively minor crime at first, but also, as Sigal points out, because newsmaking is a consensual process, especially in Washington. Reporters talk more to each other than they do to their putative sources. The herd instinct, as Timothy Crouse documents in *THE BOYS ON THE BUS* is pervasive, institutionalized, endemic to the reporting process—and fraught with possible dangers.

The experience of Seymour Hersh with the My Lai story is similar. In the beginning, none of the major media would touch the story because there was not consensual agreement among reporters and editors that there WAS a story. Sigal quotes Alfred Friendly, managing editor of the Post in 1964, as telling his staff, "There is a chilling suspicion that while (we) would have reported what Russell and Palmerston said and did in 1848 and 1859 in Commons, we might not have noted a publication by Marx and a book by Darwin in those years."

That suspicion is not quite so chilling today—after the Times and the Post have published the Pentagon Papers,

after the Post has dogged the Watergate trail, after both papers have to great effect used as source material the many documents and tips that "leaked" out of the Nixon Administration. These are prime examples of the press living up to its fullest potential—vicariously through the Post and the Times and a few, very few, other publications.

But what of the other side of the coin? Does the consensual view of what is news contribute to press usury? Of course it does. And there probably will not be much done about this situation. Sigal's conclusion is that the press will continue to offer news from official sources passed through official channels as long as the newsgathering process remains structured as it is. But he also offers some suggestions as to how this not wholly satisfactory arrangement can be changed. Among these are broadening the range of news sources, expanding staffs and coverage as competitors disappear and, most importantly in this reader's mind, changing the method by which reporters are recruited.

The publisher of a metropolitan, non-eastern newspaper was asked by a friend at a party recently, "If you could wave a wand and change instantly something at your newspaper, what would you change?" "I would give my reporters different backgrounds and perspectives," the publisher replied. "I perceive that they all think the same way about what is news."

As source material for affecting such change — without the wand — Sigal's work is welcome. Much of the material will be ho-hum to many in the business — reporting and providing—but his exposition provides a jumping-off point for editors, publishers and reporters who wish to rethink the question, "What is news and who says so?"

—Carl W. Sims

The Power Broker: Robert Moses and the Fall of New York

by Robert Caro

Knopf: \$17.95

For someone who was white and growing up reasonably free from want, the Depression 1930's in New York City were the era of Robert Moses. Moses is 85 years old now and, at least until the appearance this month of *THE POWER BROKER: ROBERT MOSES AND THE FALL OF NEW YORK*, by Robert Caro, relatively quiet.

But 40 years ago his hand was everywhere to be seen, and we believed that he worked for the people. "As long as you're on the side of parks, you're on the side of the angels," Moses would tell his aides. "You can't lose." A number of politicians learned from experience that it was a shrewder move to advocate child abuse or longer working hours than to go on record as doubting the purposes of the Great Builder.

Out of a jungle of railroad tracks, coaling wharfs and shanties, a dumping ground for garbage and derelicts, Moses created Riverside Park on the eastern shore of one of the world's most beautiful waterways. He reclaimed Frederick Olmstead's Central Park from long neglect, built in it a zoo which gave pleasure to millions, and obliterated the Hoooverville of shacks and packing cases that had sprung up in the bed of the disused Central Park Receiving Reservoir. In its place we found a green oval which complemented the waters of the working reservoir to the north of it.

Moses' Triborough Bridge and his web of landscaped parkways on Long Island and in Westchester led to Jones Beach State Park and to other spectacular recreational areas which he had carved out of what had long been forbidden territory for city dwellers. Beaches on the Atlantic Ocean, Great South Bay and Long Island Sound were

open to all—or at least to all with cars. Urban populism, it seemed, had found its engineer.

In Washington, Franklin Roosevelt boldly proposed, but in New York City and New York State, Robert Moses both proposed and disposed, and he did this on a scale and with a dispatch unequaled in history, the Pharaohs not excepted. This Moses heeded only one commandment, variously expressed in the imperatives "Appropriate," "Reclaim," "Build," and "Get It Done." He offered not just the promise but some of the reality of that promised land urban reformers had been talking about since the turn of the century. "A free and radiant city"—"the hope of democracy," as it had been called—appeared to be an imminent thing.

During his tenure of 44 years in public life, Moses built an estimated \$27 billion worth of parks, parkways, parking lots, beaches, bridges, housing and dams. The fact that he conducted his extravagant labors under six mayors of New York City, six governors of New York State and six presidents of the United States showed that he had also built a political power base almost as solid as the Pyramids. In the long run this power base may prove to have been the most instructive thing that Moses built.

Although it was increasingly clear toward the end of his career that something had been getting completely out of hand, for a long time we admired Robert Moses for his vision and power. Now, reading Robert A. Caro's brilliant and totally fascinating book, we see our worst suspicions confirmed. Moses' vision was limited but his power was absolute.

Moses consolidated the bridge and tunnel authorities of the city into a sovereign state which, owing to some characteristically ingenious bill-drafting on his part, had a practically indefinite charter, kept secret books, and exercised total monopoly. No motorist could enter or leave New York City by a modern



route without paying tribute in coin, and these revenues did not go toward amortizing public works but instead toward expanding the domains of Robert Moses.

Arrogant and narrow, increasingly intolerant of the public and the press, Moses ruled his vast and secret empire like a combination of Stalin and a Renaissance pope, except that this pope's Sistine Chapel was the Jones Beach Marine Stadium and his resident artist was not Michelangelo but Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. Moses surrounded himself with messenger boys, flacks and private police who insulated him from public contact. When he did venture into public forums he resorted more and more to smear, insinuation, bullying and political shake-down. "If the end doesn't justify the means," he said, "what does?"

Even the first major defeat of his career—the rejection in 1939 of his plan to demolish Castle Garden (Fort Clinton) and Battery Park and to build a Brooklyn-Battery bridge—turned out to be a measure of the power he had accumulated. The bridge plan was killed at the last moment by the War Department acting on covert orders from Roosevelt, Moses' arch-enemy. The reformers who had opposed Moses and his bridge held a victory lunch to celebrate. Mr. Caro suggests they they would have done better to have held a wake instead.

"The key point about the fight and its significance for the city's future was not that the President had stepped in and stopped Robert Moses from building a project that might have irreparably damaged the city. The key point was that it had taken the President to stop him."

There was no guarantee that Roosevelt or any other president would be able to stop Moses the next time. At one point he held 12 major city and state posts simultaneously. Governor Nelson Rockefeller finally ousted Moses from power in 1968, but it was Moses himself, contemptuous of the public and blinded

by narcissism and a general hardening process, who years before had begun to prepare his own downfall.

His suicide run for the governorship in 1934 was an early demonstration of his chronic inability to deal publicly with the public. Thirty years later he made the blunder of sending in his bulldozers against a group of embattled parents who, in defense of a tiny playground which he was determined to convert to a parking lot, brought along not only their baby-carriages and their babies, but press and television photographers as well.

No one could claim after this that Moses was on the side of the angels. The "Battle of Central Park," fought in the glare of publicity, was the beginning of a string of reverses for Moses, not the least of which was the fiasco of the 1964-1965 World's Fair.

Robert Caro's book is above all a majestic, even Shakespearian drama about the interplay of power and personality. Urban reformers of Moses' generation and earlier tended to choose the role of Coriolanus. Cold and unyielding, they refused to stand at the city gate, hat in hand, and beg ingrate citizens for their votes. Coriolanus reformers were generally left standing at the gate, on the outside, crying about the sins of Tammany and the need for civil service reform.

Moses might have gone the way of the others if it had not been for Al Smith, apparently the one man whom Moses consistently regarded with both warmth and deference. Moses and F.D.R., Moses and La Guardia, Moses and Rockefeller—these adversary encounters are part of the rich drama of Caro's book. But Caro is at his best detailing the strange and dynamic relationship of Robert Moses—Yale 1909, Oxford honors, and Ph.D. Columbia, an intellectual, an elitist, and a rich German Jew—and the Tammany politician Al Smith, who represented every conceivable contrary value. Smith's only degree, he liked to say, was F.F.M.

(Fulton Fish Market), and he boasted that he had only read one book cover to cover, a life of John L. Sullivan.

From Al Smith, Moses learned that vision without power is useless. Mainly on his own he learned another lesson: that the getting and keeping of power is an end and a profession in itself, without any further consideration. There is a kind of root austerity about Moses which raises Caro's study above the level of even the very best studies of political bosses.

At no point in his career was Moses occupied with personal gain. On the contrary, for a long time he served for nothing and along the way he sacrificed a good part of his family's fortune. This is no story of booze, girls, gambling, graft, secret bank accounts, the assurance of a cushy old age at the end of a long public career, and other retail aspects of corruption.

Even Moses' imperial style—as represented by his fleets of limousines, his police outriders, his lavish entertainments and pageants—was merely his way of doing business, an application of executive and public relations techniques. In private Moses seems to have been happiest when he was off swimming by himself, a simple enough pleasure. His corruption—his hopelessly irreversible addiction to power for its own sake—had become ultimate, pure and disinterested.

The subtitle "Robert Moses and the Fall of New York" tells immediately what Caro has concluded about the vision served by this power. A native New Yorker who continues to live there, Caro writes about his city with passion, indignation, and knowledge—his command of city lore, history, and geography is invaluable to the story he tells. As a partisan of city life Caro admires the boldness and imagination of the young Moses who, at the age of 23, knew exactly how he was going to change a squalid riverfront into Riverside Park.

But as a student of urban design with a long overview of the subject, Caro con-

cludes that Moses' influence on New York City—and by force of example on all American cities—was disastrous.

The Great Builder's parkways and fabled bridges increased congestion, diverted funds from sorely needed schools and hospitals, hastened the decline of mass transit into its present state of neglect and bankruptcy, brought desolation to once coherent neighborhoods, dispossessed countless thousands of poor people whose dwellings might just as well have been bombed out, destroyed independent farms on Long Island while scrupulously respecting the preferences and prejudices of the powerful barons of the North Shore.

Moses (who never learned to drive a car) thought of himself as the prophet of the motor age but he became merely its foreclosing agent. The choicest part of Riverside Park, for park use, is the highway that serves now as a Chinese

wall between pedestrians and their river. Taking their cue from Moses, any number of other American cities built similar Chinese walls within as well as along their perimeters.

According to Caro's powerfully argued story, Moses truckled to the very rich, was addicted to the monumental and depersonalizing, built chiefly for the middle class, and pointedly neglected—often openly scorned—the needs of blacks and the poor in general. The heritage of Robert Moses turns out to be not the radiant city but instead the garrison city of ghettoization, exodus and terror. One question that Caro doesn't quite come to grips with involves the extent to which Moses, autocrat though he was, may simply have been imposing the tacit policies and inclinations of the dominant community.

Caro's somber chronicle may well be one of the most profound and precisely

articulated books ever written about the shame of the American city. It is tirelessly investigative, scrupulously evidential and wonderfully anecdotal. As a biography of Robert Moses, *THE POWER BROKER* is a triumph of purpose, patience and literary intelligence over an incredibly complex array of materials. The text runs to 650,000 words in 1162 pages. There are 81 closely printed, double-columned pages of notes. Caro put in seven years of research and writing and conducted 522 separate interviews. This is the kind of quantification Moses would use to celebrate the completion of one of his highways or bridges. This monument of Caro's was very much worth building.

—Justin Kaplan

(Mr. Kaplan's review is printed with permission of the Miami Herald)

PROFILES

Bierce and Brann: Two Iconoclasts

The American newspaper tradition has been a willing vehicle for popular humor in its written and art forms. Many—if not the majority of—humorists who attained literary honors in this country came from the ranks of working newsmen. The list begins with Mark Twain, who worked as a reporter in Virginia City, Nevada, and in San Francisco in the 1860s. Twain earned national success with a magazine story he based on recollections from his newspaper days.

In this century the ranks of humorists who once worked on newspapers include Ring Lardner, Damon Runyon, Ben Hecht, and H. Allen Smith, among others. Most of these writers can be considered as representing the sunnyside of American popular print humor: their message was essentially

happy and positive. Even Lardner's deep personal pessimism was tempered by the likable sports louts he created as central characters in his most popular humorous writings.

There is another side to American written humor, a dark side that is little explored today, and certainly not practiced by the half dozen or so newspaper writers able to eke out a living by trying to be funny in daily print. This dark side can be shown in the writings of two men: Ambrose Bierce and William Cowper Brann.

Most literate Americans have at least heard of Bierce; few know about Brann. Bierce wrote for newspapers in San Francisco, where he quickly became known as "Bitter Bierce," for the sharp edge he honed on his writings. Bierce wrote short stories, most of which were bitter, and many of which contained ironical twists. The best known of Bierce's works today are the short story, "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge," and, "The Devil's Dictionary." Bierce never gained national

stature in his lifetime; but he was fortunate in his professional life to work in a city that could support more than two papers, and to be in the employ of publishers who were able to support him, despite the often cutting edge he had developed for commenting on local affairs.

His writings carried into the 20th century and shortly before World War I Bierce left San Francisco to cover the rampage of Pancho Villa in Mexico. Bierce was never heard from after he entered Mexico. He was presumed to have been killed by bandits.

During the 1890s another journalist had a relatively brief flare of fame. His name was Brann and he worked in Texas, editing and publishing his own newspaper. William Cowper Brann was born in 1855 in Illinois, and was raised by foster parents. Before he left home at 13, Brann showed himself a prankster by stealing an entire freight train. Soon afterwards Brann became a hotel clerk, an opera troupe manager,

and, eventually—like so many roving males of the day—a newspaperman.

Brann was uneducated in the formal sense of that—and this—day, but he wrote with a knowledge that mixed his own common sense with wide readings. Beginning in 1883, Brann took newspaper jobs in St. Louis, Galveston, San Antonio, and eventually Waco, Texas. Brann was forced to leave St. Louis because of an excoriating newspaper article he wrote in review of an annual society costume ball.

In Texas Brann found a country barely civilized; the frontier had closed, but the echoes still resounded in the 1890s. Men wore guns and duels were not unusual. By that time Brann had earned a reputation as a skillful essayist, editorial page writer, and a man who could flay an opponent in print with uncommon ability. The day of the “objective journalist” had not arrived; newspapers were political-personal organs of their publishers in most cases.

Though a maverick in his professional life, Brann was somewhat of a puritan in his personal affairs, and his stiff, unbending attitude cost him a dear price. In 1890 his 12-year-old daughter committed suicide by taking an overdose of morphine after her parents accused her of flirting. The loss marked Brann’s subsequent life, and made him cling more to his family.

In 1891 Brann moved to Austin and scraped up enough money to print an issue of *The Iconoclast*, his own newspaper. He also worked for a daily paper in Austin. Despite the soul satisfaction Brann received from printing his own newspaper, he had to give it up in 1892. Brann sold the meager weekly to a young Austin bank clerk who thought he’d like to write. William S. Porter was then a chubby young man later to become internationally known as O. Henry.

Brann continued on newspapers, carving out a sharply defined reputation—one which led a prominent Texas churchman of the day to call him “The

Devil’s Apostle.” Brann loved the title and used it whenever possible. Brann’s writing style was a mixture of the overblown literary effort that afflicted newswriters of the day (usually paid by the inch, so it was profitable to overwrite) and a skillful use of slang, contrast and metaphor. After moving to Waco, Brann reestablished *The Iconoclast*. It was a one-man operation.

In it Brann said these kinds of things. “The philanthropist is a fraud who, after piling up a colossal fortune at the expense of the common people, leaves it to found an educational or eleemosynary institution when death calls him across the dark river...he drops his dollars with a sigh; but, determined to reap some benefit from boodle his itching hand can no longer hold, he decrees it be used to found some charitable fake to prevent himself being forgotten—some pitiful institute where a few of the wretched victims of his rapacious greed may get a plate of starvation soup, or a prayer book...”

“Many of the martyrs we revere, . . . are one-third fraud, and two-thirds fake. The man who can grow in grace while his pet corn’s in chancery, or lose an election without spilling his moral character; who can wait an hour for his dinner without walking all over the nerves of his wife, or crawl out of bed in the middle of his first nap, and rustle till the cold gray dawn with a brace of colicky kids, without broadly insinuating that he was a copper-riveted, nickel-plated automatic double-cylinder idiot to get married, he is a greater hero than he that taketh a city.”

Brann, like Henry Louis Mencken later, did not limit himself to any one subject in his writings. He took on the world, and struck at humbug wherever he thought he found it.

This was not a popular attitude in Texas then (or now). Brann gained most attention when he ripped into officials at Baylor University in Waco for their alleged failure to protect a teenage Brazilian student made preg-

nant by a male relative of the school’s president. This controversy was to last for two years; Brann would not let it drop. He claimed the school covered up the events and slandered the student’s reputation unfairly. The affair made *The Iconoclast* nationally known, and helped to raise its circulation above 100,000 copies, an astronomical figure for the day.

Readers were treated to the outrageous, usually with a message:

“I have been called a defender of the devil; but I hope that I won’t prejudice the ladies against me, as it was a woman who discovered him. I confess to the belief that Satan is a gentleman compared with some of his very humble servants.”

Or, “The average human head, like an egg, or a crock of clabber, absorbs the flavor of its surroundings.”

Brann did not absorb the flavor of his Southern Baptist surroundings, and his attacks on organized religion and its Texas outlets were to earn him a beating and near-lynching at the hands of outraged Baylor students who felt Brann had insulted their honor. Brann survived.

Sharp as his editorial tongue was, the outspoken Brann in person was a mild-mannered, family man who shunned alcohol.

By way of contrast, Brann wrote openly about a subject whispered in that day: prostitution. He claimed it was caused by economic factors more than any moral reasons. This was at a time when Waco had one of the two legally operated red-light districts in the U.S. In an essay titled “Sexual Purity and Gunpowder,” Brann flayed public officials this way:

“The *Iconoclast* can scarce be accused of being an organ of Governor Chappie Anserine Culberson. It certainly doesn’t smell like it.”

Or this: “I picked up a copy of *Puck* [a popular humor magazine of the day] the other day, one of those would-be humor papers that give a fellow hay

fever. While I was glancing over its wooden wit and cartoons that had evidently slipped their trolley wire, and wondering if there was anyone outside the insane asylum who could be hired to read it regularly, I found two pages of cheap pictures illustrating the blessings which a generous plutocracy is conferring on the poor. It seems that, thanks to the charity of the American millionaires, a poor devil may obtain almost anything without money and without price, whether it be a soup bone, a dose of pills, an installment of Saving Grace, or even a college education.

"It is very easy to be generous with other people's money; it is not charity, but justice the American workingman wants . . . Robin Hood, Jesse James and other marauders of that ilk were somewhat noted for their generosity; but they never pretended that the giving away of a small percentage of their swag transformed them from disreputable footpads into seraphs feathered like

a peacock. They didn't have quite so much hypocrisy as Brother Rockefeller and others who manage to appropriate the earnings of better people and steer clear of the catch-holes and penitentiary."

Like most written humor done today Brann found his targets in public life. He was a sheer editorialist, and seemingly never lacked for subjects to write about. Of an early society scandal, he said:

"So many Pretty Wives of millionaires—money covers multitudinous ugliness as well as sexual sins—are having escapades, romantic and otherwise, and getting themselves forguv (sic) that a scandal in High Life is ancient history ere it is two weeks old."

After surviving the near-lynching and beating, Brann was the editor of an extraordinarily successful monthly which had readers in virtually every state and large city. The Iconoclast was controversial and entertaining. He was a success, doing what he wanted, unfet-

tered by anything, save his own active conscience.

It didn't last. On April 1, 1898 in Waco, Brann—while walking with a friend—was shot in the back by a deranged man lurking in a doorway.

Brann spun and fired six bullets into his assassin, a local lawyer named Tom Davis. Brann died early the next morning; Davis died later that day.

The Iconoclast was never published again, and Brann's reputation slipped away. No reason was ever unearthed for the shooting.

—Edward C. Norton

(Author's Note: Brann's writings are collected in: *THE WRITINGS OF BRANN THE ICONOCLAST*, Blue Ribbon Books, N.Y., 1938. A fine, short Brann biography is: *THE APOSTLE OF THE DEVIL*, a doctoral thesis by John W. Randolph, at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, 1941.)

Denied: An Autumn for Our Discontents

(continued from page 2)

were to be convicted. All this amid calls for compassion and prayers that the departed might find peace. The premonitions were poor.

Then came Ford's Sunday morning pronouncement. And let-down gave way to outrage.

Let-down and outrage are not the only by-products of *justitia interrupta*. A more harmful result of Ford's would-be Era of Good Feeling can be forgive-and-forget about Watergate. Forgive perhaps, in time. But to forget is not to remember; not to remember is not to learn. Not to learn is to slide, genially, into new Watergates, and even new Vietnams, under presidents to come.

The Yale psycho-historian Robert Jay Lifton said it right the other day when he hoped that Americans would not quickly put behind them the recent national trauma—that we should instead linger with and experience the anxiety and the shame that have been visited upon us, and thereby move toward clearer self-knowledge.

There would have been no better way to distill from that trauma its still elusive lessons than to bring back Richard Nixon, to center stage, in the dock at a trial. For Nixon was not an aberration, only an exaggeration. He was an outgrowth of us and our values: the National Security ethic, at home and abroad; the ethics of advertising and big business, thrust deep into politics; the ethics of American machismo, part coward, part bully. We knew him for what he was from his earliest days; yet we voted for him by the millions, because he represented something in us.

If his indictment and trial had prolonged our national agony, we might not so quickly have forgotten. And if we did not soon forget, we might all have begun to learn.

President Ford has decreed otherwise. Whether we can still learn, despite his bizarre intervention in due process, remains to be seen.

—J.C.T. Jr.

German Marshall Fund Fellowship

A second Fellowship for European television journalists to study at Harvard University in the academic year 1975-76 will be awarded to a successful applicant from France, West Germany, Italy, or Eastern Europe as the result of a grant of \$30,000 made last March by the German Marshall Fund to the Nieman Foundation for Journalism.

The German Marshall Fund grant provides tuition fees, living expenses, and travel support for an Associate Nieman Fellow to be chosen jointly by the Nieman and Marshall Fund executives. Although preference will be given to candidates in the field of television journalism, applications from candidates in the print media who have television background will also be accepted. Applicants should ordinarily be between the ages of 25 and 40.

Harvard's first recipient of a German Marshall Fund Fellowship is Gunther E. Vogel, 30, editor and director, Zweites Deutsches Fernsehen (ZDF), Mainz, Germany. Mr. Vogel studied at a German business school, and at Harvard is concentrating on educational television, especially with regard to the social and psychological aspects of medicine and mental health.

The German Marshall Fund of the United States, a new private American fund financed by a gift from the German people in appreciation of Marshall Plan assistance, is dedicated to finding new solutions to the "common problems of industrial societies."

The Nieman Fellowships for Journalists were established at Harvard University in 1938. Nieman Fellows are permitted to pursue a course of study of their own design in Harvard's various faculties for nine months, beginning in early September. They do not take courses for credit, nor do they receive degrees.

Candidates for the German Marshall Fellowship should address their inquiries to the Nieman Foundation, 48 Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02138, U.S.A. The deadline for this Fellowship application is March 15, 1975 (unlike that for the Americans which is now February 1st). Final selections will be announced in the month of June.

Newspapering, from the *writer's* point of view, is a highly conventionalized business. Many of its conventions and rigidities obstruct and prevent good writing, that is, writing planned and expressed in the way most appropriate to making the given facts and ideas, their relations and their importance, readily available to the understanding and memory of the reader. But in their effect on the writer, newspaper conventions and rigidities are sometimes even more profoundly destructive than if they merely prevented him from exercising a skill he might otherwise use. They destroy that skill, or overlay it with thick accretions of wrong habit until it is as good as gone.

—*Theodore Morrison*
“*A Reader Unburdens*”
NR, April 1950