AMERICAN CONSERVATORY THEATER
Carey Perloff, Artistic Director
Heather Kitchen, Managing Director

PRESENTS

WORDS on PLAYS
INSIGHT INTO THE PLAY, THE PLAYWRIGHT, AND THE PRODUCTION

Night and Day

BY TOM STOPPARD
DIRECTED BY CAREY PERLOFF
GEARY THEATER
SEPTEMBER 19–OCTOBER 20, 2002

WORDS ON PLAYS PREPARED BY
ELIZABETH BRODERSEN
PUBLICATIONS EDITOR
JESSICA WERNER
ASSOCIATE PUBLICATIONS EDITOR
PAUL WALSH
RESIDENT DRAMATURG
HANNAH KNAPP
LITERARY AND PUBLICATIONS INTERN

© 2002 AMERICAN CONSERVATORY THEATER, A NONPROFIT ORGANIZATION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
Welcome to the 2002–03 season of Words on Plays, A.C.T.’s acclaimed audience guides. This season we’ve given Words on Plays an elegant new design and compact size, creating a series of volumes we hope will grace your bookshelves for years to come. Inside you will find the same in-depth background information about the play, the playwright, and the production A.C.T. audiences have come to enjoy.

We decided Tom Stoppard’s Night and Day would be the perfect vehicle with which to launch this new and improved edition of Words on Plays. The master of wit, wordplay, and intellectual intrigue, Stoppard asks us to engage with his plays as active participants in the theatrical game, to come to the theater with a wholehearted willingness to play ourselves. As A.C.T. Artistic Director Carey Perloff once said, “You don’t have to have a Ph.D. to follow a Stoppard play. It’s all explained in the dialogue: you just follow the clues.”

What follows are a few clues to guide you on your journey through Night and Day. We hope you enjoy the trip and come back ready for more.

ELIZABETH BRODERSEN

JESSICA WERNER
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. Characters and Synopsis of *Night and Day*

4. The Story’s Worth Telling: An Interview with Director Carey Perloff  
   *by Jessica Werner*

9. The Crucial Thing: An Interview with Tom Stoppard  
   *by Jessica Werner*

13. A Brief Biography of Tom Stoppard

14. A Conversation with Stoppard about Journalism and *Night and Day*  
   *by Mel Gussow*

20. Stoppard on *Night and Day*, Journalism, and the Press


25. The Closed Shop Dispute: Inspiration for *Night and Day*  
   *by Hannah Knapp*

29. War Correspondents in the Field

38. Photographing War

41. In the Danger Zone: Weighing Risks  
   *by Michael Parks*

47. Journalism’s Terrible Toll: Committee to Protect Journalists Releases New Statistics

48. The Troubles of Postcolonial Africa

50. A *Night and Day* Glossary  
   *by Hannah Knapp and Paul Walsh*

64. Questions to Consider

67. For Further Reading…
CHARACTERS AND SYNOPSIS OF *NIGHT AND DAY*

*Night and Day* was first performed at the Phoenix Theatre, London, on November 8, 1978.

CHARACTERS AND CAST

*George Guthrie, a photographer for the* Sunday Globe  
  Paul Whitworth

*Dick Wagner, Australian, a reporter for the* Sunday Globe  
  Marco Barricelli

*Jacob Milne, a freelance writer for the* Sunday Globe  
  T. Edward Webster

*Geoffrey Carson, a British mining mogul living in Africa*  
  Anthony Fusco

*Ruth Carson, Geoffrey's wife*  
  René Augesen

*Alastair Carson, their son*  
  Zachary Lenat

*Francis, the Carsons' African servant and driver*  
  Harley Grandin

*President Ginku Mageeba, the British-educated dictator of Kambawe*  
  Gregory Wallace

PLACE AND TIME

*Night and Day* takes place in Kambawe, a (fictitious) former British colony in Central Africa, during the late 1970s.

SYNOPSIS

A ct 1. As the curtain rises, photographer George Guthrie is having a bad dream: he is killed by machine-gun fire as he yells to his (imagined) attackers that he is a member of the press. He wakes to find himself in the garden of Ruth and Geoffrey Carson, a British industrialist who runs the local mining operations in Kambawe. Guthrie is there to meet journalist Dick Wagner, as they are on assignment for the (fictitious) respectable London weekly newspaper the *Sunday Globe*, covering the current struggle for control of Kambawe between President Mageeba and Colonel Shimbu of the rebel Adoma Liberation Front (ALF). Guthrie and Wagner hope to persuade the Carsons to let them send their story back to London via the Carsons’ telex machine, a rare and valuable resource for foreign correspondents in the pre-electronic age looking to be the first to file a late-breaking story from the field.

Wagner arrives, already on edge, angry that the *Globe* recently ran an anonymous, exclusive, front-page interview with Colonel Shimbu—an interview that scooped the rest of the
foreign press and should have been Wagner's. As he and Guthrie scope out the situation at the Carsons', they are interrupted by the arrival of Jacob Milne—an inexperienced stringer who happens to be the author of the offending interview. When it comes out that Milne was a scab in a recent provincial journalists' strike, Wagner—outraged that a nonunion reporter was able to get anything published—telexes the information to the union representative back at the Globe.

As Wagner sends his message, Guthrie convinces Carson to let him join Milne in carrying a message to Shimbu (which, unbeknownst to Guthrie, contains an invitation to meet Mageeba the next day at the Carsons' home) at the rebel camp in Malakuangazi, where the next battle, and therefore the next scoop, is likely to occur. Wagner returns to the living room to find Carson's wife, Ruth, with whom he recently had a one-night stand in London. They pretend to meet each other for the first time. Ruth speaks her thoughts aloud, though only the audience can hear them.

Wagner goes to help Milne with the telex. While Carson is on the phone, Ruth tries to find the courage to tell her husband about her affair with Wagner. She doesn't manage it before Carson leaves to make arrangements for the meeting between Mageeba and Shimbu. Wagner returns to hash out his affair with Ruth, but they are interrupted by Alastair, who wants Guthrie (who has fallen asleep in a chair) to fix his camera. Ruth leaves, and Wagner finds out from her son that Mageeba is coming to the house. He realizes that the real story is here at the Carsons' home as Milne returns triumphant with a telex from the Globe that says Wagner's union protest is irrelevant.

After everyone else has left, Ruth engages Milne in a discussion of unions in journalism and the merits of a free press. She is quite taken with him. The next morning Milne and Guthrie leave for the war zone at Malakuangazi.

A c t  II. Late that night, in a fanciful dream fantasy, Ruth meets with Milne and this time tries to seduce him, only to wake and find her husband awaiting Mageeba's arrival. Wagner shows up with a bottle of scotch, proposing a nightcap, but actually hoping to be in the house when the president arrives so he can get an exclusive interview. Carson tries to get Wagner to leave, revealing in the process his opinion of, and precarious position in, the power struggle in Kambawe: Shimbu's forces have seized the copper mines at Malakuangazi, which once belonged to Carson. Mageeba wants the mines back, and Shimbu says he is willing to trade them for recognition of the ALF. Mageeba has agreed—in the letter carried by Guthrie and Milne—to meet with Shimbu at the Carsons' home, ostensibly to negotiate the terms of the deal. Carson and Wagner agree, however, that both sides are probably lying to buy time before commencing an all-out war.
Mageeba arrives before Carson can get rid of Wagner. Wagner presses Mageeba (“a hard
man if soft of voice”), who, with deceptive charm and civility, agrees to articulate his own
analysis of the conflict for publication. Mageeba then debates the concept of freedom of
the press with Wagner and Ruth—his idea of a free press is one directly under his control.
He suddenly erupts into violence, and strikes Wagner on the head with his walking stick.

Suddenly, Guthrie returns with the news that their jeep was caught in crossfire between
ALF and government troops outside Malakuangazi, and Milne is dead. They never got to
Shimbu, so the invitation to the meeting was never delivered. Mageeba departs, and
Wagner agrees to be taken to the airport by Carson in order to get himself and his story
out of the country before full-scale war—and Mageeba’s unpredictably volatile personal-
ity—makes that impossible. Guthrie refuses to leave, however, wanting to go back to
Malakuangazi and photograph the fighting. Ruth, heartbroken by Milne’s senseless death
in the macho pursuit of “the news,” tries to convince Guthrie that no story is worth dying
for, but he holds his ground, expressing his belief in the need for information to reach the
rest of the world. Just before Wagner departs, a message comes through on the telex: when
the staff of the Sunday Globe learned that Milne, who is known as the “Grimsby scab,” was
the author of the recently published Shimbu interview, they went on strike. There will be
no edition this weekend: Wagner’s great scoop, an interview with Mageeba, therefore won’t
be published until it is old news.

Wagner decides to stay on and see what might happen in Kambawe in the coming
week. He sends Carson off with the film of the pictures shot by Guthrie on the road to
Malakuangazi and telexes a brief message about Milne’s death to the Grimsby Evening
Messenger, where Milne got his start as a reporter. Ruth, now drunk, admits her need to
escape her current reality and suggests that Wagner join her upstairs.
THE STORY’S WORTH TELLING
An Interview with Director Carey Perloff
BY JESSICA WERNER

Every day the newspaper headlines scream of violent acts and injustices committed in conflict zones all over the world. Just below each headline is the tiny byline and date-line that serves as a potent reminder that an individual man or woman has filed the article from some far-off locale, in some cases courting enormous risk in the process of “chasing the story.”

A heightened awareness of the individual challenges faced by foreign correspondents around the globe influenced A.C.T. Artistic Director Carey Perloff, as it did many newspaper readers, after last September’s terrorist attacks when, hungry for information that would shed light on what felt like an increasingly complex and conflict-ridden global landscape, we turned to the press with an urgent need for answers and insights. “I was in the midst of planning A.C.T.’s upcoming season last fall, so I was really wondering what we would be thinking about in a year’s time,” says Perloff, who spoke to us a few weeks before she began rehearsals of Tom Stoppard’s Night and Day, which opens A.C.T.'s 2002–03 season in September. “One thing I will always remember, in the wake of September 11, is that it was the first time in many years that I started to look really closely at bylines. I began following the work of particular writers and photographers, and I thought about how very little we actually know about the people who are our eyes and ears out in the world, who contend with inordinate risks to tell us the news. What is it that drives foreign correspondents? Is it morality? Is it ambition? Is it politics? Is it ego? Is it just testosterone? What is it that drives people to cover wars? And who is making the decisions about what stories do or do not get told? These questions led me to revisit Night and Day. The play just drew me back.”

It’s easy to see why Stoppard’s 1978 play caught Perloff’s attention, since this same questioning of what makes the journalistic machine tick, and at times sputter, is at the heart of Night and Day. A remarkably prescient work by one of Britain’s most talented and verbally dexterous playwrights, Night and Day is Stoppard’s most personal expression to date of his abiding passion for the journalistic enterprise, as well as one of his most strident indictments of the oppressive forces that curtail free expression and make a free press worth fighting for.

The play also provides great roles for all four of A.C.T.’s core company of resident actors—René Augesen, Marco Barricelli, Steven Anthony Jones, and Gregory Wallace.
“This is a wonderful vehicle for their talents, and a terrific chance for the company to work together as an ensemble,” says Perloff.

EXAMINING ALL THAT’S RIGHT AND WRONG

In Night and Day, two foreign correspondents and a photojournalist are on assignment in the fictional Central African country of Kambawe, a former British colony on the cusp of civil war. All three reporters, representing three very different approaches to covering the news, are chasing the story of a brewing conflict between Kambawe’s dictatorial President Mageeba (played by Jones) and the Marxist rebels led by Colonel Shimbu. The reporters’ lives—and their stories—intersect at the home of Geoffrey Carson (played by Anthony Fusco), a wealthy British copper magnate, and his sexy, sarcastic, and emotionally unfulfilled wife, Ruth (played by Augesen). Lured by Carson’s telex machine—the standard means of getting stories out of the field in journalism’s pre-fax, pre-satellite-transmission days—the newsmen use the expatriates’ home as a safe base for press coverage. Competing for a scoop on the impending coup, they wind up vying for Ruth’s attention, becoming in the process professional, ethical, and sexual rivals. Throughout the play Stoppard examines all that is right and wrong with the Fourth Estate—the heroism and sense of adventure, the fierce competitiveness, the fine line between exploitation and information, and, perhaps most importantly, the question of whether a story is ever worth dying for.

When Stoppard wrote Night and Day in the late 1970s—on the heels of his stupendously popular Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead (1967), The Real Inspector Hound (1968), Jumpers (1972), and Travesties (1974)—he was keen on tackling a subject that had always been of special personal significance. Stoppard began his career in journalism, dropping out of school at the age of 17 to take his first writing gig as a newspaper reporter for the Western Daily Press. He dreamt of being a great foreign correspondent: “My first ambition was to be lying on the floor of an African airport while machine-gun bullets zoomed over my typewriter.” He worked as a journalist for the next six years, covering local beats for the Bristol Evening World, writing a pseudonymous weekly column, and later freelancing as a theater and film critic. By 1960 he had completed his first full-length play, A Walk on the Water (later produced in 1968 as Enter a Free Man), and left journalistic aspirations behind for a life in the theater. But the journalism bug had bit hard, and Stoppard has never lost his fascination with the newsmakers and -shapers of the world. “I read three newspapers a day as a minimum, five on Sunday,” he once told New York Times cultural writer Mel Gussow.

Many critics have considered Night and Day to be a pivotal play in Stoppard’s career, since it reveals the voice of a serious artist of ideas whose unique theatrical gifts extend
from the overtly surreal to the surprisingly true-to-life. *Night and Day* enjoyed a successful 15-month West End run when it premiered in 1978 and earned Stoppard that year’s *Evening Standard* Award for best new play. “*Night and Day* was a real breakthrough play for Stoppard,” says Perloff. “He left behind the absurdist structures of *Jumpers* and *Travesties*, and the very early style of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*, and moved toward a kind of psychological realism, albeit one which still has splendidly Stoppardian theatrical tricks and fabulous wordplay. I think it will be fascinating for our audience, especially those people who have had the pleasure of experiencing Stoppard’s growth with *Arcadia* [produced at A.C.T. in 1995], and then with *Indian Ink* [1999] and *The Invention of Love* [2000], to hear his younger voice in *Night and Day*. In many ways the play feels even more resonant now than it would have a decade ago, because of the questions we are currently asking in light of current world events. He raised issues and explored things 25 years ago that we are still wrestling with now.”

Stoppard most likely modeled the country of Kambawe in *Night and Day* on several postcolonial African nations—the Congo, Nigeria, and Ethiopia, in particular—whose political turmoil was headlining the news in the 1960s and ’70s. “One thing that feels really tragic to me about working on this play is how little in some ways things have changed,” reflects Perloff. “Dictators like [Zimbabwe’s President] Mugabe are still being lionized, for example, and civil wars are still rampant.

“The African setting in *Night and Day* adds remarkable layers, both personal and political, to the drama. One of the salient images I see in the play is the Carsons’ home as a seemingly ‘safe’ oasis that glows against the background of the incredible African night sky. The audience needs to feel that the real country outside this little oasis of western power is a vast and mysterious land that the West has never come to terms with. The play brings to life the extremely personal dramas of characters who have been drawn to this foreign country, which to them is utterly wild and impenetrable, for very different reasons—for love, for money, for thrills, for the idealistic belief that getting the word out will somehow change things for the better.”

**BEHIND THE BYLINE**

“No matter how imperfect things are, if you’ve got a free press everything is correctable, and without it everything is concealable,” says Jacob Milne (played by recent A.C.T. graduate T. Edward Webster), the young freelancer covering his first international “hot spot” in *Night and Day*. Idealistic, passionate, highly charismatic, and exceedingly articulate, Milne speaks more than any other character for the playwright’s own conviction that a free press is inextricable from a free society, and is worth risking everything to uphold. (“I am
passionate about [a free press]. It is the one thing that makes a free society different from an unfree one," Stoppard remarked when *Night and Day* premiered in the United States in 1979.) *Night and Day*’s Australian correspondent Dick Wagner (played by Marco Barricelli), by contrast, a cocky seasoned veteran writing for London’s *Sunday Globe*, is an opportunist (a “fireman” reporter, leaping from crisis to crisis around the world) whose careerism and obsession with breaking the story carry more weight than any moral imperative. George Guthrie (played by distinguished Bay Area artist Paul Whitworth), the most laconic of the three newsmen, is emotionally rattled by all the suffering he’s witnessed, yet embodies the photographer’s bias that actions speak louder than words and that nothing tells a story like a grisly picture. Ruth Carson, the lonely expat wife, represents the toll of another kind of journalism altogether, as the victim of the voracious British tabloid press that hounded her following a divorce back in London.

Ideas themselves are great seducers in Stoppard’s plays, and Ruth finds herself suddenly, and overwhelmingly, attracted to Milne’s idealistic fervor, which contrasts sharply with the blasé sophistication of her well-mannered husband. Stoppard has remarked on his inspiration for the romantic spark at the heart of *Night and Day*: “I also wanted to write a play . . . about a woman having an instant love-reaction to somebody, just-like-that.”

“Ruth has my favorite line in the play,” says Perloff: “I’m with you on the free press. It’s the newspapers I can’t stand. I think we can all relate to that ambivalence. We want to trust and rely on the press, but so many questions arise as soon as you begin scrutinizing how it functions. For instance, What isn’t getting covered? In this need to constantly churn up the next story, important events and issues very quickly become ‘old news.’ And what about the vast reaches of the world, particularly in Africa, from which we never hear anything?”

Even Stoppard, a self-confessed news junkie, has a deep-rooted love-hate relationship with journalism, and in *Night and Day* he uses to great effect these four characters’ divergent perspectives on the ethics of newsgathering. “Although Stoppard still believes [reporting] is a high calling, I don’t think *Night and Day* is a play that heroizes journalists,” says Perloff. “Instead it provides many different angles on the lives, the situations, and the kinds of people who are drawn to cover international news. Stoppard is very astute in this play about the troubling question of whether objectivity is even possible in a trade that relies on individual accounts and experiences.

“That is why I started reading the bylines,” says Perloff, “because we forget that these are individual people making varied individual decisions, and camouflaged by these masks of objectivity are the myriad subjective reasons why people are writing.

“When [Wall Street Journal reporter] Daniel Pearl was murdered in Pakistan earlier this year, it hit me incredibly hard. He was at Stanford right after I was there; I know many
people who knew him, and everybody talked about his insatiable curiosity and optimism. They couldn’t believe he had actually been killed, and I thought, What compelled him to take on an assignment that dangerous?”

Stoppard has admitted his own personal fascination with this “curious question of the war correspondent who fights for the privilege of being sent into an arena where he stands a good chance of being killed or wounded for what is ostensibly a commercial enterprise.”

**Ideas for Their Own Sake**

Stoppard wrote *Night and Day* during a particularly tumultuous moment in Britain’s press history, when, in 1977, the National Union of Journalists (NUJ) sought a “closed shop,” in which only licensed journalists would be allowed to write for the nation’s papers. Stoppard was vehemently opposed to the hard-line NUJ stance and wrote numerous editorials to the London *Times* championing the libertarian belief that a truly free press is one beholden to neither union nor business interests.

The characters in *Night and Day*, unionists and nonunionists alike, debate both sides of this controversy, in terms that are still remarkably germane to the news industry today. “Issues of union interests, and certainly media consolidation and standards, are still enormously important in today’s journalistic climate,” says Perloff.

In *Night and Day*, as in all of Stoppard’s work, what triumphs above all contrasting perspectives is the notion that information itself, for its own sake, is indispensable, and that stories of all stripes must be told. This message resonates with a profound power at a time when journalists are confronting increasingly dangerous environments around the world to gather and report the news.

“I think the thing that has shown up in every one of Stoppard’s plays is the passionate conviction that knowledge itself is light—no matter what kind of information, and no matter in what form,” remarks Perloff. “He says it in *Arcadia*, that the quest for knowledge, even useless knowledge, is important. It is what keeps you human. And I think that the passage of information, even if it’s in sloppy journalistic prose, even if it’s in a tabloid, is what keeps us civilized, and that where that’s curtailed you have a society at risk.”
THE CRUCIAL THING
An Interview with Tom Stoppard
BY JESSICA WERNER

Tom Stoppard once told critic Kenneth Tynan that the only thing that would ever make him leave England was control over free speech. For audiences familiar with the extravagant wordplay and primacy of intellectual pursuits in all of Stoppard’s plays, this deep-seated conviction in the free, untrammeled traffic of ideas should come as no surprise. From Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead (1967) to his newest work, The Coast of Utopia (a nine-hour trilogy, which opened at London’s National Theatre in July), Stoppard has trumpeted the fundamental human desire to question, to scrutinize, and to expose unfamiliar, even obscure, thoughts to the light. As the biographer Hannah Jarvis says in Arcadia (1993), it’s the questioning, more even than the elusive answers, that ultimately counts: “It’s wanting to know that makes us matter. Otherwise we go out the way we came in.”

ALL STORIES ARE WORTH TELLING
When Stoppard wrote Night and Day in the late 1970s, he fulfilled a longstanding desire to tackle head-on the subjects of journalism and the free press—which he called “the crucial thing, the one thing that makes a free society different from an unfree one.” While the relative psychological realism of Night and Day was a stylistic shift for Stoppard—coming on the heels of his more absurdist hits Jumpers (1972) and Travesties (1974)—the play, thematically, sits squarely alongside his other works as it explores the very nature and methods of storytelling itself. Night and Day remains Stoppard’s most personal expression to date of his abiding passion for the journalistic enterprise, and is also one of his most strident indictments of the oppressive forces that curtail free expression and make a free press worth fighting for. As the intrepid young reporter Jacob Milne says in the play, “No matter how imperfect things are, if you’ve got a free press, everything is correctable. Without it, everything is concealable.”

When the play premiered in 1978, some critics, to Stoppard’s astonishment, read Night and Day as an attack on the press, missing entirely the point he seems to make at the play’s heart—that all stories are worth telling, and that taking seriously, with informed precision, every side of a question can make not just for good journalism, but for good drama.

“It is a debate, isn’t it?” said Stoppard of Night and Day in a recent interview, as he prepared to revisit the script in preparation for A.C.T.’s production. Stoppard has made significant changes to his 1978 text and was in residence at A.C.T. for the final week of
technical rehearsals and preview performances to, as he says, “adjust the corners a bit” of a play about which he has always cared deeply.

Stoppard views the misunderstandings with those early critics in hindsight as a “lovers’ tiff,” and explains that the play “is an argument, rather than an editorial for or against the press. Apart from anything else, Night and Day is a work of fiction in which various people argue and put forth points of view.”

The three journalist characters in Night and Day represent three very different approaches to covering the news and debate the questions of what makes a good correspondent and what constitutes responsible reporting. Living up to his reputation for seamlessly weaving more ideas into one play than many playwrights manage in an entire career, Stoppard in fact examines in Night and Day just about all that is right and wrong with the Fourth Estate—the heroism and sense of adventure, the fierce competitiveness, the fine line between exploitation and information, and, perhaps most importantly, the question of whether a story is ever worth dying for. “I still think the press is vitally and crucially important to a civilized society,” he says. “That is not to say that it can’t be improved.”

“MY FIRST AMBITION”

“I got into journalism quite casually really, but it bit me quite deep,” says Stoppard of his early experiences as a journalist. “It certainly took hold of me when I was in it.” Stoppard dropped out of school in 1954, at the age of 17, to take his first writing gig as a junior newspaper reporter for Bristol’s Western Daily Press. He dreamt of being a great foreign correspondent: “My first ambition was to be lying on the floor of an African airport while machine-gun bullets zoomed over my typewriter.” Within two years he was writing feature stories, but he calls his early journalism “indefatigably facetious” and self-referential. Nevertheless, in 1958, the Bristol Evening World offered him a position as a feature writer, humor columnist, and drama critic, which brought him into the world of theater.

He began frequenting Bristol’s Old Vic, where 24-year-old Peter O’Toole’s performance as Hamlet had “a tremendous effect” on Stoppard. “It was everything it was supposed to be,” he remembers. “It was exciting and mysterious and eloquent. I used to dash back from evening jobs, or rather get the reporter on the rival newspaper to cover for me, to catch the end of it.” By 1960 Stoppard had completed his first full-length play, A Walk on the Water (later produced in 1968 as Enter a Free Man), and left journalistic aspirations behind to write for the theater, not just about it.

“Journalism was a way of life which I enjoyed while I was in it,” he says, “and probably would have gone on enjoying for quite a long time—but ultimately probably not. I think reporting is a young man’s game.” He is among the world’s most productive playwrights
(and most voracious readers), yet calls himself “quite lazy.” “I work harder than I used to when I was a reporter, but it feels different. I do it for myself. I like working for myself and not being told where to go and so on. But I enjoyed being the lowly journalist when I was one.” Stoppard also dismisses much of his early feature writing as “the fringes of journalism.” “What I mean by journalism is getting the news,” a trade with which he has always remained fascinated.

“I read three newspapers a day as a minimum, five on Sunday,” he told cultural writer Mel Gussow a few years ago. “I’m addicted to newsprint and the weekly periodicals. They stack up behind me, and I seem to be pathologically incapable of throwing them away. Eighty percent of my reading goes on newsprint.” He has always had immense admiration for the men and women on the front lines of information gathering, whom he puts center stage in Night and Day. “I didn’t set out thinking that I wanted to write a play about foreign correspondents, but I did feel I had a play in me about newspapers,” he says, recalling the narrative choice “to come at the subject through the actions of foreign correspondents working abroad in a dangerous war.

“Perhaps more so in those days than now, but I was always kind of a romantic about journalism. I thought the practice was a very important one, and I admired journalists who did their jobs in dangerous situations.”

THE COMPLEXITIES OF COVERING WAR

Stoppard wrote Night and Day at a time when foreign correspondents were very much in the news themselves, much as they are today. Stoppard says he remembers being affected by the 1977 book Dispatches, a kaleidoscopic account of Michael Herr’s experiences covering Vietnam, that has since become a literary icon for the horrifying, and at times paradoxically exhilarating, complexities of covering war. “I remember the photojournalist Tim Page being quoted as saying something like ‘war is glamorous,’” says Stoppard. (Page was the high-energy, drug-addled photojournalist who served as the inspiration for Dennis Hopper’s legendary character in Apocalypse Now.)

One of Night and Day’s most pertinent questions—particularly when asked in the context of the post-9/11 world, in which reporters are increasingly at risk around the globe and readers are hungry for news reports that shed light on global conflicts—is why someone would choose to court such enormous danger to get a story. Does reporting foreign news to readers back home, many of whom are unlikely to give it more than a cursory glance, justify risking one’s life?

Stoppard has called reporting an “adventure,” but he has also been quick to remind that it is foremost a business, and not only a public trust. “I was very interested in the idea of
the war correspondent who fights for the privilege of being sent into an arena where he
stands a good chance of being killed or wounded for what is, in the real world, a commer-
cial enterprise,” he says of his inspiration for *Night and Day*.

“News is overtaken so quickly,” Stoppard says, lamenting that important stories can
have an absurdly short shelf life, as they are pushed off the front pages by editors driven by
the profit motive to churn out new stories at a relentless pace, trying to keep one step ahead
of the public’s perceived short attention span. “A story somehow used to last longer. I think
stories get erased by the next story too quickly.”

Stoppard most likely modeled the country of Kambawe in *Night and Day* on several
postcolonial African nations—the Congo, Nigeria, and Ethiopia, in particular—whose
political turmoil was headlining the news in the 1960s and ’70s, yet which are now hardly
mentioned. “Africa in a strange way has been abandoned by western journalism in general,”
says Stoppard. “I think there is as much news happening in Africa, of the same kind [as in
*Night and Day*], but it doesn’t seem to have as much focus for western newspaper readers.”

“IT WILL ALWAYS BE DRAMATIC”

Even Stoppard, a self-confessed news junkie, has a deep-rooted love-hate relationship with
journalism, and—like the characters in *Night and Day*—still struggles with his views on
the press, believing as fervently as ever that papers are a crucial “line of defense” for a true
democracy, yet harboring real concerns about the devolution and dubious motives of the
mainstream press. “I think the power of journalism is used much more casually, and irre-
sponsibly, especially about personal individuals.” (Stoppard knows all too well the prying
powers of today’s newspapers; his divorce from his second wife Miriam and relationship
with actress Felicity Kendal were tabloid fodder in the UK for more than two years.)

“I think it is a strange profession now. There’s rarely a penalty for failure or for error.
Mistakes never seem to be as important as they used to be and they aren’t taken as seri-
ously. My impression is that people used to rely on newspapers to tell them the truth much
more than they do nowadays. I don’t think people really have much faith in newspapers,
which I think is a pity—but not surprising.”

While certain aspects of reporting portrayed in *Night and Day* have changed quite dra-
matically since Stoppard wrote the play—namely, technology allowing near-instant
transmittal of copy from almost anywhere, the increasing numbers of women journalists in
the field, and tabloid journalism’s even deeper entrenchment in our lives—Stoppard
acknowledges that the issues at the play’s heart remain remarkably germane. “I think the
glamour of bringing the news back from a distant place, especially a war, will always be
interesting. It will always be dramatic.” ■
A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF TOM STOPPARD

Tom Stoppard worked as a freelance journalist while writing radio plays, a novel (Lord Malquist and Mr. Moon), and the first of his plays to be staged in England, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead, winner of the 1968 Tony Award for best play. His subsequent plays include The Real Inspector Hound, After Magritte, Jumpers, Travesties (Tony Award), Every Good Boy Deserves Favour (with André Previn), Night and Day, The Real Thing (Tony Award), Hapgood, Arcadia (Olivier Award, New York Drama Critics’ Circle Award, and Tony Award nomination; directed by Carey Perloff at A.C.T. in 1995), Indian Ink (directed in its American premiere by Perloff at A.C.T. in 1999), The Invention of Love (directed in its American premiere by Perloff at A.C.T. in 2000), and his most recent plays, the trilogy The Coast of Utopia, which opened at London’s National Theatre in August.

Stoppard’s translations and adaptations include Chekhov’s The Seagull, Lorca’s The House of Bernarda Alba, Schnitzler’s The Undiscovered Country and Dalliance, Nestroy’s On the Razzle, Vaclav Havel’s Largo Desalato, and Rough Crossing (based on Ferenc Molnar’s Play at the Castle). He has written screenplays for Despair, The Romantic Englishwoman (coauthor), The Human Factor, Brazil (coauthor), Empire of the Sun, The Russia House, Billy Bathgate, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead (which he also directed and which won the Prix d’Or for best film at the 1990 Venice Film Festival), Shakespeare in Love (Golden Globe and Academy awards with coauthor Marc Norman), and Enigma.

Stoppard received a knighthood in 1997.
A CONVERSATION WITH STOOPARD
ABOUT JOURNALISM AND NIGHT AND DAY

BY MEL GUSSOW

DID YOUR SELF-EDUCATION BEGIN AS A JOURNALIST?
Yes. When you ask if I regretted not going to college, there are two sides to that. I do regret it in a way but my last three years in journalism were as valuable in a different sense. I had an extremely secluded adolescence. When you go to a boarding school you don’t get to know very much about anything else. Being a journalist is a very good way to get into the deep end of things.

HOW DID YOU GET YOUR FIRST JOB AS A JOURNALIST?
I didn’t realise how lucky I was until long afterwards. It was a three-paper town, and I got myself an interview with the news editor of one of those papers. They hired two or three people a year, 17-year-old boys or girls, paid what used to be called two pounds ten shillings a week. I was living at home. I was just so glad. The last thing that bothered me was getting paid that little. As I said, as an alternative form of education it was very valuable.

BUT IT DIDN’T INTRODUCE YOU TO GREAT BOOKS, WHICH SEEMS TO BE A THRUST OF YOUR LATER SELF-EDUCATION.
It didn’t do that. I started reporting when I was 17. I didn’t start reading until I was around 20. I had done an enormous amount of reading from the age of five. Like my eldest son, I tend to re-read books I like. There was a book which had an extremely bad effect on me, a famous English humorous book called England Their England by a man called A. G. MacDonell, which was published in the thirties. It had a terrible effect on the way I wrote. I wrote like this man for years afterwards. When I got my own column on the newspaper, I was indefatigably facetious. It was good for his book but bad for journalism. I tended to write in a way which demonstrated the writer rather than the subject. If I did an interview, my piece would use the situation to show how well I could do things, how well I could describe the person, not what he said.

Robert Muller, who’s married to Billie Whitelaw, used to interview people for the Daily Mail. His first sentence would introduce Cliff Richard. Then there would be a large quote and it would go for 1200 words and the quote mark would finish. Muller could have been
anybody, and they were a brilliant series of interviews. There wasn’t a line in them, other than what the person said. I remember thinking this is hopeless. How does one know if Muller is any good? Of course his interviews were much more interesting to read than anything I ever wrote when I interviewed somebody. Megalomania we called it (1983)

**IS IT A CANARD THAT YOU’RE A CONSERVATIVE?**

Would it be one? I always thought of myself as a conservative not in a sort of ideological way. I’m really a bit of a failure talking about politics because I never get into the subject or issues in the manner in which a responsible citizen really ought to. I respond in some other way, aesthetically even, certainly emotionally. Emotionally I like to conserve. I don’t like impulsive change. But what I like and don’t like certainly doesn’t divide up into things that the Conservative Party or the Labour Party does. One of the things I hated most of all was when they redrew the county boundaries in England. I grew up with this map of England, where there was the North Riding of Yorkshire and a county called Rutland and there were Somerset and Gloucestershire, and when the Conservatives brought in these newfangled bureaucratic entities called Avon and Cleveland, I was appalled. So my conservatism is trivial in some ways.

I was very pleased with Mrs. Thatcher at the beginning. I thought of her as being a subversive influence, which I found very welcome. The Wilson-Callaghan pre-Thatcher years in English politics I thought were nauseating. I thought politicians had become people one didn’t bother to listen to because they seemed desperately anxious not to expose their flanks to any side. There were very few unqualified statements of intent. I loved the way she came in. I was very personally interested in the whole saga of print unions, for example, a huge corrupt scandal which government after government wouldn’t tackle.

Which brings us to Murdoch as well. I think he’s a very bad influence on English, or indeed global, cultural life. Ten years ago, he was a sort of hero for me, for sending the printers packing. The printers were making newspapers into an impossible economic proposition, and I love newspapers. I was delighted when Murdoch came in in his Australian underhanded way with a lot of money behind him and just destroyed them. It was well overdue. Obviously I was thinking collectively—the print union.
A lot of printers were out of work.

Exactly. I was coming to that very point. This is the difficulty of any pronouncement on an issue. There’s a collective, and then there’s a personal individual life there. That’s why these questions are never quite resolved.

You’ve been so strong on human rights. What about human rights for printers?

I don’t think you have a human right to cheat and steal. There were printers signing on as Mickey Mouse. I just think they pushed their luck. Murdoch said, it’s not a union, it’s a protection racket. I think that was probably quite fair.

But then you turned against Murdoch.

That’s part of a whole shift of feeling about the press as a whole. Night and Day contains statements which are still flourished. I read one last week by people who want to leave the press completely untrammeled. I don’t know what I want now. I’ve arrived at a kind of defensive position, which is not entirely where I stand intellectually. I’ve decided that getting cross about the press is almost like getting cross about the Flat Earth Society. It’s become an awful joke. What I find upsetting about the notorious end of the British press is what it says about the readership. I think the tabloid press treat their readers almost as if they are morons. And it’s awful the way the readers don’t seem to mind.

You said you still like newspapers. Why?

God knows. Here in New York I walk to rehearsal and buy three London papers, yesterday’s. I don’t know why. Because I grew up with them, I suppose.

You said, “Journalism is the last line of defence in this country.”

I think that’s still true. I think people would be getting away with much more, were it not for newspapers blowing the whistle, or just being there to observe.

What about newspapers furthering their own agenda, and distorting the issue?

It’s partly that. But there’s a dreadful arrogance about them. This is a banal truism. The tabloids purport to be looking after the public’s interest, but if you ever see the face of a news editor when somebody comes in with a story of a politician’s sexual escapade, there’s no sense there of saving the country from anything or of informing the public of anything
important. It’s a saturnalia. It’s vicious, vindictive, unprincipled and should be beneath the
dignity of the profession. It’s an ancient, honourable profession, which has fought for its
rights, and I don’t think it’s fought for the right to trade in domestic tribulation. But pri-
vacy laws are pretty sinister. I said before that people are still quoting form Night and Day.
In the Spectator someone was quoting [Ruth] in Night and Day who said, “I’m with you on
the free press. It’s the newspapers I can’t stand.”

I once went to a debate on the press, with the editor of the Observer and David Hare
on the platform. It must have been the time of Pravda [the play by Howard Brenton and
Hare that satirised the press]. I was sitting there, a member of the public, and David Hare
was attacking the press, and the editor of the Observer was putting up the defence. To my
astonishment, the editor then produced a quote from Night and Day to back up his case.
But I was no longer on his side to that degree. It made me realize that I had shifted. Apart
from anything else, Night and Day is a work of fiction in which various people argue and
put forth points of view. Certainly I stood fairly shoulder to shoulder with the young
reporter in the play, when he said the sleazy press is the price you pay for not having some-
body with a title and a big blue pencil draw the line.

I’m very unfocused and incoherent on the subject because I’m in the middle of it. For
the last year or two I’ve thought if I can get this properly in focus, I really would like to
write another play about journalism. I’ve shifted to the right here. It’s partly because the
newspapers are that much worse, partly that I’m much older and more conservative.

MORE CONSERVATIVE?
About newspapers, I think I am. I read three newspapers a day as a minimum, five on
Sunday, because they educate and inform even yet. I have a thesis about papers at the
moment. I’m not sure I have the time or inclination to establish its credentials. It’s more
an instinct than a thesis. When I was in journalism, there was a kind of divide in the press.
There was a knockabout press which quite often was inane and made much of trivial
events in the public and private life. And then there was another larger body of newspa-
pers, which considered this wasn’t really worth the space. My intuition is that the divide in
the British press still exists but no longer separates newspaper from newspaper. It goes
through the middle of every paper. So you have this astonishing phenomenon now where
you get the most dedicated, most highly principled journalism, journalism which does
good. It runs campaigns, reports things which need to be reported. Yet jostling about in
the same paper are completely silly sort of women’s magazine type stories, stories that used
to be in the TV Times, and fatuous “exposés.”
I bumped into Andrew Neil [the editor of the Sunday Times] at a party and tried out my thesis on him. He wasn’t at all impressed. His view was, “Yes, but none too soon.” He felt the corruption in English society came from deference. I think he has a mission in life to demonstrate that all deference is bad.

IT’S ALSO TRUE IN AMERICA, WHERE GOSSIP GETS IN THE SO-CALLED SERIOUS PAPERS AND INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALISM CAN BE IN THE TABLOIDS. Exactly. It’s as though the press is now schizoid. When I was a young man going into journalism, there were newspapers and there were some odd papers that were hard to classify. They were called Titbits and Reveille, and they were essentially composed of human-interest stories: Siamese twin bites dog kind of stories. And that story has now found its way to the front page of the tabloid Sunday press. The thing that leaves one with a sense of despair is that the newspaper has found its readership and the readership has found its newspaper. To me it looks like a downward spiral into an appalling basement of the sub-class, which I would lay at the door of tacky journalism.

I ALSO READ MANY PAPERS, ESPECIALLY IN LONDON. I DON’T KNOW WHY I DO IT.
I know why I do it, because I suffer the delusion that my next play but one would be inside this newspaper, and if I don’t read it, I won’t write the play. Which is a kind of insanity, because I can’t read everything. When I’m here I read the New York Times Magazine and am aware that I have not read 51 of the 52. Who knows what was in them?

DO YOU FIND THE IDEAS FOR YOUR PLAYS, OTHER THAN THE ONES ABOUT JOURNALISM, IN THE NEWSPAPERS?
Actually, Arcadia might have started there. Something must have led me to get hold of Gleick’s book [Chaos].

PERHAPS IT WAS A REVIEW OF THE BOOK.
Good example. I read book reviews for that reason.

COULD YOU IMAGINE HAVING STAYED IN JOURNALISM AND NOT BEING A PLAYWRIGHT?
No. Looking at it now, I would think of that as an unhappy outcome, not because I love the theatre, in quotes, but because it was wonderful to work for myself and not have to be accountable to somebody. It’s one of the things we were talking about in Prague. I have a
formulation about the luck we’ve had, which is that people like myself appear to have promoted a recreation into a career. We’re getting away with it, and it’s the getting away with it part which I don’t want to lose. It seems quite capricious, the way one profession is rewarded over another one. There’s an evolution in every kind of society, particularly now in what we call the free market society, where certain pursuits are amazingly over-rewarded. Being a popular singer, or in a band. There’s no logic in it.

TELEVISION JOURNALISM AS COMPARED TO PRINT JOURNALISM.
Absolutely. That’s an interesting phenomenon. There’s a relationship between the face and the voice and the audience, the listenership. Television journalists have a personality to sell, and the personality can become incredibly valuable, if it conveys trustworthiness, for example, or even a certain kind of looks.

FOR YOU, HAVING CHOSEN PLAYWRIGHT, IT’S A KIND OF SUPER FREELANCE.
YOU’RE NOT BEHOLDEN TO ANYONE.
No. I’m one of the people who fall into the over-rewarded category, I supposed. I don’t coast on it. I work harder than I used to when I was a reporter. But it feels different. I do it for myself.

It seems to have emerged that a magazine or a publisher will do better if the product is cut into bite-size pieces, so very little gets sustained in the popular press. There are, of course, exceptions. But when People magazine first came out, I thought, This is not going to work: it’s treating people as though they can’t continue a sentence over a page. The food is being cut up on the plate for people who aren’t very good at eating. Of course I was completely wrong. I believe it was a success from the word go. It’s exactly what people want. They want someone to do it all for them. (1994)

STOPPARD ON NIGHT AND DAY, JOURNALISM, AND THE PRESS

I had always felt that no matter how dangerously closed a society looked like it was getting, as long as any newspaper was free to employ anybody it liked to say what it wished within the law, then any situation was correctable. And without that any situation was concealable. I felt that very strongly; I feel it strongly now. I am passionate about this. It’s the one thing that makes a free society different from an unfree one. It’s the crucial thing. It’s the last thing to go. While you’ve got it, you’re in a situation where you can get better. Once you’ve lost it, it can only get worse.

Now, I’d be leaving out something terribly important if I were not to say immediately that I also wanted to write a play . . . about a woman, not exactly falling in love, but having an instant love reaction to somebody just-like-that.

London Weekend Television (November 26, 1978)

It’s about the mores, and some would say the morons, of Fleet Street . . . Stoppard has a great admiration for the press in the abstract, which reaches its apogee in his admiration for the foreign correspondent writing his story while bullets ricochet off his Olivetti portable. “I was very interested in the idea of people risking their lives for what was, in the real world, a commercial enterprise” [said Stoppard].

The Guardian (July 7, 1979)

I’m a lover of and an apologist for journalism. The play actually is saying that the aspects of journalism which one might well disapprove of are the price we pay for the part that matters, and that the part that matters is absolutely vital.

I write because I want to get out of jail, really. I find the whole thing so anxious that I think of it as being rather like a sentence that you have to serve. So I just keep going.

The New York Times (November 25, 1979)

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON JOURNALISM AND THE PRESS

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS
A free press is one that prints a dictator’s speech but doesn’t have to.

Laurence J. Peter

The most effective means of ensuring the government’s accountability to the people is an aggressive, free, challenging, untrusting press.

Colin Powell (1991)

It is well to remember that freedom through the press is the thing that comes first. Most of us probably feel we couldn’t be free without newspapers, and that is the real reason we want the newspapers to be free.

Edward R. Murrow

Even though we never like it, and even though we wish they didn’t write it, and even though we disapprove, there isn’t any doubt that we could not do the job at all in a free society without a very, very active press.

President John F. Kennedy, quoted in Political Power and the Press (W. W. Norton, 1972), by William J. Small, former CBS Washington Bureau manager

NEWSPAPERS
It was (Thomas) Jefferson who wrote John Norvell (in a letter he insisted not get into the press) that newspapers could be divided into four chapters—truths, probabilities, possibilities, and lies—the first chapter being very short and the second not much longer.

William J. Small, in Political Power and the Press

To the press alone, chequered as it is with abuses, the world is indebted for all the triumphs which have been gained by reason and humanity, over error and oppression.

James Madison (1799)
The printing press is either the greatest blessing or the greatest curse of modern times, one sometimes forgets which.

Sir J. M. Barrie, author of Peter Pan

It is a newspaper's duty to print the news and raise hell.

William Storey, statement of the aims of the Chicago Times (1861)

[Journalism] is a profession whose business it is to explain to others what it personally does not understand.

Lord Northcliffe

A newspaper is a device unable to discriminate between a bicycle accident and the collapse of civilization.

George Bernard Shaw

PRESS CREDIBILITY
Never believe in mirrors or newspapers.

Tom Stoppard, The Hotel in Amsterdam (1968)

I read the newspapers avidly. It is my one form of continuous fiction.

Post–World War II British politician Aneurin Bevan

Once a newspaper touches a story, the facts are lost forever, even to the protagonists.

Norman Mailer (1960)

ETHICS AND PITFALLS
You can crush a man with journalism.

William Randolph Hearst

If newspapers are useful in overthrowing tyrants, it is only to establish a tyranny of their own.

James Fenimore Cooper

There is no such thing, at this date of the world’s history, in America, as an independent press. . . . The business of the journalist is to destroy the truth, to lie outright, to pervert, to vilify, to fawn at the feet of mammon, and to sell his country and his race for his daily
bread. . . . We are the tools and vassals of rich men behind the scenes. We are the jumping jacks, they pull the strings and we dance. Our talents, our possibilities and our lives are all the property of other men. We are intellectual prostitutes.

John Swinton, managing editor of the *New York Times* during the Civil War, in a speech to journalists in New York (c. 1880)

Committing journalism is . . . so important that it's constitutionally protected. We need to think all the time about what we are doing with that privilege. When we write without that moral perspective . . . we’re like the atheist in his coffin: all dressed up and no place to go.

Author and columnist Jane Bryant Quinn

**REPORTERS**

A good journalist is a rewarding sight. . . . He must have a zest for events. . . . He must have a dedication to facts and a scent of humbug. . . . He must cultivate skepticism while avoiding cynicism. . . . He must learn to cover . . . causes for which he can have sympathy but must not display loyalty. . . . He must be incorruptible. . . . He must go where he is not wanted, and be resistant to those who are too welcoming. And for all of this, his hours will be long, his pay inadequate, and his standing in the community not particularly high.

Thomas Griffith of *Time* magazine

We were a newspaper tribe of assorted drunkards, poets, burglars, philosophers, and boastful ragamuffins. We were supermen with soiled collars and holes in our pants, stone broke and sneering at our betters in limousines and unmortgaged houses, cynical of all things on earth, including the tyrannical journal that underpaid and overworked us, and for which, after a round of cursing, we were ready to die.

Ben Hecht

The power of the journalist is great, but he is entitled neither to respect nor admiration because of that power unless it is used aright. He can do, and often does, great good. He can do, and he often does, infinite mischief.

Theodore Roosevelt, in a 1910 speech in Paris (thanks to John David Powell)
NEWS IS . . .
What lies between the ads.

Dale Boller

The first rough draft of history.

Ben Bradlee

What one’s colleagues have defined as news.

Douglass Cater

Anything that will make people talk.

Charles A. Dana, *The New York Sun*

Women, wampum, and wrongdoing.


What somebody somewhere wants to suppress. All the rest is advertising.

Lord Northcliffe

All quotations excerpted from morrock.com/newsdef.htm.
THE CLOSED-SHOP DISPUTE
Inspiration for Night and Day

BY HANNAH KNAPP

THE CLOSED SHOP
A “closed shop” is an arrangement in which an employer agrees to hire—and keep employed—only individuals who are members of a specific union. Such an agreement is governed by the terms of a labor contract between the union and the employer.

By the 1930s, the closed shop had become a commonly negotiated agreement intended to protect labor organizations. Today, however, in the United Kingdom and, to a lesser extent, in other industrial nations, closed-shop provisions are rarely found in a written contract, but in some industries it is understood that union members will walk off the job before they will work alongside nonunionists. This is so commonly assumed among printers, dockworkers, and miners in Britain that employers rarely attempt to employ nonunion workers. In Britain, where union membership is taken for granted, the closed shop has not been as controversial as in the United States. In fact, British government boards and commissions traditionally expect unions to represent all employees in an industry.

Although closed shops were declared illegal in the United States under the Taft-Hartley Act of 1947, they continue to exist in practice; they are not, however, written into contracts. They are used by employers who depend on unions for hiring or by industries that employ workers for only a short period of time (e.g., dockworkers and construction workers). In such cases employers might seek job applicants by contacting union hiring halls, but they remain free to recruit elsewhere. (Adapted from www.britannica.com.)

THE BRITISH JOURNALISTS’ CLOSED-SHOP DISPUTE OF 1976–77
A dispute over closed shops in British newspapers generated a huge number of articles and letters to the editor of the London Times during 1976 and 1977. A Trade Union and Labour Relations (Amendment) Bill, which would allow newspapers to limit their staff to journalists belonging to the National Union of Journalists (NUJ), was being debated in Parliament throughout the first half of 1976. At the same time, the Barnsley branch of the NUJ demanded that four members who had left their ranks to join the rival union, the Institute of Journalists (IOJ), be cut off from news sources, effectively making it impossible for them to do their jobs. The public debate over these two closed-shop issues led to much discussion in the Times about freedom of the press in a closed-shop situation.
A particular incident during this time was very similar to the experience of *Night and Day*’s Jacob Milne. In January 1977, two photographers who worked for the regional paper the *Ilford Recorder* resigned from the NUJ and joined the IOJ. The NUJ, after trying to persuade them to rejoin the union, “blacked” their work, refusing to print it. Two days later, management at the *Recorder* signed a “post-entry” closed-shop agreement with the union, which meant that any new hires would have to belong to the NUJ, and informed the photographers that they could not return to work unless they rejoined the NUJ—which one of the photographers did immediately. The other, like Milne, refused to join, and left.

Perhaps the most drawn-out and sensational closed-shop dispute during this time, however, took place in Darlington, in northern England, where all the regional papers were owned by North of England Newspapers. Over 100 journalists went on strike on June 3, 1977, when Josephine Kirk Smith, who was not a member of the NUJ, was hired as a sub-editor for the *Darlington and Stockton Times* after they had agreed to a postentry NUJ closed shop. The London journalists working for Westminster Press, the parent organization to which North of England Newspapers belonged, joined the strike a week later. The Trade Union Congress (TUC) printing industries committee, traditionally a mediator, backed the Darlington journalists, followed by the Darlington printers, forcing the newspapers to face a shutdown on August 2, one month after the strike had begun. Although talks took place between the printing unions and management, as well as NUJ officials and management, they rapidly broke down. The printers withdrew their support, going back to work on December 7, and most of the Darlington papers reappeared on December 16. London-based journalists returned to work on the 21st, but the NUJ Darlington strike committee was adamant that the strike would continue.

The controversy generated by these incidents and the debate over the parliamentary bill created two distinct camps: one that believed a free press could never exist in a closed-shop situation, as the NUJ could push its political agenda and force all others to remain silent; and another that believed a closed shop was the only way for journalists to have bargaining power against their employers, and therefore was worth any risk.

Tom Stoppard, who explores these issues in *Night and Day*, also wrote about them in the following letter to the editor of the *Times*, printed on August 11, 1977, in response to a letter that had appeared on August 5:

Sir, Is anyone really deceived by the sleight-of-word by which the newspaper owners are described as a closed shop? Mr Harry Coen (August 5) is merely the latest of these verbal con-men when he writes of “the financial consortia
which demand enormous wealth rather than a union card for entry to their own (very) closed shop."

Should we spell it out? An unclosed shop is a state of affairs where if, for example, I want to publish my own paper, all I need is wealth, which may indeed have to be enormous if I want my own Daily Express but not so enormous if I want my own Iver Heath Bugle, or, for that matter, my own Socialist Worker. If I don't have the money I can try to raise it, and neither Mr Victor Matthews nor Mr Kenneth Morgan can stop me. This is called freedom of expression. A closed shop is a state of affairs where if, for example, I want to work for a newspaper, all I need is to avoid offending some person or group in a position to withdraw my right to do so, on that paper or any other. This is called absence of freedom of expression.

Many others joined the debated over the free press question during 1976 and 1977. Following are excerpts from some of their articles and letters:

The great cry has been that freedom and democracy are threatened. But newspaper proprietors and their agents do not have any monopoly on a desire for a free press, and their concern for nonunion labour has good economic foundations. I suggest that opposition to the bill derives from a fear that the present undemocratic control of the press might be put in jeopardy by a strong trade union whose members might one day insist on the reality of press freedom rather than the present sham.

Jacob Ecclestone, father of the NUJ chapel at the Times (March 6, 1976)

The freedom of the press is threatened, by the closed shop policy, in that no one body should hold control over who should write and what should be written. . . .

An editor must have the unfettered authority to hire, fire, and use material from all sources. Any restriction on his prerogative is a step towards a press of propagandist broadsheets; the readers would be the poorer—only one remove from Big Brother.

Furthermore, it cannot be right that a person can be bullied into an action totally against his or her beliefs. Personal liberty is a precious thing, and I will not relinquish mine. This is fundamental to all that is good in Britain.

"Why I have made my stand against a journalists’ closed shop,” a letter from Josephine Kirk Smith, “the woman at the centre of the North of England Newspapers dispute” (June 4, 1977)
The power of the NUJ, with a universal closed shop, would, indeed, be formidable for it would be able to ensure that only political views of which it approved could receive publicity and the ability to write in a newspaper would depend upon the individual obtaining the necessary licence from the NUJ. The monopoly would be complete and wholly different from a huge diversity of control now prevailing in the national, provincial, and electronic forms of communication. The consequences of such an NUJ control for our democracy and for the liberty of individuals in journalism could be devastating.

“Why press freedom would be threatened by a journalists’ closed shop,” an article by Richard Storey, chairman of Portsmouth and Sunderland Newspapers Ltd. (July 11, 1977)

Surely the true issue raised by Darlington’s proposed closed shop for journalists is no more and no less that raised by any closed shop in any industry, the liberty of the individual as challenged by the needs of the majority to organize effectively for the benefit of all.

Harry Coen, arts editor of the Northern Echo, in a letter to the editor (August 5, 1977)

The Code of Conduct is not, never could be, and never will be a weapon of censorship—though it’s convenient for opponents of the closed shop to pretend that it is. It is a weapon for upholding certain journalistic standards, such as the duty to give an attacked person a chance to reply, and to refuse to initiate articles which will inflame race hate.

Those who claim that, in a closed shop, the Code of Conduct will be used to establish Stalinist control over the press know perfectly well, generally, that this is nonsense. Their real reason for opposing closed shops has nothing to do with free newspapers, and everything to do with free bargaining.

NUJ executive Francis Beckett, in a letter to the editor (August 11, 1977)
WAR CORRESPONDENTS IN THE FIELD

Why do journalists become war correspondents? What is it like to be in the thick of battle? Why do they stay? How do they get out the news? How do they feel about their experiences?

Excerpts from the autobiographical writing of freelance Vietnam War correspondent Michael Herr and David Halberstam, who reported for the New York Times on the fight for Congolese independence, illuminate all of these issues, and more.

DISPATCHES

“BREATHING IN”

Talk about impersonating an identity, about locking into a role, about irony: I went to cover the war and the war covered me; an old story, unless of course you’ve never heard it. I went there behind the crude but serious belief that you had to be able to look at anything, serious because I acted on it and went, crude because I didn’t know, it took the war to teach it, that you were as responsible for everything you saw as you were for everything you did. The problem was that you didn’t always know what you were seeing until later, maybe years later, that a lot of it never made it in at all, it just stayed stored there in your eyes. Time and information, rock and roll, life itself, the information isn’t frozen, you are.

Even though by the time I left I knew where all the stories came from and where they were going, I was never bored, never even unsurprised. Obviously, what they really wanted to tell you was how tired they were and how sick of it, how moved they’d been and how afraid. But maybe that was me, by then my posture was shot: “reporter.” (“Must be pretty hard to stay detached,” a man on the plane to San Francisco said, and I said, “Impossible.”) After a year I felt so plugged in to all the stories and the images and the fear that even the dead started telling me stories, you’d hear them out of a remote but accessible space where there were no ideas, no emotions, no facts, no proper language, only clean information. However many times it happened, whether I’d known them or not, no matter what I’d felt about them or the way they’d died, their story was always there and it was always the same: it went, “Put yourself in my place.”

In Saigon I always went to sleep stoned, so I almost always lost my dreams, probably just as well, sock in deep and dim under that information and get whatever rest you could, wake
up tapped of all images but the ones remembered from the day or the week before, with only the taste of a bad dream in your mouth like you'd been chewing on a roll of dirty old pennies in your sleep. I'd watched grunts asleep putting out the REM's like a firefight in the dark, I'm sure it was the same with me. They'd say (I'd ask) that they didn't remember their dreams either when they were in the zone, but on R&R or in the hospital their dreaming would be constant, open, violent, and clear, like a man in the Pleiku hospital on the night I was there. It was three in the morning, scary and upsetting like hearing a language for the first time and somehow understanding every word, the voice loud and small at the same time, insistent, calling, "Who? Who? Who's in the next room?" There was a single shaded light over the desk at the end of the ward where I sat with the orderly, I could only see the first few beds, it felt like there were a thousand of them running out into the darkness, but actually there were only twenty in each row. After the man had repeated it a few times there was a change like the break in a fever, he sounded like a pleading little boy. I could see cigarettes being lighted at the far end of the ward, mumbles and groans, wounded men returning to consciousness, pain, but the man who'd been dreaming slept through it. . . . As for my own dreams, the ones I lost there would make it through after, I should have known, some things will just naturally follow until they take. The night would come when they'd be vivid and unremitting, that night the beginning of a long string, I'd remember then and wake up half believing that I'd never really been in any of those places.

"KHE SANH"
At night in Khe Sanh, waiting there, thinking about all of [the Viet Cong surrounding Khe Sanh] (40,000, some said), thinking that they might really try it, could keep you up. If they did, when they did, it might not matter that you were in the best bunker in the DMZ, wouldn't matter that you were young and had plans, that you were loved, that you were a noncombatant, an observer. Because if it came, it would be in a bloodswarm of killing, and credentials would not be examined. (The only Vietnamese many of us knew was the words "Bao Chi! Bao Chi!"—Journalist! Journalist! or even "Bao Chi Fap!"—French journalist!, which was the same as crying, Don't shoot! Don't shoot!) You came to love your life, to love and respect the mere fact of it, but often you became heedless of it in the way that somnambulists are heedless. Being "good" meant staying alive, and sometimes that was only a matter of caring enough at any given moment.

"COLLEAGUES"
I never knew a member of the Vietnam press corps who was insensible to what happened when the words "war" and "correspondent" got joined. The glamour of it was possibly
empty and lunatic, but there were times when it was all you had, a benign infection that ravaged all but your worst fears and deepest depressions. . . . Over there, all styles grew in their way out of the same haunted, haunting romance: Those Crazy Guys Who Cover The War.

In any other war, they would have made movies about us too, Dateline: Hell!, Dispatch from Dong Ha, maybe even A Scrambler to the Front, about Tim Page, Sean Flynn, and Rick Merron, three young photographers who used to ride in and out of combat on Hondas. But Vietnam is awkward, everybody knows how awkward, and if people don't even want to hear about it, you know they're not going to pay money to sit there in the dark and have it brought up. . . . So we have all been compelled to make our own movies, as many movies as there are correspondents, and this one is mine.

It was one thing for a lone reporter to join an outfit before an operation . . . but when six correspondents turned up on the eve of an operation . . . everyone from the colonel to the lowest-ranking grunt felt a new importance about what he was going into. . . . Our presence was also unnerving. . . . When it came all the way down to this, even the poorest-connected freelancer had the power on him, a power which only the most pompous and unfeeling journalists ever really wanted, throwing weird career scares into the staff and laying a cutting edge against each marine's gut estimates of his own survival. Then, it didn't matter that we were dressed exactly as they were and would be going exactly where they were going; we were as exotic and fearsome as black magic, coming on with cameras and questions, and if we promised to take the anonymity off of what was about to happen, we were also there to watchdog the day. The very fact that we had chosen them seemed to promise the most awful kind of engagement, because they were all certain that war correspondents never wasted time. It was a joke we all dug.

All right, yes, it had been a groove being a war correspondent, hanging out with the grunts and getting close to the war, touching it, losing yourself in it and trying yourself against it. I had always wanted that, never mind why, it had just been a thing of mine, the way this movie is a thing of mine, and I'd done it; I was in many ways a brother to these poor, tired grunts, I knew what they knew now, I'd done it and it was really something. Everywhere I'd gone, there had always been Marines or soldiers who would tell me . . . You're all right, man, you guys are cool, you got balls. They didn't always know what to think about you or what to say to you, they'd sometimes call you “Sir” until you had to beg them to stop, they'd sense the insanity of your position as terrified volunteer-reporter and it would seize them
with the giggles and even respect. If they dug you, they always saw that you knew that, and
when you choppered out they’d say goodbye, wish you luck. They’d even thank you, some
of them, and what could you say to that?

And always, they would ask you with an emotion whose intensity would shock you to
please tell it, because they really did have the feeling that it wasn’t being told for them, that
they were going through all of this and that somehow no one back in the World knew
about it. They may have been a bunch of dumb, brutal killer kids (a lot of correspondents
privately felt that), but they were smart enough to know that much.

But there was often that bad, bad moment to recall, the look that made you look away, and
in its hateful way it was the purest single thing I’d ever known. There was no wonder left
in it anywhere, no amusement, it came out of nothing so messy as morality or prejudice, it
had no motive, no conscious source. . . .

At first, I got it all mixed up, I didn’t understand and I felt sorry for myself, misjudged.
“Well fuck you too,” I’d think. “It could have been me just as easily, I take chances too, can’t
you see that?” And then I realized that that was exactly what it was all about, it explained
itself as easily as that, another of the war’s dark revelations. They weren’t judging me, they
weren’t reproaching me, they didn’t even mind me, not in any personal way. They only
hated me, hated me the way you’d hate any hopeless fool who would put himself through
this thing when he had choices, any fool who had no more need of his life than to play
with it in this way.

And just-like-in-the-movies, there were a lot of correspondents who did their work, met
their deadlines, filled the most preposterous assignments the best they could and withdrew,
watching the war and all its hideous secrets, earning their cynicism the hard way and turn-
ing their self-contempt back out again in laughter. . . . Conventional journalism could no
more reveal this war than conventional firepower could win it, all it could do was take the
most profound event of the American decade and turn it into a communications pudding,
taking its most obvious, undeniable history and making it into a secret history. And the
very best correspondents knew even more than that.

And by some equation that was so wonderful that I’ve never stopped to work it out, the
best and bravest correspondents were also usually the most compassionate, the ones who
were most in touch with what they were doing.
We were called thrill freaks, death-wishers, wound-seekers, war-lovers, hero-worshippers, closet queens, dope addicts, low-grade alcoholics, ghouls, communists, seditionists, more nasty things than I can remember. ... There were officers and a lot of seemingly naïve troops who believed that if it were not for us, there would be no war now, and I was never able to argue with any of them on that point. A lot of the grunts had some of that sly, small-town suspicion of the press, but at least nobody under the rank of captain ever asked me whose side I was on, told me to get with the program, jump on the team, come in for the Big Win. Sometimes they were just stupid, sometimes it came about because they had such love for their men, but sooner or later all of us heard one version or another of “My Marines are winning this war, and you people are losing it for us in your papers,” often spoken in an almost friendly way, but with the teeth shut tight behind the smiles. It was creepy, being despised in such casual, offhanded ways. And there were plenty of people who believed, finally, that we were nothing more than glorified war profiteers.

We got out and became like everyone else who has been through a war: changed, enlarged and (some things are expensive to say) incomplete. We came back or moved on, keeping in touch from New York or San Francisco, Paris or London, Africa or the Middle East; some fell into bureaus in Chicago or Hong Kong or Bangkok, coming to miss the life so acutely (some of us) that we understood what amputees when through when they sensed movement in the fingers or toes of limbs lost months before. A few extreme cases felt that the experience there had been a glorious one, while most of us felt that it had been merely wonderful. I think that Vietnam was what we had instead of happy childhoods.


THE MAKING OF A QUAGMIRE
For five days the fighting between the UN forces and the Kantagese [in the Congo] continued. It was a remarkable story: exciting and dangerous, a small but very nasty street war, where reporters were shot at by both sides, and by civilians as well. As one of my colleagues in the Washington bureau later said, it was obviously more dangerous to be a reporter than a participant.

The cable to the outside world had been cut on the first day; filing was a shambles. We smuggled copy out with any frightened tourist who was hoping to escape down some eroded African road, or we hopefully passed a bulletin to a ham-radio operator. But three
British colleagues and I had managed to make other arrangements. In the early hours of the first day of fighting we had cornered a Belgian pilot and had chartered his light plane; we had quelled his inhibitions with an awesome amount of money, and we had turned the Katanga session into our own commuter war. On the first night we flew out of Elisabethville to the barren little town of Ndola in the Rhodesian copper belt. . . Ndola had some saving graces: the marvelous global link of British Empire communication; old colonial efficiency; a penny a word to your office in London—giving you a priceless feeling of security in knowing that the copy you sent would arrive safely in a disbelieving Western world, and would not remain mysteriously collecting dust in the back of some African cable office.

Day after day we went on like this, with mixed feelings: the fear of going into that city, and the pride in coming out each day with a story. In between we adjusted as best we could to the never—never land of Katanga.

When you are covering a major story in that part of the world, you are often completely cut off from other aspects of the event. If you are in Leopoldville you may have no knowledge at all of vital developments either at the UN in New York, or in Washington—or even in Elisabethville, since news from a Congolese city had to go all the way to the Western world before it could be relayed back. Thus, the BBC was often the only contact with the outside world. There was something reassuring about its imperturbable tones; listening to the BBC news about the Congo it was often impossible to relate its calm and stately phrases to the events we had just been seeing.

At the Kipushi border gate we caused a stir, but we managed to convince the guards that we were great friends of the free and independent State of Katanga and that we were there to tell the rest of the world about the story of Katanga’s brave fight. The fact that we gave the guards four cartons of cigarettes proved that we were as good friends as Katanga could have.

I realize that the above sounds a bit cynical, but the fact is that if you are too scrupulously moral in Africa, you may be left at endless border posts. The guards, after all, are not going to read your copy. They can be extremely touchy and sensitive, however, and there is a fine art to handling them.

Most of the reporters had mistakenly believed they saw Hammarskjöld arrive at the Ndola airport. It is difficult for anyone who has not covered a place like Africa or Laos to understand how such a monumental blunder was not only possible but, given the circumstances, quite plausible. . . No reporter who has ever dealt with the inconclusiveness of events in
countries like this, the elusiveness of facts or the impossibility of checking them, will be
surprised by the story.

All serious errors are fatal, but some are more fatal than others. It is possible for a
reporter to be absolutely wrong in covering a catastrophic series of events through rose-
colored glasses—and still not be found out except by a handful of colleagues and a few
skilled professional readers. Similarly, it is possible for a football player to miss endless
blocks all afternoon during a game, even during a season, and not be spotted by the crowd.
But let one ball-player run the wrong way just once and his name is remembered forever.

From 'The Making of a Quagmire, by David Halberstam. ' 1965, 1988 by David Halberstam.

Scoop

Fiction writer Evelyn Waugh’s famous book Scoop has been the classic novel of foreign corre-
spondents since 1937. The following excerpts are particularly relevant to Night and Day:

LORD COPPER, OWNER OF THE BEAST, OFFERS LAST-MINUTE ADVICE TO NEW
CORRESPONDENT WILLIAM BOOT BEFORE HE LEAVES ENGLAND FOR AFRICA:
““There are two invaluable rules for a special correspondent—Travel Light and Be
Prepared. Have nothing which in a case of emergency you cannot carry in your own hands.
But remember that the unexpected always happens. Little things we take for granted at
home, like…like a coil of rope or a sheet of tin, may save your life in the wilds. I should
take some cleft sticks with you. I remember Hitchcock—Sir Jocelyn Hitchcock, a man
who used to work for me once; smart enough fellow in his way, but limited, very little his-
torical backing—I remember him saying that in Africa he always sent his despatches in a
cleft stick. It struck me as a very useful tip. Take plenty.

“With regard to Policy, I expect you already have your own views. I never hamper my
correspondents in any way. What the British public wants first, last and all the time is
News. Remember that the Patriots are in the right and we are going to win. The Beast
stands by them four-square. But they must win quickly. The British public has no interest in a
war which drags on indecisively. A few sharp victories, some conspicuous acts of personal brav-
ery on the Patriot side, and a colourful entry into the capital. That is the Beast Policy for the war.”

CORKER, A MORE EXPERIENCED CORRESPONDENT, ALSO GIVES WILLIAM ADVICE:
“You know, you've got a lot to learn about journalism. Look at it this way. News is what a
chap who doesn’t care much about anything wants to read. And it’s only news until he’s
read it. After that it’s dead. We’re paid to supply news. If someone else has sent a story
before us, our story isn't news. Of course there's colour. Colour is just a lot of bulls'-eyes about nothing. It's easy to write and easy to read but it costs too much in cabling so we have to go slow on that."

**CORKER TALKS ABOUT ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT, WENLOCK JAKES:**

"Why, once Jakes went out to cover a revolution in one of the Balkan capitals. He over-slept in his [train compartment], woke up at the wrong station, didn't know any different, got out, went straight to a hotel, and cabled off a thousand-word story about barricades in the streets, flaming churches, machine guns answering the rattle of his typewriter as he wrote, a dead child, like a broken doll, spread-eagled in the deserted roadway below his window—you know.

"Well they were pretty surprised at his office, getting a story like that from the wrong country, but they trusted Jakes and splashed it in six national newspapers. That day every special in Europe got orders to rush to the new revolution. They arrived in shoals. Everything seemed quiet enough, but it was as much as their jobs were worth to say so, with Jakes filing a thousand words of blood and thunder a day. So they chimed in too. Government stocks dropped, financial panic, state of emergency declared, army mobilized, famine, mutiny—and in less than a week there was an honest to God revolution under way, just as Jakes had said. There's the power of the press for you.

"They gave Jakes the Nobel Peace Prize for his harrowing descriptions of the carnage—but that was colour stuff."


**A WOMAN'S PERSPECTIVE**

I have spent the past ten years in just about every war zone there was. . . . I have made my living bearing witness to some of the most horrific events of the end of the 20th century. I am so identified with war and disaster that wherever I go these days, people joke—or perhaps not—that they shudder whenever they see me: Oh god—Amanpour is here—is something bad happening to us?

U.S. soldiers—with whom I now have more than a passing acquaintance—joke that they track my movements in order to know where they will be deployed next.

I calculated that I have spent more time at the front than most normal military units.

I have lost many friends, to the sniper, the mortar bomb, the landmine...the crazed Kalashnikov-wielding druggie at the checkpoint. It occurred to me that I have spent almost every working day of the past ten years living in a repressed state of fear. I very
rarely talk about it because it is impossible to talk about….but I ask you tonight whether anyone in this room knows what it must be like to live on fear—fear of being shot…of being kidnapped, of being raped by some lunatic who hates your stories or blames you for bringing NATO bombs down around them. We manage the fear, but the strain takes its toll. And then there’s the horror of what I have seen…in Rwanda piles of bodies lifted by bulldozer and dumped into mass graves. In Bosnia little children shot in the head by a guy who thinks it’s okay to aim his gun at a child. In Somalia and Ethiopia, walking skeletons. And always the weeping….children, women, even men. These images and sounds are always with me.

Yes I have often wondered why I…why we…do it? After a few seconds the answer used to come easily: because it matters, because the world will care once they see our stories…because if we the storytellers don’t do this, then the bad guys will win. We do it because we are committed, because we are believers.

Excerpted from Newsroom Resources, a speech given by television journalist Christiane Amanpour at the 2000 Edward R. Murrow Awards Ceremony of the Radio-Television News Directors Association (September 13, 2000). The complete text is available online at www.rtnda.org/resources/speeches/amanpour.html.

STAYING ALIVE

If gunfire is involved, remember that ricochet bullets are fatal for long distances, so carefully measure your proximity to the conflict. If the situation explodes, make sure you have figured out an escape route and how to flee as soon as possible. A car parked with nothing blocking its escape is a good idea. Not all flak jackets are good protectors, but at the least a metal mesh jacket that protects your chest and back will help. Wearing a large sign over the jacket that says press in English and the local language sometimes helps keep the snipers from centering on you. Keep your press passes handy in case you have to go through a series of check posts—nervous soldiers are not easy to deal with. In some cases, a standard military helmet is a good companion. But be careful about wearing a metal helmet or jacket when it is not needed: you make yourself a target. A flashlight is handy in case you get cut off and have to walk in the darkness. A compass will help you find your way.

Excerpted from an informal memo that Stephen Franklin, a veteran correspondent for the Chicago Tribune, was asked by his editors to write for staff members going on overseas assignment for the first time. Reprinted from the Columbia Journalism Review, May/June 2002, www.cjr.org/year/02/3/index.asp. © 2002 by Columbia Journalism Review.
PHOTOGRAPHING WAR

“If your pictures aren’t good enough, you’re not close enough.”

Robert Capa

WHY PHOTOGRAPH WAR?

In 1985, shortly before becoming a member of the world-famous photo agency Magnum, then 36-year-old American photojournalist James Nachtwey wrote the following text, a credo about the relevance of his work as a visual chronicler of human conflict. Nachtwey is the subject of the 2002 Academy Award–nominated documentary War Photographer.

There has always been war. War is raging throughout the world at the present moment. And there is little reason to believe that war will cease to exist in the future. As man has become increasingly civilized, his means of destroying his fellow man have become ever more efficient, cruel, and devastating.

Is it possible to put an end to a form of human behavior which has existed throughout history by means of photography? The proportions of that notion seem ridiculously out of balance. Yet, that very idea has motivated me.

For me, the strength of photography lies in its ability to evoke a sense of humanity. If war is an attempt to negate humanity, then photography can be perceived as the opposite of war and if it used well it can be a powerful ingredient in the antidote to war.

In a way, if an individual assumes the risk of placing himself in the middle of a war in order to communicate to the rest of the world what is happening, he is trying to negotiate for peace. Perhaps that is the reason why those in charge or perpetuating a war do not like to have photographers around.

It has occurred to me that if everyone could be there just once to see for themselves what white phosphorous does to the face of a child or what unspeakable pain is caused by the impact of a single bullet or how a jagged piece of shrapnel can rip someone’s leg off—if everyone could be there to see for themselves the fear and the grief, just one time, then they would understand that nothing is worth letting things get to the point where that happens to even one person, let alone thousands.

But everyone cannot be there, and that is why photographers go there—to show them, to reach out and grab them and make them stop what they are doing and pay attention to what is going on—to create pictures powerful enough to overcome the diluting effects of
the mass media and shake people out of their indifference—to protest and by the strength of that protest to make others protest.

The worst thing is to feel that as a photographer I am benefiting from someone else’s tragedy. This idea haunts me. It is something I have to reckon with every day because I know that if I ever allow genuine compassion to be overtaken by personal ambition I will have sold my soul. The stakes are simply too high for me to believe otherwise.

I attempt to become as totally responsible to the subject as I possibly can. The act of being an outsider aiming a camera can be a violation of humanity. The only way I can justify my role is to have respect for the other person’s predicament. The extent to which I do that is the extent to which I become accepted by the other, and to that extent I can accept myself.


TRIAGE

In the bottom right corner was a two-column headline: “Iraq Widens Kurdish Offensive; White House Voices Concern.” He skimmed the fist three paragraphs, then set the paper aside. Mark no longer read about war zones where he had been; now these places only interested him before he went and while he was there. Because if he had learned one thing over the past nine years, it was that most modern wars did not end. They continued for generations, heating up at times, cooling down at others, but the flames never went out. How many articles about the latest Mideast peace talks or Belfast bombing or Kashmiri uprising could a person be asked to read in the course of a lifetime? Who had the strength of heart to stay passionate about the struggle for a free Tibet or an independent Sahrawi or a score of other causes around the globe, causes that were lost now and would still be so in 50 years?

For Mark, war had become a job, and when stripped of its grim romanticism, what this job seemed to most closely resemble was speculating on the stock market. To prosper, one had to guess which wars would rise in public interest, which would wane. Which war was headed for a spike, a crisis that would draw American diplomatic involvement or, even better, armed intervention? The war industry even had its blue chips and its penny stocks, the bush wars no one cared about that ground on in anonymity until the day one side perpetrated a particularly grand atrocity. The photographer or journalist who saw it coming and went in at the right moment could make a fortune. The key to picking wars, as with picking stocks, was in reading the trends, knowing when to buy in and when to bail out.
If all this sounded cynical, it was a cynicism Mark had learned from the marketplace. Kurdistan, a perpetual second-tier conflict, was a textbook case.

He glanced at the *Times* headline again. A strong White House reaction to the Iraqi offensive, one that raised the specter of American retaliation, would have placed the story in the top right corner of the front page, made it the lead on the network news, and would have increased both the market for and shelf life of Mark’s photos. White House “concern” meant the administration was going to do nothing, that the *Times* story went below the fold, that his photos were worth less, and that he had less time—a week, perhaps, to move them before Kurdistan dropped out of the news completely.

FROM TRAIGE, A NOVEL BY SCOTT ANDERSON (NEW YORK: SCRIBNER, 1998).

GROUND ZERO

Susan Watts, a photographer for the New York Daily News, who had previously survived a kidnapping and murder attempt in Honduras, found her experiences at the World Trade Center on September 11, 2001, far more traumatic. As the buildings fell, Watts phoned her editor from the pharmacy where she had sought shelter and said she thought they were all going to die.

I remember coming home that day and thinking: “How will it affect me? How will it change my life?” . . .

I always felt my profession was a noble one. We provide an incredibly important public service. But all of the reasons I got into photojournalism were confirmed. The public is able to see and taste and get some flavor of the event because I was there to photograph it. In the first days after 9/11, I felt enormous internal pressure to document as much as I possibly could. It was after January that other stories started to appear in the paper. The world has to go on. Just as people have to go on with their lives, the news has to go on as well.

. . . The most jarring thing was seeing myself and my colleagues just fall apart on the job. That never happened before. You never saw photographers being emotional. After 9/11, I’d be at funerals and memorials and my colleagues’ eyes would be bloodshot, tears running down their faces. Hardened, seasoned photographers who’d seen war, been in Vietnam. It was utterly disturbing to me.

When those buildings were coming down and we were running for our lives, we weren’t journalists anymore—we were victims. We became part of the story. Everything became surreal—and it till is. There’s a hole in the sky, and your compass is gone. You lost your sense of place.

EXCERPTED FROM JOURNALISTS WHO SURVIVED GROUND ZERO DISCUSS HOW THEIR LIVES HAVE CHANGED, EDITOR & PUBLISHER, EDITORANDPUBLISHER.COM (SEPTEMBER 5, 2002).
IN THE DANGER ZONE
Weighing Risks

BY MICHAEL PARKS

As a correspondent for Newsweek and The Washington Post, Loren Jenkins covered wars, large and small, and developed what he calls “a tolerance for the madness of human conflict.” In 1983 Jenkins won the Pulitzer Prize for his reporting on Israel’s invasion of Lebanon and occupation of Beirut. For 20 years, he walked through fire and brimstone, he recalls. “To penetrate the fog of war, you had to get there, to write about what you saw. Danger was part of the story.”

Today, as senior foreign editor for National Public Radio, Jenkins talks daily with his correspondents about minimizing the dangers they face in the Middle East, in Afghanistan, Pakistan, in Colombia—and about whether the stories they are pursuing are worth the risks. “I believe in being afraid,” he says. “No story is worth anyone’s life, but gauging the dangers is hard.”

Like all senior editors and producers with correspondents in danger zones, Jenkins bears the heavy moral burden of keeping his people alive and safe. He also has the journalistic obligation of reporting conflicts fully and fairly. But the coverage of conflict around the world is in many ways more dangerous today than in recent decades.

In its 126 years, the Associated Press has lost 26 journalists in covering conflicts. Nine were killed in the last nine years, more than during either of the World Wars, or in Korea or Vietnam. Around the world in 2001, 37 journalists were killed while doing their jobs, up from 24 the previous year, according to the New York–based Committee to Protect Journalists. Over the decade of 1992–2001, the deaths totaled 399.

SAFETY BEFORE STORY
“More journalists by far are killed in their own countries, but foreign correspondents, particularly western correspondents, have increasingly become targets in the types of conflicts we have now,” says Ann Cooper, CPJ’s executive director and a former NPR correspondent in Africa and the Soviet Union. “The safety of journalists, as a result, is an issue for top news executives—not only for their assignment desks—and it should be a question for the societies that depend on the reporting of these journalists.”

With the deaths of nine journalists in Afghanistan last year, the abduction and murder of Wall Street Journal reporter Daniel Pearl in Pakistan this year, and the recent attacks on
reporters, photographers, and television crews covering the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, news executives are dealing not only with the safety of their journalists but also with the more fundamental question of when a story is too dangerous to cover.

With Pearl's death, correspondents and their editors understood that western journalists were now targets. Pearl was taken by Islamic extremists in Karachi precisely because he was an American correspondent and killed perhaps because he was Jewish, the son of Israeli parents who had immigrated to the United States. The vulnerability of correspondents increased dramatically, posing difficult questions about what stories to cover and whom to assign.

“There is nothing worse than attending a correspondent's funeral,” says Tom Kent, who as AP's deputy managing editor and international editor has lost seven colleagues. “Burying one of your people is a shattering experience, the hardest thing we do. We go back to work resolved that whenever a story is too dangerous we will play it safe. The trouble is that there is just no way you can cover conflicts, terrorism, and wars with complete safety.” . . .

To senior news executives like Jenkins and Kent, the most important safety measure for journalists is a very sober assessment, day by day, even hour by hour, of the dangers posed by a particular story. Steve Coll, managing editor of the Washington Post and a veteran of conflicts in the Balkans and South Asia, says: “The first principle must be safety before story. There must be lots of consultation up front, and we need to listen to our best, most experienced correspondents as they evaluate the environment. Above all, correspondents must feel absolutely free to say ‘no, not this one’ without fear of being thought cowardly, or losing the story to someone else, or being pulled out.”

The Post, like many other news organizations, has bought armored cars (the current price in Israel: $80,000, partially refundable if returned in good condition), flak jackets, helmets, and other protective equipment. Many newspapers and networks also are reviewing the life, health, and war-zone insurance they provide staff members. “We are acutely aware that nothing can make a reporter completely invulnerable,” Kent says. “No flak jacket, no helmet will stop a high-velocity bullet fired at short range. An armored car won’t deflect an anti-tank round. Experience counts for a lot. A flak jacket is important for safety, but you might be murdered for that very jacket. Sometimes you want to look local and blend in, and other times you want to stand out as not part of the scene.”

To provide that street sense, more news organizations are sending their reporters, photographers, and television crews to hostile-environment training given by retired military and security personnel. The British Broadcasting Corp., Reuters, and AP took the lead in insisting on such training. AP alone has put about 400 of its staffers through programs that
it has either contracted for or run itself. The next step, some editors believe, will be psychological counseling for those returning from conflict zones.

“We have gone through the agony of losing someone, and we are acutely aware of what that means,” says David Scott, international editor of the Christian Science Monitor. (The Dutch journalist Sander Thoenes, a stringer for the Monitor and the Financial Times, was murdered in East Timor in 1999, reportedly by Indonesian soldiers.) “Consequently, we plan to put all our people, including our veterans, through hostile-environment and first-aid training, and we budgeted for it. This is about getting better, more professional judgments in a world that is a more dangerous place for journalists.”

Paul Rees, a veteran of the British Royal Marines, whose Centurion Risk Assessment Services Ltd. has trained about 8,000 journalists in the past seven years, says that his current week-long, $2,400 courses are “definitely not intended to turn the folks into soldiers, but to make them very aware of their circumstances and to walk through typical scenarios—the roadblocks, sniper fire, crossfire, the ambush—and talk about what options they would have.”

In many conflicts, correspondents hesitate to go down a road if there are no children out playing, or to enter a village where stores are closed and shuttered. They learn to finish their reporting before mid-afternoon if they’re in a war zone where the nights are dangerous. They search out hotel rooms least exposed to hostile fire or ricochets. They collect phone numbers, even those of pay phones, from places too dangerous to return to. They get press cards and passes and letters of introduction from leaders on all sides of a conflict—and learn to keep them in separate pockets lest they pull out the wrong one at a roadblock. Even nonsmokers carry cigarettes to bribe their way through checkpoints. And most correspondents tuck away a number of just-in-case $100 bills.

Every conflict, however, has its own rules that govern how reporters, photographers, and especially television crews can move around, how close they can get to the front lines, whom they may interview, and how they will be treated. Sometimes government information officers make the rules, and sometimes military commanders do. Sometimes, it is militia or guerrilla leaders, but at other times it is simply men with guns who make life-or-death decisions. Four journalists who were shot and killed between Jalalabad and Kabul in Afghanistan in November were on a road that had been safely traveled. They were in a convoy like those they had used in the Balkans, but gunmen stopped and killed them.

THE RULES GOT CHANGED

“What is appropriate varies from place to place, time to time, and you want to get it right from the outset,” says Frank Smyth, a freelancer who has covered wars in Central America,
Africa, and the Middle East and was captured and imprisoned for 18 days while covering Iraq’s crackdown on the Kurds in 1991. He now travels to Colombia to report on narcotics trafficking and relies more on the techniques of investigative reporting—particularly the collection of documents—than the “cowboy style” he favored a decade ago. “I made my name doing guerrilla trips in El Salvador and traveling with the Kurds and Shiite opposition in Iraq,” he said. “I wouldn’t do it again. The unpredictability must be underscored. Many journalists have been killed while following the rules, but the guys with guns weren’t acting within the known parameters, or had simply changed them.”

Managing those risks, however, requires journalists, their editors, and producers to reassess and perhaps reduce their competition with other news organizations and to accept that on some stories it’s better to get beat than to get killed. “The wire does not need a story from the street every day,” Kent says. “Some days, it is better to go down in the basement and stay safe. We pulled out of Somalia and Sierra Leone temporarily, and there are other places, like the southern Philippines, that are important but where we go with the utmost caution.”

After Daniel Pearl’s murder, some media critics questioned whether his editors at the Wall Street Journal were exercising sufficient caution. Was the investigative story he was working on—trying to connect the suspect in an attempted bombing of an airliner to Islamic radicals in Pakistan—worth pursuing? Should the paper have assigned an American Jew with Israeli parents to an Islamic country? Paul Steiger, the Journal’s managing editor, describes Pearl as “very careful, very experienced, not at all a cowboy” and says he was in daily touch with his editors under a safety protocol that Pearl himself had helped develop for correspondents in dangerous areas. “We haven’t, and we won’t, determine assignments based on ethnicity or religion,” Steiger says. “But we are telling our people that, if because of your background you don’t want to continue on an assignment or would rather turn it down, we won’t think less of you.” . . .

Journalists need to be honest with themselves about who they are and why they take on foreign assignments. “There is a whole journalistic culture—you go after the story, you do brave stuff, and never do you want to be seen as a wimp,” says CPJ’s Cooper, recalling her own reporting days in Somalia and West Africa. “It is really not enough for editors to say it’s your choice to stay or leave. They have to make clear there are no penalties for pulling out. They also have to get their correspondents to assess the situation for themselves.”

IGNORING THE EDITORS

Robin Wright, a veteran of conflicts in the Middle East and Africa as a correspondent for the Christian Science Monitor, the Sunday Times of London, and CBS News, and now the
diplomatic correspondent of the Los Angeles Times, says that journalists’ differing motivations affect how they face danger. Some specialize in war reporting, caught by the adrenaline that comes from the danger. Others see themselves as covering contemporary history, witnesses to human drama and political change. Others have found international reporting to be a beat that interests them far more than any domestic story. “Foreign correspondents tend to be driven—they want to be on page one,” she says. “It’s pretty hard for them to stand down unless the risks are just too great.”

Correspondents and editors often disagree about the importance of a story and the acceptability of the risk. The Los Angeles Times correspondent Paul Watson remained in Kosovo through the 1999 war, including the NATO bombing, despite the strong misgivings of his foreign editor, Simon Li, who felt that Watson should have pulled out, as had reporters for other American news organizations. But Watson, now covering South Asia, felt a strong obligation to report the story as Serbian forces drove hundreds of thousands of Albanians from the province and NATO then bombed the Serbs into an eventual retreat. NPR’s Jenkins ignored Newsweek’s orders to leave Saigon in the days before it fell, and left only when the U.S. ambassador did. But in Beirut in 1985, when Islamic militias were snatching western reporters, including AP’s bureau chief, Terry Anderson, Jenkins stayed away from the city.

The heightened dangers are prompting news executives to reexamine not only how they cover much of the world’s strife but, more fundamentally, why they do. Does a particular story matter? Is there a U.S. national security interest? Will the conflict alter international relations? Are the risks of coverage greater than the story’s relevance?

AP’s Kent says the agency has not done as much frontline reporting on a number of stories as it wanted because of danger to reporters and photographers: the nationalist rebellion in Chechnya against Russian rule, civil wars in Somalia and Sierra Leone, several coups elsewhere in Africa. “These stories were important, and some still are, but we can cover them only within our ability to do so safely. If a situation is too dangerous to report on, there’s no point in sending someone. You do so when the risks are manageable.”

The dangers facing correspondents covering radical Islamic extremism allowed only the most limited coverage before September 11. Militants had made Algeria, Upper Egypt, and the southern Philippines, as well as much of Afghanistan, virtual no-go areas for Western journalists through much of the past decade. “There was a very powerful fountainhead of the Islamic revival in Algeria that we could not really cover because of a deliberate policy of killing journalists and foreigners there,” says the Washington Post’s Coll. “The transnational Jihadist movement was growing, and it was too dangerous to cover. We need to rethink how we do these very dangerous but very important stories.”
LOSING THE OBSERVER

Those stories break not only in the Middle East, Africa, Afghanistan, and Pakistan, but also in Colombia, where journalists can find themselves trapped between rightwing militias, leftist guerrillas, and narcotics traffickers; in Indian-controlled Kashmir, where Muslim nationalists have taken Western hostages; in the southern Philippines, where Muslim separatists have taken foreigners hostage and killed some; and even in Mexico, where a correspondent for the *San Antonio Express-News* was murdered in 1998.

Yet when the international press is not present and watching, terrible things often happen, says Ann Cooper: “wholesale violations of human rights, brutality on a scale that is hard to imagine, major atrocities, genocides even.” Much of the material introduced at the war crimes trials at The Hague and Arusha, Tanzania, came originally from the reporting of journalists. “Wars are huge and important stories, not only because of what may be at stake in the conflict but because of what happens to the civilians,” Cooper says. “If we don’t go and report, any general or commander or dictator can do whatever he wants, and international norms of behavior collapse.”

The 1994 Rwandan genocide in which 700,000 people were killed, Steve Coll points out, did not get first-hand coverage initially because correspondents were forced out. “By expelling foreigners, including reporters, a singularly murderous colonel succeeded in buying time, roughly from April to July, in which hundreds of thousands of people died,” Coll says. “If the press had been there, international intervention would have come sooner. We had no choice but to withdraw. Yet, this is a clear case of why we accept many of the risks of covering conflict.”

Paul Van Slambrouck, editor of the *Christian Science Monitor* and a former correspondent in Africa, acknowledges that even at his paper, which devotes about half of its news-hole to international reports each day, covering danger is always a tough call. “There are continuing upheavals in Africa,” he says. “They are far away. Do Americans really care? Then I ask myself if the better question is, ‘Should they care, and how can we make the story relevant?’ I do worry, on behalf of our readers, about stories that don’t get covered, or covered well. Will we have crucial knowledge gaps in our understanding of the world? What we don’t know can truly hurt us, as we found out on September 11.”

Michael Parks, former editor of the Los Angeles Times, is the director of the Annenberg School of Journalism at the University of Southern California. He was a foreign correspondent for 25 years, and won a Pulitzer Prize in 1987. Reprinted from the *Columbia Journalism Review*, May/June 2002, www.cjr.org/year/02/3/index.asp. ’2002 by Columbia Journalism Review.
JOURNALISM’S TERRIBLE TOLL
Committee to Protect Journalists Releases New Statistics

The majority of journalists killed in the line of duty during the last decade were murdered because of their reporting, concludes a study released in June 2002 by the Committee to Protect Journalists.

This comprehensive analysis of journalists killed between 1992 and 2001 draws attention to the risks that the media take to report the news and highlights a disturbing global trend: of the 389 journalists killed on the job, only 62, or 16 percent, died in cross fire, while 298, or 77 percent, were murdered in reprisal for their reporting.

Moreover, CPJ has recorded only 20 cases in which the person or persons responsible for a journalist’s murder have been arrested and prosecuted. That means that in 95 percent of the cases, those who murder journalists do so without suffering any consequences.

“Journalists in many countries are working without the protection of the law, and they’re being murdered as a result,” said CPJ executive director Ann Cooper. “These journalists are not forgotten, and we must continue to demand justice.”

DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENTS
In addition to the list of journalists killed, CPJ has also released an analysis of the newly revised research:

The single deadliest year of the last decade was 1994, when 66 journalists were killed, primarily in Algeria, Rwanda, and Bosnia; 57 journalists were killed in 1993; 51 in 1995; and 37 died last year, including nine journalists who were killed covering war in Afghanistan.

Algeria, Russia, Colombia, the Balkans, and Turkey were the deadliest beats during the last decade.

The report documents the extraordinary sacrifice made by combat photographers and radio journalists: From 1992 to 2001, 50 cameramen and photographers were killed; the majority of them died covering wars. Meanwhile, 49 radio reporters were killed, many in isolated parts of the world.

The Committee to Protect Journalists is a nonpartisan, nonprofit organization founded in 1981 to monitor abuses against the press and promote press freedom around the world. Reprinted from www.cpj.org/killed/Ten_Year_Killed/ten_year_release.html.
THE TROUBLES OF POSTCOLONIAL AFRICA

BY HANNAH KNAPP

In creating the imaginary world of the (fictitious) former British colony of Kambawe, Stoppard drew on historical events that took place in several former European-dominated African nations during the 1960s and '70s. Political turmoil and violence were the order of the day across the African continent, and, sadly, to this day few of the independent nations that emerged following decades of struggle have managed to resolve their internal conflicts. The legacy of colonialism, coupled with underdeveloped resources—and, in some cases, lack of resources to develop—marked these countries for trouble from the very beginning. Following are summaries of the state of affairs in the countries mentioned specifically in Night and Day:

THE DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF THE CONGO

The Democratic Republic of the Congo has had a rocky history since winning its independence from Belgium in 1960. Already at the point of disintegration just five days after independence, the Congo has over the ensuing decades experienced unending violence. A military coup in 1965 brought dictator Mobutu Sese Seko to power, and in 1970 he declared himself president and renamed the country Zaire. Over the years that followed, despite the fact that Mobutu and his government deliberately stole the country’s revenue for their personal use, the United States continued to back Zaire in the hopes of maintaining influence in neighboring Angola.

In the history of civil war that has reigned in Angola since the 1960s, the direct influence of Western forces has been notably absent, while the presence of the Soviet Union has been strong.

ANGOLA

Infighting among rebel groups in Angola escalated into guerrilla warfare in 1961. Independence from Portugal was won in 1975, but the postindependence government soon fell apart, and civil war broke out between the FNLA (the National Front for the Liberation of Angola, the northerners supported by Zaire), which had joined forces with UNITA (the National Union for the Total Independence of Angola, the southerners supported by South Africa), and the MPLA (Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola). The MPLA seized control of most of Angola in 1976, with the support of Cuban troops and several African tribes. Guerrilla warfare continued into the 1980s.
SOMALIA AND ETHIOPIA
Italian control of southern Somalia, and British control of the northern sector of the country, dates back to the late 19th century. In 1936, the Italians expanded into Ethiopia, calling the new colony the Italian East African Empire, and in 1940 seized British Somaliland. In 1941, the British drove the Italians out of all of their holdings, giving the Ogaden region of western Somalia back to Ethiopia in 1948. After ten years of protectorate rule, in 1960 both Britain and Italy granted independence to their respective territories, which promptly united to form the country of Somalia. The new government encouraged expansion, leading to tension with neighbors Ethiopia, Kenya, and French Somaliland (now Djibouti). A military coup followed in 1969, and Somalia was plagued by troubles throughout the 1970s, including a serious drought (which led to the nationalization of many services) and problems with Somali government–encouraged rebels in Ethiopia. Fighting between Ethiopia and Somalia led to Somali control of the Ogaden region in 1977 and 1978.

ERITREA
Eritrea, the northern highlands of the area in the horn of Africa known as Ethiopia, was seized by Italy in the mid 1800s and then by Great Britain in 1941, before it was handed over to Ethiopia in 1952. Under British rule, Eritrean ideas of independence from foreign control took shape, even as Ethiopia began to use terrorism and manipulation of political parties to gain control over Eritrea. Great Britain did little to prevent Ethiopian influence, and in 1952, a 1950 United Nations resolution to make Eritrea part of Ethiopia was put into effect, with little regard for the desires of the Eritrean people and much for those of the British and Americans. In 1961, armed resistance to Ethiopia began, and the first military front emerged, the Eritrean Liberation Front (ELF), which established semi-autonomous zones in the highlands. This led to the balkanization of the resistance movement into Muslim and Christian factions. A second military force, the Eritrean People's Liberation Front (EPLF), was formed in the early 1970s, and by 1976 the two fronts together had begun to control the rural regions more successfully.
“DICK WAGNER. DO YOU KNOW HIM? / IS HE A COMPOSER?”
Ruth begins her ruse of pretending not to know Wagner by seeming to confuse him with the 19th-century composer of the same name (though different pronunciation). Later she will seem to confuse Wagner with Richard Strauss (“Mr. ... Strauss...?” / “Wagner.” / “Wagner. Exactly. I knew it was Richard.”). Wagner, the great composer of heady German operas and source of the term “Wagnerian,” might have had a profound influence on the extravagant symphonic poems and lavish orchestrations of his countryman, Mr. Strauss, but the point here seems simply to be that both composers were named Richard.

“THE PICTURES, AS YOU KNOW, ARE WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS.”
The original Chinese proverb is: “One picture is worth more than ten thousand words.” Guthrie follows the common modern simplification, which from his standpoint is also a bit more modest.

“THE ONE I USE MAINLY IS A MOTORIZED F2 NIKON.”
Nikon pioneered the kind of motor-driven 35mm SLR (single-lens reflex) camera favored by photojournalists and war correspondents. As early as 1959 Nikon designed a high-performance motor-drive unit for its first “f-series” 35mm camera. Since the drive unit attached to the bottom of the camera without adaptation and users did not need to remove the unit when loading or unloading film, the Nikon F2 motor-drive system was easier to use than earlier systems. More importantly, it powered up to five frames per second, offered power film rewind (on selected models), and had a fast setup for remote photography. Overall, the Nikon F2 simplified handling and improved quality, which resulted in a very reliable and dependable high-performance motor-drive system.

“THE SAMBO GAVE ME A LIME SQUASH.”
“Sambo” is an offensive and derogatory colloquial term used to designate a man of African origin, especially one in a subservient social position. It dates from the 1800s in the United States. By the middle of the 20th century the term was acknowledged as so insulting and offensive as to be taboo throughout the English-speaking world.
"I SAW THE TELEX."

In the days before personal computers and mobile phones, the telex machine allowed journalists to send stories from the field to their offices over telegraph wires. Telex machines operated like typewriters, creating character printouts from telegraph signals. The British-based news service Reuters introduced the telex and teleprinter to transmit news to London newspapers in 1927, transforming international news coverage. Suddenly written information could be sent and received all over the world at great speed.

Later Guthrie asks Wagner whether he thinks Carson also has “a wire machine.” As a photographer, the telex would be of little use to him, since it could only send and receive text messages. But from the mid 1930s high-fidelity photographs could be sent over an international wire circuit using technology developed by Bell laboratories that was similar to that used for sending written text by wire. The invention of the Wirephoto network in 1935 inaugurated a new era of photojournalism.

“How’s Dacca?”

Dacca (or Dhaka) is the capital, as well as the industrial, commercial, and administrative center, of Bangladesh. Between Dacca and its nearby river port of Narayanganj lies Bangladesh’s greatest industrial concentration. Dacca was surrendered by the Pakistani army following its defeat in the two-week Indian-Pakistani war of 1971 and a few days later it became the capital of the provisional government of Bangladesh.

“DID YOU CLOCK THE TELEX?”

“To clock” has meant “to catch sight of or notice” since 1935.

“The Hotel Doesn’t Have Cleft Sticks.”

In precolonial times, messages were often sent between remote farms in Africa by runners carrying letters in cleft sticks. Seasoned veterans on the Beast, the fictitious newspaper in Scoop, Evelyn Waugh’s 1938 novel about journalism, tease the naïve and improbable hero of the novel, William Boot, with tales of news stories transported out of Africa in cleft sticks. Boot, the erstwhile war correspondent, insists on having cleft sticks in the extensive baggage he carts with him to Africa and they do in fact prove useful in the end.

“Fritz Biedermeier said when he blew the dust off the counter there was an uncollected message for Livingstone from Stanley.”

In 1869 the famous journalist Henry Morton Stanley was commanded by publisher James Gordon Bennett of the New York Herald to “Find Livingstone!” Bennett was determined
that his newspaper be the first in the United States to have a personal foreign staff. He promised Stanley whatever funds it would take to find the explorer-missionary Dr. Livingstone, who had been missing in Africa for some time. During the two years it took him to find Livingstone in the Congo, Stanley sent back dispatches that created a sensation back home, defining the adventure-story style of 19th-century foreign correspondence. It was Stanley who, when he finally found the man, spoke the famous words, “Dr. Livingstone, I presume?”

“ONE WAS A FROG—JEAN-PAUL SOMETHING. A LEFT BANK LAYABOUT. YVES ST. LAURENT ARMY FATIGUES AND A GOLD CHAIN, VERY TOUGH WITH THE GAULOISES, NO FILTERS—.”
Hidden here might be a reference to Jean-Paul Goude, a French photojournalist who produced the book Jungle Fever, a book of photographs of black women. Born in 1940, Goude was obsessed with all races but his own, and determined to show the world that his work was guided by emotions, not intellect.

“I WAS IN A DUGOUT WITH LARRY BURROWS.”
British photographer Larry Burrows was perhaps the most famous photojournalist of the Vietnam War. He was killed on assignment in a helicopter crash in Laos in 1971. His moving photographs of destroyed humanity were often seen in Life magazine, including 15 cover shots (see www.life.com/Life/burrows/burrows.html).

“I DREAMED THAT I BOUGHT IT—GOT KILLED BY A HELICOPTER.”
To “buy it” is to become a casualty, usually a fatality. This expression was created during World War I and continued into World War II in the Royal Flying Club and the Royal Air Force, and especially in the Royal Navy. The version “he bought it,” meaning specifically that he was shot down, has been used in the RAF since 1939.

“GOOD CHANCE OF A PIGEON, TOO—LOTS OF PEOPLE FLYING OUT AT THE MOMENT.”
A “pigeon,” in journalists’ lingo, is a person willing to carry a story out for a reporter and either deliver or mail it to the reporter’s editorial office. The metaphor developed in the 1850s around the same time as real carrier pigeons were used by Reuters to bridge gaps in the patchy telegraph network that connected the continent to Reuters’s London office.
“ALFIE / ALF, ADOMA LIBERATION FRONT”
While Stoppard is clearly referring to similar movements throughout postcolonial Africa, the name “Adoma” is reminiscent of the Celtic St. Adomnan, responsible for banishing the Loch Ness monster. Legend has it that the locals were terrified of the beast until St. Adomnan (d. 704 C.E.) made the sign of the cross at it and said, “You will go no further. Do not touch the man; turn back speedily.” The monster obeyed. Adoma is a personal name in Nigeria. Perhaps the acronym reminds Wagner of the popular 1966 film Alfie, starring Michael Caine, and its famous title song, “What’s It All About, Alfie?” written by Burt Bacharach.

“COLONEL SHIMBU”
The fictitious colonel’s name is reminiscent of the Shimbu Line of Japanese troops in the Pacific during World War II. Breaking the line was a difficult campaign that lasted from February 10 through April 30, 1945. Round-the-clock fighting matched Japanese banzai attacks against U.S. napalm attacks from the air and ground troops using flamethrowers.

“SOME SODDING LITTLE STRINGER WITH NO NAME”
Stringers are freelance reporters who are paid by the piece rather than on salary. The term dates back to 1774 and refers to someone who strings words together. It has been used as a journalists’ expression since 1925.

“He’s in a flat spin trying to make everything fit.”
The term “in a flat spin” comes from a Royal Flying Club maneuver. In 1916, executing airplane spins was very dangerous, so this expression was created, according to Cecil Lewis in his memoirs as an RFC flyer, to let others know that a pilot had “reached the limits of anger, nerves, fright, or whatever it might be” (Cecil Lewis, Sagittarius Rising, 1936).

“PRINCESS ALICE BAR”
While this undoubtedly is not a real bar (especially since the entire country of Kambawe is imaginary), Princess Alice was in many ways a symbol of the British Empire in Africa. The wife of the Duke of Gloucester, retitled princess after his death in 1974, Alice traveled a great deal in colonial Africa and lived for a time in Kenya.

“He’s a boy scout in an Austin Reed safari suit.”
Established in 1900 as a tailor shop, the London-based fashion retailer Austin Reed has been producing “value-for-money, ready-to-wear” suits since 1925. The unisex “safari suit” was all the rage in the mid 1970s.
“**I THOUGHT I’D HAVE A REcce.**

 Pronounced and sometimes written “recky,” “recce” can mean either reconnaissance in general or a particular mission. During World War II, each division of the British Army had a recce battalion. Since 1935 in the Royal Army and 1939 in the Royal Air Force, recce has been used as both an intransitive verb meaning “to go on a reconnaissance,” and as a transitive verb meaning “to reconnoiter.”

**THE GRIMSBY EVENING MESSENGER**

Although the *Grimsby Evening Messenger* is a fictitious paper, the *Grimsby Evening Telegraph* was founded in 1887 and is still publishing. Given Milne’s confusion over Wagner’s comments about finding a pigeon, it’s worth noting that the *Telegraph* had a pigeon loft on top of its editorial building whose birds were used by reporters in the field for filing scores from cricket and soccer games.

“I THOUGHT YOUR LEBANON PICTURES WERE JUST—”

The Lebanese civil war that began in 1975 was even bloodier than its predecessors. Between March 1975 and November 1976, when the Syrian-dominated Arab Deterrent Force ceased large-scale fighting, it is estimated that 40,000 Lebanese were killed and 100,000 wounded.

“TWELVE MIG-17S, THREE ILYUSHIN-28S”

The MiG-17 was a Soviet single-seat fighter plane first deployed in 1956. The Ilyushin-28 (Beagle) was a Soviet three-seat light bomber first flown in 1948. The Ilyushin-28 was armed with 23mm cannon fore and aft.

“WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?” / “YEMEN.”

The radical wing of the Marxist National Liberation Front (NLF) changed the country’s name to the People’s Democratic Republic of Yemen (PDRY) on December 1, 1970, and promptly outlawed all political parties but the Yemeni Socialist Party. The PDRY naturally had very close ties to the Soviet Union, Cuba, and China, as well as to radical Palestinians. They regularly provided sanctuary and materiel to left-wing liberation armies internationally during the 1970s.
“IN THE HILLS HE HAD TO MAKE DO WITH MI-8 CHOPPERS TO SUPPLY HIM FROM ACROSS THE BORDER.”

Of the nearly 12,000 Soviet Mi-8 series helicopters built in the 1960s, nearly a quarter were exported to some 50 countries around the world. The versatile Mi-8 could be used to transport cargo and passengers or for search-and-rescue operations or outfitted as an attack aircraft. The heavily armed Mil Mi-8 Hip, for example, was equipped with a machine gun, and a wing that held six rocket launchers and four anti-tank missiles.

“YOU LITTLE BERK”

The first step in Cockney rhyming slang is to select a pair of associated words (for example, apples and pears), where the second word rhymes with the word you intend to replace (“apples and pairs” replaces stairs). The next step is to drop the rhyming word and leaving the first word of the associated pair to indicate the word you originally intended to say (“He’s coming up the apple” or “He’s coming up the apple and pears” for “stairs”). Of course context is everything in rhyming slang. Here “Berkshire hunt,” a tradition among the English upper class, is used to replace a crudely offensive term for a part of the female anatomy. The rhyming word (“hunt”) is dropped and Berkshire is shortened to “berk.” The expression passed into more common use in the early 1960s when it was used on the BBC-TV comedy series “Steptoe & Son.” For (many) more examples, visit www.cockneyrhymingslang.co.uk/list.asp?order=slangtoenglish&letter=B.

“SWINDON OR KAMBWE—THEY’RE BOTH OUT-OF-TOWN STORIES AND I COVER THEM THE SAME WAY.”

Swindon is west of London in Wiltshire on the M4 to Bristol.

“WELL I HOPE THEY’RE ALL MAKING OUT AS STRINGERS UP THE LIMPOPO.”

What Kipling called “the great grey-green Limpopo River, all set with fever trees” stretches from the South African–Zimbabwe border to just south of the city of Xai-Xai, where it empties into the Indian Ocean. It’s been considered the back of beyond since Cecil Rhodes sent a 100-ton steamer loaded with rifles up the lower reaches of the Limpopo in 1891 hoping to curry favor with the local king so he could use the river as an outlet for Rhodesia. Rhodes delivered the rifles successfully but returned to have his boat impounded by the Portuguese, forcing him to abandon his interest in the area.
“WELL, TELL HIM TO USE THE SCRAMBLER.”

“Scrambling” is the most effective method for eliminating eavesdropping on confidential telephone calls. It requires a system of two or more compatible telephone scrambler/unscrambler units to permit normal conversation between caller and listener, while rendering all speech unintelligible to anyone listening in at either point of connection. Only persons with a compatible unscrambler will be able to understand a scrambled message.

“COVENT GARDEN PORTERS WITH BASKETS OF FRUIT AND VEG PILED ON THEIR HEADS, THREADING THEIR WAY AMONG THE FLOWER GIRLS AND PROFESSORS OF LINGUISTICS. FLEXING THEIR NATIVE WIT AGAINST THE INIMITABLE BANTER OF THE PEARLY KINGS…”

Ruth’s ironic depiction of London is right out of the quaintest and silliest of turn-of-the-century guidebooks mingled with the opening scene of Shaw’s Pygmalion (1912) (“flower girls and professors of linguistics”) or its musical successor by Lerner and Loewe, My Fair Lady (1964). “The Pearly Kings and Queens” tradition dates back to the Victorian era, when resentment of Victoria and Albert’s parading in the parks on Sundays led to music-hall acts making fun of them. Pearly Kings and Queens were elected by the fruit and vegetable sellers of Covent Garden to protect the rights of all costermongers (street peddlers). The aristocracy of the costermongers still wear ceremonial clothes covered in pearl buttons at the Harvest Festival held every October in London.

“THE GOOD OLD LONDON BOBBY KEEPING A FATHERLY EYE ON THE CHILDREN FEEDING THE BEEFEATERS OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE”

The English policeman has been called a bobby since the first half of the 19th century when Sir Robert (“Bobby”) Peel remodeled the London police force. The “Beefeaters,” or the Yeomen of the Guard, were formed in 1485 by Henry VII as his personal bodyguard. They are said to have earned their culinary nickname with their fine physiques, which suggested that they must have had access to a substantial diet. The Yeomen of the Guard still wear the scarlet and gold uniform of the 15th century and carry halberds.

“DON’T BE A ROTTER.”

A colloquial term used since 1894 to mean “an objectionable person,” “rotter” is derived from “rotten,” as in “morally corrupt.” It was perhaps originally an American expression.
“WHEN I FIRST ARRIVED IN LONDON I THOUGHT FLEET STREET WAS BETWEEN THE STRAND AND TRAFALGAR SQUARE. I WAS WORKING FROM A MONOPOLY BOARD.” . . . “AS I REMEMBER FLEET STREET WAS YELLOW AND RATHER CHEAP.”

Wagner correctly remembers that on the British-edition Monopoly board, Fleet Street, the center of London’s newspaper trade, lies between the Strand and Trafalgar Square. Ruth sarcastically suggests that Fleet Street must be part of the “yellow group,” alluding to Fleet Street’s reputation for tawdry “yellow journalism,” but in fact Fleet Street is part of the more expensive “red suite.” The yellow properties on the British-edition Monopoly board are Leicester Square, Coventry Street, and Picadilly Square.

“I WAS PICKING UP ALLIE FROM PREP SCHOOL, HIS FIRST TERM AT ASCOT HEATH.”

Ascot Heath Church of England Junior School is a private boarding school in Ascot, Berkshire. Sending boys to boarding school back home is still a common practice for wealthy English families living abroad.

“MR. GUTHRIE TO YOU—HOP IT.”

To “hop it,” is to leave quickly, a colloquial Cockney expression popular beginning in 1912. Its close neighbor, “hop the twig,” not only meant to leave suddenly, but, in the armed services, also meant “to crash fatally,” particularly among aircrews during World War II.

“WE NAME THE GUILTY MAN.”

To “name the guilty man” is commonly considered one of the functions of the press. In fact, the Australian journalist and writer Murray Sayle once joked that there are only three real stories in journalism: 1) “Arrow points to defective part”; 2) “We name the guilty man”; and 3) “Everything you thought you knew about this subject is wrong.”

“ELIZABETH TAYLOR IN ELEPHANT WALK”

Produced in 1954, the film Elephant Walk tells the story of Ruth (Elizabeth Taylor), the English bride of wealthy tea planter John Wiley (Peter Finch). As she discovers that her husband is more interested in his friends and plantation than in her, Ruth takes up with the overseer, Dick Carver (Dana Andrews). Everyone is doomed from the beginning, however, as the plantation is built over a traditional elephant path and those animals are ready to take back their own.
“WHAT I USE HAS TO CHECK OUT.”
For a story to “check out,” all the details, facts, and inferences must be confirmed. Hearsay isn’t good enough.

“IF THE RIGHT THREE HUNDRED PEOPLE WENT DOWN ON THE ROYAL YACHT HE’D BE DUKE OF BOGNOR.”
The Royal Yacht Britannia was launched in 1953 and served the British royal family on voyages all over the world. Bognor Regis is Britain’s oldest purpose-built resort town. It is in West Sussex in the southwestern part of England on the English Channel. King George V convalesced nearby in 1929 and, pleased with the experience, dubbed the place Bognor Regis.

“WHAT A GRUBBY SYMBIOSIS IT IS. WHICH CAME FIRST? THE RHINOCEROS OR THE RHINOCEROS BIRD?”
While there is a “rhinoceros bird” (also known at the “rhinoceros hornbill”), native to the East Indies and so named because it has a large hollow horn above its bill, the reference here is probably to the tickbird or African starling. Tickbirds perch on the back of rhinoceroses and other large mammals and feed on skin parasites, ticks, and embedded larvae on their animal hosts, who pay them no heed. Tickbirds also protect their hosts from danger by setting up rattling cries that alert the animals to the presence of predators. The relationship of the tickbird and the rhinoceros is often used to demonstrate the principle of symbiosis.

“ALLIE DIDN’T HAVE CASH’S NAME TAPES.”
Since the 1870s the Coventry weaving company Cash’s (UK) has been identified with its most famous product, woven name tapes used by generations of school children across Britain to mark their clothing. In January 1964, Cash’s (UK) was appointed “Manufacturers of Woven Name Tapes to Her Majesty the Queen.”

“WELL…IT’S NOT EXACTLY THE WINSLOW BOY.”
Terrance Rattigan’s play The Winslow Boy (1946) tells the true story of a young cadet at the Royal Naval College named Ronnie Winslow, who protests his innocence after being accused of stealing. He is expelled, and returns home to his family, who engage a lawyer to defend him, with more dramatic consequences than any of them imagined. The play was made into a film in 1950, and again by David Mamet in 1999. Alastair’s forgotten name tapes are certainly far less of a crisis than the Winslow boy’s expulsion for theft.
“THE ROYAL GARDEN HOTEL”
The Royal Garden Hotel is the only five-star hotel adjacent to Hyde Park and Kensington Palace. It is still one of London's finest, making the fact that Ruth says they chose this hotel rather than any other simply because of its “proximity to the Embassy” an ironic touch.

“I NAME THIS SHIP TITANIC—(SHE SMASHES THE NECK OF THE EMPTY BOTTLE ON THE MARBLE SHELF).”
Ship christening began as far back as the Vikings, who spilled blood and engaged in human sacrifices, and the Greeks and Romans, who used water to purify ships. In the Middle Ages, wine was substituted for Viking blood, drunk from an ornate goblet which was tossed overboard (and promptly rescued by enterprising members of the crew). In order to avoid arguments over the cup, and cut back on costs, a bottle of wine was substituted in 1690, and later the more costly champagne was used. The ceremony was always performed by a man until 1811, when King George IV had a woman do the honors. Since then, women for the most part have been responsible for christenings.

“BLOWING THE LID OFF MY BILLABONG”
To “blow the lid off” something is to disclose it to the public, usually in some spectacular way. “Billabong” is an Australian term meaning “a cut-off part of a river that can only be replenished by floods.” The metaphoric possibilities here are as palpable as the onomatopoetic ones.

“. . . THAT I GOT CULTURE SHOCK WHEN YOU TOOK YOUR KNIGHTSBRIDGE KNICKERS OFF?” / “NOT knowing a Marks & Spencer knicker when you see it”
Knightsbridge is an up-scale shopping district in London, full of haute couture and the rich and famous. Marks & Spencer, on the other hand, is a mid-range chain department store, selling everything from clothing to furniture to food for the average man and woman.

“SCOTCH.” / “WATCH YOURSELF, TALLULAH.”
Tallulah Bankhead, the flamboyant, bourbon-drinking, coke-snorting, smart-assed American actress whom Marlene Dietrich called “the most immoral woman who ever lived,” was born in Huntsville, Alabama in 1903. At 15, she won a movie-magazine beauty contest and moved to New York, where after some bit parts she made her major role debut at 18 in Squab Farm. Before moving to Hollywood, she was a peripheral member of the Algonquin Roundtable and earned a reputation as a hard-partying girl-about-town. She
was as famous for her drinking, drug-taking, and multiple affairs with men and women alike as she was for her performances. The last word she spoke before dying was reputedly, “Bourbon.”

“PEOPLE THINK THAT RUBBISH JOURNALISM IS PRODUCED BY MEN OF DISCRIMINATION WHO ARE VAGUELY ASHAMED OF TRUCKLING TO THE LOWEST TASTE.”
To “truckle” is to give information with bad motives, or to act with servility. “Truckling to the lowest taste” would be serving the least educated public what it wants, without integrity.

“SOME OF THE BEST TIMES IN MY LIFE HAVE BEEN SPENT SITTING IN A CLAPPED-OUT FORD CONSUL OUTSIDE A SUBURBAN HOUSE WITH A PACKET OF POLOS AND TWENTY PLAYERS.”
Milne remembers stakeouts in his wreck of a car with a large pack of inexpensive cigarettes and a pack of mints to cover the smell on his breath. “Clapped-out” has been used since the 1970s to refer to an old car practically ready to be reduced to scrap. However, this was also a Royal Air Force term that originated in 1942, referring to a worn-out airplane. Later it was a term used by racecar drivers. A packet of Polos (mints) and twenty Players (cigarettes) were the paraphernalia of adolescent rebellion among English schoolboys in the 1960s and early 1970s.

“I FELT PART OF A PRIVILEGED GROUP, INSIDE SOCIETY AND YET OUTSIDE IT, WITH A LICENSE TO SCOURGE IT AND A DUTY TO DEFEND IT, NIGHT AND DAY, THE STREET OF ADVENTURE, THE FOURTH ESTATE.”
Here Milne refers obliquely to Sir Philip Gibbs’ 1909 novel The Street of Adventure. Gibbs was knighted in 1920 as a result of his distinguished service in World War I as a front-line correspondent for the (London) Daily Chronicle.

Application of the term “fourth estate” to the mass media as “guardians of democracy and defenders of the public interest,” is frequently attributed to the 19th-century historian Thomas Carlyle, who himself attributed it to Edmund Burke: “Burke said there were Three Estates in Parliament; but, in the Reporters’ Gallery yonder, there sat a Fourth Estate more important than them all. It is not a figure of speech, or a witty saying; it is a literal fact. . . . Printing, which comes necessarily out of Writing, I say often, is equivalent to Democracy: invent Writing, Democracy is inevitable” (T. Carlyle, On Heroes: Hero Worship and the Heroic in History (London: H. R. Allenson, 1905).
“OH, BLOODY HELL, HE’S DRESSED UP LIKE ACTION MAN!”
Action Man is a British action figure toy manufactured by the Palitoy Company in the 1970s and similar to the American G.I. Joe. First released in 1966, Action Man was sold with a vast array of outfits and accoutrements (nearly 90 differently dressed dolls were available between 1970 and 1977 alone).

“LOTS OF SCOOPS?”
The important thing about a “scoop” is not just that it’s news, but that it’s news you get before competing journalists. A scoop is news obtained—and printed—before anyone else can get to it. Originally an American journalists’ term, it was anglicized in the 1890s and became colloquial in 1920. It was popularized as the title of Evelyn Waugh’s 1938 satirical novel about foreign correspondents in Africa.

“THE JEDDU COUNTRY CLUB”
Much like similar institutions in the United States, the country club would have provided tranquility, golf, and socializing to the wealthiest people of the area. An example is the Fancourt Hotel and Country Club Estate in South Africa, which dates back to 1847 and operates as an exclusive resort dedicated to golf, swimming, and fine dining on European as well as local fare.

“OH, CRKEY.”
Although at first this was an oath derived from “Christ,” by 1835 it was a virtually harmless expression of surprise, considered either slang or colloquial.

“IT COMES INTO MILTON. ‘LOOK HOMeward ANGEL, NOW, AND MELT WITH RUTH.’”
The famous line, from which Thomas Wolfe took the title for his 1929 novel, comes from Milton’s poem “Lycides,” in which the poet laments the death of his college friend Edward King, who drowned in 1637 when his ship sank off the coast of Wales. As Milne points out “ruth” does indeed have the double meaning of either “compassion for the misery of another” or “remorse or sorrow for one’s own faults.”

“OF COURSE I LOVED HIM—LOVED AFRICA. JUST LIKE DEBORAH KERR IN KING SOLOMON’S MINES BEFORE THE TARANTULA GOT INTO HER CAMIKNICKERS.”
The reference here is to the 1950 remake of a 1937 British film starring Deborah Kerr as Elizabeth Curtis, the English wife of a treasure hunter who disappeared looking for a diamond mine in Africa. Curtis and her brother, Jack (Richard Carlson), hire a guide, Alan
Quartermaine (Stewart Granger), to find her husband, little knowing just how difficult the trek will be. Their hardships include terrible heat, bugs of various kinds, snakes, and societal prohibitions against adultery—none of which prevent Elizabeth and Alan from falling in love.

“**LOYEBY BASIS. NO ATTRIBUTION, I PROMISE.**”
This British expression refers to how a journalist quotes an interviewee. A lobby correspondent is a reporter who specializes in government (particularly parliamentary) affairs; “lobby basis” or the lobby system indicates that a reporter agrees to receive information without being able to reveal the identity of its source.

“**ALSO TWO SEA KING HELICOPTERS**”
Both the RAF and the U.S. Navy use Sea King helicopters, either as gun ships or for transporting troops.

“**WELL—UNEASY LI ES THE HEAD THAT—**”
Ruth begins to quote the final line of the king’s great soliloquy of disquietude in *Henry IV, Part 2* (III.i.31) before she thinks better of it.

“**ALL THE NEWS THAT’S FIT TO PRINT, AS THEY SAY**”
The motto of the *New York Times*, adopted by Adolph S. Ochs when he bought the paper in 1896, is printed on the masthead of every issue.

“**THE PRESS LIVES BY DISCLOSURE.**”
The motto of the London *Times* since 1851 is apparently anonymous. It is unclear whether it actually can be attributed to John Thaddeus Delane (1817–79), the famous editor of the *Times*, as Mageeba claims.

“**WE HAD ALL THAT AT THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS. THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF COMMUNICATIONS, OR SOME SUCH COURSE.**”
Like many leaders of postcolonial Africa, Mageeba studied at the London School of Economics. Founded in 1895 by the great British socialists and founders of the Fabian Society, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, the L.S.E. remains a world class center for study and research in the social, political, and economic sciences with an outstanding reputation for academic excellence. Alumni and past students of the L.S.E. have included nearly three dozen heads of state, including John F. Kennedy, Kwame Nkrurrah (the first president of Ghana 1960–66) and his successor, Hilla Limann (president 1979–81), and Jomo Kenyatta
(first president of Kenya 1964–78), as well as premiers, presidents, and prime ministers from Panama, Barbados, Peru, Colombia, Canada, Dominica, Nepal, Thailand, and Jamaica.

“A PRESS LORD COULD SACK A MAN FOR WEARING THE WRONG HAT. LITERALLY. THERE WAS A THING CALLED THE DAILY MAIL HAT AND LORD NORTHCLIFFE EXPECTED HIS REPORTERS TO WEAR IT.”

Lord Northcliffe (1865–1922), formerly Alfred Harmsworth, initiated the “press baron” era in London. Together with his brother and financial administrator, Harold, Lord Northcliffe created the largest periodical combine of the time, the Amalgamated Press. He bought the London Evening News (1894) and the Daily Mirror (1894), founded the Daily Mail (1896), and finally took over the Times in 1908. He told his Daily Mail staff to “Explain, simplify, clarify,” launching a new style of journalism that catapulted his papers to success. By 1914, his newspapers were responsible for half the daily circulation in London. Known for his autocracy and megalomania, Lord Northcliffe was considered “bad, mad, and dangerous to know.” He died of a breakdown in 1922.

While the following exchange between Northcliffe and George Bernard Shaw has often been reported as indicative of the characters of both men, it appears unfortunately to be apocryphal:

northcliffe: The trouble with you, Shaw, is that you look as if there were famine in the land.

shaw: The trouble with you, Northcliffe, is that you look as if you were the cause of it.

“IT WAS NOT OTHELLO I PLAYED AT CHARTERHOUSE. IT WAS CALIBAN.”

When Mageeba was at private school in England, he reminds his hosts, he was called upon to play the monstrous Caliban in Shakespeare’s The Tempest, not the wronged and wrongdoing tragic titular hero of Othello. Begun by Thomas Sutton in 1611, Charterhouse has always had a commitment to providing schooling for less wealthy students. It moved from London to Godalming in Surry in 1872 but retains its reputation as an excellent traditional English boarding school.

“REMEMBER THAT BRASS HAT IN SAIGON?”

A “brass hat” is any high-ranking military officer. The term has been used in the Royal Navy since the beginning of the 20th century.
QUESTIONS TO CONSIDER

1. Why is the play set in an imaginary African country? What was going on in post-colonial Africa at this time (c. 1978) that makes it the ideal setting for a discussion of journalism and freedom of the press, particularly war-correspondent journalism? Why not set the play in Southeast Asia, or any other war-torn area? Why choose an imaginary country rather than a real one? Why choose the late 1970s?

2. What is the significance of Guthrie’s dream at the beginning of the play? Why begin the play with this, rather than a different dream or someone else’s dream? How does opening with a dream affect our perception of what kind of a play will follow, in terms of “real” events and fictitious ones? How does beginning with this particular dream set up expectations or assumptions about Guthrie? About Kambawe? About being a journalist in a war zone?

3. When does “Ruth” (the alter-ego character who speaks her private thoughts directly to the audience) first appear? Why does “she” emerge at that particular point? What exactly is “she”? Who is “she” talking to? What does “she” do to our perception of the play, when we can hear a character that no other character in the play can hear? How do the existence and participation of “Ruth” in the play change our sympathies for the other Ruth? How do they add humor to situations? Why do you think Stoppard uses this particular technique to give further information about Ruth and others in the play?

4. What purpose does the character Francis serve in the play? How are his interactions with Ruth and Geoffrey Carson, in particular, and his actions in general, political comments by the playwright (or not)?

5. Why is Wagner so worked up over the article in the Sunday Globe, which he sees was written by “a special correspondent”? How do his feelings change when he discovers Jacob Milne is the author? Why is Milne’s union status so important to Wagner? How does Milne defend himself? Why does Guthrie decide to work with Milne, even though Guthrie is a union man? How does the strike at the Globe, which prevents Wagner’s story from being printed, call closed shops into question again?
6. Why does Ruth despise journalists? Which aspects of her argument seem fair, and which seem based on bad personal experiences? How do the events of the play fulfill her expectations of the press, and challenge them?

7. What are the positions of each of the three journalists on the function of journalism? Why do you think getting “the scoop” is so important to each of them? How do we feel about journalism and journalists at different points in the play, and why? How does Milne’s death both honor and question journalists’ devotion to getting the story?

8. Why is the fact that Ruth and Wagner know one another from their affair in London important? What does their relationship tell us about each of them that we can’t tell from their interactions with the people in their public lives (that is, the other characters)? How is their affair central to Ruth’s actions over the course of the play? How does it set us up for her attraction to Milne? Why does the play end with her and Wagner?

9. Why is Alastair important as a character? What does his presence in the house make possible, and what does it prevent? Why are Guthrie and Wagner careful to foster their relationships with him? Are their reasons different from Mageeba’s?

10. What purpose does drinking serve in the play? Is it purely a social custom, or does its presence unleash and promise something more significant? Why does Ruth mimic the christening of a ship twice with empty whisky bottles?

11. What is the significance of Ruth’s dream sequence at the beginning of Act II? Why begin with this particular dream? Is she lucid dreaming, daydreaming, or just dreaming? That is, can she control the actions of the characters? To what extent? How does the parallel between this dream and Carson’s arrival reveal the difference between Ruth’s inner and outer lives, and her frustration with both?

12. Why does Ruth insist that Wagner stay when he arrives to see Mageeba? How are Ruth and Wagner’s reactions to Mageeba, and ways of interacting with him, different and similar?

13. How does Mageeba’s interview comment on the contemporary situation in Africa? How are his views different from those expressed by Carson earlier in the act? How do their opinions coincide with or challenge our expectations of the white colonialist and the
native dictator? What are the sides of the free press argument among Mageeba, Wagner, and Ruth? Do you ever side with anyone completely? How does the rest of the play prepare us for this conversation? What is the significance of the way Mageeba ends it? How does his action change or confirm our feelings about his opinions?

14. Why is the title appropriate to the action and issues at stake in the play? Is it purely a reference to the time that passes for the characters? What other meanings might be hidden in the cultural associations we attach to “night” and “day”?

15. How are the issues raised about postcolonial problems still relevant today, 25 years after the play was written? How are the free press questions relevant in the context of government curtailing of civil liberties since the terrorist attacks of September 2001? How is the figure of the international war journalist doing anything to get the “scoop” the same now, and how is it different? Have the changes that have taken place in the world political scene, particularly the end of the Cold War in 1989, changed these issues significantly? If so, how? If not, why not?
FOR FURTHER READING...

ON AND BY TOM STOPPARD

ON JOURNALISM


**ON 20TH-CENTURY AFRICAN HISTORY**


**ON THE “CLOSED SHOP”**


**WEB SITES OF INTEREST**


*Committee to Protect Journalists*. www.cpj.org.


