

The Press



COVER STORY

The Kingdom And the Cabbage

What's newer than news at the New York Times

Suddenly, vegetables are "in." Chefs in fashionable restaurants across the country and cooks at home are featuring glowingly fresh vegetables cooked to firm but tender brightness . . .

—New York Times, June 22

The trip from tawdry Times Square to the tidy Upper East Side of Manhattan takes only about ten minutes in light traffic. Toward 11 most nights, a driver in a blue and white van plies that route, delivering into the arms of a uniformed doorman a single, pristine early City edition of tomorrow's New York Times—still warm from the presses, still faintly redolent of ink and hot lead. The newborn newspaper is quickly whisked to an upper floor, where a horrible fate awaits it.

When he is in town, Arthur Ochs ("Punch") Sulzberger, 51, publisher of the Times, chairman and president of its parent company, usually takes the news lying down. On an orthopedic mattress, the hazel-eyed, faintly balding, perpetually smiling publisher literally tears into his custom-delivered Times.

First the front page, of course. Then Sulzberger turns to the obituaries ("Super! I'm not here today, ha ha!") and on to the financial tables ("Super! Our stock's up!"). Now backward toward the front page again, ripping out headlines, paragraphs and whole stories that either please or peeve him, depositing the clippings on his night table for future action. Exhausted, Punch the Ripper flings the eviscerated, Punch the Ripper flings the eviscerated, Punch the Ripper flings the eviscerated . . .

Arthur O. Sulzberger and his father's portrait
"The old man had this scenario . . ."

Music

Grooving with Kris and Rita

Happiness is a marriage on the road

Backstage at the Universal Amphitheatre in Los Angeles, the Kris and Rita show was already in progress. Bursting out of his dressing room, he knocked anxiously on her door. "What should I do with all this fruit?" Glancing at the gift basket, she replied, "We'll take it home to the kids." He nodded happily and left. A moment later, he knocked again. "What time is it?" She told him. A third knock. "Why is the phone in my room ringing?" At that, Rita rolled her eyes and smiled sweetly: Kris Kristofferson is one superstar you take exactly as he is, even if you are a newly emerged superstar named Rita Coolidge and are married to him.

Throughout their four-year marriage, Kris and Rita have led a not-so-private life that would have a soap scenarist sudsing with envy. Can Kris deal with his drinking? Can Rita deal with his drinking? Can she accept his fame as a songwriter, singer and movie actor? Is she furious because he restaged some torrid love scenes from the film *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea* with Actress Sarah Miles for a *Playboy* photographer? What's this? Rita has a hit album and a smash single, *Higher and Higher*. What will her success do to his ego? Last week *everybody* in the pop world was tuning in to find out as Kris and Rita took to the road for a two-month, 23-concert joint tour of the U.S.

No problems. Once out there in the spotlight, Kris and Rita behaved like a couple of newlyweds having an easy, relaxed time with their friends. That was essentially the case. A year ago, when he last played Los Angeles, he was drinking and down enough to be thoroughly believable as he sang his own *Help Me Make It Through the Night*. Now, sober as a choirboy (he has been on the wagon since last September), he held Rita's hand, whispered to her and blended his deep, friendly baritone with her voice of amber and honey. The capacity crowd of 3,700 roared back cheers and bravos.

Kristofferson, who is 41 and nine years older than Rita, thinks of himself as world weary and is more entitled to that opinion than many. He has at various times been a short-story writer, Golden Gloves boxer, top-ranked college football player, bartender, janitor, helicopter pilot, Army captain and scholar. He was graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Pomona College and went on to Oxford as a Rhodes scholar where, as Kris Carson, he dabbled in pop music. After leaving both academe and the Army, he began drifting. At 29 he found himself in Nashville, and he began writing songs

like *The Silver-Tongued Devil*, *Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down* and *Me and Bobby McGee*.

The songs moved easily over a variety of country rhythms. The words could be both bittersweet and low on the subjects of loneliness and love: "And there's nothin' short of dyin' / Half as lonesome as a sound / On the sleeping city sidewalk; / Sunday mornin' comin' down." And blunt about sex: "There ain't nothin' sweeter than naked emotions / So you

JULIAN WASSER



Rita Coolidge and Kris Kristofferson at Universal Amphitheatre in Los Angeles

Like newlyweds having an easy, relaxed time with their friends.

show me yours, hon, and I'll show you mine."

Kristofferson likes to disparage his own singing ability. Says he: "Good God, anyone who sings my songs sings them better than me." In truth, he caught on quickly as a performer. Lean and bearded, he radiated both a searing sexuality and a boyish vulnerability. That combination was translated into a fast rise in movies. His first, *Cisco Pike* (1971), about a pop idol down on his luck, merely suggested his film potential. Several more — *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid*, *Blume in Love*, *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore* — followed. Last year's *A Star Is Born*, in which he played Barbra Streisand's aging, self-destructive mentor, made Kristofferson a superstar.

Just before the concert tour, he com-

wants to "get back to the basics"—of music, mixing with the musicians, jamming a little and hearing other groups. The other day he liked a song on the radio, but had not the slightest idea what it was or who was singing it (he later learned that it was the Swedish group ABBA). Kristofferson does not like being that far out of touch. Like any pop composer, he feeds on what is going on around him. And so he looks on the tour with Rita as a time to rev up: "My circuits are almost on overload. I need a groove, any groove."

Right now Kris is grooving on Rita's *Higher and Higher* fame. No longer are the marquees likely to read KRIS KRISTOFFERSON, FEATURING RITA COOLIDGE. Even though he has been through it all himself—the crowds, the lights, the adulation—he knows as well as anyone. Says he: "Because Rita has a hit, it would be crazy not to go out now. It is not the time to lag behind. It is the time to work." ■

strikes 12, he sinks into the sweet sleep of a man who knows, as his paper's motto has it, all the news that's fit to print.

Three nights a week, however, something keeps Sulzberger awake. Visions of vegetables dance in his sleepless head, along with recipes for pork chops *liègeoise*, treatises on termite detection, shopping guides to \$44 canvas bags and \$1,850 "Love" pendants from Tiffany.

If it's Wednesday, this must be Living, the *Times's* once-weekly, 20-odd-page insert packed with ads and enthusiastic articles on food, wine and related pleasures. On Thursdays Sulzberger's diversion is Home, a similar free-standing section celebrating furniture, interior decoration and gardening. Fridays it is Weekend, a guide to entertainment and the arts in the world's capital of culture. Sulzberger stays up late with each of his three night visitors, savoring the recipes, shopping tips and restaurant reviews. The *Times*, as a new advertising slogan boasts, is now MORE THAN JUST THE NEWS.

Since the first of the new sections, Weekend, was launched 16 months ago, the *Times's* average daily circulation has moved from 821,000 to 854,000. On days the new sections appear, as many as 35,000 more people buy the paper than on un-supplemented days. Moreover, those new customers were not won at the expense of the *Times's* feature-packed Sunday edition, which has gained 11,000 new readers in the past year. In May the *Times* sold more advertising than in any previous month in the paper's 126 years, a coup Sulzberger credits largely to his three new offspring. Says he: "They're super."

The new sections are not all that's new at the New York *Times* these days. Under Sulzberger the *Times* has redesigned its pages, reshuffled its enormous staff, automated its neolithic production processes and spun off four new suburban editions. Sulzberger has also injected new life into the newspaper's parent New York Times Co., which embraces nine smaller dailies, four weeklies, six magazines (including *Us*, circ. 500,000, a four-month-old imitator of Time Inc.'s PEOPLE), two broadcast stations, three book publishers and part of three Canadian paper mills. Once an institution more interested in public service than profit, the New York Times Co. is now on Wall Street's good-buy lists. After several years of see-saw profits (net income was \$13.6 million in 1972, \$20.3 million in 1974, only \$12.7 million in 1975), the firm last month announced that earnings for the first half of 1977 rose 39%, to \$12 million on record revenues of \$244 million. Barring unforeseen trouble, the house of Sulzberger is on the way to its best year ever.*

The dawn of Living, Home and Weekend is also a sign of new ferment throughout the newspaper business. The number of Americans who buy a newspaper every day dropped nearly 3% between 1973 and 1975, despite population growth, before leveling off last year at about 61 million. As a result, nervous publishers have been conducting readership studies to find out how to restyle their papers to keep their customers happy. The read-

*The firm, which went public in 1969, is controlled through a trust by Sulzberger, his mother Iphigene, 84, and his three sisters: Marian, 58, who is married to Time Inc. Chairman Andrew Heiskell; Ruth, 56, publisher of the Chattanooga *Times*; and Judith, 53, a nonpracticing physician married to a retired Manhattan textile executive. Together, the family owns 71.3% of Class B stock and 36.3% of Class A stock, which has narrower voting power than Class B and is traded on the American Stock Exchange.

entertainment, food, leisure and similar daily living concerns that *New York* and other city magazines have elevated to objects of intense journalistic scrutiny. Says the Los Angeles *Times's* new president, Tom Johnson: "People do not want a newspaper, they want a 'use' paper."

Like the New York *Times*, would-be use papers from the mighty New York *News* (circ. 2 million, the nation's largest) to the Albuquerque *Journal* (circ. 75,000) are launching how-to-do-it, where-to-get-it supplements. Papers that have had such newsprint service stations for years are allowing them more space and promoting them more heavily.

In a sense, newspapers are simply giving their readers what magazines, particularly women's magazines, have been providing for a long time. But this can be wrenching for serious newspapermen, of whom there are a good many at the *Times*. There some reporters and editors complain that important news is playing second artichoke to investigative reports on vegetables and hot scoops on wicker furniture. Newsroom cynics jest that it is difficult to get a story into the paper without a recipe attached. Others suggest that the *Times* aug-

ment Living with a weekly section called Dying, filled with obituaries and funeral-parlor ads, and launch a new insert called News. A hapless reporter, so one routine goes, was sent to cover a flower show for Living, missed the crucial unveiling of a new strain of begonia and, as punishment, was made a foreign correspondent.

The *Times*, of course, is not just another home-town daily, a genre that has long understood its local service-magazine functions. Though pressed by the Washington *Post*, the *Times* remains the best newspaper in the U.S. It is the platinum bar by which editors across the country measure their own papers. Except for the heavily financial *Wall Street Journal* (circ. 1,465,000), the *Times* is the closest approximation in the U.S. to a national newspaper. Fully one-quarter of its readers live more than 100 miles



DRAWING BY FISHER © 1977; THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.
"What a night! We've got someone from 'Living' in the Tap Room, someone from 'Weekend' in the Grill, someone from 'Home' in the Blue Room and Mimi Sheraton on the Terrace."

from New York City. (One such subscriber is Jimmy Carter, who carefully combs one of the 86 copies delivered every morning to the White House.) The *Times* is also the nearest to a newspaper of record in the U.S. Although it has cut down on the full texts of speeches and documents, it still finds room for the transcripts of most presidential press conferences. The *Times's* average "news hole," the total amount of space devoted to editorial words, is not especially large (160 columns a day, v. 185 for the Washington *Star*, 218 for the Chicago *Tribune*). But the *Times* avoids wire-service copy and other canned material, and nearly all the 152,000 words packed into a typical *Times* are staff-written. And that is a lot to absorb. Says Sulzberger: "Anybody who claims to read the entire paper every day is either the world's fastest reader or the world's biggest liar."

The Sunday *Times* (circ. 1.4 million) is without quarrel America's most dangerous newspaper—a back-wrenching, 4-lb. 400-page package that could paper over Manhattan to a depth of two pages. Indeed, the city once estimated that it cost \$6 million annually just to dispose of the papers as waste. Years ago, it was reported that a small plane carrying a load of Sunday *Timeses* over a rural area in the West dropped a copy, killing an ox. The Sunday sections include a newly renovated Book Review that has 25,000 mail subscribers of its own and is dis-

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tributed separately in 1,000 bookstores and libraries. There is also a redesigned New York Times Magazine; even though its editorial quality at the moment is uneven and its direction uncertain, the magazine still carries more advertising pages than any other American weekly except *Business Week*.

The *Times* maintains the world's largest full-time news staff. 550 journalists in New York, 32 outside the U.S., 40 in Washington and 19 more scattered around the country. The paper spends more than \$35 million a year to support them, an editorial budget far larger than that of any other newspaper, including the *Washington Post* (\$19 million). That is not all the *Times* spends: each year some 6 million trees are chopped down in the service of completeness.

The *Times* still knows how to be both good and gray. The shift from an eight-column-a-page format to an airier six columns has improved its fussy make-up, though often the choice and play of pictures leave much to be desired. Overall, the paper not only looks better, but reads better. Much of its news writing is stilted, wordy and dull. But many *Times* feature writers and some of its reporters write with refreshing élan: Richard Shepard, heir to the late Meyer Berger's old daily "About New York" column; Israel Shenker, a utility feature writer and house punster and semanticist; John Leonard, who writes an erudite,

number of features, including "Topics" a collection of short and sometimes snappy commentaries. Frankel (who reports directly to Publisher Sulzberger) has also expanded the range of subject matter and sharpened the bite of opinion on the page, though the point of view is sometimes difficult to track through the vivid prose.

The *Times's* foreign reporting remains unrivaled among newspapers. *Timesman* Sydney Schanberg's files from Cambodia won a Pulitzer in 1976, and James Markham's dispatches last year from war-torn Beirut should have. But the Washington bureau, the fief of Arthur Krock in the 1940s and '50s, then James Reston in the '50s and '60s, was overshadowed during Watergate by the *Washington Post*, now its chief rival on the national scene. The New York paper has recovered somewhat, beating the *Post* to major Washington scoops about CIA domestic spying and drug experimentation on unwitting civilians. The *Post* has been giving extravagant display to its newsbeats on the Koreagate scandal—in fact, to any stories with the merest hint of wrongdoing. On balance, the *Post* probably does a more thorough job of covering Washington's politics and government administration, but the *Times* still carries more weight on the national scene.

On its home turf, the *Times* is often accused of a preoccu-

The Living Section
The New York Times

Start with
The Great Dill Pickle
See Menu Section, Page 14

The Flea Market:
A Weekend Hobby
For Fun and Profit!

Why Michel Guerard
Cut the Calories

Home
The New York Times

10
15
18

Exotic Rooms: The Wilder Shores of Decorating

Grand Hotels:
A Style in Sunset

Designer Finds
City Snip-Shape

Weekend
The New York Times

Chaplinesque Sauter
From Germany

Danish Lazzie for
Canadian Ballet

Art Is All-American
At Gallery

Along the Straw-Hat Trail

WEEKENDER GUIDE

Friday

Saturday

The *Times's* three weekly inserts, which have helped boost circulation by as much as 35,000 a day

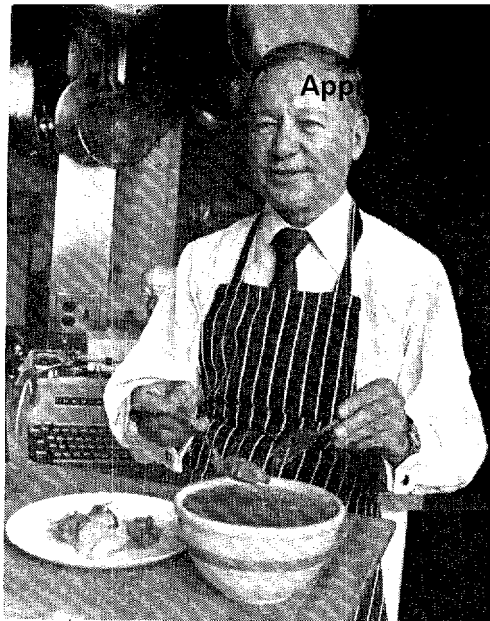
"Producing a paper to match just an editor's values is like the owner of a shoe store stocking shoes that fit only his feet."

harrowingly personal Living column; Reporter Molly Ivins, former co-editor of the upstart Texas *Observer*; and two former *New Yorkers*. Home Reporter Joan Kron, and Food and Restaurant Critic Mimi Sheraton, who sometimes shares the *Times's* ninth-floor test kitchen with Veteran Epicure Craig Claiborne and writes about food with an exuberance that would be medium rare at any paper.

The paper's 52-member cultural staff has make-or-break power far beyond New York over theater, dance, music, cinema and architecture. Goaded by the example of the *Wall Street Journal*, a major and partly successful effort has been made to improve the financial pages by expanding the staff and adding regular reports on careers, management, technology and other subjects. The once sternly liberal and generally predictable editorial page has brightened since its editor—and Sulzberger's cousin—John Oakes, 64, was made a senior editor last January. The new oracle-in-chief, Max Frankel, 47, a former Washington bureau chief, has moved editorial policy a little closer to Sulzberger's own middle-of-the-road pragmatism and initiated a

renewal of the paper's ties with Manhattan at the expense of the city's four other boroughs. Justly. Although it quickly mobilized a journalistic SWAT team for last month's blackout, the *Times* has only one full-time reporter stationed in all of Queens (pop. 2 million) and none in The Bronx (pop. 1.4 million). When a ten-alarm fire consumed all the buildings in seven square blocks of Brooklyn five days after the blackout, the *Times* ran the story on page 26.

A few *Times* editors rationalize such benign neglect by noting that the largely blue-collar—and indigent no-collar—multitudes of Brooklyn and The Bronx are not *Times* readers (a defense the paper does not offer in covering other parts of the world). But *Times* people also claim that local coverage has improved since Sydney Schanberg became metropolitan editor in May, replacing Mitchel Levitas, who was moved sideways to edit the Sunday *Week* in Review section. Schanberg straightaway told his 100 or so metropolitan reporters that he wanted everybody "to have fun." Productivity has increased among reporters who were previously alienated, based on a survey of *Times* reporters' growing more



Craig Claiborne in the Times's test kitchen, Living Editor Annette Grant and Home Editor Nancy Newhouse, Home Reporter Joan Kron
Visions of vegetables, recipes for pork chops liégeoise, treatises on termite detection.

aggressive. The paper last month, for example, printed the names and pictures of prominent citizens who rent space to sex shops.

As for complaints that the new supplements, plus the suburban editions, court the suburbs at the expense of urbanites, Times editors insist that the paper has not reduced the amount of money, staff or space it lavishes on New York City news. They also assert that the total space devoted to editorial matter has actually increased slightly since the switch from eight narrow columns a page to six wide ones. Says Executive Editor A.M. (Abe) Rosenthal: "Other papers have added water to the soup, but we've added vegetables."

Some reporters, however, complain that the addition of Living, Home and Weekend has stretched the news-gathering staff, for all its size, somewhat thin. Others note that the sections themselves are rather thin, and that Editors Annette Grant of Living, Nancy Newhouse of Home and Marvin Siegel of Weekend are reaching rather desperately for ever more trivial articles to fill them (last week's Living devoted an entire page to dill pickles). Still, one close reader agrees that the paper is not going soft. "People who run down the Times ought to have to compete with it every day," says Michael O'Neill, editor of the excellent rival News. "They wouldn't be so quick to criticize."

The Times has been the newspaper for competitors to reckon with ever since Adolph Ochs bought it in 1896, 45 years after the paper was founded by a Republican politician and a few months before it would have died of terminal mismanagement. Ochs (which he pronounced ox, its meaning in German), the Cincinnati-born son of German-Jewish immigrants, had at the age of 20 acquired the flagging Chattanooga Times and revived it. He set out to work a similar miracle on Park Row, the Times's home until he moved it north in 1904 to Longacre Square (which city fathers then renamed Times Square). Ochs banished fiction from the newspaper and declared that comic strips, gossip columns and other frippery would have no place there. He introduced book reviews and a serious Sunday magazine, and started printing news about the city's growing financial community. Not just any news, but useful news, like the arrival times of mail ships and the names of visiting out-of-town buyers.

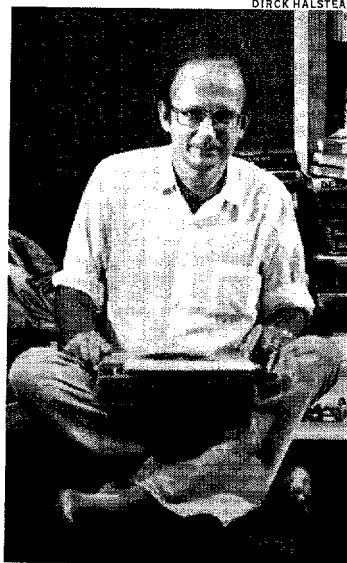
Ochs's chosen instrument in his quest for excellence was Carr Van Anda, the icily intellectual managing editor who once spotted a mathematical error in an Albert Einstein lecture that the Times was about to print. Einstein gratefully acknowledged the mistake. Van Anda also had an eye for circulation-building stunts, such as the Times's sponsorship of polar expeditions by Commodore Robert Peary and Roald Amundsen.

Together, Ochs and Van Anda made the Times a Victorian paradigm of probity and thoroughness, emphasizing diplomatic

and national political reporting and eschewing titillating accounts of crime and scandal. But not all crime and scandal. When now retired Sunday Editor Lester Markel once complained to Ochs about a steamy double murder the Times was reporting closely, the patriarch explained: "When a tabloid prints it, that's smut. When the Times prints it, that's sociology."

Ochs died in 1935 and was succeeded by Arthur Hays Sulzberger, the son of a wealthy textile manufacturer who had married Ochs' only child, Iphigene. Under Sulzberger, changes in the Times were subtle. He put more pictures on Page One, hired the paper's first female foreign correspondent (Anne McCormick) and quietly expanded the cultural departments. But A. Aitchess, as Sulzberger whimsically signed the light verse he sometimes wrote, kept the Times essentially Ochsian. In 1954 he sacked as picture editor a man who allowed the paper to publish a photograph of Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio French-kissing on their wedding day.

Sulzberger retired in 1961 and was succeeded by his son-in-law Orvil Dryfoos, the son of a hosiery manufacturer. A handsome and capable Wall Street broker, Dryfoos had been drafted into the paper shortly after his marriage to Sulzberger's oldest daughter, Marian. Like Sulzberger, Dryfoos carried on the Ochs legacy, but he faced new challenges. In 1962 he launched a separate West Coast edition, basically a condensation of the East Coast Times, but the venture got off to a bad start. The next year Dryfoos had to weather a 114-day strike of printing unions that left him and the entire staff seriously demoralized.



Columnist John Leonard at home

While Dryfoos grappled with these problems, Arthur Sulzberger's only son was marking time in a succession of minor posts in Times Co. management. Punch Sulzberger was an amiable presence around the building, though when he attended an occasional story conference he sometimes seemed more interested in examining the air-conditioning ducts on the ceiling. "The old man had this scenario," Sulzberger says of his father. "Orvil would go along for a while as publisher and then I was going to take over." But Dryfoos died of a heart ailment at 50 after only two years on the job, and the family turned

“Vantage is solving a lot of my problems about smoking.”

“You see, I really enjoy smoking. To me, it’s a pleasure. But it was no pleasure hearing all the things being said against high-tar cigarettes.

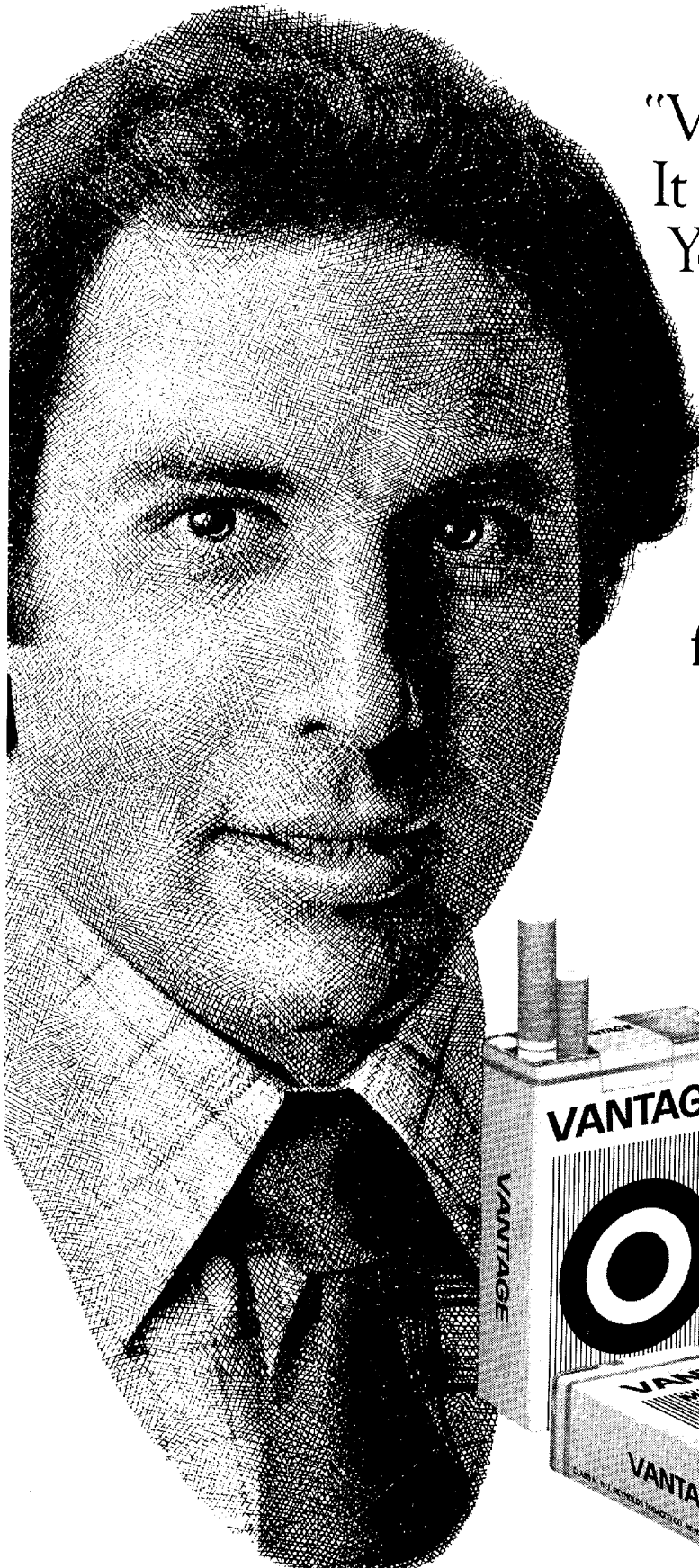
“Of course, I used to kid myself a lot about giving up the taste of my old high-tar cigarette for one of those new low-tar brands.

But every one I tried left my taste unsatisfied.

“Then someone offered me a Vantage. Sure I’d read about them. But I thought they were like all the others. I was wrong.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76; 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.



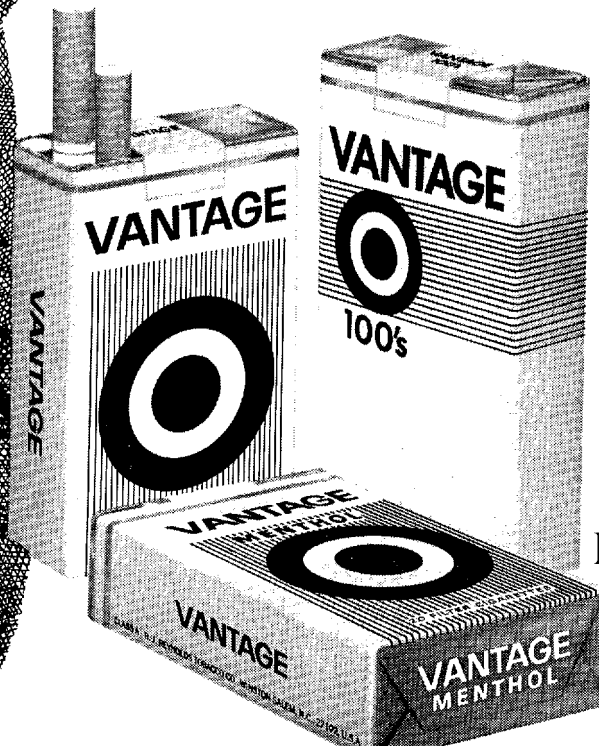
"Vantage was right.
It satisfied like my old brand.
Yet it had nearly half the tar.

"It's been about a year
since I started smoking
Vantage.

"And it looks like I'm
going to be smoking them
for a long time to come."

Bernard Schoenfeld

Bernard Schoenfeld
Westchester, New York



Regular, Menthol,
and Vantage 100's.

to Punch. "I was dumbfounded," says Punch. Then 37 and assistant treasurer, he was also quite unprepared to take control.

He learned fast. The *Times* was still reeling from the printers' strike, and the paper's management techniques were so relaxed that there had never been a budget. One of Sulzberger's first, and gutsiest, moves was to shut down the hemorrhaging West Coast edition. More important, he started diversifying the *Times* by buying Cowles Communications, with its lucrative magazines (*Family Circle*, *Golf Digest*) and small newspapers. Diversification, according to Columnist James Reston, has been Sulzberger's shrewdest move to date. "With more of the company's earnings coming from outside the paper," says Reston. "Punch could confront the unions with the fact that we could take a strike if necessary."

They eventually got that bulletin. In 1974 Sulzberger extracted an agreement from his printers to allow gradual automation in return for lifetime job security for those then working. A born tinkerer, Sulzberger threw himself into the task of replacing the *Times*'s clacking linotypes and other antiquated production contraptions with computerized equipment. "You just wouldn't believe it," says Sulzberger of the pre-electronic days. "The composing-room staff used to measure the amount of classified ads with a string."

Sulzberger also pensioned off whole lumberyards of executive deadwood on the paper's 14th-floor management corridor and hired younger men. Then he spirited his biz kids off to secluded conference centers for endless sessions devoted to planning, budgeting, lectures from management experts and other

The Private Life of A. Sock

Kings and Presidents pay him court, office seekers solicit his support, and audiences of Elks and securities analysts are eager to receive his wisdom. Yet the man who sits at the top of one of the world's most powerful newspapers was, to put it gently, a late bloomer. Mild dyslexia inherited from his mother was only part of his problem. "He was the most adorable, attractive boy," says she. "He was also a lazy little bum."

When Punch was about five his father decreed that he was too old to be playing with his sisters' dolls, so the boy staged an elaborate backyard burial for them. When he went to school, young Arthur was less interested in studying than in tinkering: with clocks, wagons, radios, broken toys—but not toy soldiers or guns, which were proscribed by his father in keeping with the *Times*'s support of gun-control legislation. The elder Sulzberger liked to bring Punch and his sisters to the office on Sundays to meet the editors. Sister Judy, closest to Punch in age and temperament, is indirectly responsible for his intriguing nickname. His father marked the boy's birth with a verse* about how he had arrived "to play Punch to Judy's endless show."

The handle followed Punch through four expensive prep schools and into the Marines, which he joined at age 17 to his parents' distress. But the corps gave Sulzberger a hard edge of purpose, and after World War II service in the Philippines, he enrolled at Columbia College, made the dean's list his first semester and graduated in 1951. After uninspired tours as a reporter for the

*A family custom that survives. Punch last year marked a grandnephew's birth with this ditty:

*O Nicholas Ochs put on his socks to cover
his chubby feet.
He dropped in the hamper a slightly used
Pumper and went out for a walk in the
street.
O Nicholas Ochs walked blocks and blocks
till his socks grew dark and dank
When he came to a stop and sat with a
plop at the keys of the Times Data
Bank . . .*

Milwaukee *Journal* and the *Times*, Sulzberger took the first in his succession of management jobs at the family paper. He also took a *Times* secretary as his wife, had a son, Arthur Jr., and a daughter, Karen, and was divorced in 1956.

Remarried that year to the former Carol Fox Fuhrman (they had a daughter, Cynthia, in 1964, and Punch adopted his wife's daughter Cathy), Sulzberger now divides off-duty hours between his Fifth Avenue apartment and a modern, eleven-room cypress-and-glass house on his mother's 300-acre estate

in suburban Stamford, Conn. Both residences are furnished in what one disapproving family member calls "Howard Johnson decorator stuff." Another upgrades it to "Bloomingdale's pleasant." Sulzberger drinks vodka on the rocks and eats hamburgers at his favorite restaurant, Manhattan's 21 Club (at \$9.25 a burger). He prefers to entertain at home, however, barbecuing steaks for Stamford visitors (mostly relatives and *Times* colleagues) and working wonders with vegetables. "I can't wait for Wednesday and all the recipes in Living," says the chef. "I was really fond of the artichoke recipes, but as soon as we started running them, ar-



Adolph Ochs and Daughter Iphigene, Grandchildren Marian, Ruth, Judith, Arthur (1929)

"The most adorable, attractive boy . . . also a lazy little bum."

exercises that *Timesmen* had never endured before. The editors would say, "How can we have a budget when we never know what the news is going to be tomorrow?"

Sulzberger's most important gift to the news side was not a budget. It was Abe Rosenthal, who has done more to reshape the paper than any editor since Van Anda. Canadian-born and Bronx-bred, Abraham Michael Rosenthal joined the *Times* in 1944 as a \$12-a-week stringer at New York's City College. He spent nine years as a foreign correspondent and reluctantly hung up his trench coat in 1963 to become metropolitan editor.

After Sulzberger became publisher and recognized the new editor's relentless energy and near fanatical dedication to the *Times*, Rosenthal was elevated to managing editor in 1969, executive editor last year. While Sulzberger was bending the paper's independent advertising, circulation and other business operations to his will, Rosenthal was pacifying the feudal out-

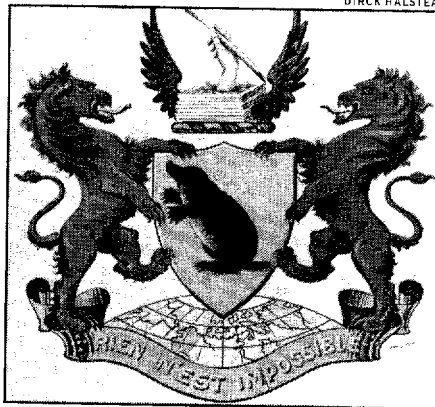
posts and attempting to reduce the internecine combat that animated Gay Talese's bestselling book of 1969 on the *Times*, titled with only slight hyperbole *The Kingdom and the Power*. In the bad old days, haughty Sunday Editor Lester Markel reigned over a separate staff, dispatching his own reporters to cover events alongside daily *Timesmen*. House Grammarian Theodore Bernstein crusaded for correct and pithy prose, but his powerful copydesk often took the life out of stories, or so many reporters felt, and also exercised almost unchecked influence on how prominently pieces were displayed. Rebellious Washington correspondents in 1968 frustrated an attempt by the New York office to give them a bureau chief they disliked. Intensely jealous *Times* bureaus often froze out visiting reporters when a running story brought them to town.

Under Rosenthal, Markel's old Sunday department was merged last year with the daily staff. Rosenthal has loosened

tichokes disappeared from the market."

For fun, the publisher reads spy thrillers (but can never remember the titles and has found himself rereading them by mistake), shows cowboys-and-Indians flicks on a home projector at Stamford Saturday nights, and generally neglects television. He had to give up golf because of a bad back ("Played one hole last year and had to be carried off in a golf cart"), but still tinkers and putters, and he enjoys browsing in hardware stores. Says Sister Ruth: "His idea of a good time is coming to visit and cleaning my car, then straightening my house."

He keeps his desk as uncluttered as



DIRCK HALSTEAD

Family crest designed by Iphigene

his sister's car, and moves through the *Times* building with mild good humor. He places many of his own calls when he is in New York, and when Punch travels on business, it is often in the company plane, which is piloted by a man punningly known as Pontius Pilate. He sometimes writes letters to the editor under a pseudonym, most recently to lament the departure of a brewery from the city by encouraging the mayor to "plant an Anheuser-Busch." He signed the letter A. Sock ("A punch, a sock, get it?").

Sulzberger borrowed that practice from his mother, who at 84 still fires an occasional witty missive to the paper under the name of some long-dead relative. Though she retired from the *Times* board in 1973, Iphigene Sulzberger remains a formidable force in the family. She designed its coat of arms, which features a duck-billed platypus—"an egg-laying mammal that suckles its young," explains Punch—and the motto NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE. Not for her, anyway. She traveled to China several years ago with a granddaughter and playfully invited Chou En-lai to write for the *Times*; he declined. The matriarch rarely interferes in Arthur's affairs. "Sons either have an Oedipus complex about their mothers or hate the ole gal for giving them too much chicken soup," says she. "But then I believe in telling my children what I think." She did protest a story about sex at Barnard College, her alma mater. "It was an unfortunate piece of publicity," she sighs. "I guess people get lots of sex nowadays, but they lose the romance."

Her son has similar views—he saw red over a story about group sex that he found tasteless—but rarely loses his temper and always bubbles with enthusiasm for the task at hand, whether weeding his garden or pruning his executive ranks. "The idea that a publisher sits up here and issues directives, wields great power and smites people to their knees is a lot of baloney," he says. "But it's a lot of fun. It's the best job in the world."



Punch and Sister Judy, Mother Iphigene, Sisters Marian and Ruth (1972)

"His idea of a good time is coming to visit and cleaning my car."



D. ROCK HALSTEAD

Part of the Times's 1.3-acre newsroom, where reporters are still sometimes summoned by loudspeaker

The editors would say, "How can we have a budget if we don't know what the news will be tomorrow?"

the iron grip of the copydesk, and Theodore Bernstein went off to edit *Times* book-publishing ventures in 1969 before retiring in 1972. With Sulzberger's blessing, Rosenthal last November finally subjugated the rebellious Washington bureau by installing as bureau chief his own man, Hedrick Smith. So docile has the capital crew become that Managing Editor Seymour Topping early this year had to gently upbraid Smith for not filing enough protests to get better front-page display for stories. After the journalism review *More* in its June issue recounted the epidemic of reassignments and resignations that followed Smith's arrival in Washington, Rosenthal spied a copy of the magazine on a *Times* desk and, with mock fury, ripped it to ribbons. "Kay Graham [Washington *Post* publisher] can fire two vice presidents and nobody notices," he complained. "I try to move a man and it inspires 15 stories, two operas and a one-act play."

In the newsroom Rosenthal, 55, has been installing his own band of energetic and loyal editors: Topping, 55, fellow Deputy Managing Editor Arthur Gelb, 53, and Assistant Managing Editor James Greenfield, 53. A younger generation of lieutenants, the group from which the executive editor's successor is likely to be picked when he reaches retirement age in a decade or so, are also resolute Rosenthal men: Hedrick Smith, 44, Sydney Schanberg, 43, Foreign Editor Robert Semple, 41, newly named News Editor Allan Siegal, 37, Assistant Foreign Editor Terence Smith, 38. Says one disgruntled reporter: "It's not that Abe doesn't tolerate dissent, it's that he rarely hears any."

In his quest for newer faces, Rosenthal has also ended the newsroom seniority system. The result of that free-form personnel policy is a brigade of generally younger, more aggressive reporters who turn out far more copy than the paper has space for—an imbalance that creates an air of perpetual tension in the newsroom. He rarely fires anyone; instead, sluggards are given little to do until they drift on, and fireballs are favored with desirable assignments and prominent display in the paper. Rosenthal readily admits that during his tenure the *Times* has become a "less happy" place to work and one where tens on is greater than it used to be—fun-loving Sydney Schanberg to the contrary notwithstanding. Rosenthal justifies the change in ambience by saying the paper cannot afford to be leisurely any more. "There was a time when the *Times* had little competition," says he. "TV didn't exist, the newsweeklies weren't much, the Washington *Post* was a non-paper."

Rosenthal spends much of his day with various editors in planning the paper; much solemn thought is given to which stories should get the biggest play. He is not exactly chummy with the troops. But his authority fills the 1.3-acre newsroom, where editors used to keep track of reporters with binoculars and still occasionally summoned by loudspeaker.

status was once linked closely to where he sat. Principalities and powers were clustered close to the news desk, with mere dominations, thrones, archangels and angels arrayed in descending order toward a far wall—even if that meant that reporters on the same beat were barely within hailing distance of each other. Rosenthal ended that nonsense. A major renovation of the newsroom has begun, and plans call for carpeting, waist-high partitions between reporters and enough fake-wood Formica for a coffee shop. Many reporters regret that the room—now a slum of battered steel desks, cigarette ashes, coffee stains and week-old newspapers—will lose its crummy charm.

Rosenthal is at once his reporters' father figure and resident ogre. He sends congratulatory notes to reporters about deftly written stories, angry notes to their editors about failures. One of his more popular moves: he has broken down the unspoken barriers that once prevented, say, a metropolitan reporter from writing an occasional culture piece. "If you're half-way talented, we practically kiss your feet," he says. "You can do anything you want."

The executive editor himself has been doing what he wants with Sulzberger's paper. He has over the years shifted emphasis from conventional fast-breaking news stories to more thoughtful and descriptive articles on social and demographic trends, ideas, literary controversies and, lately, white-collar crime.

Of dissimilar backgrounds and personalities, Sulzberger and



News staff in 1896, when Adolph Ochs bought the paper

When the Times prints about that's sociology

Rosenthal seem to think alike. "They are both focused on where they are going, and people who are no longer important with Rosenthal are no longer important with Sulzberger," says Gay Talese, who still monitors his old employer through friends at the *Times*. "Sulzberger is just like Rosenthal except that he's rich."* One mild exception to that unanimity is the *Times's* new MORE THAN JUST THE NEWS advertising campaign. "I think it's an awfully clever slogan," chuckles Sulzberger. "Abe took exception to it."

The publisher approves major bureau assignments and dispenses \$1,700 a month in Publisher's Awards to the writers of stories deemed exceptional. In both instances he often accepts Rosenthal's recommendations. Sulzberger does suggest occasional news stories and editorials (he was actively involved in last week's endorsement of Mayoral Candidate Mario Cuomo) and chooses all columnists. One discovery: former Nixon Speechwriter William Safire, whom he hired in 1973 after meeting him at a dinner party. The publisher often attends Rosenthal's 3:45 p.m. front-page conference but rarely speaks up. He skips the once-weekly "Bust Their Ass" meeting, where editors discuss investigative stories that will, Rosenthal hopes, inspire envy in other papers. Sulzberger reads some potentially controversial stories before they are printed but almost never orders them softened. Over the vigorous objection of some *Times* lawyers, he ordered publication of the Pentagon papers in 1971, for which the paper received a Pulitzer Prize, one of 42 won by the *Times* and its staff since the paper was awarded the very first Pulitzer Gold Medal in 1918.

Tending the news and editorial pages takes far less of Sulzberger's office energies than preserving the paper's financial health. His surprisingly modest office on the *Times* building's 14th floor—part of a suite that includes a bedroom, bath, conference room and study—is dominated by a massive walnut desk that he commandeered from the *Times* archivist. Sulzberger is at that desk by 8 a.m. (many *Times* editors drift in around 11 a.m.); Sulzberger used to be known around the office as "the farm boy"), and spends an hour reading and answering mail. Following the lead of his wife, ac-

quaintances of recent years call him Arthur instead of Punch, and he often has to ask his secretary how long he has known someone so he can decide which signature to use.

On one recent typical day in his office, reports *TIME's* Regina Cahill, Sulzberger spent nearly a half-hour, part of it punching his pocket calculator, trying to figure out the proper severance for an employee who complained about the terms of his departure. *Times* Co. vice presidents filed in, and they talked acquisitions, new ventures, pending tax rulings and other financial concerns. After lunch with a local department-store executive in the company dining room (where no liquor is served, lest some guest complain that drink overloosened his tongue), Sulzberger received a delegation of Sarah Lawrence College officials angry at a *Times* article about lesbianism at the school. Sulzberger promised that he would look into the matter. Except in the summer, when he leaves early, the publisher often wanders through the 14th-floor executive offices late in the day and invites colleagues to "buy me a drink" in his study.

Despite that easy office camaraderie, many of Sulzberger's executives stay on a wary alert. "There is no way of knowing

*Well, richer. Rosenthal is said to earn \$120,000; Sulzberger got \$210,000 last year, plus a \$75,000 bonus. The family trust, part of which he inherits when his mother dies, received \$2.7 million in *Times* common stock dividends last year.

what he is thinking," says Executive Vice President Sydney Gruson, Sulzberger's closest friend at the firm. Others describe the publisher's management style as resembling an artichoke: multilayered, and far different at heart from what it is on the surface. "This place is never free of tension. We play rough games with each other," says one 14th-floor strategist.

While admirers and subordinates try to second-guess him, Sulzberger goes on tinkering with the wondrous machine he has inherited. He is considering two more special sections to round out the week: a Monday sports supplement and a Tuesday fashion insert, no firm start-up dates set. Those additions are expected to be followed by a nickel increase in the *Times* price, to 25¢. Sulzberger also intends to add two new magazines this year, on fishing and one other outdoor pursuit, and will try to buy more broadcast stations. Altogether, the *Times* is weighing some 40 possible acquisitions. The publisher is also laying plans to make the *Times* a truly national newspaper. By transmitting facsimiles of *Times* pages via satellite to presses borrowed for a few hours from papers around the country, the *Times* could be widely distributed each day. That move could come as soon as 1979.

Sulzberger is also watching the progress of a few family members who may be destined for top jobs at the paper: Arthur Jr., 25, his son and an Associated Press correspondent in London; and a number of nephews, including Stephen Golden, 30, a junior executive in the *Times* production department; and Stuart Greenspon, 37, who manages *Times* circulation operations. Sulzberger does not promise that these—or any—family members will succeed him, but his loyalties are clear: "This is a family newspaper, and I intend to keep it that way."

That intention implies also a special sense of responsibility. People may grouse that the world's greatest daily is becoming more interested in *pâté de campagne* than poverty in the South Bronx—or in making money more than in printing news. Punch, of course, like any publishing executive, could well reply that it does after all require money to be able to present the news. But even his detractors concede

that Arthur Sulzberger does not yet subscribe to an ethic that seems to be spreading in the newspaper business, the ethic of Lord Thomson of Fleet. "I buy newspapers to make money to buy more newspapers to make more money," he said before his death last year. "As for editorial content, that's the stuff you separate the ads with."

No. The high Victorian seriousness of Adolph Ochs hangs over the *Times* to this day. His ALL THE NEWS credo still appears at the top of Page One every day, and his marble bust rests on the ground floor of the *Times* building, gazing sternly toward a vending machine of newly printed *Timeses*. The *Times* still refers even to convicted felons as "Mr.," "Mrs." or "Miss" (but never "Ms."), and last month banned display ads for pornographic movies, a decision that will cost the paper \$750,000 a year.

But it was Ochs who declared that even smut could sometimes be sociology and that such useful minutiae as the arrival of out-of-town buyers could be news. As Punch Sulzberger curls up with his *Times* each night, he knows that his ever watchful grandfather would probably agree: vegetables, even if not always served to readers "glowingly fresh with firm but tender brightness," can be part of the news fit to print. ■



Executive Editor A.M. (Abe) Rosenthal in his office

"Others add water to the soup; we add vegetables."

Education

Pueri et Puellae Certantes

Latin Olympics revel in gender and case

It was hardly a typical teen-ager's dream vacation. One thousand two hundred and fifty students were jammed together in sweltering, un-airconditioned dorms in the 101° F. Florida heat. There was all the excitement of a library reading room at high noon: teen-agers hunched in corners, muttering over dog-eared textbooks or stacks of index cards. The prevailing sense of humor was as old as the Roman hills: bantering buttons with such slogans as DA MI OSCULUM LATINE LOQUOR (Kiss me, I speak Latin) and ATLAS IS TOO STONED TO CARE.

But to the membership of the National Junior Classical League at Florida State University in Tallahassee last week, the Latin fest was like nectar to the gods. Classical scholars all, they had assembled from as far away as Alaska and Hawaii to compete in the Olympic Games of Latin Students, the 24th national J.C.L. competition. An elite group, 95% college bound, the delegates were variously attracted by sheer love of the classics, as well as affection for historic trivia and the fascination of what is difficult. Says Mike LaComb, 19, a St. Lawrence University freshman: "There's a thrill to the exacting form and pattern of the language."

Throughout the six-day convention, competition for ten coveted rosettes was *ipso facto*, difficult indeed. Contenders in the Pentathlon had to work against the clock in proving to a computer their mastery of mythology, grammar and history. Nearby classrooms resounded to the ring of Ovid and Livy as the oratorical-minded—swathed in togas—declaimed before judges. Other judges trod carefully past papier-mâché Pantheons and temples and an intricate mosaic depicting Medea fleeing to Athens, constructed from rice,

grits and glue by a Tennessee contestant.

Elsewhere, Virginia creamed Texas and California to win the Certamen—a classical version of the College Bowl quiz—with state teams battling it out onstage over the *lingua mater*. "What case is required for the object of *vescor*?" shot out Questioner James Minter, 25, a candidate at Columbia University for a Ph.D. in classics. Flashing lights signaled the correct answer: "The ablative." Sample sticklers: "What Italian myth figure changed into a woodpecker?" "What Latin emperor was transformed, in a satire, into a pumpkin?" Answers: Picus and Claudius.

And then, the grand finale: a triumphal procession across the campus, with togas (\$20 or less) fashioned from pastel bed sheets. The Florida contingent was led by an aspiring—and perspiring—Ulysses, clad in bright gold-fabric armor. Would-be Legionnaires—all male—captained chariots crafted from barrels and aluminum sheeting, drawn by teams of giggling girls. Chauvinistic? Perhaps, but the girls didn't mind. Nor did they balk at a slave auction, in which the prettiest sold for up to \$50 in aid of a book fund. Successful bidders got a coed for the day to rub their backs, feed them grapes at a Roman banquet that night—and do whatever else that might pass by the watchful chaperones.

Despite the conventioners' exuberance, Latin is still languishing in American high schools. The number of students taking it dropped precipitously from 626,199 in 1965 to 184,445 in 1974, and courses were deleted as being too dry and dusty. But the appeal of the *arcana* shows signs of reviving Latin, along with the current educational drift back to basics. New courses in mythology and literature in translation have attracted students too. One innovative, popular program—used in ghetto schools to reinforce basic English grammar—even teaches conversational Latin by audiovisual methods. Besides, says Minter, "the classics still have a snob appeal—which we try to play to the hilt." ■

Closing Colleges

Briarcliff & Bennett go into bankruptcy

Last April Briarcliff College—a small, private and long financially troubled women's college near White Plains, N.Y.—sold its 55-acre campus out from under some 300 students. But rather than die outright or be absorbed by burgeoning Pace University, which had bought the facility for its nearby Westchester campus, homeless Briarcliff proposed a desperate sort of scholastic piggyback. It hoped to share its remaining faculty and students with yet another small, private and financially strapped women's college: Bennett, a two-year junior college with 230 students. Under the tentative plan, Briarcliff would attract many of its undergraduates to Bennett's underpopulated Millbrook, N.Y., campus; Bennett graduates could thereafter enroll in Briarcliff for their final two years, and both institutions might be saved.

But the scheme collapsed. Two weeks ago, after Briarcliff's efforts to lure enough students to the new site proved futile, the New York Board of Regents dissolved the 75-year-old school's charter. Bennett, which filed bankruptcy proceedings last spring, will almost surely close down this week too. Meanwhile, a standing deficit has forced a third private women's college in New York State, twelve-year-old Kirkland, to merge next year with coordinate Hamilton College, a 165-year-old, previously all-male college in Clinton.

Though many private colleges are having a hard time in the U.S. these days, the summer blackout rate for women's colleges seems confined to New York. The Women's College Coalition in Washington, D.C., which represents two-thirds of U.S. women's colleges, reports that financial headaches are no better or worse than has been usual of late among its 67 members. ■



Indulging in horseplay in Tallahassee, Junior Classical League girls drag boys during chariot race

After an ablative and an emperor-pumpkin, a mosaic of Medea fleeing to Athens made out of rice, grits and glue.

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SPECIAL REPORT

AMERICA'S PRI

Too Much Power for Too

New empires of the printed word are on the rise as newspaper chains and vast conglomerates swallow up one publisher after another. Concern grows as they get more and more say over what Americans read.

Far-reaching changes are under way in America's once-unchallenged empires of the printed word—newspapers, magazines and books—as they seek their niche in the electronic age.

Great and venerable publishing houses are under pressures of many kinds to give up their independence and join chains or conglomerates for a safer existence alongside goods and services ranging from rental cars to rugs.

Inroads are becoming apparent in quality, too.

Many publishers, in trying to keep up with changes in reader tastes and interests, are turning more to gossip, shock and scandal—often at the expense of solid information.

There is growing concern that the publishing business, long considered essential to an informed citizenry, is losing its diversity and that growth of corporate empires in publishing is making "the bottom line" of profit margins the supreme factor in the industry—to the detriment of excellence and responsibility to the public.

What will happen ultimately to the quality of opinion and

factual information reaching American readers cannot yet be foretold. This, however, is becoming clear:

Chains, whose holdings are rooted in one field of publishing, and conglomerates, whose business interests run the industrial gamut, will continue to grow. A broker specializing in newspaper stocks says: "Further concentration of ownership is inevitable. The trend in the communications business is no different than in any other."

The wave of publishing acquisitions, which began in the early 1960s, continues with such instances as these:

- CBS, Inc., recently added a second paperback-publishing house—Fawcett—to its TV, magazine and book-publishing enterprises.

- Time, Inc., publisher of magazines and books, and owner of a TV station, a TV production company, a film-distribution and production company and a cable-television system, has announced it is buying the Book-of-the-Month Club.

- Capital Cities Communications, Inc., which owns newspapers, television stations and specialty newspapers such as *Women's Wear Daily*, added the *Kansas City Star* and morning *Times* to its holdings.

The tens of millions paid for these and other publishing properties generate optimism about the economic future of the print media. That, however, is tempered by concern about the social consequences of such transactions.

Says James Hoge, editor-in-chief of the *Chicago Sun-Times* and the *Chicago Daily News*: "All the good will in the world by conglomerates who say they will establish op-ed pages

They Oversee Big Publishing Conglomerates



Arthur Ochs Sulzberger
Chairman, New York Times Company



Katharine Graham
Chairman, Washington Post Company



Andrew Heiskell
Chairman, Time, Inc.