



FIELD GUIDE



Directed by James Bohnen

Featuring Greg Matthew Anderson, John Babbo,
Jeff Cummings, David Darlow, Shawn Douglass, Linda Gillum,
Ernest Perry, Jr., and Michael Pogue

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www.remybumpo.org / 773.404.7336

Field Guide written by Kelli Marino

Editing and visual design by

Jim Manganello and Charles Riffenburg IV

Night and Day poster design by Robert Petrick

Table of Contents

Synopsis and Interview with James Bohnen.....	2
The Passion and Business of Journalism: Robert Fisk....	6
<i>Night and Day</i> Glossary.....	7
A Look into the Life of a War Correspondent.....	10
The Colonial Legacy.....	13
Tom Stoppard Biography.....	14
Interview with Tom Stoppard.....	15
Discussion Questions.....	17

The Story of *Night and Day*

The late 1970s. Many postcolonial nations in Africa are experiencing unrest, resulting from various indigenous factions vying for power in the vacuum left by the withdrawing empire. Geoffrey Carson is a British expatriate and owner of the mines in one such country and former British colony. As violence grows increasingly imminent, foreign correspondents descend on the country, several of them converge at Carson's home, where there is one of the country's only mediums of communication to the newspaper offices at home: the telex.

As the meeting ground for so many personalities, the Carson household serves as the epicenter of debate in the play. There's George Guthrie, a photojournalist who hopes to illuminate some of the grossest violations of humanity the world round; and Dick Wagner, a seasoned and respected Australian journalist and strong union man. He butts heads with the young idealist Jacob Milne, reporter for the small *Grimby Evening Messenger* and "scab" during the recent provincial reporters' strike. That tension is further aggravated by Ruth, Carson's wife, whose short affair last week with Wagner is followed by an infatuation with the more energetic, less experienced Milne. The journalists compete for the best story—Milne and Guthrie going into the middle of the tumult, Wagner staying behind for an exclusive interview with the current president of the country, Ginku Mageeba.

When Milne is killed in the crossfire, we are forced to consider whether getting the story is worth a human life. *Night and Day* is being produced as part of Remy Bumppo's season exploring *Secret Lives, Public Lies*. Stoppard examines the public world through the relationship between reality and the "truth" as published by journalists. But he also shows the alternative private world, especially through the character of Ruth, whose discontent with her public, married life creates in her an interior well of desire, which is sharable only through the medium of theater. It is the tension between these two worlds that drives the action of *Night and Day*.

Talking With the Director:

A conversation with James Bohnen

by Kelli Marino

Kelli Marino: *Remy Bumppo has chosen to begin this season with revisiting the very first play you directed, Tom Stoppard's Night and Day. Why did you choose this piece 13 years ago, and why are you revisiting it this season?*

James Bohnen: When we first started Remy Bumppo, we were going to do one quick production and be done with Chicago. Originally, it was to be Albee's *Seascape*. We were casting *Seascape* and something came up, a rights issue I think. I knew a well-known married couple who were ideally suited to play Ruth Carson and Dick Wagner in *Night and Day*. I had previously worked as an assistant director/understudy on the second American production of *Night and Day* at the Huntington in 1982, and by 1996, I had acted in and directed quite a lot of Stoppard plays. I always had a true fondness for *Night and Day*; I think it is vastly undervalued, it is romantic, and it is about something important: the freedom and responsibility of the press. So, off we went.

Producing *Night and Day* this season, my final season as Artistic Director, seemed a natural way to bookend my tenure, and almost none of our current subscribers or donors saw the '96 production because NOBODY knew who we were (the play was pretty well attended, however).

KM. *What do you think will be the differences or changes in directing the piece now?*

JB. The differences will probably come from my own deeper experience in both living and directing. I can feel the play with a deeper sympathy now, and I think it might be better balanced between the romance and the politics. I have done some serious looking at the various versions of the text and changes Stoppard made over the years and will incorporate some of them. The power of information, the getting and conveying of information and the insistence on shedding some light into the worst of people's behavior through personal bravery or ego, or both, remains essential to our lives as responsible human beings. There are a number of African countries today that have only one newspaper, and it is controlled by the government.

KM. *Can you talk about the journalistic aspects of the show? What view does each character represent? Is Stoppard taking a stance one way or another?*

JB. Stoppard is conservative by nature, though not terribly political. His one passionate area is free speech and expression, and when he wrote the play in 1978 he skewered the argument a bit in favor of the anti-union stance. By his own admission (in a conversation with Mel Gussow in 1994), his stance has become less polemical and a bit troubled by the power of the Rupert Murdochs of this world. The story of the journalists is essential, and any play that includes the line, "I've been around a lot of places. People do awful things to each other. But it's worse in places where everybody is kept in the dark. It really is. Information is light. Information, in itself, about anything, is light. That's all you can say, really." needs to be seen and re-seen on a regular basis. The character Guthrie seems to be the moral center of the play. Wagner is a good journalist, and his ego needs a lot of feeding, but in the end, he gets his story. Milne is the idealist who hasn't really paid enough attention and is a bit too caught up in the romance of the story which causes him to do something idiotic and pay for it with his life.

KM. *How do you feel about the morality of journalism?*

JB. I came of age in a time of great excitement about the news and about how the story was presented. I grew up in a family that read newspapers morning and evening, and watched the news on the relatively new invention, television. Walter Cronkite went to Vietnam and witnessed the Tet offensive and came home and looked into the camera and told America we were being lied to, the world changed.

I read David Halberstam's Vietnam reporting, Seymour Hersh's magnificent piece in *Harper's* about My Lai, the *Pentagon Papers* in the *New York Times* and *Washington Post*. And speaking of the *Post*, I was a young history teacher during the Watergate story doggedly uncovered by Woodward and Bernstein. Should journalists be moral? Of course. They all aren't, but the best are. Setting the story and giving people a context for what they might be feeling is essential in any country. I don't think a journalist should ever "make up" what purports to be news. Get your sources and get the story.

KM. *What is the central conflict in Stoppard's play?*

JB. It seems to center on three struggles about freedom: freedom of the press; freedom of a country; personal freedom (Ruth's struggle).

KM. *Night and Day is not completely in the same fashion as other Stoppard plays. Can you talk at all about why Stoppard created this piece and how it differs from his "usual" writing style?*

JB. Stoppard wrote this in 1978. I think of *Night and Day* as the hinge in Stoppard's development as a writer. It seemed to spring him open emotionally. His previous full-length plays—*Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*,

Travesties and *Jumpers*—were all dazzling plays filled with word games, cleverness, and a kind of chilly intellectualism. *Night and Day* differs from the dazzling plays that preceded it, but all that follow it combine the head and the heart in remarkable ways.

He set out to answer the critics on two points: he wrote a play that was basically action-driven and character-focused, and he wrote (for the first time) a strong woman's role. Like Shakespeare, he likes to challenge himself; he hit on the brilliant stroke of making us privy to Ruth's thoughts, thereby making the play achingly personal and powerfully romantic.

KM. *Stoppard includes a few songs in the show through Ruth. The song "Night and Day" by Cole Porter—why do you think that Stoppard used this song as the play's title? And at the end, Ruth sings, "The Lady is a Tramp"—how are these relevant to the story and characters?*

JB. The music that Ruth sings is generated by her imagination, her longings. We hear "The Lady is a Tramp" sung by Ruth at moments in the show because that is what she is struggling with. Ruth is imitating film roles by Elizabeth Taylor and Deborah Kerr, saying that she "is in the wrong movie"; the images she portrays and songs which she sings parallel her thoughts. She has a cinematic romance for Africa and for romance itself, all in her head. And when Carson (her husband) tells her that he doesn't know what she is talking about half the time, she responds, "And that is the half I do out loud." Ruth's inner songs and thoughts express her frustrations and her befuddlements; she amuses herself.

As for the rest of the music in the show, the audience will never hear "Night and Day" (by Cole Porter). It used to be in the show when it was first produced, but it just didn't work. The fact that the show's name is still "Night and Day" might hearken to the romance of the press, the romance of getting the story day or night, night or day.

You will hear African drumming in the beginning of the show, kind of like a 1950s American film about Africa, but Ruth enters and says "Those drums, those damned drums," and she stops the cassette tape which is playing – this is the music which Francis (the African servant) likes to listen to while he works. Stoppard, as he often does, is setting up expectations and then changing them.

KM. *Why choose the theme "Secret Lives, Public Lies" for Remy Bumpo's season?*

JB. I have always been fascinated by "being private in public." People holding complicated feelings and secrets while they present themselves to the world in a straightforward way, and the device of hearing Ruth's private thoughts plays hard into this.

James Bohnen's Recommended Reading

Scoop (see below)
by Evelyn Waugh

The Imperfectionists
by Tom Ruchman

The First Casualty
by Philip Knightly

Crooked Sixpence
by Murray Sayle

All the President's Men
by Bob Woodward & Carl Bernstein

Scoop by Evelyn Waugh

Evelyn Waugh's 1938 satirical novel, *Scoop*, is another literary work about the nature of journalism and foreign correspondence.

William Boot, an Englishman, is a nature columnist writing "Lush Places" for the *Daily Beast*, a national newspaper. He is forced into becoming a foreign correspondent when the editors of his newspaper mistake him for the novelist John Boot. William Boot is sent to Ishmaelia, a fictional African state, where civil war is on the horizon. In the midst of the war and his lack of experience as a war correspondent, William fortuitously gets an important "scoop" on the war for his newspaper. Upon his return, the story credit is given to John Boot instead, leaving William to return to his quiet life.

Scoop satirizes journalists' attempts to remain positive, spinning the facts to appear better and broader than they are in reality:

Mr. Slater's side of the conversation was limited to expressions of assent. When Lord Copper was right he said, "Definitely, Lord Copper"; when he was wrong, "Up to a point."

"Let me see, what's the name of the place I mean? Capital of Japan? Yokohama, isn't it?"

"Up to a point, Lord Copper."

"And Hong Kong belongs to us, doesn't it?"

"Definitely, Lord Copper."

Scoop is based on parts of Waugh's war correspondent experience working for the *Daily Mail*. He was assigned to cover Benito Mussolini's anticipated attack on Abyssinia, and when he got his own scoop on the invasion he telegraphed the story back in Latin for secrecy, but they discarded it.

It is believed that Waugh based the character William Boot on Englishman, politician, and journalist Bill Deedes, who, as a 22 years old junior reporter, arrived in Addis Ababa with two tons of luggage. Another character inspiration is thought to be William Beach Thomas who, according to Peter Stothard, "was a quietly successful countryside columnist and literary gent who became a calamitous *Daily Mail* war correspondent."

DID YOU KNOW?

Stoppard's pen name as a theater critic was William Boot, the same name as Waugh's protagonist.

Night and Day's action, like the action in *Scoop*, takes place in a fictional African country on the brink of war.

The Passion and Business of Journalism

by Kelli Marino

Night and Day's war correspondents are consumed with the business of journalism, getting the story, and making sure that the story is covered properly, even if their editors may change the story as written.

The experienced Wagner speaks of media credibility and the truth about the business of journalism:

Well, the press officer goes bananas. He wants to know which side the *Globe* thinks it's on. So I tell him, 'It's not on any side, stupid, it's an objective fact-gathering organization.' And he says, 'Yes, but is it objective-for or objective-against?' He may be stupid, but he's not stupid.

By contrast, the exchange between Ruth and Milne, the youngest journalist in *Night and Day*, shows Milne speaking of the free press and his belief in truthful reporting:

MILNE: He thinks the *Globe* is a million packets of journalism manufactured every week by businessmen using journalists for their labor.

RUTH: That *is* what the *Globe* is.

MILNE: No, it's not. A free press, free expression—it's the last line of defense for all the other freedoms. [...] No matter how imperfect things are, if you've got a free press everything is correctable, and without it everything is concealable. [...] Junk journalism is the evidence of a society that has got at least one thing right, that there should be nobody with the power to dictate where responsible journalism begins.

Each of the correspondents represents an inner battle which today's journalist must battle, that between passionate, truthful reporting, and what the story will ultimately be once the editors and other officials have signed off on the article.

I want to illustrate a modern example of this dilemma. Foreign correspondent Robert Fisk's brilliant journalism alongside his personal beliefs on the industry in which he works has made him a reputable and controversial source of news, but ultimately, a strongly respected correspondent. Here are two articles written by Fisk, the first is an excerpt from the preface to his book *The Age of the Warrior*, where Fisk describes his frustration with journalism reporting and covering the wars from the trenches while being expected to write without a bias, without an emotional connection to the tragedies which he, or any reporter, must witness. In contrast to his very personal preface, the second article, "How the News Will Be Censored in This War," exemplifies Fisk's astute journalism and additional commentary on the business of news reporting.

Excerpt from the preface to *The Age of the Warrior* By Robert Fisk

Do we need war? Do we need it the way we need air and love and children and safety? I wonder.

The collection of articles in this book, most of them published in *The Independent* over the past five years, is therefore angry rather than brutal, cynical rather than bloody. They

record, I suppose, a foreign correspondent's thoughts amid war, a corner of the journalist's brain that usually goes unrecorded; the weekly need to write something at a right-angle to the days gone by, the need to explore one's own anger as well as the gentler, kinder moments in a life that has been spent – let me speak bluntly – that has been used up and squandered in watching human folly on a massive, unstoppable scale.

Anger is a ferocious creature. Journalists are supposed to avoid this nightmare animal, to observe this beast with "objective" eyes. A reporter's supposed lack of "bias" – which, I suspect, is now the great sickness of our Western press and television – has become the antidote to personal feeling, the excuse for all of us to avoid the truth.

Ask "how" and "who" – but not "why." Source everything to officials: "American officials," "intelligence officials," "official sources," anonymous policemen or army officers. Above all, show respect. For authority, for government, for power. And if those institutions charged with our protection abuse that power, then remind readers and listeners and viewers of the dangerous age in which we now live, the age of terror – which means that we must live in the Age of the Warrior, someone whose business and profession and vocation and mere existence is to destroy our enemies.

"How the News Will Be Censored in This War"

By Robert Fisk

The Independent, 25 February 2003

Already, the American press is expressing its approval of the coverage of American forces which the US military intends to allow its reporters in the next Gulf war. The boys from CNN, CBS, ABC and *The New York Times* will be "embedded" among the US marines and infantry. The degree of censorship hasn't quite been worked out. But it doesn't matter how much the Pentagon cuts from the reporters' dispatches. A new CNN system of "script approval" – the iniquitous instruction to reporters that they have to send all their copy to anonymous officials in Atlanta to ensure it is suitably sanitised – suggests that the Pentagon and the Department of State have nothing to worry about. Nor do the Israelis.

Indeed, reading a new CNN document, "Reminder of Script Approval Policy," fairly takes the breath away. "All reporters preparing package scripts must submit the scripts for approval," it says. "Packages may not be edited until the scripts are approved.... All packages originating outside Washington, Los Angeles, or New York, including all international bureaus, must come to the ROW in Atlanta for approval."

The date of this extraordinary message is 27 January. The "ROW" is the row of script editors in Atlanta who can insist on changes or "balances" in the reporter's dispatch. "A script is not approved for air unless it is properly marked approved by an authorised manager and duped (duplicated) to burcopy (bureau copy).... When a script is updated it must be re-approved, preferably by the originating approving authority."

Note the key words here: "approved" and "authorized." CNN's man or woman in Kuwait or Baghdad—or Jerusalem or Ramallah—may know the background to his or her story; indeed, they will know far more about it than the "authorities" in Atlanta. But CNN's chiefs will decide the spin of the story.

CNN, of course, is not alone in this paranoid form of reporting. Other US networks operate equally anti-journalistic systems. And it's not the fault of the reporters. CNN's teams

may use clichés and don military costumes—you will see them do this in the next war—but they try to get something of the truth out. Next time, though, they're going to have even less chance.

Just where this awful system leads is evident from an intriguing exchange last year between CNN's reporter in the occupied West Bank town of Ramallah, and Eason Jordan, one of CNN's top honchos in Atlanta.

The journalist's first complaint was about a story by the reporter Michael Holmes on the Red Crescent ambulance drivers who are repeatedly shot at by Israeli troops. "We risked our lives and went out with ambulance drivers...for a whole day. We have also witnessed ambulances from our window being shot at by Israeli soldiers.... The story received approval from Mike Shoulder. The story ran twice and then Rick Davis (a CNN executive) killed it. The reason was we did not have an Israeli army response, even though we stated in our story that Israel believes that Palestinians are smuggling weapons and wanted people in the ambulances."

The Israelis refused to give CNN an interview, only a written statement. This statement was then written into the CNN script. But again it was rejected by Davis in Atlanta. Only when, after three days, the Israeli army gave CNN an interview did Holmes's story run—but then with the dishonest inclusion of a line that said the ambulances were shot in "crossfire" (i.e. that Palestinians also shot at their own ambulances)....

The relevance of this is all too obvious in the next Gulf War. We are going to have to see a US army officer denying everything the Iraqis say if any report from Iraq is to get on air....

But the system of "script approval" that has so marred CNN's coverage has got worse. In a further and even more sinister message dated 31 January this year, CNN staff are told that a new computerised system of script approval will allow "authorised script approvers to mark scripts (i.e. reports) in a clear and standard manner. Script EPs (executive producers) will click on the coloured APPROVED button to turn it from red (unapproved) to green (approved). When someone makes a change in the script after approval, the button will turn yellow." Someone? Who is this someone? CNN's reporters aren't told.

But when we recall that CNN revealed after the 1991 Gulf War that it had allowed Pentagon "trainees" into the CNN newsroom in Atlanta, I have my suspicions.

Robert Fisk is the Middle-East correspondent for the British newspaper, *The Independent*. For more than three decades, Fisk has covered some of the world's most complicated war zones, from Northern Ireland in the 1970s, to Lebanon in the 1980s, to contemporary Iraq. Perhaps most famously, he has interviewed Osama bin Laden on three occasions (1993, 1996, and 1997). He has won numerous awards for his brand of on-the-ground, independent reporting, and he regularly expresses scorn for his "embedded" colleagues.

Night and Day Glossary

telex

Also known as a Teleprinter, the telex is an electromechanical, dial-up typewriter that can be used to communicate typed messages from point to point over a variety of communication channels. The telex predecessor was the Stock Ticker. The common uses for the Telex/Teleprinter were real-time communication (through phone dials), messaging, news-wires, and looping many machines together as a central command center. This is now replaced by fax and email.

lime squash

Lime squash is a refreshing beverage. Here is how you make it: Cut as many limes as you can, extract the juice, and collect in a bottle after measuring the volume. Take an equal volume of water and an equal volume of sugar and make syrup. Cool the syrup and add to the lime juice. The reconstituting is by way of mixing one part concentrate with three parts water. This squash will improve in taste over one or two days and can preserve for long periods.

Austin Reed safari suit

Austin Reed is a clothing designer and manufacturer in the UK. In 1925 Austin Reed began offering high quality, ready-to-wear suits. In the 1980's the rise of the "power-dressed" businesswoman led to the development of a collection to meet the needs of this new breed of career woman. Today, Austin Reed offers both casual and formalwear, aimed at "successful men and women with the mind-set of a 'thirty-something'."

Elephant Walk

Elephant Walk is a 1954 film starring Elizabeth Taylor about a married couple whose house is built on the long-time path of an elephant herd. The film centers on a woman lost in a love triangle between her husband who is struggling with ghosts of his past and future, and the plantation manager. Through a fury of cholera, quarantine, and love affairs, the elephants finally get their path back and destroy the house. When the elephants trample the house, all the characters are freed emotionally to start life anew.

"the VC attacking the bridge in Vietnam"

The People's Liberation Armed Forces, more popularly known as the Viet Cong (VC), was the military arm of the National Liberation Front. Established at the end of 1960, the VC was created by the North Vietnamese communists to escalate the armed struggle in South Vietnam. The bridge most likely referred to is the Newport Bridge between Bien Hoa and Saigon which was captured on February 3, 1968.

King Solomon's Mines

This 1950 film starring Deborah Kerr is based upon Sir H. Rider Haggard's 1885 adventure novel, a prime example of the colonialist imagination in fiction. A British search mission in Africa defeats the many terrifying obstacles of the exotic continent, all with the end goal finding a hidden treasure. Both novel and film endorsed the prevailing European narrative of the "white man's burden."

"The press lives by disclosure" ~ Delane of *The Times*

John Thadeus Delane, editor of *The Times* of London 1851. His general policy was to keep the paper a national organ of opinion above party, but with a tendency to sympathize with the Liberal movements of the day.

A Look Into the Life of a War Correspondent

By Storer H. Rowley

SARAJEVO – As 155 millimeter artillery shells screamed down on this pulverized city, I dictated my story by flashlight under a desk in a darkened office of the Presidential Palace.

The sound of Phil Collins singing on a cassette playing in the next room drifted in through the blackness amid the explosions, “Oh, think twice, it’s just another day for you . . . You and me in paradise.”

The skin had long since peeled from my palms, which remained moist in a constant coat of nervous sweat. I wasn’t sleeping much. I hadn’t bathed in weeks or changed my clothes. Food, water, and basic supplies were scarce. I carried around a pile of papers, books and notebooks in a plastic bag, my only makeshift briefcase. But my pitiful issues were laughable against the horrific canvass of death, deceit, and destruction being painted all around me.

Of all the conflicts I covered in my 12 years as a foreign correspondent with the Chicago Tribune, the civil wars that tore apart the former Yugoslavia in the early 1990s were far and away the most dangerous, vicious and terrifying.

I had no laptop, but I was still able to file a story nightly to the home office in Chicago, often after endless failed attempts at dialing on old European phones. They were stories of loss and devastation, murder and death, treachery and deception.

Every now and then, a story of hope, survival and courage rose from the ashes and madness of the former Yugoslavia—like Vedran Smailovic playing Albinoni’s Adagio in G Minor on his cello, seated at the site of the breadline massacre of 22 souls on Vase Miskina Street as the bombs fell all about in this city. He played a daily tribute to the dead, but his music was a larger paean to the cultural diversity, inter-religious fellowship, and cosmopolitan civilization under siege.

The horror of war is often juxtaposed against the daily routines of ordinary people trying to live normal lives. For correspondents bringing the battles home, there is always the odd juxtaposition of the observer trying to cover the chaos without being obliterated by it.

In Tom Stoppard’s play *Night and Day*, the images that ring truest for the war correspondent—at least for me—are the nuts and bolts of covering the drama. There are two great commandments for war correspondents: you have to get in and stay alive to get the story, and you have to find the ways, means, and technology to get it out to readers—or the sacrifice and peril is for naught.

In reading the play, what was immediately apparent to me was how much Stoppard admired journalists and a free press, and how well he knew the tradecraft, the characters, the logistics. Having started as a reporter, he thinks like one, and he portrays journalists in the play with all their foibles, naivety, and cynicism, single-minded focus and callousness, even deception, in their quest for getting the story.

Ruth is a “rotter,” as she says, and she has her flaws. She lies. But she is also in some ways the moral conscience of the play. Like a Greek Chorus, she rises above the lot and passes judgment on what they’re really up to—which in her mind is often no good, or at least driven by less than noble motivations. To her the brave reporters are all about ego and telling boastful stories in the bars of Beirut or Bangkok. And it’s George Guthrie who honestly admits that a lot of that is, indeed, true. But this steady supporting character says something that blew me away—that “information is light.” I have long said the same of my experience in the former Yugoslavia.

When I was in Sarajevo in May and June, 1992, at a time when there was only one other Western reporter in the city, I know it made a difference. Because we were there, the city had a voice. People otherwise would have been dying in darkness just then, and most of the world would not have known.

Because we were there, the cellist of Sarajevo got his name and deeds trumpeted to the outside world, and the words “ethnic cleansing” started filtering steadily into the lexicon in London and New York and Chicago.

As Guthrie put it, “People do awful things to each other. But it’s worse in places where everybody is kept in the dark. It really is. Information is light. Information, in itself, about anything, is light. That’s all you can say, really.”

And that to me is Stoppard’s tribute to one of the few things he seems to champion in this play—a free press and its power to inform, even when buffeted by war and special interests on all sides. He seems to leave one of his most affectionate summations about the business of war correspondents to this disheveled photographer who comes under symbolic and literal assault by Ruth wielding a newspaper.

And the play focuses back again and again to how these reporters navigate the risks and dangers of war in a tormented African land, a pawn in the Cold War proxy battles—how they pursue the story and how they plan to get it out. What’s the pigeon? Who will get the film out? Should they leave behind that link to home readers, the all important telex?

I happened to get into Sarajevo, at a time when all the Western press had just pulled out. There was an opportunity, and I had to go one day with only the clothes on my back. So I had no high-tech communications. Sometimes I wrote the story longhand in my notebook. Sometimes I borrowed a typewriter and a fax machine. Usually, I could persuade aides to Bosnian President Aliya Izetbegovic to let me use one of the office computers, and I could print out the story and dictate it. There were few satellite phones handy in those days. And the portable ones came in two heavy metal suitcases for a single phone. Even those were hard to come by in war-torn Bosnia-Herzegovina.

Some say that war is the thing that gives us meaning, that it is an addiction, that we are drawn to the destruction like moths to light. Maybe so. For a correspondent, there is an unfortunate correlation between how bad things get and thus, how important the story becomes.

In many ways, it’s the top of the professional pyramid for reporters, because war is the hardest story to cover, the most momentous and poignant. It requires experience and luck, and it covers the gamut of the human condition. It has all the elements, the best and worst of humanity.

For a correspondent, war is the ultimate story. But it also leaves emptiness and sadness contemplating the tragedy, guilt that you get to leave if you can escape safely, even PTSD for some, depending on how close you get to the action over time. And soon you long for home, peace and your family.

One of those long-ago nights, after dictating the daily story from under the desk to my editor, Jim Yuenger, one of the greatest correspondents I ever knew, he connected me through on the same line to my family in Toronto. We used to do that to avoid losing the line, especially when, at times, it could take an hour or two to get a single call through.

When I got my daughter Mary, age five, on the line, her world was all about trying to get my permission to see the scariest movie she had ever heard of. I was so happy to hear her voice that I made one of those stupid parental deals. I promised that as soon as I get home (if I get home, I thought) we would watch *Jaws* together, as long as she promised to put her blanket over her head when the shark came on screen. I didn’t want her to see that part. She was already attracted to the danger, is it in the DNA?

My wife, Carolyn, was four months pregnant at the time of my first dangerous assignment, when I drove the no-man’s land border road between Honduras and Nicaragua, where a fellow correspondent had been killed. I was fine, but she waited in a Mexico hotel room for a call that never came and imagined the worst. Her imagination ran wild and she not only had decided where she would raise our unborn child without me, but also what she would wear to my funeral. After that, she seldom asked for details about my trips until I came home.

My daughter, Elizabeth, three and a half when I was in Bosnia, always would ask me when I was coming home during these trips and what it was like “far, far away.” Much later, she once demanded at the age of 7,

"Why can't Chicago write their own stories? Why do you have to write all of them?"

But it was in those brief moments with them on the phone that I could relax, or just imagine, at least for a few moments, a life of peace, laughter and light—far, far away from the darkness and death of this crumbling city.

Just another day in paradise.

Storer H. Rowley covered a dozen wars and stories in more than 50 countries during his 30 years with The Chicago Tribune. He now teaches and is Executive Director of Government and Community Relations, at Elmhurst College. He spoke about Night and Day at Remy Bumpo's Season Salon.

Freedom of the press is
guaranteed only to those who
own one.

~ Abbot Joseph Liebling,
"Do You Believe in Journalism?"
New Yorker, 4 May 1960

Where the press is free, and
every man able to read, all is
safe.

~ Thomas Jefferson

The Colonial Legacy

The Scramble For Africa

During 1884-85, several European powers met at the Berlin Conference to divvy up Africa's land, its people, and its resources. Within fifteen years of the conference, European countries controlled nearly all of Africa. Britain and France held the largest quantities of Africa, but Germany, Spain, Italy, Belgium, and Portugal also had colonies. The "mission" was complex: Europeans both imposed "civilization" on the people of Africa and extracted many of Africa's resources like rubber and gold, leaving the countries and their people in turmoil and depression.

Running The Empire

We tend to think of the colonial relationship as a simple story of oppressed and oppressor. Certainly, those roles compose part of the story. In fact, relations between British colonists and Africans were tangled. There was a complicated gradient of relationships, from stark segregation to unexpected hybridity. This is the legacy that lives in the post-colonial world of *Night and Day*, when the colonial relationship was legally erased, but persisted and mutated in complicated ways.

"This England"...That England

Americans are familiar with Chinatowns and Little Italies in Western cities—perhaps less so with the enclaves of Westerners in foreign lands. But perhaps more than any other colonial power, the British often recreated the hallmarks of their motherland while living abroad. In these "Little Englands," gardens and lace abound. As a travelling Evelyn Waugh wrote in *Remote People* (1931), some settlers in Kenya tried "to recreate Bassetshire upon the equator." But there were rumbles underneath the placid surface: "The house is warm with the comfort of good books and nice things—if you don't brood on the bullet hole under the old Dutch clock. This could be Carshalton instead of No Woman's Land." (*Daily Express*, 7 January 1953)

Postcolonialism: The World of *Night and Day*

The decolonization of Africa from European dominance began in the 1950s with the independence of Ghana (Gold Coast), Sudan, and Malaya. In 1960, decolonization took full force with the Belgian Congo becoming Zaire, and the independence of the Republic of Congo (Brazzaville), Republic of Benin, Popular Democratic Republic of Burkina Faso, Cameroon, Central African Republic, Chad, Republic of Côte d'Ivoire, Gabonese Republic, Democratic Republic of Madagascar, Republic of Mali, Islamic Republic of Mauritania, Republic of Niger, Federal Republic of Nigeria, Republic of Senegal, Republic of Cameroon, and Togo. By 1968 all but one country (Southern Rhodesia) had been emancipated from British rule. During the next thirty years, racial tensions, wars, and massacres plagued the African continent, as its people fought for their rights.

"After independence we will have to stand on our own and rely on our own resources, the unifying force, the cement... which had hitherto been supplied by the United Kingdom Government will be removed, and will have to be replaced by new virtues of our own which must be capable of keeping all the diverse elements of the country together, in mutual trust and harmony and with a common national purpose."

~ Excerpt from Awo: *The Autobiography of Chief Obafemi Awolowo* of Nigeria

Selected Works by Stoppard

- 1965 The Gamblers
- 1966 Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead
- 1967 Another Moon Called Earth (television)
- 1968 The Real Inspector Hound
- 1969 Albert's Bridge
- 1970 After Magritte
- 1972 Artist Descending a Staircase (radio)
- 1972 Jumpers
- 1973 The House of Bernarda Alba (adaptation)
- 1974 Travesties
- 1977 Every Good Boy Deserves Favour
- 1978 Night and Day
- 1979 Cahoot's Macbeth
- 1979 Dogg's Hamlet
- 1981 On the Razzle
- 1982 The Real Thing
- 1984 Rough Crossing
Squaring the Circle
- 1985 Brazil (film)
- 1986 Largo Desolato (translation)
- 1988 Hapgood
- 1993 Arcadia
- 1994 Indian Ink
- 1997 The Invention of Love
The Seagull (adaptation)
- 1998 Shakespeare In Love (film)
- 2002 The Coast of Utopia
- 2004 Pirandello's Henry IV (adaptation)
- 2005 Heroes (adaptation)
- 2006 Rock 'N' Roll
- 2008 Ivanov (adaptation)
- 2009 Cherry Orchard (adaptation)

Playwright Tom Stoppard

Born Tomas Straussler on July 3, 1937, in Czechoslovakia, Stoppard was the youngest child of Eugene Straussler and Martha Beckova. In 1939, the Straussler family fled from Nazi-controlled Czechoslovakia to Singapore. After living two years in Singapore, the impending threat of a Japanese invasion forced the young Tom, his mother, and his older brother to evacuate the country to Darjeeling, India, leaving behind Eugene, who was later killed. Four years later, Martha married Kenneth Stoppard, an English Army officer, the boys adopted his surname and the family moved to Bristol, England.

After his education in England and completing his A-levels at the age of 17, Stoppard became a "cub" reporter for the *Western Daily Press* in Bristol; he worked there for six years as a journalist and film and theater critic. In the 1960s, Stoppard quit working in journalism full time to begin writing television and radio plays.

It was in the 1970s that Stoppard perfected his style and voice as a playwright. Stoppard's early full-length plays like *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* (1966) relied on literary sources or influences. Recurring themes in his short plays like *Albert's Bridge* (1967), *The Real Inspector Hound* (1968), and *After Magritte* (1970) are the relativity of truth and the urge to discern some pattern in the world's chaos. *Travesties* (1974) is a linguistic expedition into a critical moment in political and cultural history. These works examine the responsibility of the artist to society. Though not a political playwright, the violations of human rights in totalitarian regimes like Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union fueled several of Stoppard's plays in the late 1970s like *Every Good Boy Deserves Favour*, *Night and Day*, the television play *Squaring the Circle*, and *Cahoot's Macbeth*.

Since the 1970s, Stoppard has written several noteworthy plays and screenplays that combine verbal agility with complex narratives. His most commercial success was the Academy Award-winning film *Shakespeare in Love* (1999) with co-writer Marc Norman. In 2002, his trilogy *The Coast of Utopia* depicted 19th-century Russian cultural and literary history over the course of about eight-hours of drama. The plays swept the London theatre scene, and in 2007, their New York premieres won the Tony Award for Best Play.

Resources for Biography:

Authors and Artists for Young Adults. Vol. 63. Thomson Gale, 2005.
Contemporary Dramatists, 6th ed. St. James Press, 1999.
<http://www.curtainup.com/stoppard.html>
<http://www.sondheimguide.com/Stoppard/chronology.html>

My Love Affair with Newspapers:

An interview with Tom Stoppard by Bill Hagerty

From British Journalism Review Vol. 16, No. 4, 2005, pages 19-29

http://www.bjr.org.uk/data/2005/no4_stoppard

This article is an edited version of a taped interview conducted by editor Bill Hagerty.

Until I was 16 or 17 I had no idea what I wanted to do. Then, when the idea of journalism came up, I thought: "That's it!" It was instant and final. It made everything else look boring. My headmaster at the time had very lofty ideas, he thought going into journalism meant getting a degree and going to *The Manchester Guardian*. But I was sick of education really, and keen to get out of going to university, and to do stuff and start earning a living. I did A-levels a bit early and left school when I was 17. My parents were living in Bristol, so I had to find a local job as I had to live at home – a junior reporter started on £2.10s a week. I was lucky. I got myself an interview with the news editor of the *Western Daily Press* and he took me on. I went to night school for shorthand and typing, and very, very quickly was taken under the wing of someone covering the magistrates court, council committees and this and that and within weeks I think I was doing everything from doorstep interviews to the West of England lawn tennis championships. (I still use my shorthand. These days I sit at the back of a theatre making notes in Pitman.) [...]

I started at the *Western Daily Press* in 1954. It had its centenary in 1957 and was a very old-fashioned newspaper. It was a broadsheet, of course, and had everything a local paper is supposed to have, probably in about 12 pages. And I was in heaven – I loved everything about it. I got on to features – not that there was a distinction in your employment – you did features, breaking news, the diary, whatever. I started writing features and I did a weekly column which tried too hard and was indefatigably facetious. The news editor of the *Bristol Evening World*, in Northcliffe House across the city centre, liked my stuff and in a very low-level way he poached me. I was easy to poach – my demands were absolutely pathetic. So after four years at the *Western Daily Press* I did a couple of years on the *World*.

Soon after I got there, who should turn up but young Charles Wilson. Charlie was a revelation. I think we were a pretty lazy bunch, and Charlie was a buzz-saw. [...] His sidekick was a guy named Kingsley Squire, who later was around Fleet Street for a long time. Naturally, a lot of people I knew made it to London. [...] I thought: Christ, I'd better pull myself together. But I never did. When I was 19 I used to walk up Fleet Street, excited just to stare at the Express and the Telegraph buildings. When I was 29 I had a play on at the National Theatre. It's like that George Best story – "So, Tom, where did it all go wrong?"

I had a great time, actually, and then around 1960, after I'd done about six years of everything, the idea of not being at anybody's beck and call was very attractive and I'd got turned on by what was happening in the theatre. I wrote a play in 1960. That year on my 23rd birthday I was on holiday in the Mediterranean somewhere and I was suddenly overcome by this appalling depression – I'd left everything too late, I was so old. So I got back and handed in my notice and started writing a play. I lived cheaply for a year on a couple of freelance columns for the paper I'd started on. *The Western Daily Press* had been taken over by the *Bristol Evening Post* and had acquired an ex-Fleet Street editor who revamped it.

One of the by-products was a weekly Arts page which was in the charge of my best friend, Anthony Smith. We fancied ourselves – in Anthony's case justifiably – as intellectuals. So I had a sort of crash-course in culture, because I was writing pieces about things I knew nothing about on Tuesday, but knew enough about by Friday to do 800 magisterial words. Harold Pinter came to Bristol for a public discussion with students and I turned his comments into an 800-word quote – I was a great admirer of the Robert Muller interviews he used to

do in that style for the *Daily Mail*. The Arts page was Anthony's fiefdom, and Eric Price, the editor, treated us with genial contempt – he wasn't quite sure why he let us continue. Sometimes we'd push him too far – I remember an incredible layout where we used the headline "The Theatre of the Absurd", and the word "Absurd" was done like kiddie blocks, and then because it was Absurd we put the letters in the wrong order, so it read "The Theatre of the ABSUDR" or something. And Eric came down to the stone and blew his top and had the kiddie blocks put in the right order.

I think I had a very lucky beginning because I ended up doing almost any kind of job there was, and learned to sub. I was a good sub. I would have been all right in Fleet Street, I think. [...]

I went to London to be interviewed by the editor of *Scene*, which was quite a flaky affair that went through various formats. They were looking for people who would be stringers in different parts of the country, but to my astonishment I was offered a job as their theatre critic. That's when I moved to London. I used my own name, but also used the name William Boot when I had more than two pieces in the magazine. So I wrote theatre pieces for that, and by then had also written a couple of unperformed plays. I had a TV play and a couple of radio plays broadcast in the early 1960s. [...]

I take only three morning papers now, but I'm thinking of going back to four. [...] I've taken *The Independent* since day one. I'm not crazy about using the front page for a news feature or editorial every day, but it's a sensible paper, and I like the media section. On Sundays it's *The Observer*, *Times*, *Telegraph* and *Independent*. I also take the *Times Literary Supplement*, *London Review of Books*, *New York Review*, *Spectator*, *New Statesman*, *The Week*... sometimes I think I'll cancel the whole damned lot. My papers are on my doormat, five floors up, before seven o'clock. [...] The first hour-and-a-half of my day is spent reading the papers. [...]

[S]pin, designed to make the reader draw conclusions that the writer knows are false, or at least questionable, amounts to the same thing. The attitude is that the reader doesn't care whether the story is true or false, so no harm done. But harm is done to newspapers, to journalism as a badge, when you insult the reader you're supposed to be championing.

It's an us-and-them world, and journalists should be us. But [Piers] Morgan's book is called *The Insider*, and I understand why completely. Even a junior reporter on a weekly understands. That's the great seduction of the job. [...]

Mrs. Thatch-er was my heroine, entirely on the issue of print unions. I hated what the printers were doing to my precious newspapers. When Rupert Murdoch called the unions a "protection racket" he was absolutely right. Thatcher and Murdoch saved the day. [...] In the 70s and 80s, when I was involved in dissident stories in Russia and Czechoslovakia, my refrain was that a free press made all the other freedoms possible, and by that I didn't just mean an uncensored press. I meant an untrammelled press.

This is what got me into writing a play about journalism in 1978. I knew I'd have to write one one day. There's a line in *Night and Day* that people are always quoting or misquoting – "I'm with you on the free press, it's the newspapers I can't stand", and because it's the only line people remember, they assume it's my entire view of newspapers. But, as I said, the good stuff is still good. I admire huge amounts of it, mostly people who go out there and file a story. From the very beginning I've admired foreign and war correspondents, all the way back to Sefton Delmer and Noel Barber, all the way forward to Robert Fisk. I don't give a damn about Fisk's so-called bias, I'm a thinking animal, I can deal with it, I can read round him – the point is it takes courage to be out there and get the story. News is what gives newspapers the advantage over TV. This is the opposite of conventional wisdom, but TV is competition only on the biggest stories. Sure, it wipes the floor with the newspapers when it comes to big breaking news, but TV covers so *little* of the news out there, it ignores almost everything. I think papers are too TV-conscious altogether. Very little sports reporting is descriptive now, it's mostly comment, interviews, ego trips. [...] In all the newsprint I've read there isn't a sentence I'd rather have written.

Discussion Questions

1. What is the ideal relationship between journalists and the stories that they report? Should journalists remain objective, keeping their personal point of view out of the story? Does opinion necessarily preclude good reporting?
2. How does Stoppard juggle the personal lives of journalists with their professional responsibilities? What about the personal and public/published lives of those *in* the news? What part of a man or woman is newsworthy?
3. What makes a particular story or news source trustworthy? Is it attention to ethics, legacy, transparency? What news sources do you most trust and why?
4. The speed and omnipresence of news has increased since Stoppard wrote *Night and Day*. On a personal level, what does this shift mean for those who write news and those who read it? Has speed increased the social good of news?

The public have an insatiable curiosity to know everything. Except what is worth knowing. Journalism, conscious of this, and having tradesman-like habits, supplies their demands.

~ Oscar Wilde