

## Extending Travel to Moscow and Washington

### LAND OF THE SECRET U.S. EMBASSY

—By Peggy Lowe '09

**W**e were standing outside the U.S. Embassy, the infamous Bug House, as *Time* once called it, when the embassy guard yelled at Darrell Bowling.

Yes, this is the embassy that was the subject of international reports in the late 1980s about razing parts of the building because it was so infested with electronic surveillance bugs placed there by the Soviets. Yes, the embassy's address is easily found on the Internet.

Still, Bowling, a current Knight-Wallace Fellow and an MSNBC.com senior producer, was apparently breaking the law



Mikhail Gorbachev explains how things might have been.

by taking a picture of the building. "Put the camera away," the burly guard barked at Bowling.

"It's secret building," the guard said, breaking into a smile and adding a growling "heh heh heh."

Welcome to Russia, a paradoxical mix of old and new, communism and capitalism, authoritarianism and democracy. Remnants of the Soviet system still

appear in a country thawed by glasnost, warmed by perestroika and boasting of freedom even while journalists are being killed in the streets. Vladimir Ilyich Lenin still lies in reverential state in his Madame Toussaud-meets-monastery mausoleum, while across Red Square the Gum Department Store sells Prada bags, Gucci shoes and any mallrat's expensive dreams of excess.

Thanks to two German miracle workers, Knight-Wallace Director Charles Eisendrath's goal of traveling to Moscow was realized in February. Organized by former Fellow Matthias Schepp '05 and KWF Assistant Director Birgit Rieck, the Class of 2009 left from Wallace House Feb. 13 and spent eight days in Moscow. Our host was Alexander Lebedev, a Russian billionaire and newly-minted media mogul, who owns *Novaya Gazeta* jointly

—continued on page 3



### THE TOP OF THE NEWSBIZ

—By Robin Pomeroy '09

**A**t Washington's monumental Newseum, journalism is celebrated as a vital part of democracy. But in the real world is it thriving or has it become a museum piece, a reminder of glory days past? After visiting the Newseum in D.C., the Knight-Wallace Fellows '09 took the train to New York to find out.

We crossed Manhattan on a whistlestop tour to visit potential museum pieces and some of the upstarts that believe they are the future.

The NYC tour kicked off at a breakfast meeting with *New Yorker* contributor Ken Auletta. The author of "Three Blind Mice: How the TV Networks Lost Their Way" is writing a book about Google News that will address key questions about the future of journalism.

"It was a remarkable hour. We could have spent all day with him," said Richard Deitsch, our *Sports Illustrated* Fellow, speaking for many of us.



After the show, '09 plays anchor with Charles Gibson '74.

But time was pressing and we had to rush uptown to Bloomberg Tower, one of the 20 tallest skyscrapers in Manhattan. Michael Bloomberg, New York's richest man and its mayor, has never set foot in the new headquarters of the company he created in the 1980s, our tour guides told us. The Knight-Wallace Fellows weren't so shy and admired its sweeping glass and steel curves, giant news tickers, coy carp pools and the piles of free refreshments available to nourish workers (and, presumably, discourage them from straying too far from their desks).

Over lunch we got the chance to question Andy Lack, a former head of news at NBC recently hired to head up Bloomberg's multimedia division. Lack was understandably guarded about his planned overhaul of TV operations, but spoke of equipping all

—continued on page 16

# From the Head Fellow

—By Charles R. Eisendrath '75

## A NEW KWF DESTINATION: LOOKING INTO THE EYES OF THE NEW RUSSIA

“Then there’s the one about the doctor, the architect and the politician arguing about which profession is older. The doctor says, ‘We took Adam’s rib and made a woman.’

“We brought order out of chaos,’ says the architect.

“That’s nothing,’ says the politician. ‘We created the chaos.’”

Mikhail Gorbachev was by turns serious, regretful, angry and jocular during a two-hour session scheduled for half that length of time. What we heard later from some of the many Russians who deprecate him for failing to construct a new economic system along with political “openness”

seemed like Northerners faulting Abraham Lincoln for freeing the slaves without also providing an economic plan for eternity. A huge and courageous step forward in human rights is enough to merit thunderous applause, all by itself.

We also learned that influential Russians who are attracted to the new conservative movement hold individual human rights as neither universal nor particularly important. I’m not naming names here because Wallace House off-the-record rules apply to me, too. Suffice it to say that we were shaken by their matter-of-fact tone. We were unsure whether the shock resulted from not having paid enough attention to Russian affairs, or from a false impression based

on reporting that failed to impart a hugely important political development. Look into Vladimir Putin’s eyes during his next public appearance and you will easily imagine what we heard.

during the insurgency or Colombians covering the narco-warlords. Three weeks before we arrived, Anastasia Baburova became the latest of the paper’s four casualties in recent years. The 25-year-old

reporter was murdered in broad daylight in central Moscow. The day before we left, three accused assassins went free. We literally could not leave our hotel without being reminded of what goes on behind a façade of normalcy: A little black plaque kitty-corner from our Holiday Inn marks the building where journalist Anna Politkovskaya was killed in October 2006 for her reports on the Chechnian war.

Our access surprised many resident correspon-

dents but not me. Matthias Schepp '05 and Charles Clover '06, respectively Moscow bureau chiefs of *Der Spiegel* and the *Financial Times*, arranged KWF’s schedule with a powerhouse named Olga Lebedeva, Lebedev’s cousin and key assistant. Schepp and Clover had been on KWF trips to Buenos Aires and Istanbul. They know how to open eyes, and the value of doing so. ▶



*That’s a wolverine you’re wearing—or maybe vice versa.*

\* \* \*

KWF is proud to be working with Alexander Lebedev and *Novaya Gazeta*, the newspaper he owns jointly with Gorbachev and the paper’s staff. I said that to him at a cocktail discussion at his “dacha” and again at KWF’s dinner for Moscow’s foreign press corps, which drew 50 guests from the principal news organizations of the world. As always, I asked all to introduce themselves and was pleased by Lebedev’s obvious pleasure at the turnout for his working partners from Ann Arbor.

There are no braver journalists than those at *Novaya*, who run risks comparable to Iraqis working for Western agencies

—Land of the Secret U.S. Embassy,  
continued from page 1

with its staff and former Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev. We spent several hours on Feb. 16 at the Gorbachev Foundation, a think-tank he founded in 1992. Now 78 and a great-grandfather, Gorbachev was described by many of the Fellows as Clintonesque, having the same ability as the former U.S. president to connect with everyone on an individual basis. While not naming former President George W. Bush outright, Gorbachev was critical of the U.S. military buildup and said America needs its own version of perestroika. But he was clearly excited about the idea of President Barack Obama as a leader who would create great change, much like, well, himself.

Before any talk of glasnost, the Fellows were treated to some glamour the night before at a party at Lebedev's dacha, a Hollywood Regency country house outside Moscow complete with snapshots of Lebedev with Elton John and Kevin Spacey.

Lebedev, 49, is known in Britain as "the spy who came in for the gold." He recently made headlines for his purchase of *The London Evening Standard*, a paper he reportedly read when he was working as a KGB agent there in the 1980s and early 1990s. A former member of the Duma (parliament), Lebedev described his media ownership to us as "just my dream" and called for cleaning up Russia's corrupt government.

Big names aside, many of the Fellows were most impressed by a visit to *Novaya Gazeta*, the lone paper there critical of Russian Prime Minister Vladimir Putin. Four of the paper's reporters have been killed in mysterious circumstances or simply gunned down in the streets, most recently in January when Anastasia Baburova, 25, was murdered along with a human rights lawyer connected to the

paper in what *The New York Times* called a brazen daylight assassination.

Russia is the third most dangerous place in the world for reporters, according to the Committee To Protect Journalists, following Iraq and Algeria.

"I was in awe to be in the presence of people who put their lives on the line for journalism," said Fellow John Hill, an investigative reporter at *The Sacramento Bee*. *Novaya Gazeta* is published three



Snow and skating enchant Red Square.

times a week, with a circulation of 173,000 per issue. Sharing instant Nescafé coffee and pierogies in the conference room of the hardscrabble, smoke-filled offices, editor-in-chief Dmitry Muratov told us during an afternoon meeting that his paper is gaining ground because of its unrelenting exposés of corruption in the courts and government.

"They work so people will know the truth, so circulation grows," he said of his reporters. "All the journalists of *Novaya Gazeta* are the stars."

Three days later, Fellows watched coverage of the verdict in the murder trial of Anna Politkovskaya, the most famous among the deaths of *Novaya Gazeta* reporters. Politkovskaya, 48, a vocal critic of the Kremlin, was shot in her apartment building in 2006. On Feb. 19, a jury acquitted two Chechen brothers accused in her death, a decision that was praised by her family, who were critical of the case as poorly in-

vestigated. A probe conducted by her paper found Politkovskaya was assassinated by Russian special services officials.

Politkovskaya's story was sobering, especially after the carefree atmosphere of our first day on the ground. Schepp, *Der Spiegel's* Moscow bureau chief, insisted that we hit the Russian baths where we were beaten with the traditional venik, the fan-like fragrant bundle of leafy birch leaves. Although it's supposed to be good for circulation and metabolism, some speculated that they might work wonders on bosses back home. Fellow Stephanie DeGroot, who worked for ABC News there from 1989 to 1995, recalled that the bath house looked exactly as it did 20 years ago. Well, with the exception of the big-screen TV on the wall.

After a bath, Schepp took us to a traditional dinner at a restaurant named Jolki Polki, a hokey-pokey mix of tradition and theme restaurant. A signature dish was "herring in a fur coat," a salad with herring covered in layers of beets, potatoes and eggs. What Schepp didn't tell us is what's needed to appreciate Russian cuisine is a very strong stomach and lots of vodka.

Needing to shed our fishy fur coats, we walked up to Red Square late that Saturday night. Suddenly the onion-shaped domes of St. Basil's Cathedral appeared ahead, Russia's most recognizable building encased as if in a shimmering snow globe. It was Valentine's Day, and lovers ice-skated at a rink erected in the square or strolled around holding hands and carrying roses and tulips. We played tourists taking pictures, and maybe it was the buzz brought on by vodka and jet lag, but we felt as if we were extras in a scene from *Dr. Zhivago*.

Another highlight was the Foreign Correspondents' Dinner February 17, where Eisendrath presided over a table of 80, including journalists from the world's

top wire services, newspapers, magazines, and television and radio networks. Fellow Geoff Larcom, a columnist from *The Ann Arbor News*, was seated near a *New York Times* reporter, a correspondent from the *Los Angeles Times* and a Czech radio journalist. Larcom likened the event to a state dinner.

“The setting was amazing, the longest and most elegant table I’ve ever seen, amid marble and under a chandelier’s bright lights,” he said. “It was a superb place for all-world schmoozing and fun.”

This trip being an Eisendrath production, we were also exposed to culture. On one of our last nights, we were guests at Galina Vishnevskaya’s opera house for a production of *Carmen*. (Vishnevskaya is a famous Russian soprano who was married to the late Mstislav Rostropovich, considered one of the best cellists of all time. Rostropovich, who came under fire by the Soviets for his political views, was the musical director and conductor of the National Symphony Orchestra in Washington, D.C., from 1977 to 1994.)

With the show sung in French while Russian subtitles flashed on big screens, we were all a little confused. (Does *Carmen* love the military guy or the hot bullfighter?) But Vishnevskaya, who met with us after the opera, was wonderfully entertaining. Ever the grand dame, she told us about running her school for singers and diplomatically turned down Eisendrath’s request to visit Ann Arbor and sing at Hill Auditorium. She also played the diva. When Fellow Erica Johnston, a *Washington Post* editor, asked her to tell us about her life, Vishnevskaya replied: “Read my book.”

Perhaps the Muscovites need opera—or any other form of entertainment—because it is, as Eisendrath said, a tough town. In addition to the constant cold,



Bright Rieck

KWF’s dinner draws a “Who’s Who” of the foreign press.

always-gray days and severe traffic jams, the news we read that week was depressing. Conservatism and hatred for ethnic minorities are on the rise, unemployment hit its highest point in five years and the life expectancy for men is 53 years old—thanks, in large part, to alcoholism.

Charles Clover ’06, Moscow bureau chief for the *Financial Times* of London, introduced us to Alexander Dugin, a leader in Russia’s neo-imperialism movement and a professor at Moscow State University. Once considered a crackpot of the far-right movement towards nationalism, Dugin has moved mainstream, and broadcasts a plan for what he describes as a new anti-bourgeois, anti-American revolution. Backed by the state, Dugin calls for a land mass of Russia and the Middle East—which he calls Eurasia—that is connected to the Russian Orthodox Church and which fights Western values, including freedom of speech.

Despite the economy’s battering by a drop in oil prices, dozens and dozens of billboards advertising the American movie *Confessions of a Shopaholic* covered Moscow, the surprised face of actress Isla Fischer lit up under the Cyrillic text. Still, the Russian writer Viktor Erofeyev, who met with us during an informal night at Schepp’s apartment, remains hopeful. Erofeyev, who contributes to *The New York Times* and *The New Yorker*, said he believes the country isn’t suffering from an eco-

nomics crisis, but rather a moral crisis. And no matter what kind of crisis is exploding, Russia is a paradise to journalists looking for problems to expose, he said.

Finally, on the Fellows’ last night in Moscow, a brave crew that included Rieck, Jonathan Martin of *The Seattle Times*, Laurie Copans of the Associated Press, Voice of Israel’s Danny Zakum, Robin Pomeroy of Reuters and Ferhat Boratav of CNN

Türk set out for what seemed unattainable here: a good dinner. Boratav, a faithful foodie, had read that Georgian food was “an oasis on the pickled prairie of Russian cuisine,” as Martin put it, and so the group faced the dangers of the subway system and finally found nirvana after two transfers.

Although they were denied Georgian wine (that pesky import ban on Georgian goods imposed by the Kremlin), the restaurant offered Georgian flags, tourist pictures of Tbilisi on the walls and a delicious meal. But the group was shocked to hear, mid-way through the meal, the hubbub of an Elvis impersonator. There he was, Russian Elvis dressed up in a pompadour, sporting a shiny shirt, waving his hips—and singing “Go Down Moses.” In English with a Slavic accent. Seems the Russian Elvis was singing the American spiritual to a drunken wedding party, who began to dance, along with some of the Fellows.

“Russian Elvis apparently sensed the diplomatic thaw, and next pulled out the chestnut, ‘New York, New York,’” Martin remembered. “After a week of terrifying foreign policy lectures, exhaustion, pickled beets and too much vodka, we were all going to make it there, make it anywhere.”

And somehow, on a cold late night in Moscow, the contradictory Russias seemed just one graced land, as long as Elvis was in the building. ▶

# A Return to Russia

—By Stephanie DeGroot '09

“Everything’s changed, yet nothing is different. Or is it everything’s different, yet nothing has changed?”

It’s a lot funnier in Russian, or at least it was when I heard it shortly after the Soviet Union evaporated into thin air and Communism was replaced by Western “democracy”—a term Russians took to mean “make a quick ruble.” Democracy found slippery footing. Oligarchy pushed it to the floor.

At first glance, I’m fooled by the bright lights, the glittering storefronts of Louis Vuitton and Gucci and the unsettling number of banks on the streets of Moscow, into thinking that the place has really changed. My sense of wonder grew slowly into dread as the days wore on.

Russia had not been so difficult a place to cover, just difficult to explain. And this came home to me in waves as we went from seminar to seminar, meeting former world leaders, eminent writers,

Alexander Lebedev accepts Oliphant’s Obama.



Darrell Bowling

popular nationalists, oligarchs. It was our version of Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy: Gorbachev, Erofeyev, Dugin, Lebedev.

Nearly two decades after the demise of the Soviet Union, mainstream is now the fringe, the fringe is now the mainstream. Gorbachev is on the sidelines while the Russian Imperialist Alexander Dugin—who was 20 years ago considered dangerously nationalist—gets more airtime than any politician or celebrity. Dissident writers like Victor Erofeyev are now topping the best-selling lists and former KGB agents now stand at the top of the capitalist heap.

The “stranger than fiction” moment came as we pulled through the gates of our sponsor Alexander Lebedev’s dacha. A Russian dacha is akin to having a house in the Hamptons. It announces that one has “arrived.” And an invitation to a dacha is an invitation to the inner sanctum. Lebedev and his girlfriend Elena were impeccable hosts, allowing us to nose around their weekend retreat and to ask awkward questions.

I left Russia in 1995 after nearly six years of covering various political shifts and wars, not because I was nearly carjacked on my way to work but because I thought that a gun in my glove compartment would somehow have made a difference to my safety.

Moscow certainly seems to have lost the “wild west” feel it had then, but it has become infinitely more dangerous for journalists. When I worked in the former Soviet Union, the State controlled our movements and, ultimately, our coverage. The greatest threat was getting kicked out of the country for

coverage that the government deemed unacceptable. There has never been a tradition of free press in Russia, so it comes as no shock that the people aren’t really clamoring for information. It’s not a “right to know” kind of society.

There has been, however, an intelli-



Bligit Black

The KGB agent turned champion of free speech lays out the rational.

gentsia that favors a dissident voice and that gives a glimmer of hope for the work of *Novaya Gazeta*. The journalists are truly brave and take great pride in exposing corruption or exposing what the Kremlin doesn’t want reported. Our meeting with the *Novaya Gazeta* editors was somber. They have lost four journalists to unsolved murders. In all, 15 Russian journalists have been victims of contract style murders since President Vladimir Putin took office, according to the Committee to Protect Journalists. Today it seems that the press is controlled by a phantom presence holding a gun or a bomb—a presence which, when you pull back the balaclava, could very well be the State. Maybe Communism was better for our health as journalists. ▶

# Travel Album Itinerary:

Travel Itinerary: Northern Michigan; Buenos Aires; New York and Washington, D.C.; Moscow; Israel

## Russia



Kathleen Galligan

*Shopping at Izmailovsky Market.*



Birgit Fleck

*Spending the afternoon at Novaya Gazeta with editor-in-chief Dmitrij Muratov, and political journalist Pavel Felgenhauer.*



Courtesy of U.S. Embassy

Courtesy of U.S. Embassy

*U.S. Ambassador (and Michigander) John Beyrle after a lively briefing.*



Sung Woong Kang

*Galina Vishnevskaya and the Fellows with the cast of Carmen in the background during a post-performance seminar.*



Birgit Fleck

*Charles Clover '06 and Matthias Schepp '05 at the foreign correspondents' dinner they arranged.*



Kathleen Galligan

*Peggy Lowe on Red Square with St. Basil's to the left and the Kremlin to the right.*



Helio Schwartsman

*Sung Woong Kang enjoys the snowfall at Red Square's fair.*



Kathleen Galligan

*Wolverines in wolverine: Eisendrath-Rieck fashion statement.*



Brigit Rieck

*Lining up for Lenin in the snow.*



Brigit Rieck

*An orthodox priest talks to Fellows after Holy Mass at Jeločovski Church.*



Brigit Rieck

*Russian Fellow Nataliya Rostova meets Russian writer Victor Erefejev.*



Nataliya Rostova

*Mikhail Gorbachev, right, and his long-time friend and translator Pavel Palazchenko lay it out at the Foundation.*



Sung Woong Kang

*Properly hatted and ready for the Kremlin.*



Brigit Rieck

*Sewelot Tschaplin, head of the Press Department of the Moscow Patriarchat and deputy head of the Foreign Affairs Department, hosts Fellows at the Danilovski Monastery.*

# Argentina



Courtesy of Argentine Navy

Fellows document Danny Zaken's first radio show on the Argentine Military Radio channel.



Birgit Fleck

Post pampas ride, post asado, at Estancia Dos Hermanos.



Sung Woong Kang

Ricardo Kirschbaum, executive editor of Clarín, discusses journalism with Stephanie DeGroot.



Sung Woong Kang

Cartoonist/painter Sábat shows off his studio/art school.



Birgit Fleck

Street musicians on Sunday morning.



Rona Kobell

Fellows tour ESMA, an illegal detention center turned museum of the Dirty War.



Darrell Bowling

Maria Poveda, Darrell Bowling and Danny Zaken take in "fútbol" on their night off.



Sung Woong Kang

Economics session at Banco Credicoop.



# Israel



Birgit Fleck

*At a settlement on the way to Masada.*

**After Moscow, Fellow Laurie Copans of AP's Jerusalem Bureau and her husband Danny Zaken, Voice of Israel, organized a news tour to Israel for interested classmates.**



Laurie Copans

*Deep in discussion with Abdullah Abdullah, Palestinian National Authority.*



Danny Zaken

*Guide Daniel Rosenblum shows off Tel Aviv's architecture.*



Laurie Copans

*Learning about Israeli politics with former Knesset member Mossi Raz.*



Laurie Copans

*Learning about Israeli politics with Knesset member Ruby Rivlin.*



Robin Pomeroy

*Swimming in the Dead Sea.*



Birgit Fleck

*Soldiers listen to Beatles songs next to the Western Wall in Jerusalem.*

# Hovey Lecture 2008

—By Andrew Whitehead '04

Of all the world's enduring trouble spots, Kashmir, tucked away in the foothills of the Himalayas, is perhaps the least understood. Yet this major territorial dispute goes back more than 60 years. It has triggered three wars between India and Pakistan, both now nuclear powers, and has been the setting of a long-running separatist insurgency. It remains a rallying point for radical Islam. You can see why Bill Clinton once described Kashmir as "the most dangerous place in the world."

Over the past decade, the level of violence in Kashmir has fallen sharply. Pakistan has dramatically reduced its practical support for separatist insurgents. India has pumped in money, embarked on dialogue, and allowed relatively free state elections. In 2007, I took my children for a brief holiday there, something I would never have contemplated amid the tension and violence of the 1990s.

But the strikes and mass protests that shook Kashmir during the summer of 2008—a wave of unrest that took everyone by surprise—has demonstrated the insufficiency of the Indian government's policy of encouraging what might pass for normality in the hope that the issue of the region's status will fade away. It is a stinging reminder that conflicts require resolution. They rarely just evaporate.

The Indian-controlled Kashmir valley, the area at the heart of the dispute, has a population of five million or so. Over the past 20 years, some 40,000 to 50,000 people, most of them Kashmiris, have been killed. A few more facts: the Kashmir valley is 98 percent Muslim, and is part of Hindu-majority, broadly secular India

rather than the Islamic Republic of Pakistan which it borders. Pakistan says that defeats the logic of the settlement by which India and Pakistan gained independence in 1947, and ignores the wishes of the people of Kashmir. India says Kashmir's decision to accede was made, entirely constitutionally, by the area's last maharaja, a Hindu, and endorsed by the commanding Kashmiri nationalist of that era, a Muslim.

The dispute stretches back beyond



Philip Dattilo

BBC's Whitehead '04 discusses the flashpoint called Kashmir.

the memory of just about anyone now in public life. During the 2008 Hovey lecture, I spoke about how I have used the journalism of those foreign correspondents who covered the first shots in the Kashmir crisis, and the memories of those who lived through those events, to look again at a deeply contested issue: how the Kashmir conflict started.

But first let me say how privileged I was to deliver the lecture named after Graham Hovey. I owe a great debt to Charles Eisendrath, the wise steward of the journalism fellows, and to all at Wallace House. Among my Wallace House peer group, most aspired either to write a book or a screenplay. The book that took firm root when I was a fellow five years ago, "A Mission in Kashmir," was published at the end of 2007. I don't know

whether the world is better for it, but I am—and I'm grateful.

The seeds of that book were sown years earlier, when as a Delhi-based news correspondent I managed to persuade the BBC to let me make a series of radio documentaries about Partition fifty years on. Not about the high politics, but the unvarnished voices of those who were caught up in that whirlwind. The venture took me once again to the Kashmir valley to record memories of 1947. The status of Kashmir

was unresolved as India and Pakistan celebrated independence. But in October there was an invasion by thousands of Pathan tribesmen, fighters from just the localities which are now the stronghold of Pakistan's Taliban. It was a jihad, a holy war—and an attempt to claim Kashmir for Pakistan—and a quest for loot.

The small town of Baramulla, the western gateway to the valley, bore the brunt of the attack. The raiders

ransacked a Catholic mission hospital, St Joseph's. Half a century later, I arrived there unannounced and asked the Sister Superior whether anyone had memories of that tragic incident.

"Yes, there is one nun who lived through the attack," she told me. That's how I met Sister Emilia from Italy, who had lived in the convent since 1933—and is now buried there. Red faced and perpetually smiling, she told me that she had seen the raiders kill or fatally wound six people—including a young Spanish nun. "There were rumors they were coming," Sister Emilia told me. "We were thinking they won't do nothing to us. The Monday after the feast of Christ the King they reach here. Then they started to shoot. They came inside. We were working still. They were on the veranda of the hospital,

going from one ward to another. They say: shoot, kill, maro.”

The tremendous sense of drama and tragedy, of an event which was soon to recede from view as those involved died, appealed to my instincts both as historian and journalist. Sister Emilia mentioned a British army officer whose wife had come to give birth in the mission hospital shortly before the attack. Tom and Bidy Dykes were both killed and are buried at Baramulla. She also told of their three sons—then five, two and two weeks—and how she had helped get them milk and food; they had survived the ordeal. I eventually managed to track down the oldest, Tom junior. He told me how he awoke on that Monday morning to the sound of gunfire and screaming. He became separated from his parents. A group of agitated nuns locked Tom and themselves in a hospital room, but the attackers started to break down the door. “The splinters started to fly across the room,” he recalled, “and I could see the wild faces through the cracks in the door. I noticed that at the back of the room there was another door, and I tried it. It wasn’t locked and I ran. I remember seeing some of [the nuns] later, and they were staggering around the place with their habits torn.” When the fury of the raid was spent, Tom returned to find his infant brother sitting on a pile of corpses.

I now had my own mission—to record as many testimonies as I could to the violence in Baramulla, and to the wider invasion of the valley and its repulse by Indian troops. Townspeople in Baramulla—some of whom had initially welcomed the tribal army—told me how they had recoiled from the violence and looting. Through a colleague based in northern Pakistan, I tracked down the voice that I thought would elude me. He came across a veteran of the Pathan raiding force, Khan Shah Afridi. “I was the pir’s [Muslim cleric’s] follower,” he said. “I had a small shotgun at the time. Pir sahib told us we will fight and we should not be afraid—it is a war between Muslims and

infidels and we will get Kashmir freed.”

There was a remarkable confluence of dates. The day of the attack on the Baramulla mission—October 27, 1947—was also the day that the first Indian troops set foot in Kashmir—and the day that independent India accepted the maharaja of Kashmir’s accession. In so many ways, it was the day that the Kashmir crisis started.

The initial events in the conflict happened largely beyond the reach of the Indian news media. A handful of foreign correspondents had an advantage—they were already there. After a gruelling sum-



Andrew Whitehead '04 receives the Hovey Bowl.

mer covering the joy of independence and the gut-wrenching violence of Partition, several had headed to Kashmir for an autumn holiday. Margaret Parton of the *New York Herald Tribune* and Eric Britter of *The Times* were having what she called an illicit vacation on a houseboat. We can only imagine their discomfort in discovering on a neighbouring boat their colleague Bill Sydney Smith of the *London Daily Express* and his wife.

When the invasion started, all their holidays came to an abrupt end. “Here we are,” Margaret Parton wrote home to her mother, “the only foreign correspondents in Kashmir, and 150 newsmen in Delhi panting to get here and completely frustrated!” Parton and Britter used Kashmir’s

leading hotel as their base. Bill Sydney Smith—a war reporter by instinct—headed straight to the frontline. He was captured and roughed up by the tribesmen, then deposited at the mission hospital at Baramulla where he and 80 others—including Sister Emilia and the Dykes boys—were trapped for eleven days. When the survivors were eventually evacuated, Smith filed an exclusive which the *Daily Express* trumpeted as “the year’s most exciting story”—a captivity story about the endurance of those held hostage at the mission and the ruthlessness of their assailants.

Most of the foreign correspondents who reported from Kashmir in the early weeks of the conflict were making their first ever visit to the valley. What gives value to their reporting is the purpose that so many foreign correspondents share of being an “honest witness.” You can pick all sorts of holes in just how honest and unbiased correspondents were able to be. But this self-image of being an honest witness is what qualifies the work of foreign correspondents to be source material for that other discipline, history, which also sees itself as providing honest testimony and narrative.

When my book was published in India, I was often asked what could be learned from 1947 about how to settle the Kashmir issue. My answer was: not very much. Both India and Pakistan have been too insistent on harking back to events of 60 years ago, as if an assertion that they were in the right at that time justifies their subsequent actions. The contours of the crisis have changed. Yet the underlying issue hasn’t. What is Kashmir’s primary identity? And how is that determined? That’s what the conflict is about. To resolve any conflict, by any means other than a military knock-out, you need to understand it. And to achieve that, you need to know how it started. And I believe that if there can be progress towards a shared narrative of how the Kashmir crisis first flared up in 1947, then other forms of accord may not be far away. ▶

# Argentina's Many Mysteries

—By Richard Deitsch '09

Peggy Lowe called it the “shrug” the unmistakable rolling of the shoulders that Argentines use when unable to explain the country’s many political mysteries. We first experienced this cultural tick on our second day in Buenos Aires when we became witnesses to the drama *The New York Times* has called “Argentina’s running political soap opera.” Inside a bedecked meeting room in one of the city’s federal buildings, the Knight-Wallace Fellows ’09 met with Julio Cobos, the country’s vice president and a principal actor in this delicious telenovela. Mr. Cobos had become an enemy of President Cristina Fernández de Kirchner after voting last summer against her plan to raise farm export taxes. The two had not spoken since the previous July and Kirchner and her husband Nestor Kirchner, the country’s previous president, had effectively barred Cobos from Casa Rosada, the presidential “The Pink House” (or the edifice where Madonna pretended to be Eva Perón).

While the Kirchners refused to speak with Cobos, the vice president was more than happy to chat with our group. There were warm introductions, a robust question and answer session and unanticipated memorable moments—the suave Cobos offered *The Baltimore Sun’s* Rona Kobell a goodbye hug and kiss that the Motion Picture Association of America’s ratings board would register as NC-17. Naturally, we asked him about his troubles with President Kirchner. That’s when we saw the shrug. “It’s not in my hands,” he said with a sly smile. “It’s in her hands.”

Our group was always in able hands thanks to KWF Director Charles Eisendrath and Assistant Director Birgit

Rieck. Neither is a native “porteño” but both have Buenos Aires running through their veins. Argentina should be experienced through the senses (especially taste) and Birgit and Charles cut a swath across the city like confident gauchos. Within 130 minutes of touching down at Ezeiza Airport on Dec. 3 (summer in Argentina, bitter cold in Ann Arbor), the group found itself at La Estancia restaurant for a



Vice President Julio Cobos lays out his plans.

calorie infusion that would make Richard Simmons cry. Fellow Geoff Larcom, a columnist for *The Ann Arbor News*, described the feast as “waves of beef, from all parts of the cow’s body.” It was just the beginning of our carnivorous carnival. The Eisendrath mantra (“Damn the cardiologists, full speed ahead!”) rang in our ears as we ate our way through mountains of asado, chorizo, morcilla, and mollejas. Between meals, we even learned a few things, thanks to some thought-provoking seminars.

The brilliant Elena Inés Highton de Nolasco—the first woman to be sworn in as a justice on Argentina’s Supreme Court during a democratically elected government—offered us a behind-the-ropes look

at her country’s seven-member Supreme Court and how she spearheaded the country’s first domestic violence clinic. The justice patiently answered our questions about the comparisons between she and Sandra Day O’Connor and her court’s role in pursuing those responsible for crimes during the Dirty War, the state-sponsored violence committed by the country’s ruling military junta between 1976 and 1983. Also memorable was a meeting with Hermenegildo Sábat, Argentina’s foremost political cartoonist and illustrator. His brilliant caricatures—seen in the pages of *Clarín* newspaper—have made him a hero of his people and an enemy of the government, especially the current president.

Of course, our exposure to art wasn’t

limited to Sábat. We embarked on a private tour of MALBA, the Buenos Aires museum of modern art which houses more than 200 pieces of 20th century Latin American art. We saw spectacularly ornate mausoleums at Recoleta Cemetery, the resting place of Eva Duarte de Perón, Juan Perón and many of Argentina’s wealthiest and most famous families. The colorful San Telmo barrio mixed artists with antiques, and crafts and commerce. As vendors hawked their colorful wares, we parted with pesos.

Perhaps we should have heeded the words of Argentina’s Private Bankers. The economists offered us a prediction for the U.S. economy (bumpy) as well as the plan to steady Argentina’s always-fragile mar-

kets. A trip to the Army's headquarters revealed some details about the Falklands War and spin from a military spokesperson that would make Swifty Lazar blush. We soon headed south of the city to catch a tango show at El Barracas, where impossibly handsome men and women twirled across a floor as we twirled more meat into our mouths. Another tango was San Lorenzo (4) against Club Atlético Independiente (0) in an all Buenos-Aires soccer battle.

Naturally, we took part in an annual KWF tradition—the Foreign Correspondents Dinner at La Brigada, the favorite restaurant of the Head Fellow. Along with laughter, wine and recruiting, former and future Fellows shared book and story ideas. An army of waiters served us until we were stuffed as eggplants. It was the same experience another night with Andres Rosenberg, the stylish Argentine sommelier, who offered a short history of his country's wine and long pours of delicious Malbec.

But it was not all like that. We visited the offices of the Las Madres de Plaza de Mayo where the now-elderly women spoke with equal parts sorrow and rage about the whereabouts of sons and daughters and husbands and wives who were detained by the junta during the Dirty War. Some human rights groups say as many as 30,000 may have been tortured and killed. As the women told their stories and held up photos of beaming youthful faces, it was hard to keep journalistic distance. Many of the group were moved to tears after listening to their stories.

"I remember lining up to hug the women as we left," said Lowe, a political reporter for the *The Orange County Register*. "And even though we didn't speak the same language, it was if we did. We were grateful they shared their stories. They loved us for caring. I specifically remember Laurie Copans hugging one of the women, and one of the women touched her face. They talked to each other, but they didn't speak the same language. But they did, you know?"

After our meeting with the Madres,

we visited the former Navy Mechanical School, the largest of nearly 400 detention and torture camps that operated in Argentina. It is Latin America's largest human-rights museum. In the middle of a leafy area of Avenida Libertad (Liberty Avenue), past tree-lined parks and cheery storefronts, we toured a monument to the worst of mankind. It was a sobering day, and all of us were haunted by the words: Nunca mas. Never again.

We left the city near the end of the week for KWF's traditional visit to Los Dos Hermanos, the handsome estancia an hour outside of Buenos Aires. Our band of journalists-turned-gauchos-for-a-day rode horses past cattle and across dusty bush. (Yes, the horses survived.)

"Turns out my wife is a fine rider, even though she had not ridden since childhood," said Larcom, who traveled with spouse Kristen, an Ann Arbor city attorney. "In what other midcareer program would you find this out about yourself?"

We discovered some of us are willing to bleed for the group. Sky News (U.K.) producer Stephanie DeGrootte drew a horse that unexpectedly channeled visions of Secretariat. Thankfully, Degrootte suffered only a flesh wound, clearing out a large branch with her face, so no additional KWF gauchos faced the same fate. The Los Dos Hermanos staff fed us like kings, and we took advantage of the sweet life. Some of us sat poolside sipping Cerveza Quilmes; others fell asleep in hammocks as soft as a lullaby. A few brave souls challenged a group of ranch hands to a game of fútbol. (Stunningly, our U.N.-inspired group beat the Argentines, 5–3.)

We even made news during our stay in Argentina. *Clarín* featured our visit (plus a handsome photo of the group) with Cobos on page 18 of its Dec. 5 edition. (What, no A1 placement?). Later in the week Fellows Lowe, Darrell Bowling, and Kathleen Galligan, a photographer for the *Detroit Free Press*, held a multimedia presentation for the editors and reporters of *Clarín*. "Some of the reporters and editors seemed reluctant to move to the web,"

said Lowe, who writes a much-chattered-about political blog at her paper. "We essentially said, 'Um, that's not an option.'"

Options were certainly plentiful at Fellow Patricia Kolesnicov's Buenos Aires apartment, the scene of our most memorable evening. The empanadas were great, the dancing left much to be desired, and the night was capped off by the Fellows declaring what we admired most about three of our comrades (Kolesnicov, Maria Poveda and Jakub Svoboda) who would soon return to their lands (Argentina, Spain and the Czech Republic, respectively).

"December 10th was the last day in Argentina for most of us," said Darrell Bowling, a senior video producer for MSNBC.com. "It was an emotional goodbye because the country truly bonded the group's, dare I say it, love, for one another. For me, the trip solidified that the '09 Fellows will be my friends for the rest of my life. It was really hard to say goodbye to Jakub, Maria and Pato, even though I believed I would see them again."

It's worth noting that KWF '09 was lucky to rely on a number of Spanish-speaking Fellows, including Poveda, the youngest Fellow at 31 and a health reporter for *La Razón* in Madrid. "Because I lived 24/7 with everyone on this trip, my Fellows became my English teachers," said Poveda. "In fact, I spent much of my time in Buenos Aires learning American slang. To me, a Spanish girl, Argentina was the place where I had to talk more English than ever." ▶

*What '09 aspired to ...*



Kimberly Kozlowski

# 2009 Knight-Wallace Fellows



Philip Dattilo

## Front Row, left to right:

**Maria Poveda**, health/science reporter, *La Razón* (Madrid): Strategies to improve the communication of cancer information to the public.

**Darrell Bowling**, senior video producer, MSNBC.com: Does diversity in the newsroom influence diverse news coverage?

**Stephanie DeGroot**, television news producer, Sky News (London): Carbon trading—Can greed save the world?

**Charles R. Eisendrath**, director, Knight-Wallace Fellows at Michigan

**Kathleen Galligan**, staff photographer, *Detroit Free Press*: Federal funding of child welfare.

**Helio Schwartzman**, columnist, *Folha de São Paulo*: The impact of scientific discoveries on bioethics.

**Nataliya Rostova**, reporter, *Novaya Gazeta* (Moscow): Media law, freedom of press and politics.

**Ricardo Braginski**, editor/technology, *Clarín* (Buenos Aires): New digital journalism—Challenges and opportunities.

## Middle Row, left to right:

**Geoff Larcom**, columnist, *The Ann Arbor News*: The psychology of leadership.

**Kimberly Kozlowski**, health/human service reporter, *The Detroit News*: The race for stem cell cures.

**Rona Kobell**, Chesapeake Bay reporter, *The Baltimore Sun*: Economic approaches to environmental sustainability.

**Richard Deitsch**, special projects editor, *Sports Illustrated*: China and beyond—Exploring the relevancy of the Olympics in the 21st century.

**Laurie Copans**, Jerusalem correspondent, Associated Press: Prospects for Palestinian independence.

**Sung Woong Kang**, deputy editor/social affairs, YTN-TV (Seoul): United States 2008: Presidential Election and Journalism.

**Patricia Kolesnicov**, editor/culture, *Clarín* (Buenos Aires): North American women's literature in the 21st Century: What are women talking about?

**Joanna Mills**, assistant editor, BBC World Service News: How is the way crime is covered in the media impacting society?

## Top Row, left to right:

**Peggy Lowe**, staff writer, *The Orange County Register*: The intersection of politics with civil and criminal law.

**Birgit Rieck**, assistant director, Knight-Wallace Fellows at Michigan

**Jakub Svoboda**, editor/economics, *Právo Daily* (Prague): Mafia-Capitalism in post-communist Eastern Europe.

**John Hill**, senior writer, *The Sacramento Bee*: Federal relinquishment of managing free markets.

**Jonathan Martin**, staff writer, *The Seattle Times*: Civil liberties in a time of fear—The detention of sexual predators.

**Erica Johnston**, assistant metro editor, *The Washington Post*: Newspaper coverage of gay social issues in American culture.

**Robin Pomeroy**, Rome correspondent, Reuters: The influence of environmental degradation on conflict and war.

**John Cary**, editor, "Drive," BBC Radio 5 Live: How children are educated—Does a teacher's gender make a difference?

# Our Great Geniuses

**John U. Bacon '06** received the 2009 Golden Apple Award from the University of Michigan for his work as a lecturer in American Culture. The award is given annually, the recipient chosen by U-M students.

**Scott Elliott '05** has been named to the board of directors of the Education Writers Association. Elliott is an editorial writer and columnist for the *Dayton Daily News*.

**Steve Fennessy '08** has been appointed editor-in-chief of *Atlanta Magazine*. Fennessy previously served as the magazine's deputy editor. In addition, Fennessy is a finalist in the Writer of the Year category in the 2009 National City and Regional Magazine Awards.



*John Fountain*

**John Fountain '00** founded "I Write A Dream," a journalism program for young people in Pembroke/Hopkins Park, IL. Fountain, previously a reporter for *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* is a professor at Roosevelt University in Chicago.



*Kathleen Galligan*

**Kathleen Galligan '09** won the 2008 Barry Edmonds Michigan Understanding Award from the Michigan Press Photographers Association. Galligan and Regina Boone, both of the *Detroit Free Press*, won for their work "The Boys of Christ Child House" series.

**Sandra Gregg '86** succumbed to uterine cancer February 2 in Fairfax, VA. Gregg was a former reporter for *The Washington Post* and *U.S. News & World Report*. Since 2005, Gregg had been vice president of communications and external relations for Kaiser Permanente.

**Graham Griffith '06** has been awarded the University of Michigan's Howard R. Marsh Visiting Professorship in Journalism for the 2009–2010 academic year. Griffith currently covers the financial crisis for Cengage Learning's Global Economic Crisis web portal and serves as contributing editor for public media site The Mediavore.

**Jon Morgan '01** left *The Baltimore Sun* in August to join the Project for Excellence in Journalism at the Pew Research Center in DC as senior editor. Morgan spent 21 years at the *Sun*, most recently as assistant managing editor for enterprise reporting.



*Mireya Navarro*

**Mireya Navarro '88** has published her first book, "Green Wedding: Planning Your Eco-Friendly Celebration," a guide for environmentally conscious couples planning their nuptials. Navarro is a style correspondent for *The New York Times*.

**Gerard Ryle '06** has been named news editor at the *Sydney Morning Herald*. Ryle, previously an investigative reporter for the paper, now oversees all news, investigations and special reports. In addition, Ryle's book "Firepower: The Most Spectacular Fraud in Australia's History" will be published in May.

**G. Pascal Zachary '89** helped form the Innovation Media African Network to create new print, radio, television and digital media. In addition, Zachary recently published the memoir, "Married to Africa: A Love Story."

Publisher: Charles R. Eisendrath '75

Editor: Julia Smillie '06S

Production and Design:  
Kathleen Horn, Blue Skies Studio

Views expressed in the *Journal* are not necessarily those of the Fellowship Program or the University of Michigan.

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*\*Includes gender identity and gender expression*

Send your doings and a print-resolution photo to Birgit Rieck at [brieck@umich.edu](mailto:brieck@umich.edu)

— The Top of the Newsbiz, continued  
from page 1

1,500 Bloomberg reporters with video cameras. (A week after our visit Bloomberg TV announced 100 job losses, the first layoffs in the company's almost 30-year history.)

On the other side of Central Park, we watched Charlie Gibson broadcast his "World News" show live at ABC's studios. For the non-Americans among us, Gibson is best known for his interview with vice-presidential candidate Sarah Palin: for his "gotcha" question about what she thought of Bush's foreign policy doctrine and her deer-in-the-headlights response, "In what respect, Char-lie?"

Gibson was a journalism Fellow at Michigan in the early 1970s, the first year of the program that evolved into the Knight-Wallace Fellowship. But the likelihood of any of us ending up filling his

shoes is not only statistically tiny, but some Fellows also wondered how long the institution of network news would survive as younger generations look elsewhere for their information.

The next day we entered the brave new world of ProPublica. In offices near Wall Street, it's an experiment in one of the new business models for journalism we had been discussing since our talk with Ken Auletta. I could almost hear my fellow Fellows salivating at the idea of reporters given the time and resources to investigate worthy news stories. But with ProPublica entirely funded at present by philanthropy, can this really be called a "business" model?

Finally, back uptown to the last stop on our tour. Off the square to which it gave its name, *The New York Times* is as

much a monument to the history of news as DC's Newseum. For a "dead wood product," as the techies like to call newspapers, the *Times* was in optimistic form, the generations of Pulitzer winners looking down from their frames on reporters busy filling a daily paper and one of the world's most popular Websites.

Delayed at LaGuardia airport on the way back to Detroit, I scribbled this first reflection of our East coast tour: "...at times inspiring, at times scary, always great fun and really allowed me to think more about the future of journalism and my own career." Maybe that sums up not just the trip but also the Fellowship itself. ▶

The logo for Knight-Wallace Journalism Fellows, consisting of the letters "KWF" in a large, bold, serif font.

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