

## THE PRESS

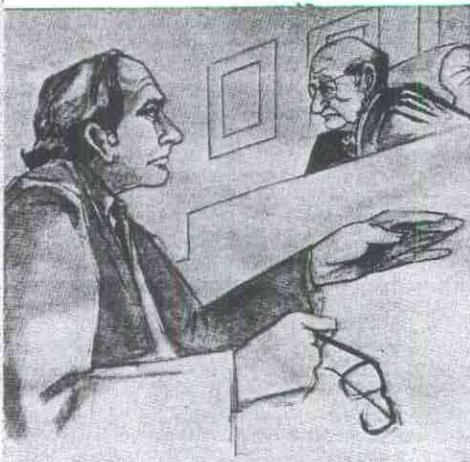
### The Artist as Reporter

Sketches to illustrate news have been part of U.S. journalism at least since the Civil War, when small armies of artists invaded the battlefields on behalf of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* and *Harper's Weekly*. The development of the camera did not end the practice. For one thing, artists still can go some places that photographers cannot—notably, inside most courtrooms.

A succession of sensational trials lately has made the work of courtroom artists more evident than ever. For magazines, newspapers and television, they have limned the likenesses of Jack Ruby, Clay Shaw, Sirhan Sirhan and James Earl Ray. In recent weeks, they have been busy covering the Chicago Seven trial, the Black Panther conspiracy hearing in New York and the Lieut. William Calley hearings in Georgia.



ACCURSO'S NEW YORK PANTHER



AUSTIN'S KUNSTLER & HOFFMAN

Many sketchers are freelance artists who work for between \$100 and \$500 a day. The pressure is severe, especially when they try to capture fast-moving uproar. Says Leo Hershfield: "I love the work, but if I had to do it all the time I'd get an ulcer."

**Looking Better.** Some of the artists have been around a long time. Hershfield, 66, covered the Joe McCarthy censure hearings in the mid-1950s. But Andy Austin, a pretty mother who graduated from Vassar in 1957, got her first news assignment at the Chicago Seven trial. She started out sketching it for herself and landed a job with ABC when another artist left to cover a Mary Jo Kopechne hearing.

More than a dozen artists worked on the Chicago trial. "For a non-capital case," says Howard Brodie, a noted freelancer used by CBS, "it was about as exciting as any trial can be in terms of action, drama and color."

The participants posed some problems. Defendant Abbie Hoffman was particularly difficult to draw because of his changeable facial expressions. Defendant Jerry Rubin complained to Artist-Reporter Franklin McMahon that he was made to look menacing while Assistant Prosecutor Dick Schultz came out "cherubic." Judge Hoffman had a word with Marcia Danits, an artist for CBS's Chicago affiliate WBBM-TV. "He told me his wife didn't like me because I didn't draw him pretty enough. I felt sorry for him, so I did one in his chambers, and he came out looking much better."

At least Judge Hoffman allowed the artists to draw in court. At some trials, and in the U.S. Senate gallery, sketchers must keep their pens, pencils or crayons in their pockets and draw later from memory. Brodie once got into trouble with a judge who claimed he was being distracted by the glare of Bro-



HERSHFIELD'S CALLEY (RIGHT)

*The essence is elimination.*

die's bald head bobbing up and down over his pad.

Photography is banned in all federal and most state courts, but as always, the artist has one advantage over the camera: subjectivity. Watching Anthony Accurso do some impressionistic sketches at the Panther hearing in New York, ABC Reporter Greg Jackson became convinced that drawings are more than a substitute for photographers. "Drawings are frequently more effective," he said. "The artist can leave out irrelevant material—and the essence of journalism is elimination."

### End of the Kenyon?

Perhaps no other publication has had such a romantic genesis. Two American students at Oxford, Gordon K. Chalmers and Roberta T. Swartz, fell in love. He proposed in 1929, promising to try to establish a literary review in the United States. She accepted. In 1937, he became president of tiny Kenyon College in Gambier, Ohio. In 1939, the *Kenyon Review* was born.

Few brides have received such a glittering dowry. For the *Kenyon*, under the editorship of Critic-Poet John Crowe Ransom for 20 years, became an inspired and inspiring instrument of criticism, offering the work of R.P. Blackmur, Randall Jarrell, Allen Tate, Cleanth Brooks and William Empson.

Though its emphasis was on criticism—what Ransom christened the "New Criticism," with a stress on close textual analysis—the *Kenyon* also published fine poetry. Its first issue carried the work of a 22-year-old student at Kenyon College named Robert Lowell. Other issues ran a lot of early Dylan Thomas, much of Wallace Stevens and, later, some James Dickey. Its four issues a year, published in paperback format, were a delight to discriminating readers around the world, from Nehru to Ernest Hemingway.

**Middlebrow Raid.** The *Kenyon* changed direction in the '60s. Under Novelist Robie Macauley, chosen by Ransom to succeed him as editor, it paid more attention to fiction and broad essays on contemporary culture. Macauley may have been right to de-emphasize criticism. The nation's new crop of critics were more scholastic and often imitative. But the lure of little literary journals meant nothing to the new writers of the decade, who could find big money and broader fame in relatively large-circulation magazines like *Esquire*, *Harper's* and *Atlantic*. As Macauley, now fiction editor of *Playboy*, remarked last week: "The middlebrow magazines caught up with the highbrow magazines—and raided."

Admirers remained loyal, but the *Kenyon* declined. Publication costs rose. Last week the college told the review's 6,000 subscribers that the next issue will likely be the last. Kenyon College trustees, who paid a \$40,000 subsidy last year, have decided to pay no more. The only hope for the *Kenyon's* survival, it