The New York Times received the Peter Kihss Award, given annually to the researcher whose work best reflects the integrity and meticulousness of the late Mr. Kihss, in addition to emulating his qualities as a mentor to younger colleagues. The Dennis Duggan Memorial Scholarship Award, awarded annually to a promising student at the CUNY Graduate School of Journalism, was won by Cole Rosengren of the Class of 2015.

Despite minimal metro staffing and the looming early Sunday deadline, the Times reporters scrambled to reconstruct the cold-blooded executions of police officers Wenjin Liu and Rafael Ramos in their patrol car in Brooklyn. The Times team also compiled a comprehensive portrait of their victims.

The winners are:

**PRINT JOURNALISM**


CLOSE UP AND PERSONAL Stephanie Keith of The Daily News snapped this picture at a protest rally at Barclays Center following the death of Eric Garner. It was awarded the top prize in the Feature Photography category.

Silurians honor the best journalism of 2014

**EXCELLENCE IN JOURNALISM AWARDS BANQUET**

Meet Old Friends and Award Winners

Tuesday, May 19, 2015

The Players Club

16 Gramercy Park South

Drinks: 6 p.m.

Dinner: 7:15 p.m.

MAY 2015

Published by The Society of the Silurians, Inc., an organization of veteran New York City journalists founded in 1924

Society of the Silurians

**EXCELLENCE IN JOURNALISM AWARDS BANQUET**

The Players Club

16 Gramercy Park South

Tuesday, May 19, 2015

Drinks: 6 p.m.

Dinner: 7:15 p.m.

Meet Old Friends and Award Winners

(212) 532-0887

Members and One Guest $100 each

Non-Members $120

Kihss and Gonzalez: On the Same Page

**BY RALPH BLUMENTHAL**

It was the 40th anniversary of the 1962 Cuban missile crisis that very nearly plunged the world into Mutual Assured Destruction, and David Gonzalez, Caribbean correspondent of The New York Times, was in Havana as veterans of Camelot huddled with Fidel Castro and other Cuban and Soviet adversaries of the cold war, sharing chilling lessons.

Gonzalez was quizzing Robert S. McNamara in a hotel room when the former defense secretary rose to leave, ostensibly to consult with JFK adviser Ted Sorensen. Gonzalez turned to his buddy, photographer Angel Franco, and whispered in mock panic: “Do you think he found out that two Puerto Ricans from the South Bronx are doing the interview?”

Gonzalez left it to Gonzalez to flaunt his Nuyorican roots every chance he gets (although he’s looking more and more these days like a sleeker Al Pacino). It’s no surprise, too, that his down-to-earth street reporting, atmospheric photographs and journalistic generosity have won Gonzalez, 57, and currently co-editor of The Times’s Lens Blog, this year’s Peter Kihss Award from the Society of the Silurians.

Kihss, who died in 1984 at 72 after nearly half a century of pounding a typewriter at The AP, The Washington Post, The New York World-Telegram, The New York Herald Tribune and The Times, was the quintessential master craftsman of the trade, a reporter’s reporter renowned for digging up facts, poring over the fine print in city reports and mentoring his juniors, and the award is given in that spirit.

Actually early in Gonzalez’s career, the two crossed paths, although Gonzalez didn’t realize it at the time. Fresh out of Yale, where he had disappointed his father by abandoning a pre-med track for psychology, he was working at the National Puerto Rican Forum as the No. 2 publicist (in a two-man office) when Kihss dropped by to pick up a report on the status of Puerto Ricans nationwide. Gonzalez’s boss was incredulous. “He came here, himself? Peter Kihss?” Gonzalez didn’t make much of it and by the time Gonzalez reached 43rd Street in 1990, Kihss was long gone. But he relishes the connection. And like Kihss, Gonzalez would find a way to nurture journalistic possibilities.

“I grew up in the Rodney Dangerfield of boroughs,” Gonzalez likes to say — specifically Beck Street between Longwood and Intervale in the South Bronx, the third and last child of Pedro and Lillian Gonzalez, teenage arrivals from Puerto Rico who met at a church dance in East Harlem. When he was 7 they moved to a better neighborhood, 181st Street and Broadway Avenue, near the Bronx Zoo.

“I grew up playing in the street,” he said. “When I was a kid, they had a lot of Puerto Rican kids. I leave it to Gonzalez to flaunt his Nuyorican roots every chance he gets (although he’s looking more and more these days like a sleeker Al Pacino). It’s no surprise, too, that his down-to-earth street reporting, atmospheric photographs and journalistic generosity have won Gonzalez, 57, and currently co-editor of The Times’s Lens Blog, this year’s Peter Kihss Award from the Society of the Silurians.

Kihss, who died in 1984 at 72 after nearly half a century of pounding a typewriter at The AP, The Washington Post, The New York World-Telegram, The New York Herald Tribune and The Times, was the quintessential master craftsman of the trade, a reporter’s reporter renowned for digging up facts, poring over the fine print in city reports and mentoring his juniors, and the award is given in that spirit.

Actually early in Gonzalez’s career, the two crossed paths, although Gonzalez didn’t realize it at the time. Fresh out of Yale, where he had disappointed his father by abandoning a pre-med track for psychology, he was working at the National Puerto Rican Forum as the No. 2 publicist (in a two-man office) when Kihss dropped by to pick up a report on the status of Puerto Ricans nationwide. Gonzalez’s boss was incredulous. “He came here, himself? Peter Kihss?’ Gonzalez didn’t make much of it and by the time Gonzalez reached 43rd Street in 1990, Kihss was long gone. But he relishes the connection. And like Kihss, Gonzalez would find a way to nurture journalistic possibilities.

“I grew up in the Rodney Dangerfield of boroughs,” Gonzalez likes to say — specifically Beck Street between Longwood and Intervale in the South Bronx, the third and last child of Pedro and Lillian Gonzalez, teenage arrivals from Puerto Rico who met at a church dance in East Harlem. When he was 7 they moved to a better neighborhood, 181st Street and Mapes Avenue, near the Bronx Zoo.

“I grew up playing in the street,” he said. “When the Bronx started burning, there were basements we

Continued on Page 6

Continued on Page 2

**THE DUFFY GUGGENHIM MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP AWARD**

Awarded annually to a promising student at the CUNY Graduate School of Journalism, was won by Cole Rosengren of the Class of 2015.

**Ralph Blumenthal**

David Gonzalez of The New York Times, this year’s Peter Kihss Award winner, with a photo of Kihss.
President’s Report

By Allan Dodds Frank

A few times ago, my wife and I have been thrilled to report that our terrific successor and old friend Betsy Ashton will take over the Silurians in June in even better shape than when I was handed the torch two years ago.

Thanks to indefatigable former presidents Myron Kandel and Mott Heimann, and many other dedicated Silurians, we now have nearly 310 members. Sadly, some members have moved away, but in case you have not noticed, we now commemorate each one with a post on The New York Times obituary page.

Our Treasurer, Karen Bedrosian Richardson, has managed our finances expertly and our treasury happily has grown, thanks to the generosity of our members who have donated more than $3,000 in addition to our dues. As many of you know, Betsy and Karen also have done a fabulous job with handling the inflow at our lunches, and making it possible for attendees to pay by credit card, get electronic receipts and even reusable name tags. Secretary Linda Amster has kept marvelous track of the going on at the lively board meetings that precede each lunch. Former president Linda Goetz Holmes has provided expert pinch-hitting assistance with the minutes.

Our lunches, which have most recently featured WNET CEO & President Tom Freston, the great group Liz Smith and New York Times Public Editor Margaret Sullivan, have averaged nearly 90 people each month. And, if you missed them, thanks to Dennis Cieri and his company, Cieri Media, we now have a video archive so you can see them on a YouTube Channel: https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLnKCsfMNf4CNv6-furIQ0u3B1KPFa

You can also click through to the videos by accessing our website www.Silurians.org, which Fred Herzog has also done a fabulous job with handling.

Awards Chair Carol Lawson boosted participation in our Silurians Excellence in Journalism Awards with almost 100 entrants and the level of the entries was excellent, with two dozen new organizations winning awards. In addition to most of the Silurians I have already mentioned, the contest, this year exclusively online for the first time, was also judged by Ralph Blumenthal, Jack Deacy, Gerald Eskenazi, former President Tony Guida, Ben Patinsky, Anne Roiphe and Michael Serruys, and we are grateful to the CUNY Graduate School of Journalism for providing facilities for us to hold the awards deliberations.

Finally, if you are reading this straight from the newstand at the awards dinner, you will already be appreciating the minute’s effort Chair Wendy Delight has done and how Silurian News Editor Bernard Kirsch has revitalized the publication with outstanding stories from our members. I also want to thank the Players club staff for their efforts on our behalf.

I have been honored to serve as the President of this august organization, which I believe has the most enthusiastic, well-informed, caring, professional membership of any group of journalists in the country. I am certain that the Silurians’ collective energy and momentum will carry on unabated.

Silurians Honor the Best Journalism of 2014

continued from Page 1

continued from Page 1

of the killer and illuminated the complex tensions of an NYPD then at war with the Mayor.

Merit Award Newsday for “Deadly Blast”

When an East Harlem gas explosion flattened two buildings, killed four people and injured dozens more, Newsday’s team of 10 reporters produced a comprehensive look at the tragedy and its causes.

Feature News


Kleinfield crafts the story of a probationary fireman’s first fire and his rescue of a baby boy in a burning apartment into a beautifully written and researched epic narrative. Not only does he tell the story of fireman Jordan Sullivan and his unlikely path to the Fire Department, but he gives us an intimate picture of the men of Ladder 105, the fire they fought and the life and culture of the firehouse.

Merit The New York Times, “Palm Sunday” by Joe Goldstein

Thirty years after 10 people, including eight children, were massacred on Palm Sunday in a Brooklyn railroad flat, Goldstein revisited the sole survivor, now a 31-year-old woman, and the police woman who rescued her and later adopted her.

Investigative Reporting

Medallion The Associated Press, “Empire Express” by Teri Thompson, Mary Papenfuss, Christian Red, Nathaniel Vinton

A classically investigated and reported story on corruption inside the secret, lucrative world of international soccer at the highest levels and how a group of ne’er-do-wells insiders made millions—often by illegal means.

Merit Newsday, “Five teams passed on Derek Jeter, here’s what they think about that now” by Steven Marcus

A fascinating story about how Derek Jeter ended up in pinstripes and the teams that passed on him in the 1992 baseball draft ended up in the dumps.

In Duggan’s Footsteps

Cole Rosenegren, an outstanding student at the CUNY Graduate School of Journalism, is this year’s recipient of the Dennis Duggan Award. Cole, 28, has already amassed a worthy pile of clips about the lives of ordinary New Yorkers. He has filed compelling stories from neighborhoods throughout the city, many focusing on the South Bronx. This review from one of his first-semester professors: “He is smart, analytical, and passionate about bringing professional journalism to the poorest area in New York City.”

And passion is what made Dennis Duggan, a former Silurians president, such a special journalist.

One of Cole’s early stories covered the merger of two struggling Bronx churches. Published by the Hunts Point Express, it gives a glimpse into the lives of both pastors and congregants as it explains the financial crisis that compelled them to put aside doctrinal differences.

“By sharing pews and a pulpit,” Cole wrote, “they hope to not only survive but also thrive.”

A recent piece, published in the Gotham Gazette, describes the scramble for jobs at the Department of Sanitation, as hopefuls at the African American Benevolent Society Organization in Queens prepare for the employment exam – the first offered since 2007. At stake: 500 jobs. Number of applicants citywide: 94,000.

One faculty member who cited Cole’s work describes him as “an insatiable policy wonk” who “wants to tell the stories of ordinary people and how they are affected, pro and con, by the great machinery of city government.”

Cole has long been drawn to urban issues. As an undergraduate at Emerson College (where he was editor-in-chief of the student culture publication), he interned at The Weekly Dig. After graduation, he founded RealCityOnline.com, a website that chronicled life in cities across the country. In its three-year run, the site published more than 800 articles.

And now he’s keeping busy at the J-School: a current project, a five-part series for City Limits, will focus on the future of New York’s garbage system.
BY JOHN MARTIN

O

n September 10, 1986, a group of mourners — reporters and editors — gathered in an auditorium at the New School in Greenwich Village to trade stories about a departed colleague, Paul Sann, a longtime executive editor at The New York Post.

Sann's death shocked those who knew him. Even before the first reports of his passing, they had known Sann was ill. He had been working for the Post for 40 years, a respected figure in serious journalism, and he was a prominent byline, and I always read The New York Post," Talese wrote in an email. "He was a true journalist, a model of the new breed, an essayist, a novelist to develop all the suspense a situation could stand.

"The Kennedy Government" (1961), a comprehensive account of the President's work in his first term, was "a great book" and became a bestseller. "Mr. Opotowsky uses the skill of a novelist to develop all the suspense a situation could stand," wrote a New York Times reviewer. "It's a great book and stands out for its clarity and power." His first book, "The Lady Upstairs: Dorothy Schiff and The New York Post," (1972), appeared in the wake of the Attica prison riot and described dehumanizing experiences still faced by convicts today. Convicts described by Opotowsky as "people who care deeply about their staff. In April 1972, Opotowsky abruptly left the news operation now." The discovery of Opotowsky's press-rate telegram, held in an Oxford office for four decades, led to a broader search. The results astonished me.

"I am sad to say I did not know Stan Opotowsky," wrote a New York Times reviewer on November 22, 1986, as he portrayed patriotism as his client's motive for killing Kennedy's assassin, Lee Harvey Oswald.

"My father wasn’t buying it," she said. "It increased his respect for my father and it developed a relationship. They are often (but not always) impressed. "I think people recognized that the paper’s time had come, and gone," she said in an interview. "I think everybody was upset with everybody else." In a March 11, 1972, memo, Sann advised: "I would just tell Stan that he has no future here and we feel it is in his interest to reorganize the newspaper’s interest to reorganize the news operation now.

Opotowsky's death, a New York Times columnist wrote, "is a grim reminder to all novelists to develop all the suspense a situation could stand.

"The Kennedy Government" (1961), a comprehensive account of the President's work in his first term, was "a great book" and became a bestseller. "Mr. Opotowsky uses the skill of a novelist to develop all the suspense a situation could stand."
Finding Her Voice(s)

BY MAGEE HICKEY

“Do you sing?”

It was freezing cold. We reporters were nestled together waiting in the fire chief to give us any morsel of information about a suspicious fire, so we could get back to the relative warmth of our TV trucks. Suddenly, a muffled voice purred from other nursery schools and kin- preshoolers who have already been ex- pelled from other nursery schools and kindergartens in the Bronx. More than 80 percent live below the poverty line.

I didn’t find any takers at that Newark fire. But eventually Andrew Stiff, who played Mayor Bloomberg so well in our annual Inner Circle masquerade, was found by singing and playing the piano. Budd Mishkin brought along his guitar and did an original song about James Taylor.

And the funny thing is I now know who is scared to death to sing in public.

Six years ago, I stumbled into a “Face Your Fear” cabaret singing class at the 92nd Street Y, taught by an incredibly nurturing Collette Black. With my heart pounding and my throat dry, I warbled a few tentative notes. What I lacked in natal talent I hopefully made up for with self-deprecating humor.

I am not sure why I decided to try to conquer this fear of singing but it had something to do with missing my mother, an actress, who had passed away the year before. Jean Hogan Hickey had played the Great American Songbook and so do I. My childhood had been filled with songs from all the great Broadway musicals, with my mother being a lot like Auntie Mame in real life.

“My mother had always taught me to be brave, confront what scares you, never be snobbish or self-satisfied. Once you take the attention off yourself, it frees you to think of others, in this case, the developmentally delayed children at the Hickey Center.”

So now I am a singing fool. It doesn’t matter if I am any good or not. My signature songs are parodies of my long TV news career in this city, having worked at every station in town, three of them twice, over the last three decades.

I come out on stage dragging my microphone, which is so heavy because it has microphones from all the stations that I have worked at. I sing a parody of the sad song from “Blazing Saddles,” “I’m Tired.” The late, great Madeline Kahn played the broken down cabaret singer Lily von Schtupp, singing about being sick and tired of love in the original. Now I sing about being sick and tired of TV news.

“I was trying to be admired, until my contract expired, tired of then getting fired let’s face it, I’m tired,” I sang, dragging my heavy microphone behind me.

Another favorite parody, also with words by my journalist colleague Bob Wiener, is a reworking of “I’ve Grown Accustomed to Her Face” from My Fair Lady.

Bob wrote, in making fun of my long career in tv news: “Damn, damn, damn. They’ve grown accustomed to MY face. I used to make their day begin. They’ve grown accustomed to my hair, My Wild Irish flair, My smiles, my frowns, My Q score’s ups and downs.”

I can’t believe I’m working still. Some say I’m too old to fit in.

You get the gist.

So now, along with my fellow singing TV reporters, we have raised close to $100,000 to help the children at the Hickey Center.

Finding Her Voice(s)

BY MAGEE HICKEY

“Do you sing?”

It was freezing cold. We reporters were nestled together waiting in the fire chief to give us any morsel of information about a suspicious fire, so we could get back to the relative warmth of our TV trucks. Suddenly, a muffled voice purred from other nursery schools and kin- preshoolers who have already been ex- pelled from other nursery schools and kindergartens in the Bronx. More than 80 percent live below the poverty line.

I didn’t find any takers at that Newark fire. But eventually Andrew Stiff, who played Mayor Bloomberg so well in our annual Inner Circle masquerade, was found by singing and playing the piano. Budd Mishkin brought along his guitar and did an original song about James Taylor.

And the funny thing is I now know who is scared to death to sing in public.

Six years ago, I stumbled into a “Face Your Fear” cabaret singing class at the 92nd Street Y, taught by an incredibly nurturing Collette Black. With my heart pounding and my throat dry, I warbled a few tentative notes. What I lacked in natal talent I hopefully made up for with self-deprecating humor.

I am not sure why I decided to try to conquer this fear of singing but it had something to do with missing my mother, an actress, who had passed away the year before. Jean Hogan Hickey had played the Great American Songbook and so do I. My childhood had been filled with songs from all the great Broadway musicals, with my mother being a lot like Auntie Mame in real life.

“My mother had always taught me to be brave, confront what scares you, never be snobbish or self-satisfied. Once you take the attention off yourself, it frees you to think of others, in this case, the developmentally delayed children at the Hickey Center.”

So now I am a singing fool. It doesn’t matter if I am any good or not. My signature songs are parodies of my long TV news career in this city, having worked at every station in town, three of them twice, over the last three decades.

I come out on stage dragging my microphone, which is so heavy because it has microphones from all the stations that I have worked at. I sing a parody of the sad song from “Blazing Saddles,” “I’m Tired.” The late, great Madeline Kahn played the broken down cabaret singer Lily von Schtupp, singing about being sick and tired of love in the original. Now I sing about being sick and tired of TV news.

“I was trying to be admired, until my contract expired, tired of then getting fired let’s face it, I’m tired,” I sang, dragging my heavy microphone behind me.

Another favorite parody, also with words by my journalist colleague Bob Wiener, is a reworking of “I’ve Grown Accustomed to Her Face” from My Fair Lady.

Bob wrote, in making fun of my long career in tv news: “Damn, damn, damn. They’ve grown accustomed to MY face. I used to make their day begin. They’ve grown accustomed to my hair, My Wild Irish flair, My smiles, my frowns, My Q score’s ups and downs.”

I can’t believe I’m working still. Some say I’m too old to fit in.

You get the gist.

So now, along with my fellow singing TV reporters, we have raised close to $100,000 to help the children at the Hickey Center.

Finding Her Voice(s)

BY MAGEE HICKEY

“Do you sing?”

It was freezing cold. We reporters were nestled together waiting in the fire chief to give us any morsel of information about a suspicious fire, so we could get back to the relative warmth of our TV trucks. Suddenly, a muffled voice purred from other nursery schools and kin- preshoolers who have already been ex- pelled from other nursery schools and kindergartens in the Bronx. More than 80 percent live below the poverty line.

I didn’t find any takers at that Newark fire. But eventually Andrew Stiff, who played Mayor Bloomberg so well in our annual Inner Circle masquerade, was found by singing and playing the piano. Budd Mishkin brought along his guitar and did an original song about James Taylor.

And the funny thing is I now know who is scared to death to sing in public.

Six years ago, I stumbled into a “Face Your Fear” cabaret singing class at the 92nd Street Y, taught by an incredibly nurturing Collette Black. With my heart pounding and my throat dry, I warbled a few tentative notes. What I lacked in natal talent I hopefully made up for with self-deprecating humor.

I am not sure why I decided to try to conquer this fear of singing but it had something to do with missing my mother, an actress, who had passed away the year before. Jean Hogan Hickey had played the Great American Songbook and so do I. My childhood had been filled with songs from all the great Broadway musicals, with my mother being a lot like Auntie Mame in real life.

“My mother had always taught me to be brave, confront what scares you, never be snobbish or self-satisfied. Once you take the attention off yourself, it frees you to think of others, in this case, the developmentally delayed children at the Hickey Center.”

So now I am a singing fool. It doesn’t matter if I am any good or not. My signature songs are parodies of my long TV news career in this city, having worked at every station in town, three of them twice, over the last three decades.

I come out on stage dragging my microphone, which is so heavy because it has microphones from all the stations that I have worked at. I sing a parody of the sad song from “Blazing Saddles,” “I’m Tired.” The late, great Madeline Kahn played the broken down cabaret singer Lily von Schtupp, singing about being sick and tired of love in the original. Now I sing about being sick and tired of TV news.

“I was trying to be admired, until my contract expired, tired of then getting fired let’s face it, I’m tired,” I sang, dragging my heavy microphone behind me.

Another favorite parody, also with words by my journalist colleague Bob Wiener, is a reworking of “I’ve Grown Accustomed to Her Face” from My Fair Lady.

Bob wrote, in making fun of my long career in tv news: “Damn, damn, damn. They’ve grown accustomed to MY face. I used to make their day begin. They’ve grown accustomed to my hair, My Wild Irish flair, My smiles, my frowns, My Q score’s ups and downs.”

I can’t believe I’m working still. Some say I’m too old to fit in.

You get the gist.

So now, along with my fellow singing TV reporters, we have raised close to $100,000 to help the children at the Hickey Center.
The Beginning of a Very Long Love Affair

BY HERBERT HADAD

I never expected anything to come of the job. I showed up at an ancient building in downtown Boston, took the elevator to 5 and entered a large, drafty room. The ashtray was the floor. Cackles and shouts bounced off the walls. I asked for the person whose name I’d been given by my college, and a coked-up, unsmiling man appeared. “The hours are bad and the job has no future,” he said. “You’ll work 4:30 until 12:30 in the morning, Tuesday and Wednesday off.” And make sure you arrive on time.” I answered, “Yes, Sir,” and he gave me a suspicious look. He seemed to know I would never call him “Sir” again. I started around the City Room and began my career at The Boston Globe.

I watched and learned carefully. One night, a political reporter asked everyone to say he was out if an especially obse- quious state senator called, and already I knew to put the call through. “This is Senator McGillicuddy and I’m happy to have this opportunity to explain my new legislative package,” he said. All around jaws grew taught with suppurated laughter. Then the explosion came as the squirming reporter spotted a colleague imitating McGillicuddy. As he did, another reporter administered a hoft bed by lighting a match tugged into his in- step.

When the reporters spotted a couple making love in an adjacent building, some- one got hold down the phone number and dialed. The whole City Room was at the window. The phone rang and the couple leaped off the desk. “God is watching you!” the caller cried. I wondered how I could make that couple for a long time. I bet they fled home and mystified their families and neighbors by resuming regular worship habits.

Yet I noticed that the same men who enjoyed these pranks seemed to take their profession of reporting the news with a gravity that resembled reverence. Would I want to be one of them someday? It was most unlikely.

“No one leaves a staff job at the Globe,” we buzzed, “or any city job has been in- formed. “No one’s been hired in five years, no one may be hired in the next 10.” In a quieter tone we were told they don’t want Northeastern boys, of which I was one. A reporter must be ever hired, he’d be from Harvard.

Many of the men in the City Room were ruffians in disguise, street wise but otherwise well dressed. One of the original reporters had been in- formed. “No one’s been hired in five years, no one may be hired in the next 10.” In a quieter tone we were told they don’t want Northeastern boys, of which I was one. A reporter must be ever hired, he’d be from Harvard.

During a daytime stint, the day city editor, Alfred J. Monahan, insisted, “The lead must be a maximum of 16 words.” I realized after some time that I was being lured irresistibly into the City Room life. I loved the joy and anxiety that grew with women and children seemed to sprout with meager encouragement. I admired their equal devotion to their work.

Herbie, you’re studying economics, have you decided want you want to be?” my father asked over dinner on a night off. He had been trained as an accountant shortly after arriving in America from the Middle East. He spoke with a dozen languages, I admired him and, over a bowl of large purple olives, I confessed my in- fatuation. “Dad, I’m going to become a newspaperman,” I said.

I returned to the same copy boy job for four years during college, a time in which my second education commenced. “Write the lead as clearly and as tight as you can,” Al told me one night. “Work on it hard and the rest of the story will fall right into place.” It seemed nothing more than an ancient truism, but I did as he instructed and he was right.

During a daytime stint, the day city editor, Alfred J. Monahan, insisted, “The lead must be a maximum of 16 words.” I sometimes found that impossible, but I noticed the lead on this story is only nine.

Reporters added their wisdom. One removed a few sheets of paper folded into three panels from his breast pocket. “Get the quotes right,” he said. “The quotes must be absolutely accurate. The rest of the story you can remember.” Another said to carry pencils. “If you cover a fire, the spray will ruin notes made with a pen.” And a profound observation over a third: “Show me a reporter with too much respect for authority and I’ll show you a lousy reporter.”

One night shortly after Al Haviland sum- moned me to his desk. “Get to the Parker House. There’s a fire alarm in.” I began to gush a thank you but his look said to shut up and run. I ran to the hotel there was no smoke or fire trucks or people hang- ing out of windows. I ran inside. “I’m here from The Boston Globe to cover the fire,” I told a clerk. He looked dumfounded. “Get the manager!” he demanded. He appeared and, yes, an alarm was turned in, per- haps by a guest who had overlooked and thought he was summoning room service.

I returned to the same copy boy job for four years during college, a time in which my second education commenced. “Write the lead as clearly and as tight as you can,” Al told me one night. “Work on it hard and the rest of the story will fall right into place.” It seemed nothing more than an ancient truism, but I did as he instructed and he was right.

During a daytime stint, the day city editor, Alfred J. Monahan, insisted, “The lead must be a maximum of 16 words.” I sometimes found that impossible, but I noticed the lead on this story is only nine.

Reporters added their wisdom. One removed a few sheets of paper folded into three panels from his breast pocket. “Get the quotes right,” he said. “The quotes must be absolutely accurate. The rest of the story you can remember.” Another said to carry pencils. “If you cover a fire, the spray will ruin notes made with a pen.” And a profound observation over a third: “Show me a reporter with too much respect for authority and I’ll show you a lousy reporter.”

One night shortly after Al Haviland sum- moned me to his desk. “Get to the Parker House. There’s a fire alarm in.” I began to gush a thank you but his look said to shut up and run. I ran to the hotel there was no smoke or fire trucks or people hang- ing out of windows. I ran inside. “I’m here from The Boston Globe to cover the fire,” I told a clerk. He looked dumfounded. “Get the manager!” he demanded. He appeared and, yes, an alarm was turned in, per- haps by a guest who had overlooked and thought he was summoning room service.

Everything seemed in order so I called Al. He must have known it was a false alarm by then from the fire department signal box, in the City Room. But he said six of the most important words I have ever heard. “Good work. Come on home, Son.”

I left the Globe and became a reporter in Keene, N.H. And one day the Globe called and asked me to come back to a reporter’s job. I’d broken the Harvard code. Eventually I came to New York. I was born, worked for “Sesame Street” and ABC News, got a stint in Washington for the Muskie for President campaign, reported for the Post and the Times, and ultimately became the U.S. Department of Justice.

And at every place I’ve been I’ve used the same early lessons in how to be a good and true newspaperman. They in- cluded the tabloids of being kind as well as tough, the importance of friendship and the folly of vanity.

Years later, feeling imposed itself. It was this: had I been able to stay on at the old Globe, smiling good evening to Al, greeting my friends and heroes in the City Room and beginning the night’s adventures, I would have been happy to show up there every night for the rest of my life.

In Memoriam

Edith J. Cahill, a long-time Silurian and a veteran reporter for The New York Times (Book Review Section and the Magazine) from 1960 to 1970, from 1980 to 2013, she was a freelance photo editor and researcher at The Times and at LIP magazine. She now takes photographs for the Washington Times, a monthly publication covering her West Village neighborhood.

Myra T. Forsberg, from 1983 this old year, when she retired, held down a number of posts in various culture departments of The New York Times. The role she included: theatrical reviewer and dance editor, deputy art editor, Weekend section editor, and copy edi- tor. Prior to joining The Times, she was entertainment editor at The San Juan Islander, an Oregon newspaper.

Joan Kron has been writing professionally since 1969. Her byline has regularly appeared in magazines and news- papers on subjects ranging from fashions to facelifts and from décor to decorum. Since 1991, she has been a contributing editor at large of Adweek magazine. She is the author or co-author of several books, including “High Tech: The Industrial Style and Source Book for the Home” and “Lift: Wanting, Fearing, and Having a Face-Lift.”

Bert Shanas, before embarking on a career in public relations, was with The Daily News from 1964 to 1986, where he took on various reporting and editing assign- ments, including education editor. In 1975, he was a co-winner at a Silurian Excellence in Journalism Award for investigative reporting. He has also taught journalism at NYU and at Hunter College.

Charles Strait won from The Times from 1978 to 1994, during which time he was a metro editor, New York bureau chief, culture editor and assistant managing editor. In 2006, he was named an associate managing editor.

Pamela Vasil, from 1937 until the early 1980s, was an art director and photo researcher at The Times (on staff and then freelance) her work could be found on the Op-Ed and Editorial pages, in Sunday Arts & Leisure sections and other special sections.

Leonard Fisher is a retired associate editor of The New- york Star-Ledger, where he had been on staff for 26 years. Prior to that, he was a reporter for UPI and for Dorff Feature Service.

New Members

Maggie Berkovitz was a photo editor at The New York Times (Book Review Section and the Magazine) from 1960 to 1970. From 1980 to 2013, she was a freelance photo editor and researcher at The Times and at LIP magazine. She now takes photographs for the Washington Times, a monthly publication covering her West Village neighborhood.
emotionally disturbed man hurling ice and epithets at New York City’s finest near the World Trade Center.

**Feature Photography**

**Medallion** The Daily News, “Erie Garnar Protest at Barclays Center” by Stephanie Keith

A close-up and personal depiction of two vastly different faces in a confrontation between police and protesters in Brooklyn following the death of Erie Garnar.

**Merit** The Daily News, “Ramos-Luiz Gang” by James Keivom

For his powerful photo of a former police officer and his daughter at a memorial for two NYPD officers who were murdered in Brooklyn.

---

**Kilts and Gonzalez: On the Same Page**

Continued from Page 4


This investigative series on problems with the New York City Housing Authority depicted the heartbreaking, ongoing frustration many tenants suffer.

**Merit** The Poughkeepsie Journal, “Killers & Pain’ by Mary Beth Pfeiffer

With the New York City Housing Authority.

Maria Villaseñor, NYCity News Service.

Keith, Roxanne Scott, Melisa Stumpf, Frank Green, Gwynne Hogan, Ross Abramo, Natalie Abruzzo, Julia Alsop

The Daily News, “EDP Business as Usual” by Sabo

Sabo’s you-have-to-see-it-to-believe-it photo of Giants receiver Odell Beckham making a stunning touchdown against the Cowboys. The Daily News, “Holy [expletive]!” Gonzalez thought.

At an Hispanic journalist convention in San Francisco, he learned that The Times was recruiting. “It was a time when midnight mass in the Bronx was being celebrated in daylight hours. He didn’t answer any questions, just smiled. What’s this, he thought.

In 1972 Columbia hired him to come back to New York and create a new style of coverage. The Times sent him to Miami as the Caribbean correspondent, where he spent another four years covering Haiti and the Dominican Republic, Cuba, El Salvador, and Honduras.

He also returned to his earlier interest in photography, doing some of his own shooting on assignments. So when Times editor Jon Landman turned up in Miami in 2003 and offered Gonzalez a chance to return to New York with a new photo column called City Wide that would splash his panoramic pictures over the metro display page, sometimes all six columns wide, Gonzalez grinned, “That’ll work.”

He continued to report, too, winning, among a slew of prizes, the Distinguished Writing Award in 2008 from the American Society of Newspaper Editors for his three-part multimedia series, “House Afire,” about a storefront Pentecostal Church in Harlem. In 2009, he joined Angel Franco and four fellow photographers in founding a collective, Seis del Sur, or Six from the South, to document life in the South Bronx. He also became a founding member of the Bronx Documentary Center, a nonprofit gallery and education center in Melrose near the Hub.

As co-editor of the Times Lens blog with Jim Estrin, Gonzalez, starting in 2013, joined 150 photographers and 75 curators, editors and curators in a huge annual mentoring project, the New York Portfolio Review, offering free career consultations for young photographers.

Meanwhile he’s also been writing the Side Street photo column every other Monday while contributing stories as well. “I’m a street reporter, that’s where the action is,” he says. “I try to be the first reporter someone has talked to. I like to talk to regular folks.”

Of course, after years far afield from his beloved city, he’s landed back home in his native borough. OK, so he bought the family a co-op in Riverdale, but, hey, it’s still the Bronx.
Continued from Page 6 dreams of the others.

**Merit** Bloomberg Markets, “Andy Hall Goes All In” by Bradley Olson

A penetrating profile of a legendary Wall Street commodities trader whose golden touch trading oil may have turned dreams of the others.

**Public Service**

**Medallion** Financial Planning magazine, “Could Financial Planning Help Stem the Rate of Military Suicides?” by Ann Marsh

This in-depth examination of how financial stress has become a major factor in military suicide led to Congressional legislation mandating the military to provide financial advice and counseling to active-duty personnel and veterans.

**Merit** Bloomberg Markets, “Overworked and Underwhelmed” by Dawn Kopecki

This article helped prompt Wall Street investment banks to rethink the path to riches they set out for young associates. It illustrated the stress and lack of a normal 20-something life that are devastating to physical and mental health.

**TELEVISION**

**Investigative Reporting**

**Medallion** News 12 New Jersey, “Kane In Your Corner: Students Receiving No Justice After Violent Attack!”

A troubling investigation examining the abuse or, as it is discipline — of special needs children in New Jersey. In the absence of laws governing the conduct of teachers and counselors, children are at risk and their parents are in the dark.

**Merit** NY1 News, “Sex Trafficking” by Dean Meninger

A good look at the exploitation of teenage girls in New York and the difficulty of stopping it.

**Breaking News**

**Medallion** NY1 News, “No Indictment in the Death of Eric Garner”

It was high drama as NY1 broke the news that there would be no grand jury indictment in the death of Eric Garner on Staten Island.

**Future News**

**Medallion** ESPN, “Outside the Lines: Tragic State.”

John Barr, correspondent; William Weinbaum, producer; Brynn Boussiaea, Joe LoMonaco, Marc Lustig, directors of photography; Rob Berman, Scott O’Leary, editors; Chris Buckle, deputy editor; Joshua Vonkoven, production assistant; Carolyn Hong, coordinating producer; Rayna Banks, associate producer; PJ Delfordova, Eric Lynch, assignment editors; Dwayne Bray, senior coordinating producer; Vince Doria, vice president of news.

This examination of the tragic aftermath of the injuries suffered by heavy-duty personnel and veterans.

**Public Service**

**Medallion** WPXI, 11, “Pregnant and Addicted,” by Narmeen Choudhary, correspondent; Victor Lopez, photographer/editor.

Compelling stories of three women drug users who confront their addictions and the births of their methadone-affected babies while receiving treatment in a Lower East Side clinic and working toward becoming responsible parents.

**Merit** WLIW, “MetroFocus Special Report: The Eric Garner Decision.”

Rashad Piroman and Jack Ford, anchors; Michael Hill, reporter. Sally Garner, executive producer/writer; Erica Zolberg, editorial producer; Andrea Vasquez, Marisa Wong, producers; Matthew Chao, associate producer; Ann Benjamin, director; Kirsti Ihameri, multimedia producer; Sean McGinn, producer/editor; Kerry Soloway, editor; Christofer Nicotelli, production assistant; Diane Mascalie, general manager, WLIW21; John Servidio, vice president of subsidiary station.

A thorough and thoughtful round-up of a big breaking story.

**RADIO**

**Breaking News**

**Medallion** 1010 WINS, “NYPD Officers Fatally Shot”

1010 WINS reporters delivered riveting coverage when two officers were shot while sitting in their patrol car in Brooklyn.

**Merit** WCBS 880, “The Gem Vacuum” by Wayne Cabot

Military veterans tell their stories on Veterans Day as a small group does every Tuesday at a little shop in New Jersey.

**ONLINE**

**Breaking News**

**Medallion** The Wall Street Journal (WSJ.com), “East Harlem Explosion”

With digital bulletins, constant tweets, video, and overall mastery of social media, alongside print coverage, Journal reporters covered the explosion that killed four, collapsed two Park Avenue buildings, and overturned countless lives.

**Two Merit Awards** DNAinfo.com, “4-Year-Old Tortured Before Death Ended Nomadic Life Filled With Abuse.”

**Merit** WCBS 880, “Explosion in Harlem”

A quick, comprehensive reaction to a big breaking news tragedy.

**News Feature**

**Medallion** ESPN Radio, “Outside the Lines and The Sporting Life: Roberts Rules.”

Kelli Naqi, correspondent; William Weinbaum, producer; Robert O’Reilly, Justin Stokes, location sound mixers; John Sharkey, editor; Kelly Rohrer, production assistant; Carolyn Hong, coordinating producer; Rayna Banks, associate producer; Eric Lynch, assignment editor; Dwayne Bray, senior coordinating producer; Vince Doria, vice president of news.

A penetrating profile of a legendary Wall Street commodities trader whose golden touch trading oil may have turned dreams of the others.

**THE CATCH**

Robert Sabo of The Daily News was at MetLife Stadium to take this photo of the Giants receiver Odell Beckham making a stunning touchdown catch against the Cowboys. The shot garnered top prize in the Sports Photography competition.

of the shooting of two New York police officers in their patrol car.

**Investigative Reporting/ Web Exclusive**

**Medallion** ProPublica, “How Wall Street Tobacco Deals Left States With Billions in Toxic Debt.”

“Tobacco Bond” Series by Cezary Podkul.

Building special data bases to probe the public records left by Wall Street bond deals built around scheduled payoffs from the national tobacco settlement of 1999, these meticulously researched stories were the first to document that nearly half the money no longer goes to benefit taxpayers. Instead, it’s being siphoned off to cover a multi-generational legacy of debt taken on by dozens of the government involved debt that some never be able to repay. Apps built by Yue Qi and Lena Groeger allow readers to track the financial effects of these bad deals county by county in New York State and elsewhere.

**Merit** DNAinfo.com, “Mayor’s Top Aide Hid Relationship with Veteran.”

The agency has handled 270,000 complaints and has returned almost $3 billion to them.

**Merit** The Record, “GWB Files,” Staff of The Record

The Record’s ongoing catalogue of the evolution of the George Washington Bridge scandal is the multi-media scorecard subscribers need to track to keep up with this cast of characters.

**Public Service**

**Medallion** ProPublica and National Public Radio, “Red Cross” by Jesse Eisinger & Justin Elliott, ProPublica; Laura Sullivan, NPR

The diligence of this reporting team paid off as ProPublica won the original explanations from the Red Cross about how it spent hundreds of millions of dollars, including to Hurricanes Sandy and Isaac. As ProPublica/NPR concluded: “The Red Cross botched key elements of its mission after Sandy and Isaac, leaving behind a trail of unmet needs and acrimony.”

The Red Cross’ shortcomings were detailed in confidential reports and internal emails, as well as accounts from current and former disaster relief specialists.

**Merit** Newsday/New 12, “Cash Cow: Marijuana on Long Island and Across the United States.”

Mandy Hofmocckel, Thomas Maier, Saba Ali, Matthew Cassella, Timothy Healy and Newday.com and Newsday Staffs

The complete package on marijuana on Long Island with text, photos, videos, charts, maps and other interactive graphics, legal documents, etc.
The Gospel According to Liz Smith

Benjamin agreed: “We were thinking that building materials could have a kind of ecosystem and cycle like our bodies do, like plants do, so yeah, exactly like that quotation.”

Architecture, meet synthetic biology. It’s Benjamin’s passion and the reason he named his firm The Living. Already he has created Living Light, an interactive canopy in a park in Seoul, Korea, whose flashing lights announce air quality conditions across the city.

Soon to come in New York’s East River, Ambiphorous Architecture, floating lights whose colors will broadcast the presence of fish and the river’s levels of pollution.

And Hy-fi, Benjamin’s name for a structure built, essentially, of hay. Hy-fi won last year’s prestigious Young Architects Award given by MoMA/PS1. Museum director Pedro Gadanho said Benjamin’s idea could be revolutionary.

Imagine, if you can, that people could get a little packet of mushroom roots and they could mix it with whatever is available and build their own structure.

Revolutionary indeed. Not just for those cultures but for urban landscapes as well.

Ron Shiffman, an architect and urban planner at Pratt Institute, points out that the progenitor of the modern movement in city planning, Patrick Eddies, was a biologist who looked at cities as living organisms.

Shiffman said that by studying nature one can study the next generation of building. “Unless we do that,” Shiffman warns, “we cannot understand this baby could live to be a century that perspective we are not going to survive as a species.”

Many architects and engineers tell us our buildings produce a heavier carbon footprint than anything else in our environment. From the energy it takes to produce the steel and to the energy wasted by inefficient structures our built environment is profligate; a luxury, experts say, that is increasingly unaffordable.

David Benjamin’s brick, grown, no energy wasted – points toward a brave new sustainable world.

It’s Benjamin’s passion and the reason he was selected to present this year’s Silurian Award at the Silurians’ March meeting at the Players’ Club. He spoke passionately of the technological advances that he is creating and how he is using them to create what he calls “The Living City.”

“Benjamin agreed: “We were thinking that building materials could have a kind of ecosystem and cycle like our bodies do, like plants do, so yeah, exactly like that quotation.”

Architecture, meet synthetic biology. It’s Benjamin’s passion and the reason he named his firm The Living. “I think it sets out to be fair, but sometimes I'll knock.”

Among the most difficult jobs she has tackled has been a public discourse on the paper’s Israeli-Arab coverage. “It’s not easy. I have to be respectful,” she said. “No one.” And her perception of the paper’s purpose is that “Hand-laid brick, an old system but a new way, maybe that is the new avatar.”

Szenasy smiled, and said, “It’s incredibly encouraging because human intelligence at work is a fascinating thing to watch.”

At the close of summer according to plan, Hy-fi was dismantled, all 10,000 bricks composted. Though it has been returned to the earth from which it grew, the promise of Hy-fiingers and intrigues.

(Tony Guida now freelances for a program called Arts in The City on CUNY TV. This article is based on one of his episodes, which aired this year.)

Margaret Sullivan may be one of the few people in the world of journalism who can wag a finger at The New York Times—and the paper listens, quite respectfully.

She is its public editor, the fifth person to be given the role into various platforms. “Now the first surprise,” she said. “It’s incredible.”

Szenasy smiled, and said, “It’s incredible.”

Among the most difficult jobs she has tackled has been a public discourse on the paper’s coverage of Israeli politics. “It’s not easy. I have to be respectful,” she said. “No one.”

Margaret Sullivan at the podium.

“Hand-laid brick, an old system but a new way, maybe that is the new avatar.”

Szenasy smiled, and said, “It’s incredibly encouraging because human intelligence at work is a fascinating thing to watch.”

At the close of summer according to plan, Hy-fi was dismantled, all 10,000 bricks composted. Though it has been returned to the earth from which it grew, the promise of Hy-fiingers and intrigues.

(Tony Guida now freelances for a program called Arts in The City on CUNY TV. This article is based on one of his episodes, which aired this year.)

Margaret Sullivan may be one of the few people in the world of journalism who can wag a finger at The New York Times—and the paper listens, quite respectfully.

She is its public editor, the fifth person to be given the role into various platforms. “Now the first surprise,” she said. “It’s incredible.”

Szenasy smiled, and said, “It’s incredible.”

Among the most difficult jobs she has tackled has been a public discourse on the paper’s coverage of Israeli politics. “It’s not easy. I have to be respectful,” she said. “No one.”

Margaret Sullivan at the podium.

“The fact that David was able to accomplish a whole building no matter how primitive it is, that’s its charm,” she said. “Hand-laid brick, an old system but a new way, maybe that is the new avatar.”

Szenasy smiled, and said, “It’s incredibly encouraging because human intelligence at work is a fascinating thing to watch.”

At the close of summer according to plan, Hy-fi was dismantled, all 10,000 bricks composted. Though it has been returned to the earth from which it grew, the promise of Hy-fiingers and intrigues.

(Tony Guida now freelances for a program called Arts in The City on CUNY TV. This article is based on one of his episodes, which aired this year.)

Margaret Sullivan may be one of the few people in the world of journalism who can wag a finger at The New York Times—and the paper listens, quite respectfully.

She is its public editor, the fifth person to be given the role into various platforms. “Now the first surprise,” she said. “It’s incredible.”

Szenasy smiled, and said, “It’s incredible.”

Among the most difficult jobs she has tackled has been a public discourse on the paper’s coverage of Israeli politics. “It’s not easy. I have to be respectful,” she said. “No one.”

Margaret Sullivan at the podium.

“The fact that David was able to accomplish a whole building no matter how primitive it is, that’s its charm,” she said. “Hand-laid brick, an old system but a new way, maybe that is the new avatar.”

Szenasy smiled, and said, “It’s incredibly encouraging because human intelligence at work is a fascinating thing to watch.”

At the close of summer according to plan, Hy-fi was dismantled, all 10,000 bricks composted. Though it has been returned to the earth from which it grew, the promise of Hy-fiingers and intrigues.

(Tony Guida now freelances for a program called Arts in The City on CUNY TV. This article is based on one of his episodes, which aired this year.)

Margaret Sullivan may be one of the few people in the world of journalism who can wag a finger at The New York Times—and the paper listens, quite respectfully.

She is its public editor, the fifth person to be given the role into various platforms. “Now the first surprise,” she said. “It’s incredible.”

Szenasy smiled, and said, “It’s incredibly encouraging because human intelligence at work is a fascinating thing to watch.”

At the close of summer according to plan, Hy-fi was dismantled, all 10,000 bricks composted. Though it has been returned to the earth from which it grew, the promise of Hy-fiingers and intrigues.

(Tony Guida now freelances for a program called Arts in The City on CUNY TV. This article is based on one of his episodes, which aired this year.)

Margaret Sullivan may be one of the few people in the world of journalism who can wag a finger at The New York Times—and the paper listens, quite respectfully.

She is its public editor, the fifth person to be given the role into various platforms. “Now the first surprise,” she said. “It’s incredible.”

Szenasy smiled, and said, “It’s incredibly encouraging because human intelligence at work is a fascinating thing to watch.”

At the close of summer according to plan, Hy-fi was dismantled, all 10,000 bricks composted. Though it has been returned to the earth from which it grew, the promise of Hy-fiingers and intrigues.

(Tony Guida now freelances for a program called Arts in The City on CUNY TV. This article is based on one of his episodes, which aired this year.)

Margaret Sullivan may be one of the few people in the world of journalism who can wag a finger at The New York Times—and the paper listens, quite respectfully.

She is its public editor, the fifth person to be given the role into various platforms. “Now the first surprise,” she said. “It’s incredible.”

Szenasy smiled, and said, “It’s incredibly encouraging because human intelligence at work is a fascinating thing to watch.”

At the close of summer according to plan, Hy-fi was dismantled, all 10,000 bricks composted. Though it has been returned to the earth from which it grew, the promise of Hy-fiingers and intrigues.

(Tony Guida now freelances for a program called Arts in The City on CUNY TV. This article is based on one of his episodes, which aired this year.)

Margaret Sullivan may be one of the few people in the world of journalism who can wag a finger at The New York Times—and the paper listens, quite respectfully.

She is its public editor, the fifth person to be given the role into various platforms. “Now the first surprise,” she said. “It’s incredible.”

Szenasy smiled, and said, “It’s incredibly encouraging because human intelligence at work is a fascinating thing to watch.”

At the close of summer according to plan, Hy-fi was dismantled, all 10,000 bricks composted. Though it has been returned to the earth from which it grew, the promise of Hy-fiingers and intrigues.

(Tony Guida now freelances for a program called Arts in The City on CUNY TV. This article is based on one of his episodes, which aired this year.)

Margaret Sullivan may be one of the few people in the world of journalism who can wag a finger at The New York Times—and the paper listens, quite respectfully.

She is its public editor, the fifth person to be given the role into various platforms. “Now the first surprise,” she said. “It’s incredible.”

Szenasy smiled, and said, “It’s incredibly encouraging because human intelligence at work is a fascinating thing to watch.”

At the close of summer according to plan, Hy-fi was dismantled, all 10,000 bricks composted. Though it has been returned to the earth from which it grew, the promise of Hy-fiingers and intrigues.

(Tony Guida now freelances for a program called Arts in The City on CUNY TV. This article is based on one of his episodes, which aired this year.)

Margaret Sullivan may be one of the few people in the world of journalism who can wag a finger at The New York Times—and the paper listens, quite respectfully.

She is its public editor, the fifth person to be given the role into various platforms. “Now the first surprise,” she said. “It’s incredible.”

Szenasy smiled, and said, “It’s incredibly encouraging because human intelligence at work is a fascinating thing to watch.”

At the close of summer according to plan, Hy-fi was dismantled, all 10,000 bricks composted. Though it has been returned to the earth from which it grew, the promise of Hy-fiingers and intrigues.

(Tony Guida now freelances for a program called Arts in The City on CUNY TV. This article is based on one of his episodes, which aired this year.)