

Wednesday, January 11, 1984

I can't stand this any longer. It is ruining everything about being a professor, a Latin Americanist, and it is clear that I must get out of Harvard. I want to try to keep a journal to record the events of the day.

My talk at the Nieman Foundation went very well. The curator asked me to join the selection committee and told me that John Kenneth Galbraith and George Wald had both recently spoken there but that I had been the one to steal the show. The Fellows stayed four three hours, until 7:30, feeding me questions. Kathy came and we went out to dinner afterwards. She can see why I am so sad; I do this well, but I can't stay. The curator said that Harvard had insufficient interest in Latin America and that people like me were an important addition. i wanted to stand up and say, "Well, then, save this program. Do something about these graduate students. Do something about me." He asked me if I work with [REDACTED]. I said no.

I thought about the Nieman talk all day. It's like being on a see-saw, one minute up and doing well at a talk, the next minute down because there is a graduate student crying on the phone, or sitting in the office. What should they do