

DOWNLOAD PDF IMPERFECTIONS OF THE EXISTING WOMAN-JOURNALIST

Chapter 1 : Full text of "Journalism for Women: A Practical Guide"

Often a New Woman figure living independently in the city and attempting to integrate professionally into maledominated journalistic spheres, the female journalist was an increasing presence in the epicentre of newspaper production, authorship and reportage.

The Secret Significance of Journalism For the majority of people the earth is a dull planet. It is only a Stevenson who can say: None of us escapes boredom entirely: The fact is unpalatable, but it is a fact. Each thinks that his existence is surrounded and hemmed in by the Ordinary; that his vocations and pastimes are utterly commonplace; his friends prosaic; even his sorrows sordid. We are a few will say colour blind to the rainbow tints of life, and we see everything grey, or perhaps blue. We feel instinctively that if there is such a thing as romance, it contrives to exhibit itself just where we are not. Often we go in search of it as a man will follow a fire-engine to the Continent, to the Soudan, to the East End, to the Divorce Court; but the chances are a hundred to one against our finding it. And such is indubitably the case; for romance, interest, dwell not in the thing seen, but in the eye of the beholder. And so the earth is a dull planet--for the majority. Yet there are exceptions: A lover is one who deludes himself; a journalist is one who deludes himself and other people. The born journalist comes into the world with the fixed notion that nothing under the sun is uninteresting. If he can compel the public, in spite of its instincts, to share his delusions even partially, even for an hour, then he has reached success and he is in the way to grow rich and happy. But good newspapers are a report of life, and good newspapers are not dull. Therefore, journalism is an art: This is a profound truth. If anyone doubts it, let him listen to a debate in the House of Commons, and compare the impressions of the evening with the impressions furnished by the parliamentary sketch in his daily paper the next morning. The difference will be little less than miraculous. Yet the bored observer of the previous night will find in the printed article no discrepancies, no insidious departures from sober fact; and as he reads it, the conviction will grow upon him that his own impressions were wrong, and that after all a debate in the House of Commons is a remarkably amusing and delightful entertainment. Again, take the case of the amiable feminine crowds which collect upon the Mall whenever Her Majesty holds a Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace. What has induced them to forsake lunch and the domestic joys in order to frequent that draughty thoroughfare? Nothing but accounts which they have read in vivacious newspapers of the sights to be seen there on these state occasions. They go; they see; they return fatigued and privately disappointed, with a vague feeling that some one has misled them. But with the arrival later in the afternoon of the vendor of special editions, they begin to be reassured. The sweet thought crosses their minds: So the journalist continues to gain a livelihood by forcing his rosy fallacies upon the weary world. Such an item, a jewel of its kind, was the following: I copy it as it was allowed to appear in an evening newspaper justly renowned for enterprise, talent, and imagination, under date 16th January, The man hastened to obey, but a guard, thinking he was running up to attack the Emperor, shot him dead. There is no decorative treatment here, no evidence of an attempt to impress upon the report the individuality of the paper. The Editor rightly divined that the simple, splendid tragedy of the event offered no opportunity for a display of his art. His art, indeed, could have nothing to do with it. If all news were of a similar quality, the art of journalism, as it exists at present, would instantly expire, and a new art would arise to take its place, though what the nature of that new art would be, it is hazardous to guess. One may, however, assert that journalism in its highest development will only thrive so long and so far as the march of events continues, in the eyes of the majority, to be a dull, monotonous and funereal procession. The insensible hack may trust himself to present attractively an occurrence or a man that all the world concedes to be inherently attractive; but it needs a heaven-born artist, trained in the subtleties of his craft and gifted with the inexhaustible appreciative wonder of a child, to deal finely and picturesquely with, say, bi-metallism or the Concert of Europe. Alas, no dissertation and no teacher can answer the question. As in other arts, so in journalism, the high essentials may not be inculcated. It is the mere technique which is imparted. By a curious

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paradox, the student is taught, of art, only what he already knows. Anyone can learn to write, and to write well, in any given style; but to see, to discern the interestingness which is veiled from the crowd--that comes not by tuition; rather by intuition. The best treatise on art can only hope: This book is an attempt to do these things, for women, in the art of journalism. Imperfections of the Existing Woman-Journalist. Despite a current impression to the contrary, implicit in nearly every printed utterance on the subject, there should not be any essential functional disparity between the journalist male and the journalist female. A woman doctor to instance another open calling is rightly regarded as a doctor who happens to be a woman, not as a woman who happens to be a doctor. She undergoes the same training, and submits to the same tests, as the young men who find their distraction in the music-halls and flirt with nurses. Her sex is properly sunk, except where it may prove an advantage, and certainly it is never allowed to pose as an excuse for limitations, a palliative for shortcomings. Least of all is she credited or debited with any abnormality on account of it. But towards the woman journalist our attitude, and her own, is mysteriously different. Though perhaps we do not say so, we leave it to be inferred that of the dwellers in Fleet Street there are, not two sexes, but two species--journalists and women-journalists--and that the one is about as far removed organically from the other as a dog from a cat. And we treat these two species differently. They are not expected to suffer the same discipline, nor are they judged by the same standards. In Fleet Street femininity is an absolution, not an accident. The statement may be denied, but it is broadly true, and can easily be demonstrated. Such a condition of affairs is mischievous. It works injustice to both parties, but more particularly to the woman, since it sets an arbitrary limit to healthy competition, while putting a premium on mediocrity. Is there any sexual reason why a woman should be a less accomplished journalist than a man? I can find none. Admitted that in certain fields-- say politics--he will surpass her, are there not other fields in which she is pre-eminent, fields of which the man will not so much as climb the gate? And even in politics women have excelled. But I deny that these faults are natural, or necessary, or incurable, or meet to be condoned. They are due, not to sex, but to the subtle, far-reaching effects of early training; and the general remedies, therefore, as I shall endeavour to indicate in subsequent chapters, lie to hand. They seem to me to be traceable either to an imperfect development of the sense of order, or to a certain lack of self-control. I should enumerate them thus: Consider the effects of any lapse from the spirit of that signal in a profession where time is observed more strictly than in pugilism, where whatever one does one does in the white light of self-appointed publicity, where a single error or dereliction may ruin the prestige of years! Consider also the rank turpitude of such a lapse! Alas, women frequently do not consider these things. They cannot imagine the possibility of mere carelessness or omission interfering with the superhuman regularity and integrity of its existence. The simple fact of course is that in journalism, as probably in no other profession, success depends wholly upon the loyal co-operation, the perfect reliability, of a number of people--some great, some small, but none irresponsible. Stated plainly, my first charge amounts to this: They are unreliable, not by sexual imperfection, or from any defect of loyalty or good faith, but because they have not yet understood the codes of conduct prevailing in the temples so recently opened to them. For commercial or professional purposes these influences, in many cases, could not well be worse than they are. Regard, for a moment, the average household in the light of a business organisation for lodging and feeding a group of individuals; contrast its lapses, makeshifts, delays, irregularities, continual excuses, with the awful precisions of a city office. Is it a matter for surprise that the young woman who is accustomed gaily to remark, "Only five minutes late this morning, father," or "I quite forgot to order the coals, dear," confident that a frown or a hard word will end the affair, should carry into business be it never so grave the laxities so long permitted her in the home? I would not charge the professional woman, as I know her, with any consistent lack of seriousness. On the contrary, she is in the main exquisitely serious. No one will deny that the average girl, when she adopts a profession, exhibits a seriousness, an energy, and a perseverance, of which the average man is apparently incapable. It is strange that the less her aptitude, the more dogged her industry. The seriousness of some women in Fleet Street and at the Slade School must be reckoned among the sights of London. It seems almost impossible that this priceless intensity of purpose should co-exist in the same

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individual with that annoying irresponsibility which I have endeavoured to account for. Yet such is the fact. Scores of instances of it might be furnished; let one, however, suffice. Once there was a woman-journalist in the North of England who wrote to a London paper for permission to act as its special correspondent during the visit of some royal personages to her town. The editor of the paper, knowing her for an industrious and conscientious worker and a good descriptive writer, gave the necessary authority, with explicit information as to the last moment for receiving copy. The moment came, but not the copy; and the editor, for the time being a raging misogynist for he had in the meanwhile publicly announced his intention to print a special report, went to press without it. The next day, no explanation having arrived, he dispatched to his special correspondent a particularly scathing and scornful letter. Then came the excuse. It was long, but the root of it amounted to exactly this: Though this shortcoming discloses itself in many and various ways, it is to be observed chiefly in the matter of literary style. Women enjoy a reputation for slipshod style. They have earned it. A long and intimate familiarity with the manuscript of hundreds of women writers, renowned and otherwise, has convinced me that not ten per cent of them can be relied upon to satisfy even the most ordinary tests in spelling, grammar, and punctuation. I do not hesitate to say that if twenty of the most honoured and popular women-writers were asked to sit for an examination in these simple branches of learning, the general result granted that a few might emerge with credit would not only startle themselves but would provide innocent amusement for the rest of mankind. Of course I make no reference here to the elegances and refinements of written language. My charge is that not the mere rudiments are understood. Even a lexicographer may nod, but it surely requires no intellectual power surpassing the achievement of women to refrain from regularly mis-spelling some of the commonest English words. As for punctuation, though each man probably employs his own private system, women are for the most part content with one--the system of dispensing with a system. These accusations, I am aware, have no novelty.

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Chapter 2 : Journalism For Women - PDF Free Download

Contents The secret significance of journalism -- Imperfections of the existing woman-journalist -- The roads towards journalism -- The aspirant -- Style -- The outside contributor -- The search for copy -- The art of corresponding with an editor -- Notes on the leading types of papers -- "Woman's.

Comments A typical example of what Kashmiri women journalists go through while working on the field would be the life of Farzana Mumtaz. Getting the disquieting vibes, she often catches people ogling at her body. But Farzana Mumtaz has long learnt to rise above the perceptions that still make it hard for many to believe that a confident working woman can rub shoulders with her male counterparts, and excel in the field. And then, resumes with a shuddering remark: But then, the black sheep element is quite assertive and vocal in our profession. Such people tend to behave like default policemen, who easily bracket others. Calling it quits even before they start? A native of Old Srinagar, Farzana, 37, was a joyful, daring child who grew up mostly with boys and pursued her education from a co-education school at Karanagar. At the age of 15, when she was in 10th standard, she got married. Marrying at an early age is what she calls destiny. As a teen mother, she pursued higher education from Kothi Bagh School and graduated through a distance mode. However, her in-laws, she says, never liked her idea of studying and did not let her choose the stream of her choice. Getting up, getting dressed and going to the office would be a struggle for her. She would often stay with her parents for months together after facing her in-laws. All that, however, changed when her father passed away in due to brain hemorrhage. Two years after his demise, she got the rudest shock of her life—divorce. For some time, she says, her husband would support her, but eventually it ended up in separation. It felt as if I was left alone to brave the life and its myriad complexities. That was the turning point of my life. I had turned down many job offers for my in-laws and husband. But now, I was broken and miserable, and left with nothing. But she eventually realized that she had the spirit to bounce back in life. Even as some people tried to sympathize with me, it never helped. I would cry a lot. At times, I would hire an auto-rickshaw and go out on my own, to avoid any human interaction. Being an opinionated woman journalist of Kashmir came at a huge cost for Farzana Mumtaz. But then, it fed to the rumour mills. People would often question: Is her interactions with males the reason behind her split marriage? But she found a midway: Farzana started her career with daily Kashmir Images as a reporter. Is harassment of women becoming a new normal in Srinagar? But in early , when she started her career, Kashmir was still in the throes of raged insurgency—that had picked up some steam at behest of fidayeen attacks. The escalating situation proved to be a challenging task for the young woman journalist. Amid curfew, I walked to the spot, despite being stopped at Barbarshah where I escaped an intimidating situation. As an editor-owner of the weekly, Farzana is now working according to her own terms. Journalism is a platform where you get many opportunities to do some social service. I love to help people. That adds up to your deeds and happiness. Her son is pursuing his medical degree, while her daughter has opted for Law. Producing quality journalism costs.

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Chapter 3 : Level 2 Certificate in Women Journalism | Online Courses | GulfTalent

Imperfections of the Existing Woman-Journalist. Despite a current impression to the contrary, implicit in nearly every printed utterance on the subject, there should not be any essential functional disparity between the journalist male and the journalist female.

They are among the happiest men on earth. This is not a sneer meanly shot from cover at women. It is simply a statement of notorious fact. Men who worry themselves to distraction over the perfecting of a machine are indubitably blessed beyond their kind. Most of us have known such men. Yesterday they were constructing motorcars. But to-day aeroplanes are in the air—or, at any rate, they ought to be, according to the inventors. Invention is not usually their principal business. They must invent in their spare time. See with what ardour they rush home of a night! See how they seize a half-holiday, like hungry dogs a bone! They never wonder, at a loss, what they will do next. Their evenings never drag—are always too short. No, in a shed, under a machine, holding a candle whose paths drop fatness up to the connecting-rod that is strained, or the wheel that is out of centre. They are continually interested, nay, enthralled. They have a machine, and they are perfecting it. They get one part right, and then another goes wrong; and they get that right, and then another goes wrong, and so on. When they are quite sure they have reached perfection, forth issues the machine out of the shed—and in five minutes is smashed up, together with a limb or so of the inventors, just because they had been quite sure too soon. Then the whole business starts again. They do not give up—that particular wreck was, of course, due to a mere oversight; the whole business starts again. For they have glimpsed perfection; they have the gleam of perfection in their souls. Thus their lives run away. Besides, what about Wright? With all your cynicism, have you never envied them their machine and their passionate interest in it?

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Chapter 4 : Journalism Diploma Level 3 | Online Courses | GulfTalent

Contents The secret significance of journalism -- Imperfections of the existing woman-journalist -- The roads towards journalism -- The aspirant -- Style -- The outside contributor -- The search for copy -- The art of corresponding with an editor -- Notes on the leading types of papers -- Woman's sphere in journalism -- Conclusion.

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I should enumerate them thus: Consider the effects of any lapse from the spirit of that signal in a profession where time is observed more strictly than in pugilism, where whatever one does one does in the white light of self-appointed publicity, where a single error or dereliction may ruin the prestige of years! Consider also the rank turpitude of such a lapse! Alas, women frequently do not consider these things. They cannot imagine the possibility of mere carelessness or omission interfering with the superhuman regularity and integrity of its existence. The simple fact of course is that in journalism, as probably in no other profession, success depends wholly upon the loyal co-operation, the perfect reliability, of a number of people--some great, some small, but none irresponsible. Stated plainly, my first charge amounts to this: They are unreliable, not by sexual imperfection, or from any defect of loyalty or good faith, but because they have not yet understood the codes of conduct prevailing in the temples so recently opened to them. On the hearth, their respect for the exigencies of that mysterious business is unimpeachable; somehow, admittance to the shrine engenders a certain forgetfulness, Or perhaps it would be kinder and truer to say that the influences of domesticity are too strong to be lightly thrown off. For commercial or professional purposes these influences, in many cases, could not well be worse than they are. Regard, for a moment, the

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average household in the light of a business organisation for lodging and feeding a group of individuals; contrast its lapses, makeshifts, delays, irregularities, continual excuses, with the awful precisions of a city office. Is it a matter for surprise that the young woman who is accustomed gaily to remark, "Only five minutes late this morning, father," or "I quite forgot to order the coals, dear," confident that a frown or a hard word will end the affair, should carry into business be it never so grave the laxities so long permitted her in the home? I would not charge the professional woman, as I know her, with any consistent lack of seriousness. On the contrary, she is in the main exquisitely serious. No one will deny that the average girl, when she adopts a profession, exhibits a seriousness, an energy, and a perseverance, of which the average man is apparently incapable. It is strange that the less her aptitude, the more dogged her industry. The seriousness of some women in Fleet Street and at the Slade School must be reckoned among the sights of London. It seems almost impossible that this priceless intensity of purpose should co-exist in the same individual with that annoying irresponsibility which I have endeavoured to account for. Yet such is the fact. Scores of instances of it might be furnished; let one, however, suffice. Once there was a woman-journalist in the North of England who wrote to a London paper for permission to act as its special correspondent during the visit of some royal personages to her town. The editor of the paper, knowing her for an industrious and conscientious worker and a good descriptive writer, gave the necessary authority, with explicit information as to the last moment for receiving copy. The moment came, but not the copy; and the editor, for the time being a raging misogynist for he had in the meanwhile publicly announced his intention to print a special report, went to press without it. The next day, no explanation having arrived, he dispatched to his special correspondent a particularly scathing and scornful letter. Then came the excuse. It was long, but the root of it amounted to exactly this: Though this shortcoming discloses itself in many and various ways, it is to be observed chiefly in the matter of literary style.

Chapter 5 : MIRON: A case for the libertarian - Washington Times

Journalism is the activity that involves writing for newspapers, magazines, and another broadcasting medium. Journalism is a form of communication and information dissemination media. In this course, we will discuss the imperfections of journalism and how to cope with this dilemma and the road towards journalism.

Chapter 6 : China declines to renew visa for Indian-American woman journalist - Times of India

Level 2 Certificate in Women Journalism is a useful qualification to possess and would be beneficial for the following careers: Anchors; Bloggers; Broadcasters; Entrepreneurs; Freelancers; Journalist; News Writer; Online Writers; Social Media Specialist ; Social Content Creator; Virtual Assistants.

Chapter 7 : German addresses are blocked - calendrierdelascience.com

*Journalism for Women: A Practical Guide to Developing Your Skills and Elevating the Craft [Arnold Bennett] on calendrierdelascience.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. The born journalist comes into the world with the fixed notion that nothing under the sun is uninteresting.*

Chapter 8 : Journalism for Women by E.A. Bennett - Full Text Free Book

Being an opinionated woman journalist of Kashmir came at a huge cost for Farzana Mumtaz. "After my divorce, people started talking more about me as a woman journalist," she says. "Since media is a men-dominated field, I would mostly interact with them.