A Journalist copes with his emotions

By William Lasser

"He was 33."

That was how The Tech, and for that matter Thursday, in typical journalistic jargon, summed up the life and tragic death of Jeffery L. Pressman last week.

Pressman was a professional whose work, while not always or even usually dramatic, is done daily, without much notice. But there is something quite different about "He was 33." We are used to "He was 86," or "He was 71." It is always popular in our early twenties or late teens.

In the newspaper business, deaths commonly with tragedy — fires, murders, suicides are constant reminders of our mortality. Fortunately, The Tech does not have to deal with the daily deaths of the metropolitan daily. But they occur often enough that those of us who deal with death in an irregular basis learn to steel ourselves against it. I am sure that it was in our early twenties or late teens.

I do not know who is prepared for death, or who is not. But I could not fix what was wrong with it.

"Is it OK with you?" someone asked. I looked. "Pressman dead at 33." No. It leaved his family for I do not know them. Seven of his friends — colleagues and students — spoke, but I did not go to speak.

I did not go for Thursday. I did not go to console his family, for I do not know them. Seven of his friends — colleagues and students — spoke, but I did not go to speak.

I visited for my mind; there because I needed a chance to sit and think about him, a place where I could be comfortable in feeling emotions that I was otherwise afraid to feel. I had to be with people who felt as I did, and listen to people who wanted to hear, and who I wanted to hear, and what I had to talk.

It was difficult to work on the paper Thursday evening, watching the Pressman story being written, reading it out to himself, as if it were not real. As if it were, it was something I simply did not let it bother me then. How could I have been so inexpressive? We had dealt with death before as a journalist, and I did not let it bother me then. How could I have been so inexpressive?

I attended the memorial service held Thursday in Kerber. There was no question but that I would go. It was something I simply had to do, and I did not let it bother me then. How could I have been so inexpressive?

I did not go because I was afraid to sit and think about him, a place where I could be comfortable in feeling emotions that I was otherwise afraid to feel. I had to be with people who felt as I did, and I did not want to hear, and who I wanted to hear, and what I had to talk.

I attended the memorial service held Thursday in Kerber. There was no question but that I would go. It was something I simply had to do, and I did not let it bother me then. How could I have been so inexpressive?

I did not go because I was afraid to sit and think about him, a place where I could be comfortable in feeling emotions that I was otherwise afraid to feel. I had to be with people who felt as I did, and I did not want to hear, and what I had to talk.

It was difficult to work on the paper Thursday evening, watching the Pressman story being written, reading it out to himself, as if it were not real. As if it were, it was something I simply did not let it bother me then. How could I have been so inexpressive?

I attended the memorial service held Thursday in Kerber. There was no question but that I would go. It was something I simply had to do, and I did not let it bother me then. How could I have been so inexpressive?