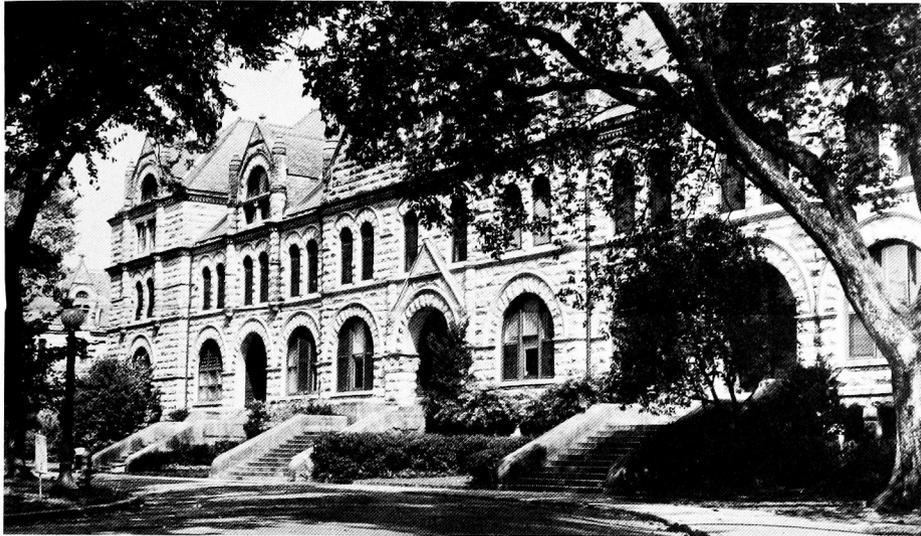




The Key Reporter

VOLUME XLIV □ NUMBER FOUR □ SUMMER 1979



Built in 1894, Gibson Hall is the oldest building on the Tulane University campus. (Photo by Armand Bertin, Tulane.)

TRIENNIAL COUNCIL TO MEET AT TULANE

The thirty-second Council of the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa will be held on October 18–21, 1979, in New Orleans, Louisiana. The Alpha of Louisiana chapter at Tulane University, celebrating its seventieth anniversary, will host the meeting, and delegates from more than 200 chapters and more than 30 associations will attend.

The Council will vote on recommendations for new chapters, review the activities of the United Chapters during the past triennium, and elect officers and senators for the coming triennium.

Nominated for president of the United Chapters is Edgar F. Shannon, Jr., Commonwealth Professor of English at the University of Virginia and formerly president of the university. The nominee for vice-president is Catherine Strateman Sims, formerly Dean of Sweet Briar College and for several years active in Phi Beta Kappa at the national level as chairman of the Committee on Qualifications, the committee that considers applications for new chapters. Twelve senators will be elected for six-year terms.

The Council will feature among other events the fourth presentation of the Award for Distinguished Service to the Humanities. The first such award was

given to Barnaby Keeney, the first chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities. Succeeding awards went to Howard Mumford Jones and Louis Wright.

Among the important items of business to be brought before the Council will be a report from a subcommittee of the Committee on Qualifications that was formed in response to a resolution presented to the 1976 Council. The resolution called for a thorough review of standards in the existing chapters and their sheltering institutions. The subcommittee will give an account of what it has done so far and what it proposes to do to carry out the charge it received from the Senate.

Topics related to the concern about standards will be discussed by the Conference of Chapter Delegates, a traditional segment of Council meetings. The Conference will be asked to consider how the chapters may best maintain standards in the face of such conditions as the enrollment trend away from liberal studies and toward vocational or professional programs and the ethical deterioration in higher education noted in the recent Carnegie report, "Fair Practices in Higher Education."

1979 SIBLEY AWARD GIVEN

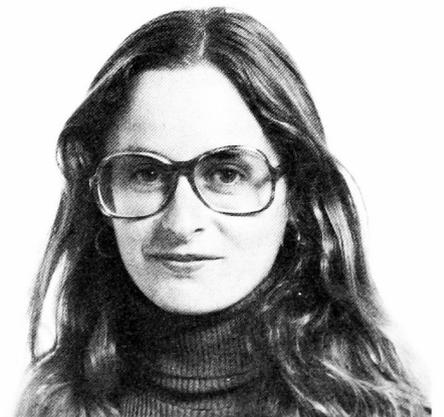
Kathy Eden, a doctoral candidate in the Department of Comparative Literature at Stanford University, is the winner of the Mary Isabel Sibley Fellowship for 1979.

The new Sibley Fellow received her B.A. from Smith College, where she was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. She was a Teaching Fellow in comparative literature at Stanford from 1974 to 1978, and during 1976–1977 served as an instructor on the Florence Campus of Stanford, where she taught a course on the transmission of literary forms from Greek to Roman culture. In 1978–1979, Miss Eden was the recipient of a Whiting Fellowship for dissertation research.

In her dissertation, Miss Eden will examine the persistent relationship between legal procedure and tragic structure: its development in fifth century Athens, its transmission and transformation in Imperial Rome through Senecan drama, and its recovery, with the rediscovery of ancient texts, by Renaissance tragedy in Italy, France, and England.

In 1980 the Sibley Fellowship, which carries a stipend of \$7000, will be offered for French language and literature. Candidates must be unmarried women between 25 and 35 years of age who hold the doctorate or who have fulfilled all the requirements for the

(continued on back cover)



Kathy Eden

The sun shines through the shutter slats. An eye opens and sights, on the digital clock upon the night table, the numbers 8:12. More than two hours have elapsed beyond the time when one is accustomed to wake. Avarice for time is no less a compulsion than avarice for money, perhaps a greater. How to make up those missing hours? Then, creeping up from the edge of subconsciousness, comes the sweet realization that this is not a regular day at all; and hence the regular rhythms of regular daily living can be relaxed. It is Sunday, blessed Sunday.

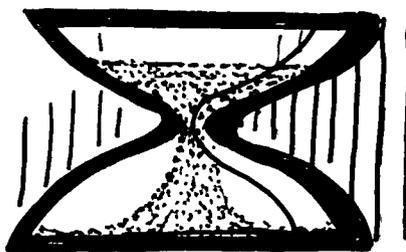
Under Christianity, of course, Sunday is literally blessed. The third century *Didascalia Apostolorum* held, "On Sunday be always joyful, for he who is afflicted on Sunday commits a sin." Gibbon reminds us that in 321 A.D. the Emperor Constantine published an edict which "enjoined the solemn observance of Sunday." The Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy (1963) of the Second Vatican Council says: "The Lord's day is the original feast day," and should be observed "as a day of joy and of freedom from work." Yet if Sunday be officially a Christian day, one does not—to work a twist on an old rye bread advertisement—have to be gentile to love it.

Not that everyone everywhere has loved Sunday. At the beginning of his essay "The Superannuated Man," Charles Lamb speaks of his own gentle reservations about Sunday, his one day free from his job at the counting-house. "In particular," he wrote, "there is a gloom for me attendant upon a city Sunday, a weight in the air. . . . Those eternal bells depress me. The closed shops repel me." In *Little Dorrit* Dickens has not a single good word for Sunday. "Nothing for the spent toiler to do but to compare the monotony of his six days, think what a weary life he led, and make the best of it—or the worst, according to the probabilities." "Heaven forgive me," says Mr. Arthur Clennam, the Dickens character who thinks these thoughts, "and those who trained me. How I

To bring writing from the American Scholar to the broader readership of the Key Reporter, we shall from time to time reprint Scholar articles of general interest. This article first appeared in the Spring 1977 issue (copyright © 1977 by the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa).

have hated this day!" But then as now Sunday has never had a very good press in England, where, more recently, it has been thought of as *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*.

Sunday has been better thought of in France. One thinks here of languid summer afternoons: of provincial fairs in Flaubert, of the democratic calm of Seurat's "Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte," of the elegance of aristocratic Sundays along the Guermantes Way. Modern Greece gave us *Never on Sunday*. Although



Tolstoy satirized it in *Resurrection*, under the czars church services were held in Russian prisons on Sundays. (In the slave labor camps, Solzhenitsyn notes, "Tolstoy's dream had come true: Prisoners are no longer compelled to attend religious services.") In present-day South Africa, Nadine Gordimer writes: "While white people picnic, Sundays are the most dreadful days of all in Soweto: funerals, the only category of public gathering not banned, have become huge mass meetings where the obsequies of the riot victim being buried are marked by new deaths and fresh wounds as the police attack mourners singing freedom songs and shaking black power salutes."

Fortunately, here in the United States the worst that Sunday has ever brought us is boredom. Yet it has generally been boredom of a rather luxuriant kind. In *Origins*, his etymological dictionary, Eric Partridge informs us that the ice cream sundae doubtless derives from the word Sunday, perhaps because "whereas an ordinary ice-cream was good enough for a weekday, only this special kind was good enough for a Sunday." The specialness of Sunday was, in an America of another day, denoted by dress: by the idea of Sunday clothes. As a Negro child growing up in Oklahoma City, Ralph Ellison has recalled:

As a kid I remember working it out this way: there was a world in which you

wore your everyday clothes on Sunday, and there was a world in which you wore your Sunday clothes every day—I wanted the world in which you wore your Sunday clothes every day. I wanted it because it represented something better, a more exciting and civilized and human way of living; a world which came to me through certain scenes of felicity which I encountered in fiction, in the movies, and which I glimpsed sometimes through the windows of great houses on Sunday afternoons when my mother took my brother and me for walks through the wealthy white sections of the city. I know it now for a boy's vague dream of possibility. . . .

Much of the specialness as well as the boredom of Sunday derived from its being the Lord's day. Churchgoing dominated Sunday, and among many sects—most commonly in the South—one attended church not only in the morning but yet again after the evening meal. Unless one felt a strong sense of religious calling or a heightened sense of tradition, the strain of boredom could be excruciating—especially among the very young, who, it could be argued, stood most in need of religious instruction and in temperament were least prepared to receive it. But religious boredom—or rather the boredom with religion—was not suffered by the young alone. Not so many years ago, writing about the then intellectually fashionable *God Is Dead* controversy, Malcolm Muggeridge recalled attending an Anglican church in England. No sooner did the vicar open his mouth to intone the text of that Sunday's sermon, Muggeridge remarked, than God would be gone. But now, he concluded, with fewer and fewer people attending church, there was really scarcely anything else to think about but God.

Although there is almost always talk of revived interest in formal religion in America, perhaps now, with a seriously churchgoing president in office, we shall hear even more talk than usual about religious revival. Yet in such matters numbers seem so much less significant than quality, and it is quality that is so difficult to determine. At a time of scrambled values, no job poses greater awkwardness than the clergyman's. A dear friend of mine, whose father had recently died, decided, after many years' absence, to return to Sunday morning church services at an Episcopal church near her home. She thought the clear and quiet space provided by the church a good place in which to think about her father. She went once; then on the second Sunday the youngish priest offered a prayer "for Patty Hearst and her associates." God, one might say,

was gone, and so, on the third Sunday, was my friend.

When clergymen press so for relevance, how much more sensible it seems to choose, along with the heroine of Wallace Stevens's gorgeous poem "Sunday Morning," the "Complacencies of the peignoir, and late coffee and oranges in a sunny chair, and the green freedom of a cockatoo upon a rug. . . ." For reasons that go beyond the gaspings of clergymen to discover what is important to their parishioners, Sundays have become increasingly, immitigably, immutably more secular. To pick up on Wallace Stevens again:

Divinity must live within herself:

Passions of rain, or moods in falling snow;

Grievings in loneliness, or unsubdued
Elations when the forest blooms; gusty
Emotions on wet roads on autumn nights;
All pleasures and all pains, remembering
The bough of summer and the winter
branch.

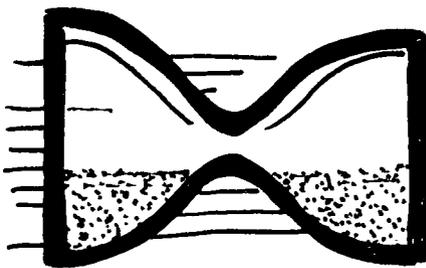
These are the measures destined for her
soul.

Inevitably, our American Sunday has changed—and so drastically as scarcely to seem the same day it once was. How has it changed? Why has it changed? What are the discernible consequences of the change?

The most patent change in the American Sunday is in the fairly recent alteration of commerce, and chiefly that of retailing. Where once stores stayed closed on Sundays, today Sunday has come to be a major shopping day. Blue laws—so termed because commonly ascribed to puritanical bluenoses who wished to tell people what they could and could not do on Sunday—once made such shopping illegal in most states. Sometimes enforced, sometimes not, blue laws provided a strange congeries of impermissible Sunday activities. Under these laws, barbers, for example, could cut hair on Sunday in California, though they were forbidden to do so in Arizona, while in Massachusetts barbers were permitted to shave an aged invalid. Retail sales were fined \$100 in Virginia, though the state's smoked and cured hams were excluded from the ban. The advent of the shopping center and of the discount store, both following much of middle-class life out to the suburbs, eventually caused the removal of many of the old blue laws from the books of many of the states. Once the turnstiles were opened, Americans by the millions brushed through them.

I note that Salisbury College in Maryland has instituted something called

"Leisure Studies." Do they, I wonder, consider shopping a leisure-time activity? If not, perhaps they should, for not only is much shopping now done on Sunday—some years ago discount stores claimed that as much as 35 percent of their gross sales were made on Sunday—but shopping has become something on the order of a major American sport. Nor is it solely a spectator sport. Along with shopping in shops, the last few years have witnessed the emergence, in rather a widespread way, of the garage sale—or yard, house, or apartment sale—which more often than not takes place on Sunday. Everyman his own Wana-maker.



Here perhaps is the place to insert the standard paragraph on American crassness and materialism. This, though, is something I find myself singularly unable to do. Not only have I pulled my car over to the curb to attend a number of these Sunday sales, but not long ago, before a recent move, I staged a rather successful one of my own. What mystifying events these sales can be! Why, for example, when I stop to inspect the goods at a garage sale at a home that cannot be worth less than a quarter of a million dollars, do I find nothing on sale but ashtrays, old dishes, and worn-out clothes? What possibly can be the point for people who are clearly beyond such penny economies in selling an ashtray for 35 cents? One might answer that it is by not throwing out an ashtray that such people were able to acquire a quarter-of-a-million-dollar house in the first place. But I wonder if a more persuasive reason is that such a sale, quite apart from what small profit it might bring in, fills up the day.

Sunday, for some, can be interminable. "Sunday," Dr. Johnson told Boswell, "was a heavy day to me when I was a boy. My mother confined me on that day, and made me read *The Whole Duty of Man*." Others who find it even heavier include couples whose marriages have gone sour, businessmen with no aptitude for leisure, the familyless and the friendless—such people can testify to the endlessness of Sun-

days. At the one apartment sale I staged, some of these people, less than serendipitous in their wanderings, had come to the sale, as they will doubtless go to other such sales, not so much with the small greed of the bargain hunter in their hearts as with the hunger of the truly lonely.

Dr. Johnson believed in the strict observance of Sunday. "It should be different," he observed, "from another day. People may walk but not throw stones at birds. There may be relaxation, but there should be no levity." While I have not, to the best of my recollection, thrown stones at birds, I have most certainly violated the Johnsonian stricture against levity. Growing up when I did, in the 1940s, Sunday always began precisely on a note of levity. I refer to the chief interest of children in the Sunday newspapers: the comics, or, as they were sometimes called, the funny papers. In my childhood, my father read these to me; then I recall a local radio show that read the funny papers along with me; and later, with passion for them only slackening in early adolescence, I read them, Sunday and daily, myself. My own children have never consistently read the Sunday funnies—perhaps, having been surfeited by the cartoon offerings of television during the week, they had no hunger for them—but I remember loving them unabashedly.

For me, nowadays, Sunday morning begins with the *New York Times*, which is, as everyone knows, devoid of comics, but not by any means of comedy. As with so many other Americans, I have for some time been a member of the church called the Gray Lady of the Sunday *New York Times*, worshiping at the altar of cultural and current events. As with church, so with the Sunday *New York Times*: a sense of duty is involved, but how pleasant it is on those mornings when one remains in bed. Still, most Sunday mornings one gets through it, not so secretly pleased when there is nothing that requires reading in either the *Magazine* or the *Book Review*. Of late, I note that the *New York Times* has tried to spread Sunday throughout the week, with its special "Weekend" section on Fridays, and, more recently, its "Living" section on Wednesdays. I gather that all have been a commercial success, resulting in its greater circulation on the days when they appear, yet I feel somewhat resentful toward them. Somehow one can accommodate all the added trivia on Sunday, but it does not go down so easily on weekdays—it is, in fact,

rather like eating chocolates for breakfast.

The essence of the current Sunday is that on it we are more tolerant, if not more indulgent, of ourselves. Not so much a letting go as a letting up is involved. For some it takes the form of lying abed, for others of getting out: on tennis courts, ski slopes, lakes, and links. The most disciplined man I know used to allow himself to take Sunday morning off for reading, with no motive but pleasure. Pace everywhere slackens. In cities in summer, older couples seek the beach; younger couples—because both parties work during the week—seek the laundromats. Such rhythm as the day has is barely perceptible. At their best, Sundays are hibernant, digressive, restorative. William James somewhere speaks of the dues that are owed to oneself, the small change of self-indulgence that is necessary to each of us if we are to achieve mental equilibrium, and Sunday seems the day on which these dues are best paid.

One of the chief ways of paying them has been through sport, which, in our time, has grown much more popular through democratization. Such sports as golf and tennis, once almost exclusively the Sunday pastimes of those who could afford to belong to a country club, are now played without bar by anyone who is interested. Something similar can be said of the more exotic—and more costly—sports of skiing and sailing. To walk through large American sporting goods stores—open, almost all of them, on Sunday—is to realize afresh what a wealthy country we are. Apart from the essentially boyish sports of baseball, football, basketball, and hockey, one finds in these stores rifles and rafts, tennis and jogging clothes, 10-speed bicycles, equipment for court sports of all sorts, darts and Frisbees and soccer balls and Ping-Pong tables, and scores of models of different kinds of sneakers. An up-to-date theory of the leisure class in the United States would very nearly have to be a sociological study of the nation, for we are almost all leisure class now.

This is not to speak of more strictly spectator sports, which remain by and large a masculine preoccupation and which can take up a good part of Sunday in almost any season. Going to ball games—football or baseball, major or minor league—has long been an established Sunday outing, as has listening to them over the radio been a traditional Sunday afternoon activity (lapsing, in my experience, into another traditional Sunday afternoon activity: the nap). But with television

this has changed, and radically. Viewing sports can now easily fill the day. Not one but two or three pro football games are offered in the autumn and winter; in spring and summer, golf follows baseball or tennis as night follows day. This past baseball season one of the divisional play-off games was played on a Sunday night. The motive was clearly commercial—it was scheduled so as not to lose any serious portion of the audience to the pro football games also broadcast on Sunday afternoons—but the break with tradition was complete.

Deeper as well as more general changes have been at work altering the nature of the traditional American Sunday. Not least among these changes has been the gradual, but by now thorough, evolution of American work patterns. For one thing, over roughly the past two decades the American work week has largely gone from a six- to a five-day week; for another, more women, especially wives, have gone to work out in the world. From these two changes all sorts of others have followed.

With two days free, rather than one, the specialness of Sunday has been somewhat diluted. The weekend, in this new scheme of things, looms larger than the Sabbath. With two days off one can make plans, invest enterprise in leisure. Hitting the road in one's recreational vehicle ("reck-veek," as they are not very happily called), taking off for a skiing, tennis, or gambling weekend, retreating to one's country cottage—things once only possible to the privileged—are now more widely accessible to the multitudes. As Sunday was once an at-home day, the weekend now frequently provides the reverse possibility: a chance to get away from home.

With more women working at jobs, the weekend, and Sunday as part of it, belongs fully as much to them as to men. When only the men in the household worked, in many homes Sundays were devoted to the ease of men, the breadwinners. For obvious reasons this is no longer so. In how many homes in America is Sunday dinner still the serious event it once was? (In England, more than two centuries ago, Dean Swift complained: "That Luxury and Excess men usually practise upon this Day . . . dividing the time between God and their Bellies, when, after a gluttonous meal, their senses dozed and stupefied, they retire to God's House to sleep out the Afternoon.") Now, working themselves, women can no longer fairly be charged with the responsibility for an elaborate Sunday meal. Two breadwinners in

the home has meant, increasingly, sandwiches.

Along with the Sunday dinner, another Sunday institution that appears to have gone by the boards—one that my own generation, now in its forties, may be the last to remember—is the Sunday drive. The idea of a drive as a pleasure in and of itself now seems rather bizarre. Unless one lives in certain attractive rural sections of the country, whatever can be the point of a Sunday drive, for whatever is there to see? Apart from convenience, no delights are to be found on the freeways, nor any surprises on the franchise-lined Ventura Boulevards of our nation. Since freeways did not then exist, as often as not one used to drive through the city. Although the purpose of the Sunday drive was more lighthearted—its purpose was, simply, a family outing—one of its side benefits was a lesson in sociology, for as one drove through neighborhoods both richer and poorer than one's own, one saw how the other half, or (in the case of middle-class families like my own) the other two halves, lived.

The Sunday drive usually had no greater goal than a longish ride for an ice-cream soda or sundae. Sometimes, though, its destination would be the cemetery. But more often it would be a visit with cousins living in another part of the city. Customs that nowadays seem almost quaint accompanied these visits—bringing along a box of chocolates to the living or planting flowers on the graves of the dead. Visits to the cemetery perplexed and bored me, for death is, I think, perplexing and boring generally to the young. Visits to living relatives I found a pleasure; I had a number of cousins of my age almost all of whom I adored. Death, relocation, estrangement have, over the decades since those days, taken their toll, and I no longer see these cousins. Were I to set out on a Sunday drive today, I am not at all sure in which direction I would head.

Sunday may indeed be fun day, as a commercial for a schlock clothing store in the Middle West has it, but not so long ago it used to be, for better or worse, family day all over America. Nearly everything about it seemed to be organized around the family, and around an extended family at that: children, cousins, bachelor uncles, widowed aunts, grandparents. I say "for better or worse" because many people find it worse. So much family seems to them suffocating, sordid,

(continued on back cover)

reading recommended by the book committee

humanities

GUY A. CARDWELL, ROBERT B. HEILMAN,
FREDERICK J. CROSSON

social sciences

EARL W. COUNT, RICHARD BEALE DAVIS,
LEONARD W. DOOB, ANDREW GYORGY,
MADELINE R. ROBINTON, VICTORIA SCHUCK,
JAMES C. STONE, ELLIOT ZUPNICK

natural sciences

RUSSELL B. STEVENS, RONALD CEBALLE

GUY A. CARDWELL

The Formal Method in Literary Scholarship: A Critical Introduction to Sociological Poetics. P. N. Medvedev and M. M. Bakhtin. Trans. Albert J. Wehrle. Johns Hopkins. \$12.50.

The Psychology of Art. L. S. Vygotsky. MIT. \$15.95.

A Theory of Literary Production. Pierre Macherey. Trans. Geoffrey Wall. Routledge & Kegan Paul. \$19.75.

The Genesis of Secrecy: On Interpretation of Narrative. Frank Kermode. Harvard. \$10.

Hermeneutics and Social Science.

Zygmunt Bauman. Columbia. \$15.

Varieties of Interpretation. Joseph Anthony Mazzeo. Notre Dame. \$13.95.

Writing and Difference. Jacques Derrida. Chicago. \$20.

Making Sense of Literature. John Reichart. Chicago. \$10.50.

In addition to developing in volume and complexity, theory of literature has widened and deepened its associations (as with philosophy, psychology, linguistics, sociology, politics, and economics). New Criticism and myth-criticism slowly deliquesce; Marxist theory has achieved new sophistication; structuralism has arrived (and perhaps departed); hermeneutics has been resuscitated and refurbished. Authorities new to most American readers are regularly cited: Husserl, Heidegger, Barthes, Jakobson, Bachelard, Ricoeur, Gadamer, Eco, and Foucault. The novice who merely dips into one of the books listed above may be baffled; but each volume mentioned is highly influential, profound, brilliant, or controversial—and sometimes all at once. Read in combination they would lay a groundwork for understanding recent approaches to the study of literature.

The Times Atlas of World History. Ed. Geoffrey Barraclough. Hammond. \$60. An informative masterpiece, both textually and graphically. Reasonably priced.

The Oxford Companion to Spanish Literature. Philip Ward. Oxford. \$27.50. Spanning the period from Roman Spain to 1977, treating schools, styles, and writers of all kinds. Indispensable.

Gaudete. Ted Hughes. Harper & Row. \$10. Energy and a vehement imagination mark this poetic myth of a changeling clergyman who seeks to beget a new Messiah in a quiet English community.

Mirabell: Books of Number. James Merrill. Atheneum. \$10.95.

Puzzling issues are raised by this long, Ouija-board-inspired, witty, scientifically oriented, frequently autobiographical poem by a cosmopolitan American.

Bernard Berenson: The Making of a Connoisseur. Ernest Samuels. Harvard. \$15. "B. B.," the master student (in this century) of Italian Renaissance painting, has influenced the opinions and tastes of great art historians and important collectors. Samuels presents a richly detailed account of his life, ideas, and associations and also manages to instruct us in connoisseurship.

Modern Art, 1890–1918. Jean Clay. Vendôme Press; distrib. Viking. \$45. Very much from the French perspective. The text is useful; the illustrations are splendid.

Hieronymus Bosch: His Picture Writing Deciphered. D. Bax. Abner Schram. \$65. An erudite decoding of Bosch's art by referring to language, literature, art, and folklore.

An Illustrated Encyclopaedia of Traditional Symbols. J. C. Cooper. Thames & Hudson. \$14.95. For reference, but fascinating as intermittent reading.

Jorge Luis Borges: A Literary Biography. Emir Rodriguez Monegal. Dutton. \$19.95. Sympathetic, intimate, and informed. Places the life of this most-discussed, most-imitated of modern Latin American writers into the context of the writings, the writings into the life.

JAMES C. STONE

Classroom Management. 78th Yearbook of the National Society for the Study of Education, Part 2. Ed. Daniel Duke. Chicago. \$13. The perennial and troublesome problem of classroom discipline is systematically covered. This is a valuable research reference for scholars and scholars-to-be.

From Brown to Bakke. J. Harvie Wilkinson III. Oxford. \$13.95. This is a comprehensive look at the history of attempts to integrate education and a look at America's perpetual race problem. The book focuses on the decisions the Supreme Court has made from the Brown to the Bakke case.

White Teacher. Vivian Gussin Paley. Harvard. \$8.95. This is a personal account of the author's experiences in teaching kindergarten in an integrated school within a predomi-

nantly white, middle-class neighborhood. It records the author's strong advocacy of integrated education.

Early Language. Peter A. and Jill G. de Villiers. Harvard. \$7.95. Best characterized as a lucid and entertaining account of the child's linguistic journey. The authors describe how language acquisition happens as well as discuss various physical and intellectual constraints upon learning.

Women and Schooling. Rosemary Deem. Routledge & Kegan Paul. \$15; p. \$6. By examining the progress and problems of educating women in Britain, the author presents evidence to support the view that women are discriminated against in educational systems of capitalistic societies. Particular attention is paid to the position of women in the sexual division of labor as wives, mothers, and domestic laborers.

Schooled to Order. David Nasaw. Oxford. \$13.95. This book lays bare the foundations of the current crisis in public education. It records the systematic development of American educational institutions, from grade school to the university, as the system has responded to socioeconomic pressures.

The Education of the Gifted and the Talented. 78th Yearbook of the National Society for the Study of Education, Part 1. Ed. A. Harry Passow. Chicago. \$14. A thorough, timely, and scholarly treatment of a most important aspect of education. Statewide, community-based, and parent-involved programs, for children and adults, are discussed, as are special education programs and programs for culturally different gifted children.

Learning Lessons. Hugh Mehan. Harvard. \$15. How students learn to cope with the school environment, "to master the system," is what this book effectively addresses. The ethnographic analysis is based on videotaped observations of elementary school children.

Beyond Bias: Perspectives on Classrooms. Jean V. Carew and Sara Lawrence Lightfoot. Harvard. \$15. This is a thoughtful study of life in four different classrooms and of how teachers use the resources of time, space, energy, and emotion.

Paradoxes of Education in a Republic. Eva T. H. Brann. Chicago. \$12.95. The current problems of public education are deeply rooted. The author incisively treats and traces three paradoxes—utility, tradition, and rationality—and presents her own unique proposals for resolving the dilemmas.

MADELINE R. ROBINTON

The Watershed of Two Eras: Europe in 1900. Jan Romein. Trans. Arnold J. Pomerans. Wesleyan. \$25. This volume of almost 800 pages is a translation of a posthumous work by a distinguished Dutch historian published

in 1967. For twenty years prior to that, his work had attracted attention in historical circles in this country. A liberal heterodox Marxist, expelled from the Dutch Communist Party and excommunicated by the Third International, he was only slowly accepted by the academics.

This synthesis of the transformation of the Western World at the turn of the century is fascinating. Beginning each chapter with the year 1900, Romein looks backward and forward to reveal not only the changes in the relations between Europe and Asia, colonizers and colonials; internal changes in anarchism, socialism, trade unionism, nationalism, and chauvinism; the role of the state; the growth of industry and corporate finance; and the changing classes; but also the changes in art, letters, history, sociology, language, religion, science, and pseudo-science. Encyclopedic, provocative, and a marvelous backdrop illuminating the 1970s.

Muslim National Communism in the Soviet Union. A Revolutionary Strategy for the Colonial World. Alexandre A. Bennigsen and S. Enders Wimbush. Chicago. \$20.

Another historical study useful in understanding contemporary problems, but totally different in structure from Romein's work. This scholarly study concentrates on Moslems in the Soviet Union. It describes how the Moslem elites accepted Marxism and Communism and transformed the doctrine of the class struggle from the rise of the industrial proletariat against the capitalists into the struggle of the proletariat nations against the industrialized nations. Helpful in clarifying the background of the thinking and tactics of the Third World as well as the problems Russia faces with the rise of Moslem nationalism.

Medieval England. A Social History and Archaeology from the Conquest to A.D. 1600. Colin Platt. Scribner's. \$25. Using a chronological base, Platt skillfully integrates the finds of medieval archeology with the social history. The blend of excellent illustration and extensive use of local and specialized historical studies gives a new dimension to the period.

Religious Poverty and the Profit Economy in Medieval Europe. Lester K. Little. Cornell. \$27.50.

This is a study of the spiritual crisis in response to the growing materialism that developed in the eleventh and twelfth centuries with the rise of the profit economy. Little differentiates between those who avoided the problem by flight from it, the monks and the hermits, and those who confronted it, the heretics and the orthodox. In particular, the work of the friars in contributing to a new moral ethic, an "urban ideology," is studied.

The Magician, the Witch, and the Law. Edward Peters. Pennsylvania. \$15.95. Treating the same period, the Middle Ages, Peters adds a new element, that of magic. Distinguishing between heresy

and magic—often confused in the minds of contemporaries of that period—Peters traces the historical background of magic in the ancient and early Christian world, and its rhetorical treatment in contemporary literature. Literary, ecclesiastical, and legal sources reflect the growing hostility with the condemnation of the evil magician and of the role of the devil in the Twelfth Century Renaissance. Both secular and ecclesiastical courts become increasingly involved in its extirpation.

EARL W. COUNT

The Far North: 2000 Years of American Eskimo and Indian Art. H. B. Collins, Frederica de Laguna, Edmund Carpenter, and Peter Stone. Indiana. \$22.50; p. \$14.95. Those men and women are (were) indeed primitive—but strong-minded in an exacting physical and spiritual world. The powerful art statements from Juneau to Leningrad came together, if only briefly, at the National Gallery of Art. The expositors rise meritably to their challenge.

Man's Conquest of the Pacific: The Pre-history of Southeast Asia and Oceania. Peter Bellwood. Oxford. \$29.95.

A far-flung water-continent, with strikingly diverse insular oases, which peoples quite as diverse have overrun through centimillennia: it is amenable to nothing less than encyclopedic accounting. The physical geography and the fauna and flora are summed up efficiently. The installments of immigrating humans themselves remain speculative; their linguistic history, far less so; the archeology of cultural successions is essentially established. Ethnography takes hold, particularly with art and monument, canoes, tools. Unhappily, archeological and ethnographical endeavors are "endangered species": the enemy? the bulldozer.

Tibet, A Lost World: The Newark Museum Collection of Tibetan Art and Ethnography. Valrae Reynolds. Indiana and the American Federation of Arts. \$17.50.

These loftiest of all highlanders manifestly cannot but render art upon any kind of thing they finger. Their Buddhism gauntly overlays a gaunter animism, but the upshot is intricately ornate and esthetic. The curator of the museum offers views of that again-arcanic world and selects and comments helpfully upon some beautiful things of trust.

Letters from the Field, 1925-1975.

Margaret Mead. Harper & Row. \$12.95. Margaret Mead's tragic passing leaves us untimely bereft of an abiding greatness. Happily, this precious store had broken print—though barely—before the end came. Is there a counterpart anywhere? Here is a compacted gamut from a fresh-thinking youth to a womanly elderdom. The graceful writing bespeaks one increasing purpose: to search into man—all ages, both sexes—groping for new ways to catch insights that defy anticipation, ways that repeatedly have imbued the growing fabric of our discipline. Our image of man has the greater dignity for it. Let be whether Margaret was also a

great scientist; she was a great human being. Here rests her own unintended *apologia* and monument.

Man's Lot: A Trilogy. Walter Kaufmann. 160 pp. text and half-tones, 167 color photos. Reader's Digest Pr., McGraw-Hill, Visual Books. \$60.

The trilogy contains "Life at the Limits," "Time Is an Artist," and "What Is Man?" But why this book in this column? Any anthropologist, picking his/her way through this tremendous album, both sentient and sumptuous, must experience *déjà vu*. You, too, will have this sense, if, say, you have seen Bali through the eyes of Gregory Bateson or Margaret Mead, or the Family of Man through the eyes of Edward Steichen. The author is not an ethnographer; he is a scholar, philosopher, art connoisseur, poet (in German and in English). His photographs range over Australian, Levantine, Oriental, Hindu, and Bengali flesh and ancient Greek and Indian stone. His trilogy is a thesis. *We anthropologists* know keenly that every culture, primitive or advanced, must answer viably "what is man?" or perish; the individual must step it down to "who am I?" So here is a theme; its explication calls for an orchestra, and anthropology is still readying its instrument.

RONALD GEBALLE

The Physicists. Daniel J. Kevles. Knopf. As late as 1914 a member of a House appropriations subcommittee wondered, "What is a physicist? I was asked on the floor of the House what in the name of common sense a physicist is, and I could not answer." Kevles's book would have helped. It gives a history of physicists and their subject in a developing nation. Their attempt, continuous since the early days of the nation, to get attention, especially that of the federal government, ran up against blocks and prejudices time after time. The physicists' credo, that the best must be supported, was early perceived as elitist by a populist society. A "strict constructionist" reading of the Constitution found no authority for the support of science. The national propensity to adulate the inventor and the practical, even as late as the 1914 war, impeded efforts of scientists to gain an effective role in national affairs. During that war they succeeded with the development of sound-ranging equipment and techniques for use in the oceans and in the air, and gained the realization of at least one admiral that the advance of defense technology often required steps "in a sense backwards into the unexplored regions where fundamental physical truths and engineering data were concealed." The 1930s saw the transference of leadership in physics from Europe to the United States, and the Second World War saw the emergence of physics as an "establishment." The book explores the dynamics of this progression of their influence along a trajectory that inexorably led over a maximum, through a period of disfavor in the early 1970s, and into the uneasy present.

My Life. Recollections of a Nobel Prize Winner. Max Born. Scribner's. \$17.50.

First published in Germany, these recollections were written by Max Born for his family and have been edited for public distribution by his son Gustav. Born was a scientist and teacher of the first rank, the leader of the Göttingen group, who formulated, together with Bohr's school, the basic laws of quantum mechanics. Among his many contributions, the most distinctive was his interpretation of the wave function as a probability. Born's adherence to the view that nature is fundamentally probabilistic threw him into conflict with his good friend Einstein for the remainder of their lives. In addition to his stories of the development of quantum physics and of his relationships with the prominent physicists and mathematicians of the twentieth century, almost all of whom were his teachers, colleagues, or students, Born tells another, that of the life of a typical Jewish family of culture and means, who believed despite their awareness of the anti-Semitism about them that "they differed from their neighbors only in respect of [a] religion" that they almost completely rejected. Although much was left unsaid (Gustav writes, "These recollections give away little about my father's inner life"), Born did leave us a fascinating and valuable account of a long, complex, and important life.

General Relativity from A to B. Robert Geroch. Chicago. \$11.95.
This Einstein centennial year calls for an explanation of his great accomplishment for the benefit of persons with backgrounds lying outside of physics and mathematics. Here is a treatment that tells why the theory is needed by illustrating the inadequacies of the Aristotelian and Galilean views of space and time, and how clear thinking in simple, everyday terms about measuring space and time led to a deeper understanding of their nature. Only after careful preparation does Geroch reach the relation between space-time and gravitation. As an example, he offers a careful discussion of black holes. He concludes by confiding his real aim: to show that thinking about the physical world is not essentially different from thinking about anything else. His style is informal and clear; his pace is appropriately gentle. His book must be judged a success.

VICTORIA SCHUCK

Gritty Cities: A Second Look at Allentown, Bethlehem, Bridgeport, Hoboken, Lancaster, Norwich, Paterson, Reading, Trenton, Troy, Waterbury, Wilmington. Mary Procter and Bill Matuszeski. Temple. \$17.50.
Delightfully written essays and elegant photographs evocative of Iron, Silk, or Steel City. Here are portraits of manufacturing communities of the industrial revolution whose growth ceased sixty years ago. The authors' introduction provides a frame for understanding the past and the

ways these cities are handling modern-day urban issues.

Leadership. James MacGregor Burns. Harper & Row. \$15.
A masterly interdisciplinary study examining the phenomenon of leadership. The author's classification describes two categories: transactional leadership associated with western democracies, and transforming leadership associated with reform, revolution, and the intellectual. Burns dissociates leadership from power-holding and manipulation. He links leadership with followership and places emphasis on the "process of morality." For cross-cultural generalization, Burns relies on recent humanistic psychology. An important book.

The Lowell Offering: Writings by New England Mill Women (1840-1845). Ed. Benita Eisler. Lippincott. \$12.50.
An anthology of stories, essays, and letters selected from a literary magazine written by factory operatives in Lowell, Massachusetts. The pieces reveal boardinghouse life and the pathos, humor, and consumerism of young women recruited from New England farms who became the earliest female blue-collar class in America.

The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt. Edmund Morris. Coward McCann & Geoghegan. \$15.95.
A vivid, balanced biography of T.R. from 1858 to 1901, the year he became president. Copiously documented and engagingly written in a tempo to match the "high-speed activity" of the subject. The author's evidence points to Roosevelt's careers and theatrics not as discrete events but as manifestations of his aim to reach the presidency, going back to his teens.

Brooklyn U.S.A.: The Fourth Largest City in America. Ed. Rita Seiden Miller. Brooklyn College Press; distrib. Columbia. \$16.95.
A collection of 31 papers assembled from a symposium at Brooklyn College (1976) and presenting a socio-history from Indian settlements to recent industrial development. Not recommended for style but for comprehensive coverage of topics.

The Life of the Mind. Vol. I, Thinking. Vol. II, Willing. Hannah Arendt. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. Each vol. \$12.50.
The brilliant, provocative posthumous work of one of this century's noted political philosophers. Her planned trilogy probing the basic activities of the *vita contemplativa*, thinking, willing, and judging, remains incomplete because of her sudden death. In **Thinking and Willing**, taken essentially from her Gifford lectures at the University of Aberdeen, she explores the process, metaphor, and history of thinking and willing by explicating the writing of philosophers and theologians. "Judging" is a short appendix from lectures on Kant added to volume II by her editor, Mary McCarthy. Whatever the omissions and lack of cohesive argument, the fundamental questions addressed by Arendt will long continue to challenge the professional and nonprofessional.

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AAAH LAUNCHES FULL-SCALE OPERATIONS

A new organization, the American Association for the Advancement of the Humanities (AAAH), has established its headquarters in Washington, D.C.

The association seeks to support the work of humanists, to foster communication and cooperation among them, to promote public understanding of the humanities, and to increase the contribution of the humanities to American life. AAAH is a membership organization—the first of its kind—for humanists in every field. In January 1979 the association launched a membership drive and began regular publication of the *Humanities Report*.

The *Humanities Report*, the chief publication of the AAAH, is issued monthly and deals exclusively with the work and concerns of humanists. Topics covered in it include the humanities in community colleges, the effect upon libraries of changes in the Library of Congress cataloging system, pending congressional actions of consequence to humanists, and developments in humanistic scholarship and teaching.

Individual annual membership dues are \$25.00, and membership in the association carries with it a subscription to the *Humanities Report*, an invitation to the annual meeting, and the right to participate in the nomination and election of the board of directors. Institutional memberships for nonprofit organizations are \$100.00 per year and include mailings of the *Humanities Report* to four designated recipients.

Officers and directors of the association are James M. Banner, Jr. (chair-

man); Theodore K. Rabb, Princeton University (secretary-treasurer); Daniel Callahan, Institute of Society, Ethics and the Life Sciences; Martha E. Church, Hood College; Louise George Clubb, University of California, Berkeley; Leslie Koltai, Los Angeles Community College District; Edmund D. Pellegrino, Catholic University of America; John W. Shumaker, State University of New York at Albany; and Robert Wedgeworth, American Library Association.

Further information about the association can be obtained from its offices at 918 16th Street, N.W. (Suite 601), Washington, D.C. 20006, phone (202) 293-5800.

FOUNDING OF JASNA ANNOUNCED

Since it is not always possible for Americans and Canadians to travel to Chawton, in England, three Janeites have decided to found the Jane Austen Society of North America (JASNA).

Founders J. David Grey, Henry Gershon Burke, and Joan Mason Hurley (nee Joan Austen-Leigh) plan to hold the first meeting of JASNA on October 5, 1979, at the Players, Gramercy Park, New York City. Professor A. Walton Litz (Princeton University) and Professor Donald Greene (University of Southern California) will address the group.

Anyone who is interested in joining is invited to do so. Membership fees are \$3.00 for the first year or \$5.00 for two years (checks made payable to JASNA) and should be sent to J. David Grey, Manhattan Plaza, Apt. 44M, 400 West 43 Street, New York, New York 10036. An annual newsletter and details of the October meeting will go to each member.

SIBLEY AWARD

(continued from page one)

doctorate except the dissertation. They must be planning to devote full-time work to research during the fellowship year that begins September 1, 1980. Further information and application forms may be obtained by writing to the Mary Isabel Sibley Fellowship Committee, Phi Beta Kappa, 1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

SABBATH

(continued from page four)

oppressive in the extreme. When they hear the word Sunday, they reach for their blanket, so as to pull it over their heads; or for their telephones, so as to call their psychoanalysts. Yet it is those people without family who seem to yearn for it most. *Is family one of life's pleasures—peace and quiet are two others—that is most earnestly desired when it is absent, almost unbearable when one is immersed in it?*

I do not know if this is an emotion universally felt, but I have discovered that I am not alone in feeling what I have come to think of as "Sunday night *triste*," a feeling of the blues that comes upon me dependably each Sunday roughly at dusk. What does this tinge of sadness signify? Expectations disappointed? A yearning for a time now gone and not ever to be recaptured? Regret for the winding down of another week, during the course of which one achieved (yet again!) less than one had hoped? Sorrowful anticipation of still another week ahead? Or is it—more simply and more persuasively—sadness at the passing of Sunday itself, one of life's minor pleasures that is now once again no less than a full six days off?



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