

the **KEY** reporter

volume xxxi • number three • spring 1966

Nine Visiting Scholars Appointed For 1966-67

Nine distinguished scholars have accepted appointment as Phi Beta Kappa Visiting Scholars for the college year 1966-67. This will mark the tenth year of the program, which was established in 1956 to give undergraduates a chance to meet and talk to outstanding scholars who are also noted teachers. In the first year five Scholars went to twenty-six institutions. This year the nine Scholars will visit approximately seventy-five colleges and universities. Each Scholar will spend two or three days at each of the institutions he visits. While there, he will take part in classroom and seminar discussions, meet informally with students and faculty, and give at least one address open to the entire academic community.

The nine Visiting Scholars who will take part in the program are:

• **William J. Darby, M.D.**

Dr. Darby is head of the Department of Biochemistry and director of the Division of Nutrition at Vanderbilt University School of Medicine. He is co-author of *Nutrition and Diet in Health and Disease* and has published over 100 reports of original research.

• **Lamar Dodd**

Mr. Dodd is head of the Department of Art and chairman of the Division of Fine Arts at the University of Georgia. His paintings have won major awards and

purchase prizes and he is represented in the permanent collections of many art museums and galleries, including the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Whitney Museum of Art.

• **Laurence M. Gould**

President emeritus of Carleton College, Mr. Gould is now professor of geology at the University of Arizona. He was director of the U. S. Antarctic Program for the International Geophysical Year, 1957-58, and has made numerous field trips to the polar regions.

• **Albert J. Guerard**

Former member of the Harvard University faculty, Mr. Guerard is professor of English at Stanford University. He has published critical studies on Thomas Hardy, Joseph Conrad, and Andre Gide and he has also written several novels, including *The Hunted* and *The Bystander*.

• **Juan López-Morillas**

Mr. López-Morillas is chairman of the Department of Spanish and Italian at Brown University. He is the author of *El krausismo español, Intelectuales y espirituales*, and of numerous articles on modern Spanish literature and Spanish intellectual history.

• **Otto Luening**

Composer, conductor, and flutist, Mr. Luening is co-director of the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center. He

has served as guest conductor and advisor to numerous orchestras and musical groups and his compositions in various musical forms have been played by many prominent American and foreign symphony orchestras.

• **Dumas Malone**

Former professor of history at Yale and Columbia Universities and the University of Virginia, Mr. Malone is now working on the fourth volume of a projected five volume work entitled *Jefferson and His Time*. He has served as editor-in-chief of the *Dictionary of American Biography* and as director of the Harvard University Press.

• **William C. Steere**

Director of the New York Botanical Garden since 1958, Mr. Steere is also *ex officio* professor of botany at Columbia University. He has conducted extensive taxonomic and cytological research in the geographical distribution of bryophytes. His field work includes several years in tropical North and South America, and several seasons in the Arctic areas.

• **Robert Wauchope**

Mr. Wauchope is director of the Middle American Research Institute and professor of anthropology at Tulane University. He has directed and participated in numerous ethnographic and archaeological surveys in Guatemala, Mexico, New Mexico, and the Southeastern United States. He is the author of many books, including *Lost Tribes and Sunken Continents* and *They Found the Buried Cities*.

1966 SIBLEY FELLOWSHIP AWARD

Mary Ann Ignatius, instructor in French at Mills College, has been awarded the 1966 Mary Isabel Sibley Fellowship in French. Miss Ignatius plans to use her \$5,000 fellowship to complete a study at the University of Nice on the obsession with evil in the novels of Julian Green. The study will be submitted as her thesis for the doctorat d'université at Nice and after it has been rewritten in English, it

will be presented as her doctoral dissertation at Stanford University.

The new Sibley Fellow, whose home is in Cincinnati, Ohio, received her B.A. at Miami University in 1959 and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa that same year by the Iota of Ohio. A Fulbright Fellowship enabled her to study for a year at the Université de Strasbourg, after which she re-

ceived her M.A. in French literature and linguistics from Stanford in 1963. She spent the summers of 1961 and 1962 at the University of Bucharest.

Miss Ignatius is the eighteenth woman to receive the Mary Isabel Sibley Fellowship, which was established in 1939 with funds bequeathed to the Society by Miss Isa-

(Please turn to page seven)

Turbulence In The Humanities

by WILLIAM ARROWSMITH

For years the conviction has been growing upon me that our scholarship and criticism and humanistic education generally have failed to capture something in literature which I once chose to call "turbulence". Looking back now, it is clear to me that "turbulence" was simply a name for the distance I felt between reading a work of art—*Antigone*, say—and the counterpart of that play which I encountered in criticism and translation. There was all too often a great gulf, and the difference could not be wholly ascribed to the fact that the play was in some sense experienced and the criticism in some sense an account of an experience—a story of imaginative life. Great critics have the power of suggesting the experience of the original in the way they speak of it, in the complexity and passion and even poetry of their account; but the gulf I felt was greater than that, and the difference did not seem to be merely that the work could not be wholly paraphrased in the critical reading. A critical reading, after all, can never *be* the work it criticizes; nor did I expect this. Something had been inexplicably lost, something that criticism and scholarship did not *have* to lose, and something which translation could not afford to lose without losing everything. This was how I put it some years ago, in a crude programmatic proposal to restore turbulence to the criticism of Greek tragedy:

What I want to restore to tragedy is a sense, a feel, a look of significantly lived experience, particular before being general, the turbulence of the *actual disorder of experience* as it moves on to become part of the dramatist's final order; to restore depth and passion to the terms of experience; to show how values burgeon out of structure and plot; to know again why the plot is the "soul of the play" and not its skeleton; to see that any character in a play who lives and uses his passion is prior to anything he may stand for; to refresh the simplicity of reason through the complexity of passion, not the other way around: this is a part of what I mean by turbulence. . . . It is my conviction that the criticism of Greek tragedy, too heavily committed to the criteria of orderly reason and the rhetoric of intelligence, has dehumanized its characters by cutting them off from the condition in relation to which they win their meaning. The hero, cut off by an inadequate criticism from the actual anguish of his condition, loses his reality and therefore his meaning.

There is very little in that programme that I would change, but there is much that I would add. For the moment I want merely to underline the words *the actual disorder of experience*. *Turbulence* as the dictionary defines it is: *disorder, commotion, disturbance, agitation*. In short, a muddy, turbid idea. This emphasis of mine on troublesomeness in literature was perhaps in part polemical. I was dealing, after all, with Greek literature, and in Greek literature those who speak for *disorder* have their work cut out for them, so completely have preconceptions of clarity clouded the minds of classical scholars. But the point is a simple one, permanent and crucial. Any large, spacious or generous sense of artistic order will contain a correspondingly spacious chaos: you can only tell the degree of order achieved by the degree of chaos it contains. So too, great illuminations, great lights, are measured by the darkness they dispel; great self-control must mean great passion. This perception, of course, is Nietzsche's pio-

neering insight in *The Birth of Tragedy* (a book which has seldom found much favor with classical scholars who think of themselves as latter-day priests of Apollo). The insight: the glittering, imaginative, orderly structures of the Apollonian world are all sustained, enabled, by the Dionysiac disorder beneath them. So it seemed to me with Greek tragedy, where I was concerned to point out the steady losses that had been incurred through the implacable allegiance of most classicists to an extremely cramped and cramping sense of order. What we want to do, after all, is not to valorize the irrational—and let me say that I do not regard myself as a latter-day priest of Dionysus—but to recover that broad band in the spectrum of reality without which order is deprived of true orderliness because deprived of the disorder it must, for order's sake, contain.

And basically that band is identical with what I call turbulence: *disorder, trouble, commotion*; the *mysterious, the sacred, the irreducibly unreasonable* and unintelligible event; the Dionysiac energy for which we cannot account or pre- scribe. There was a time, I think, when turbulence would also have included what the Freudians call the "unconscious" and the Jungians the "collective unconscious". But one of the odd results of modern psychoanalytical theory is that the jungle of the unconscious is now, in vulgarized accounts, a well-charted map, showing all the contours and peaks of behavior once considered irrational. Granted, very few of these maps agree—and some are totally and turbulently at odds—but the fact remains that the realm of the unconscious has been deciphered and rationalized to such a degree that it is now popularly a part of what we call purposive and intelligible behavior. "Ah yes," we think, "there goes poor old Jones with his damn Oedipal problems again", thereby reducing Jones to a state of utter Dionysiac frustration, and forcing him to protest with some form of behavioral backlash—which then turns out to be predictable also. More and more, it seems to me, our lives and studies are being usurped by Apollonian madmen—mad rationalists whose hunger for death is demonstrated in their daily attempt to show that Dionysus is *not* the colleague but the slave of Apollo, and that dead order is all. In psychology and political science we know that systematic repression in the name of killing discipline and social order often lead to savage outbursts of uncontrollable behavior. The work of art cannot of course rebel or protest; it can only die, just as it has died for so many students, being daily strangled to death in the classroom or dissected in the learned journals. In saying this I am not in the least trying to say that literature is destroyed by analysis. Great literature is tough and can take a good deal of analytical beating; but I doubt it can survive the unspoken but adamant conviction of critics and scholars that whatever in the work cannot be rammed into the categories their reason invents is either worthless excrescence or evidence of the author's bungling.

The writer after all is, or was once, a man; he *lived* and his experience of life is composed of both turbulence and order; if he is like the rest of us, of far more turbulence than order. Granted that it is precisely the intolerability of sustained daily turbulence that drives him to create order—to find peace in a

poem—to impose order on chaos; but if he is a great or a skilled artist, he knows that the turbulence is to be *resolved*, not reduced; the chaos is to be *controlled* and not suffocated or strangled by order. In this lies, I think, one of the crucial differences between major and minor writers: the major writer understands almost instinctively that the condition of vivid order in a work is prior vivid disorder; that turbulence is the dominant texture of life, and his work will be damaged if he denies it and enlarged if he sustains it. The turbulence, that is, may be part of the writer's conscious artistic purpose, or it may be uncontrollable experience in himself, finding form in ways he never expected. And both kinds of turbulence are, or should be, matched by corresponding turbulences in the reader, scholar, or critic. Turbulence speaks to turbulence, order speaks to order, even across two millenia.

It is this recognition and understanding of turbulence as an integral part of all great literature that our scholarship and criticism seems to be forgetting and which I want to recover. Scholarship and criticism, no less than art, are responsible for both turbulence and order. If the scholar or critic chooses to say that his business is discursive order, and that turbulence is something which is proper to the work and which cannot be separated from it, that is his privilege. What he must *not* do is to insist upon order to such a degree that he leaves turbulence no breathing-space, for by so doing he destroys all hope of order. And it is precisely this that we have been doing, above all in what particularly concerns me, and I hope also concerns you. For the classics are my business, but they are our best past, and therefore they may tell us something of the size of our future, if we care to listen.

Generalities enough. Consider several examples of what might be called conscious or purposive turbulence, in an author who is rarely suspected of anything except effortless, mindless, classical lucidity and order—I mean Sophocles.

In critical and scholarly discussion of Sophocles' *Antigone*, it is almost invariably said or assumed that Antigone "stands for" the individual's intuition of a higher law, as opposed to Creon who "stands for" the laws of the state. Both characters are usually seen in such rigidly static form, endowed with their principles from the beginning; indeed, it is often assumed that they are inseparable from their principles, that Antigone *incarnates* not only the principle of individual, familial law, but also its rightness, and that Creon correspondingly incarnates his principle as well as its folly. What has generally gone unnoticed is the crucial dramatic process whereby these two characters gradually *become* their principles, and lose their identities as they merge with their own embattled words. They harden, in short, into something they were not originally: under mutual stress, opposition, egotism, spite, defiance, and finally hatred, Creon and Antigone reach the point where their conflict threatens to undo everything for which they customarily act. It is no mere coincidence, after all, that Creon who acts for the state ends up *aphilos*—without family; and that Antigone, who acts for *philia*, from familial love, ends up *apolis*—without a city—or as she says, a *peregrine*, . . . an outcast between two worlds, an outcast belonging to neither. This is what they have done to each other; this is what, dramatically, they have become, the fate they jointly create. This process of becoming—of things unclear, unshaped, inchoate reaching stark and terrible clarity of form—is *par excellence* dramatic and a true model of that turbulence of which I am speaking.

Sophocles' play is of an extraordinary complexity, and a central theme of it is that theme which has made the play famous

—the terrible creative clash between the exponents of two kinds of law and two kinds of god. But this is only a part of its meaning. Sophocles is also telling us about how "principles" are made and how sustained—from wounded vanity, obscure promptings, affections, slights, and hatred. He is telling us how turbulence is metamorphosed into order, even killing order. We witness a process whereby instinctive or inarticulate reflexes become principles and rationalized; and then we see how these rationalized principles distort and even destroy the instinctive feelings from which they spring. Among other things this is a play about the damage done by public words—words that cannot be retracted precisely because they are public and their speaker has laid his life and reputation on the line. What we have is not merely character creating or improvising great principle, but also characters caught in, and shaped by, the fateful grip of principles. Here, in short, is turbulence—the fundamental disorder of experience—sheer, obstinate, combative, troublesome, selfish, assertive, compulsive human nature, improvising what is *wonderful* in man from what is *dangerous* in him, and vice versa. *Polla ta deina*, sings the chorus of *Antigone* in one of the great choral odes of Greek drama—"Many things are wonderful-terrible, but nothing is more wonderful-terrible than man." Great heroism feeds on the turbulent energies of great selfishness, great turbulence. If the Sophoclean hero had self-knowledge in the first place, he would never have had to become a hero. He could not have become a hero.

Neither Antigone nor Oedipus nor Heracles knows himself. This is what all their agony is about. The turbulence of their natures aspires to discover a limit in the hope of somehow finding definition, form, finality, peace. When they find the form they need, when they have pushed themselves to the limit—dangerously beyond the range of most men, greatly into the sphere of god—their heroic days are over, their turbulence stilled. Heroism ends in loneliness and death. The hero's tragic trajectory always takes him beyond human company and human comprehension; his passion, until sealed by death, overturns established order with sudden chaos, and seems to the chorus wanton and dangerous. The hero himself understands no better than the chorus what has happened. *His* death enlightens *them*. "Wisdom, wisdom," says the chorus at the close, perhaps glimpsing in the hero's death what the hero only rarely understands—what all the agony is finally for and out of what chaotic and seemingly selfish behavior a great beauty and order are born.

Another example. Good symbols are good according to the degree of turbulence they carry or suggest. A symbol without turbulence is a dead letter, a construct; it lacks the crucial *mana*, the mystery. You use a symbol because you mean more than you can say: good symbolists are all good animists. They see divinity in simple things. It was this way with the ancient world generally, which never quite outgrew its sense of circumambient divinity, of radiantly natural objects, of *mana* and *tabu*. This is why moderns, who lack that ancient sense, tend to misunderstand the energy and presence and turbulence of much classical symbolism.

I have heard it said, for instance, that Philoctetes was a man of *hybris* because he ventured into a sacred place and was bitten on the foot by a snake; hence his incurable wound. This is to misunderstand the story; it is like supposing that Aphrodite's favors to Paris in the *Iliad* explain his success with Helen, rather than seeing that Paris' success with Helen and women generally is so extraordinary that it requires a goddess to explain it. Aphrodite is not Paris' cause, but his epithet or predicate, a description of what he *is*. She attends him wherever he goes. It is like this with Philoctetes' foot.

The story of the snakebite is not the story of *how* Philoctetes acquired his famous wound, but rather a symbolic account, in temporal sequence, of what Philoctetes *is*. He is the sort of man who invades a sacred shrine—who aspires to divinity—but who is always pulled down and back by his festering foot—his incurable animal nature. In short, he is Sophoclean man, torn and tormented by his double nature, half god and half brute, the aspiring animal.

If Philoctetes symbolically represents man's condition in naked and natural state, the rest of the play widens the symbolism even further. This is done by a simple but effective transformation of the symbolism. Sophocles first shows us Philoctetes' existential condition;—he then shows us that Philoctetes' social condition corresponds exactly to his existential condition. Matching the festering foot is the figure of Odysseus, the brutal agent of a brutal and inhuman society—*homo homini lupus*. And what Philoctetes is threatened with in his lonely life on Lemnos he is now threatened with by his own kind—a man threatened by men with becoming less than a man. If the wolf Odysseus is the counterpart of Philoctetes' wound, the demigod Heracles corresponds to the god-given, saving, Olympian bow. It is the same with the young Neoptolemus—a neophyte hero and a Philoctetes-to-be. He stands there in tormented doubt, flanked on one side by the brutal Odysseus, and on the other by the pitiful figure of Philoctetes. And Neoptolemus too, like Philoctetes earlier, is torn between the poles of *his* nature as he holds Philoctetes' fate in his hands. Will he choose to be beast or god, enemy or friend? His decision for friend and god is decisive for the play, for Philoctetes, and for Sophoclean man. And Heracles appears at the close of the play to bid Philoctetes go to Troy and re-join society, not because Sophocles wanted a positive ending, but because Philoctetes' very nature—his humanity and love—requires Heracles to appear, just as Philoctetes' intolerable sufferings *almost* prevent Heracles from appearing. It is a perilous victory that Sophocles intends here, a bare victory, perhaps little more than a hope, but it is a hope in the deepest possible relation to the turbulence created. Philoctetes goes to Troy because Neoptolemus' sympathy and fellow-love prove that human society is finally a possibility, a project for hope. Only a very great man could have gone to Troy in such circumstances, given such experience. Only a very great poet could have written such a play or wrestled such immense turbulence—all of man's agony of condition and social desperation—into this kind of order. The order is just barely large enough to contain the disorder the play shows us. In some sense it is not order at all, but an image of man's most desperate bravery—trying to be moral in a world which offers no evidence of cosmic morality or meaning. Such is a man's conviction of corrosive evil, deceit, malice, and hypocrisy in men, and his distrust of himself as he grows older that he sometimes stands in danger of losing his best bravery, of being less than man. Heracles in this play is, I think, less divine intervention than a projection of what is noblest and most divine in Philoctetes. It is hard at times, Sophocles seems to be saying, to go on living; it takes a hero to go on living well. Great men suffer greatly in order to make their lives declare divinity. The cost of that divinity is measured by the turbulence—the animal anguish and disorder—against which, and out of which, divinity appears, all that vileness metamorphosed into god.

These are my examples of the turbulence to which I believe a humanistic and larger-minded scholarship and criticism are finally responsible. This responsibility, as I have said, is not presently accepted or even acknowledged in classical studies. A century of emphasis upon facts—upon the cult of the "objective" fact, *any* fact—and a corresponding

distrust of statements that cannot be verified, have expelled the excitement and greatness. . . . Classicists as a profession distrust the imagination and the majority of them seem to dislike or misunderstand literature. The worst positivists I know, I confess with shame, are in my own profession. But my purpose is not to make a professional harangue. I want merely to point out that if classicists and humanists generally do not have the courage or the desire to make statements about things that cannot be proven; if humanists do not have the courage to speak for the imagination and the humanistic intelligence (which means, among other things, making intelligent statements about value), then they are not humanists at all, but merely technicians of dead and living languages.

By expelling turbulence, we not only mishandle a work of art; we cut ourselves off from access to *what the classics might teach us* if we were willing to listen, and take only what we want to hear, which is seldom much. In the classics we have a repertory of human skills that have constantly refreshed Western culture—one thinks of the Renaissance, or the influence of Aristotle in the Middle Ages—and anything that diminishes that repertory involves us in major cultural loss. We need to know *what we do not know or have forgotten*, and the classics, as well as all our major literature, have been our perennial store. The dignity of the Classics does not lie, as our Humanities courses sometimes imply, in explaining *how* we came to be ourselves, (though it is useful to know such things), but in telling us what we *might be*, how we might surpass ourselves. They are not only history, but challenge too. And the essential part of their power is both their likeness to us and their difference—they instruct us in the range of our humanity, and remind us of what we might otherwise choose to forget, or have already forgotten. We need them for the sake of *life*, for disorder in times of excessive, compulsive, conformist order—as now; for an image of large and liberating humane order in times of immense turbulence—as now.

What is required to achieve this is a sense of scholarship—and also a craft of translation—capable both of hearing what the classics say and also remaining loyal to ourselves. At present scholarship still pretends to be the "objective," impartial, dispassionate record of the past; it is apparently proudest when it has achieved the maximum impersonality, when it thinks it has neutralized the present and the "subjective" voice. Dispassion is doubtless important; it helps one to hear. But it is also a form of deafness, a stethoscope which hears whispers but cannot register thunder. By pretending to annihilate the present and the subjective observer, the scholar in the humanities has lost the only real measure of value he possesses—his own life, his own passion, his own turbulent present. Greek drama speaks now in a small and throttled way for the simple reason that nobody is listening with his whole mind. To listen with your whole mind means listening as a whole man, which is to say, with respect for the past and the dignity of its experience on its own terms, but also with passionate needs, with delight, with love, with values, with committed humanity, with the turbulent hope of becoming a better man. It is only because we are inescapably rooted in the present, and that we cannot escape subjectivity, that we can ever hope to understand the turbulence of other men who were no less rooted in their present than we in ours.

Does this mean that we should worship "subjectivity" in scholarship? No, merely that we rid ourselves of the absurd notion that the subjective is the source of all the ills of scholarship. Humanists, unlike scientists or social scientists, are irremediably involved in values; and all their values derive

(Please turn to back cover)



reading

recommended by the book committee

humanities

social sciences

natural sciences

GUY A. CARDWELL, JOHN COURNOS,
ROBERT B. HEILMAN, GEORGE N. SHUSTER
LEONARD W. DOOB, FREDERICK B. ARTZ,
LAWRENCE H. CHAMBERLAIN, NORMAN J. PADELFORD,
EARL W. COUNT, LAWRENCE A. CREMIN,
LOUIS C. HUNTER, ROY F. NICHOLS
MARSTON BATES, KIRTLEY F. MATHER

The Stages of Political Development. A. F. K. Organski. Knopf. \$5.75.

A seminal contribution to the study of comparative politics. The author favors an analysis polarized around the politics of primitive unification, industrialization, national welfare, and abundance, in place of the traditional emphasis on institutions and parties.

Affairs at State. Henry Serrano Villard. Crowell. \$5.95.

A career diplomat bemoans political influence in U.S. foreign affairs. Believing the nation would get better diplomacy if the professionals were left in charge, the author is critical of decisions made by political appointees who have the President's ear. Overtones of we-know-best.

The Atlantic Community: A Study in Unity and Disunity. Drew Middleton. McKay. \$5.95.

The Western Alliance: Its Status and Prospects. Edited by Edgar S. Furniss, Jr. Ohio State. \$4.75.

Men of Responsibility: A Memoir. Dirk U. Stikker. Harper & Row. \$7.95.

A trilogy relating to problems of NATO. *N. Y. Times* correspondent Middleton believes structural changes and a greater sense of equality are needed to reunify the alliance. Professor Furniss favors keeping NATO's structure flexible to accommodate differences, and thinks complex patterns of cooperation probably offer the best hope that nuclear war can be avoided. Former Secretary-General Stikker believes European unity can be achieved only within the larger canopy of Atlantic Community.

The United States and Latin American Wars, 1932-42. Bryce Wood. Columbia. \$12.50. A dedicated work of historical scholarship. The unhappy experiences with the Chaco war and the Leticia and Maranon disputes revealed weaknesses in U.S. policy and led to the constitution of the OAS. It is hoped the latter may lead to increased use of peaceful settlement procedures in the future.

MARSTON BATES

Man Adapting. René Dubos. Yale. \$10. René Dubos has written a monumental book on the nature of man and his environment and the relation of these to health and disease. He has many wise things to say, and he has summarized an immense amount of information on the biology of the human animal—material that should be of interest to everyone concerned with the state of our species.

Size and Cycle: An Essay on the Structure of Biology. John Tyler Bonner. Princeton. \$7.50.

Biologists tend to think in terms of the structure of adult organisms. John Bonner here takes as his unit of thinking the life cycle from egg to old age and death, looking at this in relation to size, complexity, genetic change and natural selection. The result is a thought-provoking book, of interest to anyone concerned with the structure of biological science.

Encyclopedia of the Life Sciences. Vol. 1: The Living Organism. Doubleday. \$9.95.

This is the first of an eight-volume series being translated from the French. The books

LAWRENCE A. CREMIN

The Emergence of the American University. Laurence R. Veysey. Chicago. \$10.

Social Sciences at Harvard, 1860-1920: From Inculcation to the Open Mind. Edited by Paul Buck. Harvard. \$6.95.

Two penetrating studies of the transformation of American higher education during the half-century following the Civil War. Professor Veysey divides his account into two parts, the first dealing with the principal conceptions of the late nineteenth-century university, the second dealing with the academic structure that came into being after 1890. His analysis of the presidential and professorial roles within that new structure is especially cogent. Professor Buck's volume is a collection of seminar papers, each exploring in detail the curricular evolution of a particular department at Harvard.

Adolescents and the Schools. James S. Coleman. Basic. \$4.50.

An effort to formulate strategies for nurturing personal "autonomy" in the schools, based on Professor Coleman's pioneering studies of adolescent subcultures. The recommendations are essentially Deweyan, though they depart significantly from what came to be known as "progressive education."

Voices in the Classroom: Public Schools and Public Attitudes. Peter Schrag. Beacon. \$5.95.

A lively report on schools and schooling, based on personal observations and interviews in the fall of 1964. "There is no American school system," Mr. Schrag concludes, "only a multitude of different systems, each with its own concerns, its own problems, its own needs and its own internal kind of perfection."

Protestant Strategies in Education. Robert W. Lynn. Association. \$2.50.

A trenchant review of traditional Protestant policies in education, together with a reexamination of such thorny problems as shared time, religious instruction in the public schools, and public support for denominational schools.

Toward a Theory of Instruction. Jerome S. Bruner. Harvard. \$3.95.

A series of urbane and imaginative essays that will do much to reestablish pedagogy as a subject of serious, systematic inquiry.

Religion and the Public Schools. Paul A. Freund and Robert Ulich. Harvard. \$2.50. A pair of incisive lectures on a cluster of legal and philosophical issues that have remained unresolved since the era of Horace Mann.

The Public School and the Private Vision: A Search for America in Education and Literature. Maxine Greene. Random House. \$1.95.

An intriguing excursion into nineteenth-century intellectual history that contrasts the optimistic visions of American life proffered by schoolmen, with the uncertainties of contemporary artists and writers.

The University in Transition. James A. Perkins. Princeton. \$2.95.

Proposals for maintaining a proper balance of teaching, research, and public service in the modern university.

NORMAN J. PADELFORD

Canada, The Uneasy Neighbor. Gerald Clark. McKay. \$6.50.

An excellent account of the dynamics of Canadian politics. Editor Clark (*Montreal Star*) discusses the stresses caused by separatist tendencies in Quebec and the Far West, the prosperity of the Prairie provinces, heavy U.S. investments, and the doubts occasioned by removal of the British presence. Given America's deep interest in the future of this vital, friendly neighbor, appreciation of its problems is a prerequisite to a closer working friendship.

Santo Domingo: Revolt of the Damned. Dan Kurzman. Putnam. \$5.95.

An on-the-spot report. The author believes the Johnson administration blundered in this case and will act with greater care in the future. His most troubling fear is that Washington basically mistrusts democracy in Latin America and wants to control its governments.

The Glass House: The United Nations in Action. James J. Wadsworth. Praeger. \$4.95.

From eight years experience at the U.N. Ambassador Wadsworth believes the U.N. is proving widely useful. He is moderately optimistic about the future to the point of thinking those in arrears may eventually pay up.

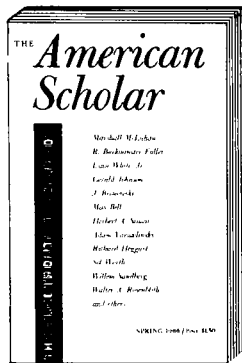
Africa's Search for Identity. Victor C. Ferriss. Braziller. \$6.50.

In seeking for a common identity, the author thinks Africa may be able to create a culture that is essentially European in material aspects, while African in its spiritual and social context; a socialism that is democratic, not repressive; and a democracy that is "communitarian" rather than individualistic. South Africa is seen posing the ultimate challenge to the search for self. A thoughtful analysis that adds understanding to the complexities of African politics.

an exciting special issue of
THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

R. Buckminster Fuller • J. Bronowski
Marshall McLuhan • Herbert A. Simon
Richard Hoggart • Willem Sandberg
are among the many contributors to this special spring issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, an issue examining the electronic revolution—its impact on communication, education, management, the military, mass media, the arts.

special
introductory
offer
SPRING ISSUE
FREE
with a trial
subscription



Subscribe to THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR—the leading general quarterly—and receive “The Electronic Revolution” free as a special bonus.

You will find in the SCHOLAR articles of lasting significance, articles that bring you original thinking on a wide range of topics: the cultural scene, politics, the arts, religion, science. Jacques Barzun, Barbara Ward, David Riesman, Phyllis McGinley and Anthony Burgess are recent contributors.

In each issue of the SCHOLAR you will find candor and substance, diversity and intellectual vitality.

**Don't miss the important Spring issue
ENTER YOUR SUBSCRIPTION NOW...**

**THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR Dept. A9
1811 Q St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20009**

Send me the special Spring issue as a special bonus with my subscription and enter my subscription for the term checked.

- ½ year \$2 3 years \$9
 1 year \$4 payment enclosed
 2 years \$7 please bill

Name

Street

City

State Zip

are elaborately and aptly illustrated and bring to the American reader the thoughts of many outstanding European authorities. The second volume is on animals, the third on plants, the fourth on microbes, and the remaining four on various aspects of the human animal.

The Appalachians. Maurice Brooks. Houghton Mifflin. \$6.95.

With this book Houghton Mifflin launch a series on “The Naturalist’s America,” modeled after the very successful British “New Naturalist” series. The Appalachians—our oldest and, in terms of plant life, richest mountains—make an appropriate beginning since they lie within easy reach of half our population. Maurice Brooks knows this region intimately and describes its animals, plants and landscapes well. Beautifully illustrated with drawings and photographs in black-and-white and color.

Understanding Animals. Gerhard Gronefeld. Viking. \$7.50.

Gerhard Gronefeld is a photographer who in the course of his work became interested in animal behavior and mastered the vocabulary and concepts of the Konrad Lorenz school. He has now produced a book of fascinating photographs of animals in captivity, in the wild, and in experimental situations, with text telling the story behind the pictures.

The Ecological Theater and the Evolutionary Play. G. E. Hutchinson. Yale. \$5.

Evelyn Hutchinson is always thought-provoking and often manages to look at old subjects in new and revealing ways. He has here brought together a collection of essays, mostly on ecology and evolution, but including also such items as an essay on “The Naturalist as Art Critic,” in which he looks at museums as well as art and nature.

Plant Drugs that Changed the World. Norman Taylor. Dodd, Mead. \$5.

There has been a great resurgence of interest in folk medicine and drugs derived from plants since the isolation of reserpine from the Indian *Rauwolfia* in 1952—the beginning of the tranquilizers. Taylor tells the story of this and of a whole series of other drugs, from aspirin to wormwood, that have helped men to cope with their ills.

ROBERT B. HEILMAN

A History of Modern Criticism 1750-1950. Volume 3: The Age of Transition. Volume 4: The Later Nineteenth Century. René Wellek. Yale. \$8.50, \$10.

Two more volumes in the learned, lucid, and lively record of European and American criticism by a scholar who is both historian and critic, analyst and synthesist.

Faith from the Abyss: Hermann Hesse’s Way from Romanticism to Modernity. Ernst Rose. New York. \$5.

A systematic, if somewhat awkwardly written, introductory handbook to the highly original fiction of the 1946 Nobel prize winner.

Sean O’Casey: The Man I Knew. Gabriel Fallon. Little, Brown. \$5.

A long-time Abbey theatre man, alternately the friend, critic, admirer, and target of O’Casey, tells much personal and theatrical history.

James Joyce in Paris: His Final Years. Gisèle Freund and V. B. Carleton. Preface by Simone de Beauvoir. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$8.50.

Excellent photographs of Joyce in 1938, of Paris in the 1930’s, and of various literary figures who knew Joyce. Three women’s prose lends unobtrusive support to the Freund photographs.

The German Tradition in Literature 1871-1945. Ronald Gray. Cambridge. \$10.

A well written, perceptive, but unevenly structured book about the German political spirit since 1871. Gray stresses the ambiguities in that spirit and in the relations of writers to German politics. There are long essays on Mann and Rilke, and on D. H. Lawrence as corrective.

The Georgian Revolt: Rise and Fall of a Poetic Ideal 1910-1922. Robert H. Ross. Southern Illinois. \$6.50.

Mr. Ross gracefully deploys a vast amount of information, much of it from new sources, in a sympathetic but by no means uncritical history of a literary movement that, in only a dozen years, involved many eminent writers.

The Life and Works of Ford Madox Ford. Frank McShane. Horizon. \$6.50.

The biography of a man and of a transitional age; a discerning study of an individual and an absorbing report on two generations of literary leaders who knew Ford.

Conversations with André Gide. Claude Mauriac. Translated from the French by Michael Lebeck. Braziller. \$5.

Mauriac is a small-scale Boswell—gossipy, pictorial, adulatory, sometimes penetrating; more formally thoughtful than Boswell, more calculating, less spontaneous, more fearful of naïveté.

Report to Greco. Nikos Kazantzakis. Translated from the Greek by P. A. Bien. Simon and Schuster. \$7.50.

The vivid account of a spiritual quest in episodes varyingly analytic, narrative, and poetic, and given form by the inner movements of consciousness and belief. Ideas, struggles, responses to nature, books, men, and experience, always intense, are rendered in a rush of images.

Chekhov and His Prose. Thomas Winner. Holt, Rinehart, and Winston. \$5.
A competent study.

Sappho: Poems and Fragments. Translated, with an Introduction, by Guy Davenport. Michigan. \$3.95.

Five Restoration Adaptations of Shakespeare. Edited with an Introduction by Christopher Spencer. Illinois. \$12.50.

LEONARD W. DOOB

Adolescents Out of Step: Their Treatment in a Psychiatric Hospital. Peter G. S. Beckett. Wayne State. \$6.95.

A no-nonsense presentation of the forceful but progressive environment created for adolescent patients in a Detroit clinic concentrating upon the distinctive complexities and conflicts of that age group in American society. The banal truth that the abnormal provide startling insights into the normal has never been better demonstrated, and it is

also cheering to observe imaginative approaches to an ancient problem.

The Significant Americans: A Study of Sexual Behavior Among the Affluent. John F. Cuber and Peggy G. Harroff. Appleton-Century. \$4.95.

The title is repelling, but the summarizing description of 437 not necessarily representative upper-middle class men and women which is achieved through statistical tables and by facile typologies and fascinating quotations from interviews is likely to cause the influential readers of this publication to exclaim that, though of course they knew all this beforehand, they are shocked, pleased, dismayed, and puzzled by the generally miserable, groping lives the "affluents" have come to lead.

Death, Grief, and Mourning in Contemporary Britain. Geoffrey Gorer. Doubleday. \$4.50.

A survey of how a sample of Britains claim they respond to an ultimate frustration of experience, the death of those loved deeply or ambivalently. The thesis is almost brilliantly, somewhat convincingly advanced that this generation in England, in America, and perhaps in any Protestant country is no longer taught how to cope with death through ritual and mourning and hence, before, during, and especially after a funeral, people deport themselves maladaptively.

The Kennedy Assassination and the American Public. Edited by Bradley S. Greenberg and Edwin B. Parker. Stanford. \$8.95.
Children and the Death of a President. Edited by Martha Wolfenstein and Gilbert Kliman. Doubleday. \$4.95.

Detailed portrayals—27 in the first book, 9 in the second—of how the mass media and opportunistically selected samples of American adults and children reacted immediately and subsequently to the assassination and the murder of Oswald. Those reactions of course reflected people's momentary setting at the time of the events as well as their established status in the society and their own enduring traits and problems. Most of the research is padded chaff but provides at least a startling opportunity to experience with what success social scientists can emerge from their stable of jargon and employ methodological apparatus when an alarm suddenly, sadly sounds.

Approaches to Cross-Cultural Psychiatry. Edited by Jane M. Murphy and Alexander H. Leighton. Cornell. \$9.75.

Yet another patient, methodological attempt by an interdisciplinary group at Cornell University to devise sufficiently sensitive psychiatric categories and techniques which can be utilized in any kind of society and thus to indicate whether mankind is one even with respect to mental illnesses. The path is long and twisting, the travellers self-consciously intrepid, and sometimes one guesses that the light is almost visible.

Current Research on Motivation. Edited by Ralph Norman Haber. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. \$10.95.

"This may be," the editor semi-modestly suggests in a Preface to the 76 papers of this collection, "the last time that a book can even pretend to include under one cover the range of topics that most psychologists

would call motivational." For this moment in cosmic time, then, he has made conveniently available in a very heavy volume first-rate samples of the experimental work and typical instances of the theories which psychologists, respectively, devise and perpetrate in relation to the question of why living organisms, especially men and rats in restricted conditions, seek the goals they obviously do.

ROY F. NICHOLS

The Second American Party System. Party Formation in the Jacksonian Era. Richard P. McCormick. North Carolina. \$7.50.

American Party history has been viewed too simply and has lacked reality. The system as we know it was not achieved until Andrew Jackson's day. Also it was not a unitary national organization but a collection of more than a score of state operations. The complex nature of this instrument of self-government has been uncovered for the first time as the result of some very-meticulous thought and perceptive research.

The Peacemakers. Richard B. Morris. Harper & Row. \$10.

This is the secret diplomacy of the American Revolution with enough cloak and dagger operation included to arouse the interest of the most modern mystery fan. Much new evidence and a complete restudy of the negotiation of the Anglo-American treaty of 1783 make this a very satisfying study.

The Promise of America. John Morton Blum. Houghton Mifflin. \$4.

The United States has been a society and an image which has symbolized a unique combination of mysterious hopes and fears. This society has been characterized by social mobility, prudential virtues, universal education, free government, free thought, economic plenty. All together, these and complementary elements have offered a great promise. Its nature is very ably analyzed and gracefully presented. Seldom has it been possible to gain so much understanding from so convenient a book.

Never Call Retreat. Bruce Catton. Doubleday. \$7.50.

The third and final volume of the Centennial History of the Civil War. Primarily military history related in a masterly fashion which makes the strategy and the logistics comprehensible. It is illumined by numerous character sketches. Jefferson Davis is treated with more than usual understanding. There is enough attention to politics to shed light on the complex nature of the war issues. The three volumes should now be read serially by those who are wondering about the future.

The Era of Reconstruction 1865-1877. Kenneth M. Stampp. Knopf. \$4.95.

The racial controversy now current makes timely a reconsideration of the Reconstruction Years when so much of the confusion was featured. The folklore of this era is filled with saints and sinners. This is a skillful portrayal of a variety of troubled human beings who committed fewer errors than sometimes charged but who because of ambition and ineptitude, short sightedness and bad judgment did not solve the problems with which they sought to deal.

Sibley Fellowship Award

(Continued from page one)

belle Stone. The fellowship is named in honor of her mother. Miss Stone was a Durant scholar at Wellesley College, where she was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and earned her undergraduate degree in 1905. After receiving the Ph.D. degree from Cornell University in 1908, she was awarded the Alice Freeman Palmer Fellowship and spent the next year in Europe, principally in Greece, where she continued her study of Greek history and language. The following year she taught in the South, but was obliged to resign her position because of her father's illness. She died in 1934.

Miss Stone's bequest stipulates the conditions to be followed in selecting Sibley Fellows. First, the Fellow must be an unmarried woman between 25 and 35 years of age who has her Ph.D. or has completed all the requirements for the Ph.D. except the dissertation. Second, the fellowship is to be awarded for the purpose of advanced study or research in two fields only: Greek language, literature, history or archaeology; and French language or literature. Third, the fellowship is to be awarded alternately in each of the two fields in which it is offered.

Soon after the Senate learned of Miss Stone's bequest, it designated a Sibley Committee to prepare a plan for the administration of the Mary Isabel Sibley Fellowship in accordance with the provisions of the will. The committee was composed of Marjorie Hope Nicolson (as chairman), professor of English in the Graduate School, Columbia University, and president of the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa; Mary E. Woolley, president-emeritus of Mount Holyoke College; and Guy Stanton Ford, executive secretary of the American Historical Association. The committee decided to set the stipend at \$1500 and to offer the fellowship biennially with the expectation that through skillful management of the principal of the bequest the Society would be able at some later time to increase the size of the stipend and to offer the fellowship annually. Since 1956 the fellowship has been offered annually; in 1964 the stipend was increased to \$5,000.

Next year the fellowship will be offered for the study of Greek language, literature, history or archeology. Announcements and application forms may be obtained after July 1, 1966 by writing to the Mary Isabel Sibley Fellowship Committee, 1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20009.

Turbulence In The Humanities (Continued from page four)

first from their lives, and then from their studies; from then on the two are inextricably woven together. Humanists are involved with the past, but always as men of the present; and their involvement is—or should be—a matter of passionate but also rational *evaluation*. But values always. For the humanities can have only one end, and that is to make men realize themselves by surpassing their greatest past. It is here that Philoctetes—a great humanist—speaks to us most. Scientists *know* and sometimes *are*—vivid presences of great skill and patience, cunning and craft—Promethean colleagues. Humanists must always *be*, no matter how much or little they know. It is because the humanists, for all their envy and distrust of the sciences, have turned their backs on man, that the humanities today are in such sorry shape. The humanists have allowed themselves to become mere technicians in a mammoth knowledge-industry; among any ten thousand humanists you will scarcely find more than a hundred vivid *men*, radiantly being what they know and being it greatly.

It is, I think, no exaggeration to say that in our time the whole burden of speaking for the humanities has been by default of the humanist and scholar handed over to the artist. This is why our universities are now so eager to assimilate the creative arts, recognizing that it is to the artist, rather than the teacher, that the student increasingly turns. And with good reason. If the teacher of the humanities cannot speak to living men, those who do so speak become the teachers for the simple reason that their concern with literature has the seriousness of life—a professional concern with craft and order and a corresponding involvement in turbulence. The scholar by contrast seems to be professionally serious only when he talks about facts or form, and he constantly mishandles form because he has so little experience of turbulence and so little respect for it that he expels it wherever he can. By so doing he betrays the past—for which most writers have neither the knowledge nor the wish to speak—and for which only the humanists *can* speak. It is here that the humanities and education and culture incur the greatest losses, but the humanists seem scarcely to recognize the problem.

Knowledge in the humanities is a way of *being* or it is nothing. Socrates was what he *knew*—it was because he lived greatly everything that he knew, and he knew a great deal despite his disclaimer—that he has so profoundly influenced conduct for two millenia. Not everyone, of course, is given

the chance to seal his knowledge with his life, but for Socrates dying was merely a way of remaining loyal to his life. In some sense he had always laid his life on the line. But despite the universal admiration for Socrates, and such Socratic men as the Emersonian scholar or the Nietzschean “Destroyer”, the Socratic scholar has now no emulators, imitators, or exponents. Our scholars are tame, unturbulent and decent men, and their scholarship is like them. We are losing touch with what is greatest and most turbulently useful in our past, and what is worse, we do not seem to know it. The humanists, having made the Great Refusal, are anxious to forget it.

The only remedy, however, lies in the humanists themselves, since only they possess that knowledge of the past which could assess the magnitude of their refusal. The most turbulent thing in the world is the belief in human greatness, for that belief involves one desperately in the need of being great oneself or, barring that, in showing others how. It is the classics above all—whether Latin, Greek, English, French, German—that have always preserved that turbulent belief in artistically compelling form: this is why they are classics. We teach them to the young because they provide, as nothing else does, an indication of the size and range of the human spirit. They are not to be revered as monuments, their purpose is to lay bare the size of the future: any young man worth his salt will, if he understands them at all, also understand that his life's business is competition with the classic. The enlargement of the human spirit is what great men—what Greek and Sophoclean heroes—do, and this is something they learn above all from the past. *T'have seen what I have seen, see what I see.* As for the humanists and teachers, the mediators of these fatal books, it is better for them to turn into myth-makers if they must, than remain the sterile recorders they are. Certainly it is far less important that we should see, or even invent, large values in ancient work than that we should assist at the diminishment of the past in the name of our dispassion and academic dignity. But there is no need for humanists to invent a great past. It only requires the imagination and the love which might seize it and reclaim it.

William Arrowsmith is chairman of the Department of Classics and University Professor of Arts and Letters at the University of Texas. He was a Phi Beta Kappa Visiting Scholar for 1964-65. The complete text of this article appeared in the *Wayne State Graduate Comment*, Vol. 8, No. 3, 1965, pages 119-127.

the **KEY** reporter

volume xxxi · number three · spring 1966

Editor: Diane Threlkeld

Consulting Editor: Carl Billman

Editorial Committee: Irving Dilliard, William F. Hahnert, Robert H. Irrmann, Raymer McQuiston, Mary F. Williams.

Published quarterly (Autumn, Winter, Spring, and Summer) by the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa at the Garamond/Pridemark Press, Baltimore, Maryland. Editorial and executive offices, 1811 Q St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20009. No responsibility is assumed for views expressed in articles published.

Advertising rates upon application. Single copies 20¢, ten or more copies 10¢ each. Subscription \$1.00 for one year, \$2.00 for two years, \$3.00 for five years. Second class postage paid at Washington, D. C.

Copyright © 1966 by the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa. All rights reserved.



THE KEY REPORTER
PHI BETA KAPPA
1811 Q Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20009

Return Requested

Second class postage paid
at Washington, D. C.

