



SIBLEY WINNER ANNOUNCED

The 1981 Mary Isabel Sibley Fellowship has been awarded to Barbara R. Pavlock (above), assistant professor of classics at the University of Santa Clara. The \$7000 stipend will enable her to continue her study of the Hellenistic Greek epic, the *Argonautica* of Apollonius of Rhodes, through the poet's use of the notion of boundaries, or limits. She plans to incorporate this work into her forthcoming book on the epic tradition.

The new Sibley Fellow, who is the thirty-third woman to win the award, completed her undergraduate work at Barnard College and received her M.A. degree from Yale University and her Ph.D. degree from Cornell University. The fellowship was established with funds bequeathed to Phi Beta Kappa in the will of Miss Isabelle Stone and is named in honor of her mother.

In 1982 the Sibley Fellowship 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 doctorate except the dissertation. They must be planning to devote full-time work to research during the fellowship year that begins September 1, 1982. 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.

PEDAGOGICA DESERTA: MEMOIR OF A FULBRIGHT YEAR IN SYRIA

by Samuel Pickering, Jr.

"Dear Mr. & Mrs. Piking pleas don't get out to day after 5 in the evening." My wife and I found this note on our door one day in March after we returned from the market. Again rumor predicted trouble in Latakia and we had been warned. We stayed in our apartment that night. This, though, was nothing new; we had not been out on the streets after six o'clock since the end of November.

Each academic year the Council for International Exchange of Scholars sends some five hundred "Fulbrighters" to study and lecture abroad. Most go to Western and Eastern Europe and to, if not the Westernized, at least the semi-industrialized, world. A number, however, end up in those countries that drive sensitive men to drink before noon. In 1975 I taught English and American literature at the University of Jordan in Amman. This past year I was headed for Ghana. Early in the summer, though, a coup changed my plans, and in September my wife and I arrived in Damascus.

My post was at Tishreen University in Latakia, six and a half hours from Damascus by bus. A town of slightly over two hundred thousand people on the Mediterranean, Latakia is Syria's most important seaport. No native speakers of English lived in Latakia. Two months after we arrived, we met a French couple, and they became our only Western acquaintances. In the fall many Russians were present in the city. Later, after the Moslem Brothers, the terrorist organization, had assassinated a few, they disappeared into their compound, leaving us alone on the streets.

In September our embassy in Damascus tried to be helpful. Unfortunately they knew little about Latakia or Tishreen University. Stretched bloody by violence between religious sects (or "insects," as a student mistakenly but perhaps accurately labeled them in an essay), wedged between the rocks of Soviet imperialism and Iraqi destiny

and the hard place of the Israeli position on the question of a Palestinian homeland, and stuck in the morass of Lebanon's internecine warfare, Syria itself is not easy to know. Policy can change like the desert wind, the press is strictly controlled, and rumor becomes the only truth.

Classes were scheduled to begin at Tishreen on September 29, so after a week of waiting in Damascus while the embassy decided if Latakia was calm enough after recent riots, we left on a bus. Finding an apartment was easy. The assistant dean asked how much we had to spend and then told us he knew just the flat for that price. Not surprisingly, we later learned that the owner's wife was the dean's cousin. Assuredly the dean received a commission, but that was all right, for our landlord was a superb man. He was an Alawite general in the army. Because they are only 10 percent of the population, the Alawite Moslems from northern Syria had long been treated as second-class citizens by the dominant Sunni majority, some 70 percent of the population. Like rural southerners in the United States, a disproportionate number of Alawites made careers in the army. When Hafez al-Assad, an Alawite, became president of Syria in a coup in 1970, the Alawite military came into its own, financially and socially. For a time this did not cause much resentment among the Sunnis. Assad brought much-needed stability, and as schools were built in, and electricity spread to, poor isolated villages, the Alawite underclass rose above mere servanthood. Although a Sunni town, Latakia was surrounded by Alawite villages, and many of my students were villagers seizing the first op-

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portunity for higher education they had ever been offered.

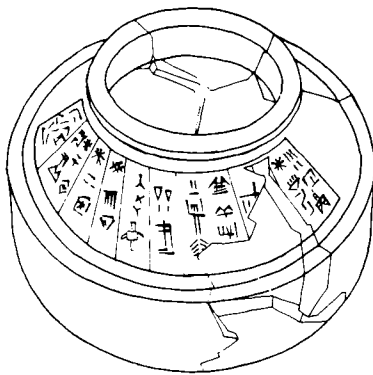
During the past three years, however, resentment of Alawites has grown. Business has been bad; military expenditure is awesomely high; Sunni merchants blame Assad for the nation's economic problems and accuse the government and the army of corruption. In hopes of destabilizing the government and bringing an Islamic revolution to Syria, the Moslem Brothers have viciously assassinated the Alawite educated elite, whether or not individual Alawites have had anything to do with the government. The disenchanted Sunni majority has not lent the Brothers active aid. On the other hand, the Sunnis have not condemned them either. Since there are few Moslem Brothers, the Sunnis reason that when the government falls they will be able to brush them aside and establish a government of their own. During the past year, hatreds have boiled. The good are silent, and violence has spiraled as the government's secret police have viciously repressed dissent or potential dissent. At times during the year, Aleppo and Hama seemed foreign countries brought back under Damascus's rule only by tank law. "You don't know," a student told me with tears in her eyes. "The people die like rain."

As a general, our landlord was well guarded. Three to seven soldiers lived on the third floor of our building. So when bullets began to fly in Latakia in the spring, we felt almost safe. Growing accustomed to automatic rifles, however, is not easy for a teacher used to nothing more violent than the correspondence column of PMLA. Sometimes when we climbed the stairs to our fifth-floor apartment, a new guard would greet us gun in hand. Frequently visitors received escorts up to our flat. Most took it in stride, but some never returned.

Tishreen University consisted of four faculties: engineering, medicine, agriculture, and letters. For years construction of a new university has been under way. Unfortunately the end is not in sight, and the faculty of letters is, and will be for many more years, housed in a secondary school building just beyond the freight entrance to the port. Unlike the United States, where the shortcomings of education are obvious, Third World countries seem to believe that education will provide the answers to all their problems. Consequently governments in such countries, in part because rational dissent is stifled, confuse themselves with the Great First Cause and create universities by decree. The planning comes later—if indeed it ever comes. Tishreen University as it is

now was not the gleam that shone in the eye of its creator. In my first day at the faculty of letters, I asked to see the library. The assistant dean showed me an empty room and said, "This is the library, but we don't have any books yet." Since the English department itself was only two years old, the absence of books, although unexpected, did not unduly startle me.

In Jordan, when I was asked what I wanted to teach, I tried to be a good advertisement for my country and, trusting to the fairness of my colleagues, said I would teach what the department



needed. As a consequence I, like everybody else, taught one elementary and two upper-class courses each semester. In Syria, when queried about courses, I responded as I had done in Jordan. But there I made a mistake. Dignity is important in Syria, and the accommodating man is often seen as a person of no consequence, to be used and abused at will. First-year classes at Tishreen contained large numbers of students, sometimes two hundred. By the second year many left the university, so that frequently classes had only forty students. In the first semester I taught sixteen hours of courses. Unlike my three Syrian professional colleagues, as I later found out, I had all first-year students. Six hours a week I taught prose and ten hours a week I taught composition. The chairman, a "specialist" in prose and poetry, taught only second-year students; the assistant dean, a specialist in drama, did the same. Most of the first-year courses were taught by two demonstrators, recent graduates of Syrian universities, and me.

My wife and I were the only Americans the majority of my students had ever met, and our style of living was different from that of the Syrian professors. Instead of buying a car or taking a taxi to the university, I walked across town. Unlike Syrian professors, who dressed carefully and kept themselves immaculate by never erasing a blackboard, I wore corduroy trousers, a corduroy sports jacket, and blue topsiders to

class. When I erased my own blackboard and dusted myself with chalk during a two-hour class, students were astonished. Since the lowest workers, porters in the harbor, wore sneakers, my shoes provoked much discussion. Six months later a student told me that he and his friend had been puzzled by my shoes at first. "Every Doctor of Language in the university considered himself a minister," he said, "but you did not. We honor you for your shoes. You come to work." Since I did not appear as a minister, confusion about me and my position lasted throughout the year. In April a student who had attended almost every class but whose English was poor asked me if I were an elementary school teacher in America. Numerous times surprised students told my wife and me, "Americans are so simple and humble."

These students meant to compliment us. Complexity often implied corruption or favoritism. Our accessibility or simplicity or democracy was thought admirable. In contrast to the typical Syrian faculty member, I must have appeared as a man who carried himself in a manner unbecoming his position. By doing so I cut the ground from under that faculty member's hard-won achievement and obliquely undermined the hierarchical structure of university life. No wonder first-year courses were loaded on me and I was never consulted about my timetable. I only began a slow burn, however, when I learned that while I taught six days a week, my fellow professors were teaching four.

Although I began to teach on September 29, the chairman did not appear until two and a half weeks later. The third full-time Ph.D. member of the department did not arrive until November. The random appearance of the faculty members was paralleled by the students' attendance. Tishreen was an open university. Many students never attended classes because they held jobs, quite a few teaching in remote villages. Given eight years to pass the required courses, other students pursued a relaxed course of study. As in secondary schools, university education depended primarily upon rote learning. Class discussions, particularly those discussions that raised ideas different from the professor's, were harshly discouraged. At the end of term, professors' lecture notes were mimeographed and sold for seventy-five cents a course. If a student memorized these, he had a good chance of passing. To some extent the notes took the place of assigned texts. The university did not have a bookstore; often local booksellers were not informed what texts were needed for courses until it was too late to order them. As a result, many students never

had books, and one member of the department even suggested that books were an unnecessary expense.

With new students appearing even on the last day of class, December 24, teaching was a tedious matter of repetition, careful enunciation, and slow speech. Although all my students were majoring in English, and this meant taking eight to ten courses in English a year, very few could actually speak much English. In most cases, secondary schools provided them with little background. Of the approximately two hundred and fifty people who taught English in the Latakia school province, fewer than a third were full-time teachers, and these taught other subjects as well. The rest were part-timers. Most of these part-timers were my students, usually poor boys and girls who knew almost no English and could not write a simple sentence.

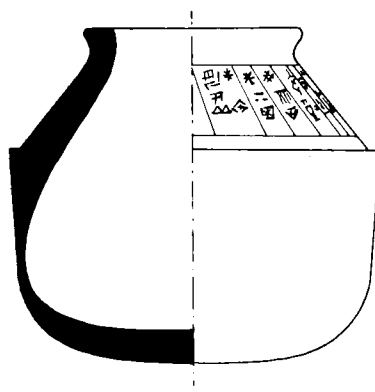
Long and narrow, with one hundred and fifty students clustered on benches, my classroom was at the front of the building. Tractor trailers loaded with weapons from the Soviet Union or consumer goods from China thundered by at two-minute intervals. Teaching was impossible while a truck passed.

The students were a diverse group of boys and girls—rich and poor, religious and nonreligious, young and old. For many it was the first time they had attended class with members of the opposite sex. English was extremely popular; French was taught, but only fifty or sixty students each year majored in French in comparison to the three hundred and fifty or four hundred who majored in English. Enrollment numbers were never exact; faculty members never received a roll, and the president himself was not sure how many students were in the university.

All my students dreamed of going to America. Despite Syria's close military ties with the Soviet Union, Russian was not taught because students simply refused to study it. If language is the greatest propaganda instrument in the world, then the West has won massive propaganda victories in the Middle East. Indeed, America's cultural hegemony over Syria is quite amazing. Although our trade with Syria is not large and ignorance of America is widespread, the Syrians equate America with modernity. Most students romanticize life in the United States as a paradise golden with coin and opportunity. Although Syrian secondary schools drum in the failings of America and capitalism, the message usually doesn't take—except, perhaps, with the Palestinians, who as a group are more sophisticated and thoughtful than others. True, much is made of our racial prob-

lems. On several occasions—and this must appear somewhere in a secondary school textbook—students asked me if it was true that a black man had to bow down whenever he met a white man on the street. Questions about race, however, seemed to come more from curiosity than from belief in racial equality. Students greeted interracial marriages with disgust, and blacks, I was told, had smaller brains than whites.

The abilities of first-year students varied, but at the beginning of the year most were at a second-grade level in English. They could not speak or write



a sentence, and in first-term composition I taught primarily simple and compound sentences. During the second term I made students write three- to five-hundred-word essays, and I read and marked more than eighteen hundred of these. Much improvement was made, but I am certain that this coming year the deluge of rote learning will wash away all their experience in my classes.

The students were my joy. We had no adult friends aside from our landlord and his wife, neither of whom spoke English; the French couple; random American visitors; and one teacher who lived an hour and a half away. The faculty at Tishreen was not sophisticated enough to realize that the only Americans in Latakia were just a teacher and his wife. Two members of the faculty told us they had been warned to avoid us because we might be CIA. When the Cultural Affairs Officer from the embassy delivered our air freight, he visited the assistant dean. As soon as he left, the dean asked me if he was a spy. From that date in early October until mid-February, the assistant dean avoided me and we did not speak.

I soon had a huge following among the students and, like a bitch in heat, was not always sure I enjoyed it. After classes every day, students walked uptown with me to talk and practice their English. In the mornings they would wait to catch me on the way to the uni-

versity. My wife and I rarely went shopping without running into students. During the break between terms we went to Jordan and Egypt. Unable to find us, students left notes at the stores we frequented. When we returned in February, a bookseller gave me the following letter: "I haven't ability to express about my feelings. is it correct that a man need to see his brother again? if you have, or if you would like. When you catch this letter, said to my friend, who is the owner of library. when I can see you Because I need to see you. I am eager to see you. Your affectionate friend."

A student whose parents forced her to attend university described in an essay her dislike of studying. "I always," she wrote, "asked our God to rest me from this calamity. I want to sleep without any think of the studies." This Fulbright lecturer in a Third World country seldom thought of studies. Grading compositions at home took much time, but class preparations were minimal. Day after day I repeated lessons in composition, trying to teach my students basic grammar rules and how to write simple and compound sentences. In prose I taught *The Old Man and the Sea* and the first forty pages of George Orwell's *Coming Up for Air*, this latter being a terrible choice for first-year students whose reading was frequently at the primer level. In composition I spent most of my time explaining idioms and defining simple words like green or blue, living room or dining room. Rarely was I able to venture very far into thematic topics; when I did, two-thirds of the class was lost. Similarly, my colleagues and I never discussed literature. The university and Syria itself did not provide the kind of atmosphere in which serious thought could flourish. Good books in English could not be bought in Latakia, and since I was not an Arabist the possibility of research did not exist. Consequently every night I went to sleep as my student wished, "without any think of the studies."

Early in the year a teacher warned me that professors did not talk to students outside the classroom or office. I paid no attention to the warning and must have been a disturbing influence. Vague cultural assumptions support the Fulbright scholar program. Generally it is assumed that academic exchanges build bridges between peoples and cultures and, in the case of American grantees,

The illustrations above are diagrams of a stone pot from the sixteenth century B.C. found at Mari in Syria (from Mission Archéologique de Mari, Vol. III, by A. Parrot, Geuthner, Paris, 1967).

broaden their horizons. What the Council for International Exchange of Scholars does not say, but what the State Department correctly assumes, is that the Fulbright program is a propaganda effort. In Syria the State Department seems interested in establishing links with, and presenting a favorable picture of, America to people who have or will have influence. Emphasis is not on the masses but on the elite, and with Syrian-American relations at an ebb, the cultural branch of the embassy avoids disturbing the sensibilities of those who have power. In contrast, the Fulbright program, as it developed in my case, was educationally revolutionary. American simplicity and democracy go counter to the Syrian educational system. By encouraging class discussion and original thought, and by treating the students seriously, I implicitly criticized the methods of other professors. But fresh educational air is not necessarily pleasant educational air, and instead of attracting the educational elites, I put them off. Although the nation is ostensibly socialist, people in Syria are not equal. Money and position shape castes, and tribal, village, and religious ties often determine success in the university and outside it. As propaganda I think my year was successful, but perhaps not in the way it was intended to be. Since returning to the United States I have received several letters from students. These students are comparatively poor and will never become cabinet ministers or Ph.D.'s, but will instead be housewives and village schoolmasters. None will ever be singled out for cultivation by our State Department. Perhaps the Fulbright program, instead of building cultural bridges with the people who politically or educationally matter in the Third World, prevents such bridges from being built.

As the only Americans in Latakia, my wife and I suffered from a kind of paranoia: "minority-itis." People stared at us wherever we went and we could not fade into a crowd. By December we began to think we were watched. Our mail had been routinely opened; often letters did not arrive, and occasionally odd things happened. When my wife's parents opened one of her letters, they found a snapshot inside. They assumed it was our landlord's family. It wasn't; the people were strangers. The person reading the mail probably had several letters open on the desk, and when he resealed them he mistakenly put the picture into my wife's letter.

According to rumor, there were nineteen secret police organizations in Syria. I knew of five in Latakia, two having their local headquarters on

streets immediately behind our apartment building. In the spring, an acquaintance who had a friend in one branch of the secret police obtained copies of reports on me. In all university classes there were spies—students paid to report on professors to branches of the secret police. Although this process did not bother me, because I was a foreigner and able to leave the country, it frightened and inhibited Syrian teachers.

When the Iranians first took the embassy personnel in Tehran hostage, and the State Department conducted a token evacuation of Americans from eleven Moslem countries, our feelings of isolation and vulnerability grew. We were out on a limb far from Damascus and communication was difficult. Our landlord had a telephone, but the link between Latakia and Damascus was often disrupted. In class, students who were nervous because I might leave Syria assured me that my wife and I had nothing to fear. "We Moslems love you," students said, and promised to take us to their villages if danger developed. One acquaintance, whose brother-in-law was a general, declared he would transport us to his village in a tank if necessary. The first time I heard such things, they made me more comfortable. But after I had been reassured some forty times, nagging worries and feelings of vulnerability began to grow. Where there was so much smoke, or concern, there must be a little flame.

In March the chairman came down with an attack of diabetes and disappeared to Damascus for two or three weeks. In April one of our two demonstrators left Syria on an AID fellowship to work for his Ph.D. in the United States. The only persons left to teach courses were the assistant dean (recently demoted to an ordinary teacher), the second demonstrator, and I. Courses were piled on the demonstrator, and the assistant dean's wife taught part-time. The department muddled through the term. Many courses, however, went untaught for long periods and the students suffered.

Even more inhibiting to the students' progress than the absence of professors was the state of the nation. In February violence in Syria grew geometrically. By the end of the month Aleppo was a little Beirut, and the Fulbright lecturer at Aleppo University had left the country. Latakia was not so violent. Assassinations occasionally occurred in the daytime, but most trouble happened at night. Dynamite bombs exploded practically every evening. Counting them became exciting and addictive; in May, when a temporary calm descended, life seemed less intense and we were bored.

Because they did not want to be on the streets at dusk, students avoided classes that met after four o'clock. My colleagues received notes and telephone calls threatening their lives. My teaching timetable changed radically. No one consulted me; I learned about the changes only when I went to class at the wrong time. Eventually a reason for the changing timetable became apparent as my morning classes became afternoon classes. A foreigner was safer on the streets late in the afternoon than was a Syrian professor. Guards armed with tommy guns had guarded the faculty of letters twenty-four hours a day throughout the year. Now there were more guards. And on some days when there had been much trouble the night before, guards seemed to outnumber students.

Gun battles began to occur at night between the Moslem Brothers and their sympathizers and the secret police. In Aleppo and elsewhere, Russians were murdered. This caused us some worry because many Latakians who had never seen Americans assumed we were Russians. People often said "Russians" in a derogatory tone when we passed them on the street. "My God, sir, my God," a nervous girl burst out in class, "you look so like a Russian." Acquaintances became worried, and one of them took matters into his own hands. Meeting us in town, he informed us he had done us a favor. He said he had discovered that many people thought we were Russians. To prevent a mistake, he said, he had spread the word to people who in turn would inform those behind the violence that we were not Russians but Americans. For such a favor I was not grateful. Nobody gets things right in Syria; it is better for one to lie low and say nothing than to have attention called to one.

The troubles came to a head in March. Elite commandos appeared in Latakia, and together with the secret police they attempted to crush the terrorists. From the balcony of our apartment I watched gun battles. For two weeks life in the university slowed almost to a halt. Students stayed away from class. Out of one hundred and fifty students in a class, two or three who lived nearby might show up. Walking to school was nerve-wracking yet intoxicating. From behind sandbags, soldiers guarded street corners; often streets were completely empty or sealed off. In its disregard for truth, rumor waxed poetic. Although the violence subsided—it never died out—classes did not return to normal. It would have been abnormal if they had. Alawite students from the villages were frightened and in

(continued on back cover)

THE KEY REPORTER

reading recommended by the book committee

humanities

social sciences

natural sciences

ROBERT B. HEILMAN, LAWRENCE WILLSON,
FREDERICK J. CROSSON
EARL W. COUNT, LEONARD W. DOOB,
ANDREW GYORGY, MADELINE R. ROBINTON,
VICTORIA SCHUCK, JAMES C. STONE,
ELLIOT ZUPNICK
RUSSELL B. STEVENS, RONALD GEBALLE

MADELINE R. ROBINTON

Ancient Slavery and Modern Ideology. M. I. Finley. Viking. 1980. \$13.95.

This is a study by the distinguished transplanted American professor of ancient history at Cambridge of slavery in the ancient world, that of Classical Greece and Classical Rome, compared with slavery in the Western Hemisphere: America, the Caribbean, and Brazil. More significantly, it is a study of the ideological bases of the studies of these slave societies by philosophers and historians from the Enlightenment to the Marxists.

The Norman Conquest of the North: The Region and Its Transformation, 1000–1135. William E. Kapelle. North Carolina. 1980. \$19.

In this fascinating, detailed, original approach to the history of the Norman conquest of the north of England, Kapelle, always critical, sometimes dogmatic in his treatment of the sources, reconstructs the society of the north, that of Northumbria, Durham, and York, before and after the conquest. He describes in genealogical terms the existing noble families and their internecine struggles, the impact of intrusive Scots and Danes, and the consequences of the establishment of the new Norman nobility and the rule of the Norman kings.

The North African Stones Speak. Paul MacKendrick. North Carolina. 1980. \$21. This volume, beautifully illustrated, is a delightful guide to the archeological remains of North Africa from prehistoric times to the coming of the Arabs. The illustrations along with the maps and plans provide the bases for the scholarly commentary and episodic narrative, a model that MacKendrick had so successfully used in his earlier studies of Roman Europe from Spain to Dacia.

The Roman Catholic Church in Ireland and the Fall of Parnell, 1888–1891. Emmet Larkin. North Carolina. 1979. \$19.

This volume is part of a longer study of the history of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. Larkin, using mainly archival material from the Irish Diocesan records, adds a new dimension to the study of the establishment of the Irish state when Parnell forged his alliance with the politicians, both Irish and English, secular and clerical. This is, however, not the story of Parnell nor of his fall from power, but rather the background to that story in Ireland as seen through the correspondence of the bishops with their Irish colleagues and with their contacts in Rome.

Japan and Its World: Two Centuries of Change. Marius B. Jansen. Princeton. 1981. \$9.50.

American attitudes toward Japan have shifted from one extreme position to another in our time. These three lectures on the "intellectual and psychological aspects of the

Japanese world view" by the Princeton professor of Japanese history attempt by a use of the writings and memoirs of significant intellectual and political Japanese figures in the last two centuries to help us understand changing Japanese attitudes toward the outside world and in particular toward the Western world and the United States.

The Foreign Policy of Hitler's Germany: Starting World War II, 1937–1939. Gerhard L. Weinberg. Univ. Chicago. 1980. \$44.

In this long (677 pages), scholarly second volume, Weinberg completes his study of the foreign policy of Hitler's Germany. His first volume, *Diplomatic Revolution in Europe, 1933–1936*, was published in 1970. In this second volume he thoroughly documents his thesis that Hitler's foreign policy was directed toward the expansion of Germany, to be achieved by force of war if necessary. This is the history of how World War II was brought about. A definitive work and a standard reference work for many years to come.

Humanity in Warfare. Geoffrey Best. Columbia. 1980. \$25.

This is a book not just about wars but about how human beings, accepting the fact of the inevitability of war, have tried in modern times to control the conduct of warfare, to establish humane laws of war. Beginning with the Enlightenment, Best, professor of history in the University of Sussex, writes in a style that lets us follow his probing and investigation to find the answers to the whys and wherefores of the emergence of the laws of war in regard to both combatants and civilians in nineteenth-century Europe (1815–1914) and in the world turned upside down since 1945.

JAMES C. STONE

School Discipline: A Socially Literate Solution. Alfred S. Alschuler. McGraw-Hill. 1980. \$12.95.

If any book can help teachers control the unruly behavior of pupils, perhaps this one can. Here is a practical, down-to-earth dissection of discipline problems in our schools today with a positive emphasis.

Wally's Stories. Vivian Gussin Paley. Harvard. 1981. \$17.50.

A delightful book of kindergarten children's fantasies turned into stories as first told by the children, then transcribed by the teacher, and then role-played by the class in their own designed dramatic "productions."

Black Students in Higher Education. Ed., Gail E. Thomas. Greenwood. 1981. \$29.95.

This is a thorough and scholarly treatise on the history of our experience of the past decade in recruiting and retaining black students in higher education. Over thirty

researchers present their findings and recommendations.

The Computer in the School: Tutor, Tool, Tutee. Ed., Robert P. Taylor. Teachers College. 1980. \$14.95.

The time of the computer in school and college classrooms is at hand, and this book is a timely contribution. It provides an excellent summary of what has been done and what needs to be done. Must reading for those who are living in the 1980s.

Classrooms in the Crossfire: The Rights and Interests of Students, Parents, Teachers, Administrators, Librarians, and the Community. Robert M. O'Neil. Indiana. 1981. \$15. This book is concerned with the First Amendment to our Constitution and the many implications it has (and has had) for freedoms in the schools and libraries of our country.

Psychology for Future Education. Norman C. Dowsett. Vantage. 1980. \$11.95.

Billed as a "new look at what education should be: the fostering of the child's inner life and potential" and written by an educator from India, this book presents to Westerners a different view of how education should take place.

Teaching for Learning. Myron H. Dembo. Goodyear. Santa Monica, Calif. 1981. \$14.95.

This is the second and very attractive edition of a college text for prospective teachers on how to apply in the classroom what we know about the psychology of education.

Creative Academic Bargaining. Robert Birnbaum. Teachers College. 1980. \$19.95.

Based on a broad framework of social science research, the author tells what we have learned from the past ten years of collective bargaining and urges a positive and constructive approach to the future. Included are necessary strategies and useful tactics.

The Folkstories of Children. Brian Sutton-Smith. Pennsylvania. 1981. \$20.

This is a collection of five hundred stories by fifty children ranging in ages from two to ten. The stories reveal the imagination processes of children and the stages their storytelling development goes through.

Developing Instructional Units. Edward L. Meyen. William C. Brown. 1980. \$7.95.

This is the third edition of an obviously very successful text on developing, writing, organizing, and evaluating units of instruction. An instructor's manual is also available.

Conditioning and Learning. American Psychological Association. Teachers College. 1981. \$9.95.

This sixty-page paperback is the output of the Human Behavior Curriculum Project of the APA. It contains a tried and tested unit of instruction that covers classical conditioning, operant conditioning, and imitation and observation. A handbook for instructors with duplicating masters also is available.

VICTORIA SCHUCK

The Washington Reporters. Stephen Hess. Brookings. 1981. \$17.95; paper, \$6.95.

The author, who views the press as part of the governmental process, has written an engrossing and important account of Washington print and broadcast journalists based on a mammoth collection of data (a sample of

1250 reporters and a content analysis of 2022 Washington news stories). He describes who they are, how they work, and what happens to their reporting. Though headlines are slanted toward the President, and more foreign news is reported than any other, the corps relies principally on congressional sources. The substantial independence of reporters to initiate stories and the absence of editorial review raise many questions about the effect on public policy.

Personal Impressions. Isaiah Berlin. Ed., Henry Hardy. Viking. 1981. \$13.95. To read this eminent political theorist's reminiscences (which he describes as *éloges*) is to be transported again into his presence—whether at lectures or conversations—and to be enthralled by his intellectual erudition, insights, humor, ebullience, and torrent of words. He portrays statesmen—Churchill, Weizmann, Franklin Roosevelt. Memories of colleagues—Pares, Henderson, Austin, Palmenatz, Bowra—reveal the academic ethos at Oxford in the 1920s and 1930s. His moving description of visits with Boris Pasternak and Anna Akhmatova came from visits to Russia in the mid-1940s and 1950s.

Legislative Life: People, Process, and Performance in the States. Alan Rosenthal. Harper & Row. 1981. \$10.95. An exceptional book in a neglected field. In amiable, informal, and often humorous prose, the author combines the research of others with his own gained from ten years of study. He brings out the diversity of institutions and points to the new breed of young professional members (alas, few women), the disappearance of hanky-panky, and the recent assumption of oversight functions. The greatest transformation has come from the expansion of professional staffs.

The Majority Finds Its Past: Placing Women in History. Gerda Lerner. Oxford. 1979. \$12.95.

Women of the Republic: Intellect and Ideology in Revolutionary America. Linda K. Kerber. North Carolina. 1980. \$19.50; paper, \$9.50.

Women and Politics: The Invisible Majority. Sandra Baxter and Marjorie Lansing. Michigan. 1980. \$18.50.

Taken together, these three books representing sophisticated research and excellent exposition tell us where we are in filling the gaps in women's history and political knowledge. Lerner's twelve essays probe the missing links in traditional history and demand a new periodization and new conceptual framework. Kerber's beautiful scholarly piece of intellectual history reviews the failure of Enlightenment philosophers to provide the ideology for liberty and patriotism of women in the Revolution. Patriotic women invented their own ideology based on the concept of Republican Motherhood. Baxter and Lansing extract from thirty years of survey research gender differences in the political behavior of women and men. In actual numbers women exceed men as voters and they hold different views on public policy issues, but they are scarcely present in positions of political power or influence in the United States.

The Changing of the Guard: Power and Leadership in America. David S. Broder. Simon & Schuster. 1980. \$15.95. Washington's most distinguished political

journalist writes of the new generation of men and women coming to political power, drawing material from over 300 interviews. Unlike the generations reared on the Depression and World War II, they have known the Korean and Vietnam wars, marched for civil rights, seen Watergate, experienced campus turmoil. Broder describes their networks, diverse views, roads to the top. He characterizes the suburbs, Sunbelt, journalism, and television as the frontiers of emerging leadership and influence and optimistically foresees a new mix of leaders (racial, ethnic, and female) by the turn of the century.

British Government and Its Discontents. Geoffrey Smith and Nelson W. Polsby. Basic. 1981. \$12.95.

A British journalist and an American political scientist survey British government in an analytical and witty manner. They document the sense of failure that pervades Britain today. For remedies they look to political reforms: strengthening Parliament's role in decision making, curbing the Civil Service, encouraging its diplomats to more vigorous diplomacy. Their purpose is to broaden the base for building consensus with a resultant restoration of confidence and revival of spirit.

RONALD GEBALLE

Greenwich Time and the Discovery of the Longitude. Derek Howse. Oxford. 1980. \$24.95.

Timekeeping in the particular and concrete has been for centuries driven by the needs of ship location, of increasing speed of locomotion, and all along on the scientific side, of astronomy. Finding the longitude, a problem solved by Hipparchus (180 B.C.) in principle, was all but impossible until the eighteenth century, when Harrison's chronometer won him (grudgingly, alas) the grand prize offered by Parliament and the Crown. The unique role of Greenwich began with Flamsteed a half-century earlier. One consequence, buried under today's sophistication, was the upsetting effect on local feelings of marking time and place from a distant location. Nations moved by reluctant steps toward acceptance of a common scheme. The old driving forces, translated into outer space and rocket speeds, have not abated, but now timekeeping tells us about motions of earth, moon, and sun rather than the reverse. Awash in cheap electronic split seconds, we are well reminded of an often overlooked but determinative thread in Western culture.

Encyclopedia of Physics. Eds., Rita G. Lerner and George L. Trigg. Addison-Wesley. 1981. \$99.50.

There is a danger in publishing an encyclopedia covering physics these days, as it continues to move vigorously and simultaneously in the directions of vaster and more minute distances, simpler and more complex systems, briefer and more extended time intervals, higher and vanishingly small energies. Yet the pervasive nature of physics, influencing all of science and technology as well as the way in which we think about the physical world, calls for some kind of comprehensive, succinct, and authoritative reference work that is accessible to scientists, students, and nonscientists. Among the more than four hundred entries, the major areas of

physics are covered in survey articles, interfaces between physics and other sciences are treated, and there are numerous articles on special topics. A useful contribution.

Sir William Rowan Hamilton. Thomas L. Hankins. Johns Hopkins. 1980. \$32.50. "Writing down the Hamiltonian" is the way to begin any problem in quantum mechanics; it is the universal prescription. Yet few scientists whose daily bread is earned by doing so know much about nineteenth-century Hamilton other than that he devised a formal approach to classical mechanics into which twentieth-century Heisenberg, Schrödinger, and colleagues could slip quantum mechanics with a few flicks of the wrist. That he was Astronomer Royal of Ireland, that he invented quaternions, a system of hypercomplex numbers that vied ferociously but unsuccessfully with vectors to become the favored language for physics, that he predicted the phenomenon of internal conical refraction may be recalled vaguely by a few; he is rarely given credit for being the first to realize that a meaningful algebra need not demand all the rules of the ordinary kind. The influence of his idealistic nature and his metaphysical leanings, as well as his acquaintance with Coleridge, Wordsworth, and other literary and philosophical figures, is laid out, along with outlines of his mathematical innovations.

Rutherford and Physics at the Turn of the Century. Eds., Mario Bunge and William R. Shea. Dawson and Scientific History Publications. 1979. \$20.

From X-Rays to Quarks: Modern Physicists and Their Discoveries. Emilio Segre. Freeman. 1980. \$20; paper, \$9.95.

Here are two excellent and in a sense complementary treatments of the development of modern physics. The Rutherford volume is a collection of essays about that decade when with tiny bits of metal, glass, and a few chemicals, nuclear physics began in the hands of one of the world's unforgettable characters. In contrast to this snapshot, Segre offers a cinematic, personal impression of the unfolding of physics beginning with the turn of the century, including recollections of his encounters with most of the personalities who made it happen. The physics is explained gracefully, and whereas the order of topics is mainly chronological, the author's style permits him to move back and forth easily for the sake of clarity.

Engineering in the Ancient World. J. G. Landels. California. 1978. \$14.

A classicist trained in engineering has written this book. He relies on his own translations, which emphasize technical accuracy rather than literary style. Power sources, hydraulic systems, cranes, hoists and catapults, sea and land transport during classical times are analyzed and compared with modern contrivances. The final two chapters contain brief discussions of the state of theoretical knowledge in those times and of the principal surviving Greek and Roman writings.

Philosophers at War: The Quarrel Between Newton and Leibniz. A. Rupert Hall. Cambridge. 1980. \$24.95.

The spoils of this war were clear: no less than immortality for the invention of the calculus. The warriors were immortals anyway, but all too human ones. Newton procrastinated and thereby gave up the claim to

priority of publication. Leibniz tactlessly used condescending language in referring to Newton's work. An army of able, articulate supporters (even provocateurs) arose on either side. Hall, a celebrated scholar of Newtoniana, restricts this book to an examination of character and behavior in the grandest personal dispute science has yet offered.

ANDREW GYORGY

Chinese Foreign Policy: The Maoist Era and Its Aftermath. Joseph Camilleri. Washington. 1981. \$25.

Professor Camilleri, a lecturer at various Australian universities, has written a comprehensive, up-to-date, and extremely useful general survey of China's last 32 years on the world political scene. The two most interesting and salient parts of the book dealt with the original birth and demise of the Sino-Soviet alliance and with the subsequent emergence of the Sino-Soviet dispute. The PRC and Third World countries are also well treated, and so is the current "post-revolutionary" phase in China, covering the years since 1973. A timely book of great interest to specialist and layman alike.

Coming Alive, China After Mao. Roger Gar-side. McGraw-Hill. 1981. \$12.95.

This impressive work not only covers the usual "Sinologist" topics of the Maoist and post-Maoist years in PRC politics, but also has sensitive discussions of the handling of Human Rights issues and the domestic economic scene. The title describes the principal message of the book exceptionally well, and we see the stirrings of the post-Maoist giant in detail. It is a concise, well written, and amazingly comprehensive work, well worth studying. Highly recommended to the general reading public.

China Under Threat: The Politics of Strategy and Diplomacy. Melvin Gurtov and Byong-Moo Hwang. Johns Hopkins. 1981. \$22.95.

With its outstanding documentation and detailed diplomatic background, this book will be of great importance and relevance to the American public. One of the most useful chapters deals with the little known, but most significant, Sino-Soviet border clashes of 1969. From an earlier period, the Sino-Indian Border War of 1962 is also well covered. A scholarly and serious study, not particularly aimed at the general reading public. Significantly useful to those in the fields of Sinology or Sino-Soviet studies.

LAWRENCE WILLSON

Nineteenth-Century Southern Literature. (New Perspectives on the South.) J. V. Ridgely. Kentucky. 1980. \$9.95.

Southern Writers and the New South Movement, 1865-1913. (James Sprunt Studies in History and Political Science.) Wayne Mixon. North Carolina. 1980. \$13; paper, \$8. Southern writers before the Civil War saw it as their purpose to celebrate the splendid difference of the South from crass Yankeeedom, "to fictionalize their pasts and . . . mythify their present institutions" (including the "peculiar" one). Their successors, awash in nostalgia, invented the "transcendent fiction" of a fabled arcadian paradise and exported glamorous and sentimental

tales about it. Yet forces were developing that shaped the literary renaissance of the twentieth century. The two books listed here tell the story. Ridgely concentrates on the literature; Mixon provides the social and economic backgrounds.

The Hudson River in Literature. Ed., Arthur G. Adams. SUNY. 1980. \$14.95; paper, \$7.95.

From the "wild blue mountains/That rear their summits near the Hudson's wave" a goodly brotherhood of bards have gazed upon "scenes to touch the poet's soul" and memorialized them in verse and prose, a generous offering of which is provided here. The selections are arranged chronologically, beginning with the forgotten poets of New Amsterdam. The "great" New Yorkers are here—Irving, Cooper, Whitman; so are the less great, famous in their day—Joseph Rodman Drake, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Nathaniel Parker Willis.

Nathaniel Hawthorne in His Times. James R. Mellow. Houghton Mifflin. 1980. \$19.95.
Nathaniel Hawthorne: The English Experience, 1853-1864. Raymona E. Hull. Pittsburgh. 1980. \$21.95.

The very difficulty of writing a biography of Hawthorne is no doubt why so many people try it. He was a man of silences, even though some thought the silences "sociable." Melville said of him that he had "all his life concealed some great secret, which would, were it known, explain all the mysteries of his career." Mellow has not discovered the secret, but his imagination has been active in other departments of Hawthorne's life. Hull does not exactly plumb the secret, either, but the tale she tells of the years of drudgery in England, "worse than any he had known before," of constant worry about money, about American politics, about the health of Sophia and the children, suggests that more than once he must have pondered the wisdom of Emerson's statement that "The wise man stays at home."

The Collected Stories of Eudora Welty. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 1980. \$17.50.

The appearance of this collection is a memorable event in the history of American literature. Welty is one of the bright—and, happily, still shining—stars in the galaxy of the southern renaissance. Her stories of the past forty years catch the exact accent of the South (at, for instance, that center of contemporary culture, the beauty parlor, in "Petried Man"). She communicates the southern "difference," the strangeness of the South and its beauty (in such a joyous story as "The Wide Net"), and its hospitality toward the eccentric ("Why I Live at the P.O.") and the occasional grotesque ("Keela, the Outcast Indian Maiden").

William Faulkner: His Life and Work. David Minter. Johns Hopkins. 1980. \$16.95.
Faulkner and Black-White Relations: A Psychoanalytic Approach. Lee Jenkins. Columbia. 1981. \$20.

If Faulkner had a secret (aside from that of his genius), he managed to forget it in drink and cheap adulteries. Minter does not ignore "the flawed life," but his more important purpose is "to enhance as well as illuminate the reciprocities" between that life and "the towering artistic achievement." This he ac-

(continued on back cover)

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MEMOIR (continued)

some cases embittered. Sunnis became more opposed to the government while Christians damning both sects withdrew into their own community. The only assurance that the future seemed to hold was that someday there would be more and worse violence.

During the period of the worst troubles, I taught *Hamlet* to those members of my second-year class who attended. The parallels between Hamlet's rotten Denmark and Assad's Syria were marked. Corruption from the head of state infected the nation. Many of the people resembled Hamlets or Rosencranzes and Guildensterns. Either, like Hamlet, they found their world and responsibilities bewildering, or like Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, they were little spokes joined to a big wheel which if it broke would destroy them. Obliquely I drew comparisons between Denmark and Syria. Some understood and were knowingly silent; others studiously and carefully avoided understanding. The majority were not linguistically good enough to move beyond language to theme. If, however, most of my students did not see, or refused to acknowledge, the contemporary significance of *Hamlet*, I could not avoid it. During the first term I faced no important academic questions. Although I was teaching at a lower level than I had taught before, I knew that what I was doing was useful. English was the language of science, medicine, business, and diplomacy. Like a technician I was teaching a skill my students could use. In contrast, *Hamlet* forced me to confront the relevancy of literature to life, a subject I had always avoided in the United States because it seemed beside the point. Was my

teaching *Hamlet*, which universalized and indirectly examined the problems Syrians faced, one of the most meaningful things I had ever done in a classroom? Or was teaching literature and discussing Hamlet's inaction while people were dying on the streets one of the most meaningless things I ever did? I never decided.

Throughout the turmoil, my relationship with the students was constant. On Easter I received several cards. My Moslem students knew that it was an occasion for a Christian feast, but most were not sure which one. One card read, "Merry Christmas to My Sincerely Teacher." When my wife became ill in late April, eight Moslem girls, all wrapped in scarves and long coats, came to our apartment with armfuls of flowers. On the last day of class, students asked me to autograph their books. There were tears, reluctant farewells, and assertions of lasting friendship. The year had been difficult; I made almost no adult friends. I had done no research. The seven hundred examinations I graded in July convinced me that half my students would never complete their studies and the bright dreams and hopes they shared with me would wither. No Fulbright lecturer would follow me to Latakia and most of what I had accomplished with even my best students would be swiftly erased.

I went to Syria when my professional career seemed at a crossroads. A university press had accepted my second book. My articles appeared in the better literary quarterlies, and journals were beginning to write me soliciting essays. When I was in Syria, my professional work had to be shunted aside; unseized

opportunities passed on to other people. Was the year worth it? I am not sure, but when I left, a student presented a poem she had written to me. Although it was embarrassingly fulsome, its sentiment touched me and almost made me glad I had spent the year in Syria. "Like the effect of sunset," she wrote, "Like the gone of the moon, / Like shadwos spreading in space, / Like storms which destroy everything / Like all these things your leaving will be. / Your leaving will fill our hearts with sadness and dullness. / Your leaving will take the dynamic thing from our life. / Maybe my words is very big for the situation, / But that is really what I feel and the truth. / So you have the right by getting back home again, / But we havn't the right to possess whom we loved. / God bless you, our wonderful teacher. / God help you with your coming life. / God take care of you and your wife fore ever. / I want of you just to remember that there are / Students loves you and think of you forever."

READING (continued)

compleishes without too much dependence on the recondite and subtle critics he praises. Jenkins, approaching his subject "from the perspective of present black consciousness," noting that Faulkner's early works were marred by "distortions and . . . false images of the lives of black people" and therefore "morally inadequate to the vision," praises him for gradually learning that both blacks and whites must through love and compassion become "capable of that imaginative solicitude that allows us to put ourselves in our fellows' places, without fear or alarm or some distorting negativism." That Faulkner could take such a view despite the fact that he was not himself sufficiently liberated "to fulfill such a prescription" is the final measure of his integrity.



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