



Four for the Road

LONG AGO when I started to travel—I am beginning to feel that I was along on Herodotus's first weekend away from home—I began to keep odd snippets of memories—stubs from a theater in London, tags from baggage checked to Brussels, labels from the Excelsior in Naples depicting a thundering Vesuvius. All these bits of memorabilia were put together in scrapbooks, and every once in awhile in our house we come upon them in the bookcase and pull them down, and travel those old trips all over again.

Apparently this has been going on for some time in a lot of other households, for along have come Norman Reader and Jerome Klein, neither of them new to the travel industry, with a novel scrapbook idea. They have published what I take to be the first of a series of Travelogs, this one about Europe and Israel, which is combination guide book and scrapbook all in one. Aside from the unhandy title (*Biograf Travelog Scrapbook Album: Europe and Israel* by Jerome E. Klein and Norman Reader, Educational Press, Inc., Blauvelt, New York, \$7.95), it is the handiest thing for sentimental travelers since the box Brownie.

What the authors have done is produce a book—and a handsome one, too—every printed page of which is perforated. Every other page is blank, leaving room to paste photographs, picture postcards, too handsome to send, concert programs, menus, wine lists, calling cards, and a dozen other items which may not even have occurred to the authors. The printed pages, handsomely illustrated with well reproduced photographs, are chock-full of capsulized information about the land, the people, the places to see, and events not to be missed. These pages may be detached and carried with the traveler. As the bulk is removed it makes way for the mementoes.

This first volume covers twenty countries of Europe from Austria to Yugoslavia and throws in Israel on the sound marketing principle that Tel Aviv, Haifa, Beersheba, Nazareth, et al., are a convenient extension of travel to Rome and Athens. The Socialist countries, despite, for better or worse, their current vogue among travelers, are left out. Well, who's going to get sentimental about Bulgaria?

The prose doesn't exactly crowd Durrell, but the essentials are there in clean, unopinionated fashion. The section on

Spain, to take one treatment at random, tells of that nation's recent history, describes the country, draws a profile of the people and their politics, discusses Spain for tourists, suggests several dozen dishes to order, deals with art and architecture, festivals and events, bullfighting and shopping, and describes the cities that will be most interesting to visitors—all this in six large detachable pages. The blank ones in between the leaves await the pasted testimonials from the traveler's own safari.

One of the most unusual and certainly one of the most literate travel books of the season is a sleeper, a tight-packed yet not oversized single volume called, straightforwardly enough, *Travel in Europe '67*. Written by Nigel Buxton (Follett Publishing Company, \$5.95), it offers an Englishman's subjective view of Great Britain and the Continent. It leaves nothing out, not even Albania, nor Mr. Buxton's view of American tourists. Oxford-educated and now in his early forties, Mr. Buxton became travel editor of the London *Sunday Telegraph* in 1961, and now is head of the travel office that serves the London Telegraph Newspapers.

At the outset, Buxton quotes Harold Spender, who called travel writing "a literature not of facts but of impressions." Mr. Spender suggested further that "these impressions may be facts of the highest order." The impressions and the facts are always delivered in a highly entertaining style in the accepted high fashion of a literate Englishman utterly self-possessed and completely articulate. Buxton has chosen to open his book with a discourse on weather and, to make his point and his impres-

sion, he delivers an essay on Le Levandou, a small French Riviera resort which he happened to be visiting when an August rain dampened his plans and soured the whole town. He writes:

Trade was almost at a standstill. At the *boulangerie* a mound of unsold loaves bore witness to the deserted shore. At the *épicerie* the wasps had to crawl beneath layers of sacking to find the fruit which should have been in open baskets on the pavements. The ice factory had suspended work, the post office was almost empty, and at the wine merchants, where by 12 o'clock not four litres of rosé had been drawn from the casks, the proprietor was asleep in his office, his apron hanging undisturbed upon the door.

It is a nice little scene, Le Levandou in a summer rain. Thankfully for the reader, waiting there on pins and needles and fearful only of the worst, the meteorological depression shifts during the night, and the sun breaks out next day and "the lizards came out again on the rocks." By this time Buxton has the reader entranced and possibly captured, and, taking advantage of his supremacy, he quickly pours in the facts about Fahrenheit and Centigrade, weather charts and symbols, and all that less romantic bother.

As unorthodox a way as it may be to begin a travel book, Buxton goes on from weather to coastlines and beaches, then turns to mountains and ultimately to lakes. I must say I found myself enchanted with a short little piece called "Fruits de Mer," wherein the author explains that when he thinks of Brittany he thinks not of the religious processions but of the crabs and lobsters and *coquilles St. Jacques*. He tells of coastlines in Norway, and others in Finland and the Italian coasts and Portuguese Algarve and the coast of Turkey.

When at last he turns to the country-by-country countdown with which all travel books must eventually become involved, he discourses on the joys of the wine country, on summer in the Périgord, and, of course, on Paris ("If I hated a man and wanted him to suffer, I would wish him to be alone in Paris in the spring or autumn. Alone and unhappily in love.").

About all that might disenchant an American—and I must admit it unsettled me—is Buxton's often strident dislike of American tourists, to whom he is, to be sure, trying to sell his book. He is, for instance, in southern Italy, ruminating about an interlude in Sicily. "It was very peaceful yesterday morning at Selinunte. None of these shrill, blue-rinsed, check-shirted, guided-tourist Americans of a particular brand were there. Near the Acropolis some Germans were having a picnic. . . ."

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hackles of an American reader rise more rapidly than that gratuitous flick. By the time one arrives at a chapter called "Americans in Europe," the American reader is likely to feel patronized, or at least used, for there lingers the suspicion that the chapter has been added for the benefit of the American edition. Even here there is the unnecessary snide slap, a fragment of an American tourist's conversation overheard, the irresistibility of a little crack taken at Texas. One wonders if Buxton has been, as I once was, in the solitude of the Alhambra when a tour party of Germans marched in, led by their tour leader; or if he has seen his own countrymen when *they* are tourists. I saw them debark in oncoming waves once and swarm over the ruins that the Greeks left in Turkey. In their own quaint ways they were as odd as we are when placed in group and transported abroad, and that day I concluded, as I wished Mr. Buxton had, that tourists are tourists no matter where they come from.

Other than this offense, Buxton's book ought to be enjoyable to American travelers, for it is different and it is literate, and he does make very plain at the outset that he does not have the afflictions of what he calls "the jet-age, know-it-all, stick-around-with-me-folks-and-you'll-really-get-the-inside-picture kind of author (with or without his 'team' of eagle-eyed observers) who takes his timorous readers by the hand and leads them through the perilous swamps . . . of European travel. . . ." If only for that disclaimer, one has to be grateful.

Women travelers, as the women's magazines have been saying right along, are a special breed of traveler. As such they require a separate set of ground rules, separate instructions, and special direction. These matters are provided by two single travelers this spring, Frances Koltun, travel editor of *Mademoiselle*, for whom travel is a business, and Rochelle Girson, book review editor of this journal, for whom travel is a pleasure. Miss Girson's record of her travels and the advice she has derived for those single ladies traveling after her (*Maiden Voyages*, Harcourt, Brace & World, \$5.75) is a jaunty account of one woman's assault on the world and

on the world of males wherever they are. On the other hand, Miss Koltun's book (*The Intelligent Woman Traveler*, Simon and Schuster, \$7.50) is a large book of the sort Amy Vanderbilt puts out about manners. Miss Koltun tells everything. Miss Girson tells all.

Whereas Miss Koltun is knowledgeable but detached, Miss Girson is always personal, telling exactly how she made her way to Bali, Shiraz, Katmandu, Knossos, and Tel Aviv. How she ever had time to do this and get all those books reviewed, too, I shall never know. In miles she must begin to edge me, and in knowledge of how much liquor to bring back to which port and where to buy a knitted fez, her collected intelligence exceeds mine. Would that I could haggle with such colloquial expertise as this vacationing Nellie Bly who can pin \$20 bills to her undergarments when sallying forth in North Africa, and then bargain for a caftan by saying off-handedly to the merchant, "Look, I'll give you \$35 in the green."

Miss Girson has what sounds like to me an unerring ear for the patter of guides, shills, peddlers, merchants, and beggars encountered in foreign cities. She uses anecdote after incident to nail down a point, and it is just this device that makes her book, if cocky, also very lively. She has a highly-honed penchant for dickerings that may have driven this hotel cashier and that travel agent to handkerchief-shredding distraction, but it may also give some lonely lady traveler new heart, and new courage when embarking for a distant shore. Her deft turn of phrase leaves no stone of mystery unturned, and without being bald about it, this lady traveler can discuss, in a way that leaves no doubt what she means, the sensitive subjects of buff bathing, Finnish saunas, erotic carvings on Hindu temples, and the bizarre sculptures of Pompeii and Denpasar.

Time after time she opens with such gambits as, "Once I asked a travel agent to reserve a houseboat for me for five days in Kashmir," or "I've known a few hamlets and hill stations—in Portugal and Ceylon, for example—where one didn't have to register with the local gendarmerie within twenty-four hours of arrival, but that's iconoclastic."

Miss Girson's advice, daring as it may seem, is to travel alone. How else would she have been able to meet Ivo the Croat, who lived in Krk, with whom she communicated in Berlitz German? Or Otto, who took her to a Munich cabaret and let her pay the check? Or the nose-blowing American who, assuredly, was going to go to bed only with an upper respiratory infection?

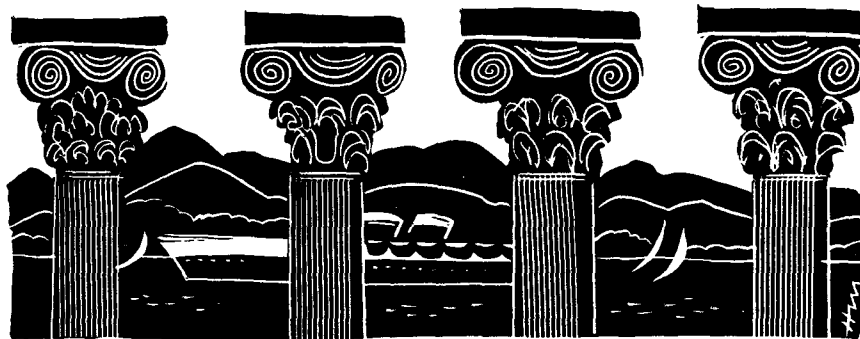
And then one flips to the paragraph that begins, "Even though I was waiting in the airport at Lahore without certainty that a 'no-show' would permit me to fly on to Peshawar, I was thoroughly enjoying the panorama of Arabian Nights turbans, robes, and crook-toed sandals. . . ." Now how's that for openers?

BY CONTRAST Miss Koltun seems to travel around the world with her white gloves on. This does not, I must hasten to add, keep her from amassing an enormous amount of information—in indeed, over 500 pages of it, if you count the index. She can tell you where to go antiquing in Vienna or Dublin. She talks unabashedly about bathrooms and bidets, gets into great detail about beauty care (use cleansing lotion rather than cream in hot climates, bring a wiglet or a *postiche*, whatever *that* is, if you're heading for such humid places as Rio, Santiago, Hong Kong, Singapore, Hawaii, or the West Indies). She can tell you where to have your hair done in Belgrade, Lima, or Cairo. There is explicit advice about bikinis and where to wear them, although here I take issue with Miss Koltun, who says they are not to be worn in the Orient. Now and again *The Intelligent Woman Traveler* departs from pure advice and lapses into talk about places, nosing into Sicily, Sardinia, the Canaries, and the Channel Islands.

Miss Koltun has listed seven cardinal points for "building" an itinerary. She takes up such matters as knitted clothes (five points to remember about *them*), ladies rooms (what to call them in different countries), and lettuce (five points to remember about *it*). She has worked out thirteen points to remember about meeting people, and that's before she gets into the chapter headed "Men." There is a chart about tipping, another about time which will calculate for you what o'clock it is in Denver when it is 4 in the afternoon in Suva. Where to go canoeing in Paris, where to join the Find the Finns Program, and the address of the Soroptimist Clubs in London are all in here.

About all that is wrong is that having read every word, an intelligent woman traveler might be intelligent enough to wonder if it isn't too, too much involved to try it alone. Somehow trapping a man seems easier.

—HORACE SUTTON.



Journalist-Historian

Continued from page 27

or acceleration in that it proceeds from the assumption that man has the capacity to surpass himself. But transcendence does not come into automatic or necessary conflict with the dialectical principle or the principle of acceleration. Indeed, even those skeptics who have no more faith in philosophic or scientific absolutes than they have in religious absolutes need not make a religion of transcendence, either. Goethe has summed it up in four lines of verse:

And until you pass this test:
First die, and then transcend,
You will be but a dim guest
On this dark earth, my friend.

During the Second World War, which did so much to shape today's world, people died in many ways and transcended in many ways—sometimes singly, sometimes a few together, sometimes in masses. Winston Churchill stands out as the supreme example of individual, upward transcendence; Adolf Hitler, of transcendence downward. For all his great inheritance and inborn talents, Churchill in his long life died a thousand deaths and transcended himself a thousand times, overcoming personal handicaps and public disasters, repeatedly turning weakness into strength, defeat into victory. This lifelong embodiment of the British imperial cause transcended upward until Churchill became the symbol of human freedom everywhere.

Hitler transcended downward as his hatreds, fears, and frustrations degraded the German cause into the cause of destruction for destruction's sake—beginning and ending in Germany itself. Hitler, who started as nothing, ended as nothing. What he sowed the Germans reaped.

HITLER's reverse transcendence plumbed the depths. Stalin also transcended, but in more than one direction. Trotsky's charge that Stalin betrayed Lenin's revolution tells less than half the story. Lenin—and Trotsky, too, for that matter—had resorted to methods as ruthless as Stalin's. But Lenin towered above them both due to his capacity, as he put it, to take one step back in order to take two steps forward. Like Lenin, Stalin gave industrial development priority over agricultural reform. Stalin's Five Year Plans, designed to build socialism in one country, did not betray the world revolution any more than Lenin did when he resorted to his New Economic Policy. What almost destroyed Stalin (not to mention the Soviet Union and the Soviet Communist Party) was his determination to establish one-man rule, his wholesale purges, his show trials of the old Bolsheviks. Just

as Hitler's personal dictatorship compelled him to make his deal with Stalin, Stalin's personal dictatorship compelled him to make his deal with Hitler. Each rightly distrusted the other.

When the impetuous Hitler attacked Stalin before Stalin attacked him, he won a battle but not the war. Certainly Stalin and the Soviet Union had to pay heavily for the Nazi-Soviet Pact. Yet it was under Stalin's leadership during the war that the Russians transcended themselves. Moreover, the crafty Stalin never planned to attack Germany or any other major power. Convinced that the British and French had tried at Munich to double-cross him by egging Hitler on to attack the Soviet Union, Stalin tried to double-cross them by keeping out of a war in which the British and the French would obligingly finish off Hitler, leaving the Soviet Union the dominating power in Europe. The war ended with the Soviet Union contributing the lion's share to Germany's defeat but with the United States emerging almost unscathed and almost omnipotent.

Almost but not quite. Having transcended his prewar crimes and follies, Stalin reverted to type afterward and died a near paranoiac. Khrushchev did not transcend Stalin any more than Truman transcended Roosevelt, but both Khrushchev and Truman transcended themselves. Destiny presented both men with unique opportunities to which each rose in his own way. John F. Kennedy, like Franklin D. Roosevelt before him, had learned courage at the hard school of physical suffering and crippling pain. He transcended the Bay of Pigs disaster as Churchill had transcended the Dardanelles. Together, he and Khrushchev then set their countries' relations on a new course after the Cuban missile crisis. But before the Kennedy leadership had a chance to assert itself, his assassination made him an instant legend. He will not, of course, occupy a place in history as exalted as that of the murdered Lincoln, but it will be no less secure, and the Kennedy magic still casts its spell.

These reflections may serve as reminders that twentieth-century history consists of more than irony, and twentieth-century journalism of more than acceleration. Practice, of course, does not follow principle so often as principle rationalizes practice, but whichever comes first, commitment underlies both.

Commitment may take the form of allegiance to some specific creed; more often it consists of petrified habit. What I suggest is that the twentieth-century journalist-historian unpetrify and reorganize his habits of thought and work. In this process he will find cooperation from the times in which he lives.

For the widening overlap between the fields of journalism and history has become a twentieth-century hallmark from which the contemporary journalist and historian cannot escape, especially in the United States. As each becomes more involved in the other's field, the area that they both cover steadily widens. All the more reason, then, to encourage a corresponding diversity in the opinions they express and the styles in which they express them. The homogenizing tendencies of the mass media have set in motion countervailing trends from which FM radio, stereo recording, quality magazines and paperback books, local musical and theatrical groups have all benefited. But this proliferation of specialized media has not yet given rise to a corresponding improvement in professional standards.

Many European journalists and historians view the contemporary scene in some such three-dimensional perspective as I have tried to outline here. In the United States only Walter Lippmann has devoted his talents to a journalistic career of comparable scope, and he has succeeded not because he followed any rigid formula but because of his knowledge of the history and languages, the tastes, habits, and traditions of other lands than his own. Many Americans now in their thirties and forties are well on their way to equipping themselves to execute similar assignments. Some have studied overseas; more have studied under multilingual foreign scholars, some of whom have settled permanently in the United States. But the final product must bear the MADE IN U.S.A. label, for the simple and single reason that there is no substitute for it.

I close on a chauvinistic note in the dialectical expectation that the depth of our need may yet bring us to the summit, in the accelerating fear that time has already passed us by, and in the transcendent hope that the old saying still holds good: God looks out for children, drunks, and the United States of America.

Girl Marcher

By John Frederick Nims

NOW *Ban the Bomb!* I'm with you, though we fail.
Did *Ban the Arrow!* *Ban the Fist!* avail?
Still the red lips, ecstatic, cry "Ban! Ban!"
First ban yourself, sweet marcher. Banish man.



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This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Charles F. Kettering Foundation. The editors of SR retain responsibility for its contents.

Correspondence for the Education Supplement should be addressed to: Education Editor, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Who Should Pay for Higher Education?

G OVERNOR REAGAN's effort to persuade the University of California to charge part of the tuition cost to students reopens a question that must be answered by each of the fifty states and perhaps eventually by the federal government: What part of the cost of higher education shall be paid by the taxpayers? Although this nation has long accepted the necessity for providing, at public expense, such education as is considered essential for all, it has not firmly decided whether higher education shall be included.

The amount of schooling considered necessary has steadily increased over the past century with the growing demand for educated citizens and skilled manpower. Prior to the Civil War, "free public education" was interpreted to mean only a few years of elementary schooling. But during the last third of the nineteenth century the spread of public high schools across the land reflected a growing conviction that secondary education should also be free.

Today many Americans are convinced that a high school education is not enough. More than half our high school graduates enter college, and recent polls indicate that two-thirds to four-fifths of all parents expect their children will go to college. And another recent poll reveals that many plan to enter graduate or professional schools.

But higher education becomes steadily more expensive. Costs at leading private institutions run substantially above \$3,000 a year, and are still rising. Already, nearly two-thirds of all college students attend public institutions, and the proportion is expected to rise to 80 per cent within a decade or two. But even in these colleges higher education is far from free. Students in state colleges and universities spend from \$1,000 to \$1,500 for board, room, travel, books, clothing, and incidentals, and must also pay "fees" averaging \$200 to \$300 a year.

Substantial funds are now available to students through the federal program of educational opportunity grants and insured loans, as well as a variety of public and private scholarship and loan programs. But these do not provide, at least for the present, a satisfactory substitute for free tuition.

If the American dream of equal opportunity for all is ever to be achieved—and we still are a long way from achieving it—a boy or girl from a poor family must have access to education *at all levels* which is in no way inferior to that available to the more affluent. It seems reasonable, and it may be educationally advantageous, for him to work during the summer months and for a few hours each week during the school year to help defray his expenses. But going to college today is hard work in itself—much harder than it was a generation ago. It is not reasonable to ask a student carrying a heavy load of studies to work additional hours to pay for the cost of his instruction. Consequently, we are vigorously opposed to charging any part of the cost of instruction in publicly supported colleges to the students. An affluent society, which needs a growing number of well educated citizens, should be prepared to underwrite the cost, and to look upon it as a necessary investment in the younger generation.

—P.W.