DISTINGUISHED
LECTURER
SERIES
8

HENRY GLASSIE

History's Dark Places

Indiana
University
Institute
for
Advanced
Study

Institute for Advanced Study

Society for Advanced Study

Distinguished Lecturer Series 8

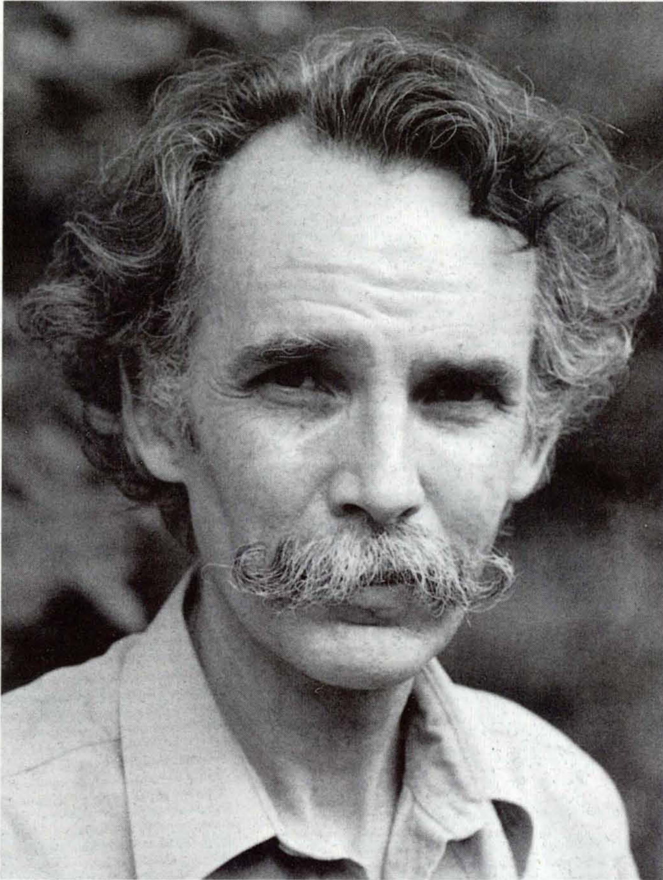
History's Dark Places

HENRY GLASSIE

Distinguished Lecture of the Institute and Society for Advanced Study given on October 4, 1996.

Indiana University
Institute for Advanced Study

Indiana University
1998



Henry Glassie is College Professor of Folklore at Indiana University. His books include *Pattern in the Material Folk Culture of the Eastern United States, Folk Housing in Middle Virginia, All Silver and No Brass, Passing the Time in Ballymenone, Irish Folktales, The Spirit of Folk Art, Turkish Traditional Art Today,* and *Art and Life in Bangladesh.* Three of his works have been named among the notable books of the year by the *New York Times,* and he has received many awards for his writing, including the Chicago Folklore Prize and the Award for Superior Service from The Turkish Ministry of Culture. Glassie and his wife, Kathleen A. Foster, curator of modern art at the Indiana University Art Museum, are active in historic preservation, and they live with their daughter, Ellen Adair, in an old wooden house full of books and pottery on Bloomington's west side. A student of performance, Glassie knows that oral and written communications differ, so this paper is not the text of the talk he gave at the Institute for Advanced Study in 1996, for there was no text; rather, it combines notes from that talk with notes for another, delivered as the keynote address of the Missouri Conference on History in 1997, blending the two into an essay on the practice of history.

History's Dark Places

In time, the unified practice of old Herodotus disassembled into disciplinary specializations. Historians became political historians, social historians, economic historians, religious historians, military historians, intellectual historians, art historians, architectural historians, archaeologists, philologists, classicists, orientalists, geographers, sociologists, anthropologists, folklorists. As one discipline closed down, narrowing its scope, another opened up in a compensatory gesture at completeness.

The scholarly discipline teaches discipline. It creates technicians, rigorous in procedure and exposition. Then scholars mature. Finding the world is not divided as the academy is divided, they bumble into territory beyond their expertise and become amateurs committed to a transdisciplinary intellectual practice. So Jean-Paul Sartre taught, and so I believe. To be true to themselves and useful to society, worth their pay, technicians become amateurs. Without betraying discipline itself, the care in their craft, intellectuals break out of disciplinary confinement, abandoning the comforts of youth in order to speak of things that matter. Our work must begin, but it cannot end in our divisive disciplines of nurture.

Of history our presence is made. We shape memory to shape ourselves, to claim a place and gauge our strength. History is a force so potent in our lives that it would be irresponsible to leave it shattered at the convenience of the conservative economy of the academy. It requires transdisciplinary address – seriousness James Agee would say – and I will launch us on an excursion into history with commonplace observations, beginning simply in the belief that jargon thwarts, but plain talk enables labor across the boundaries that hedge the academy to falsify reality.

History is not the past. History is a story about the past, told in the present, and designed to be useful in constructing the future.

The past is vast, and it is gone. Almost all of it is gone utterly, leaving no trace in the mind or archive. We know the past only through things that chance to exist in the present: old books, broken pots, disturbed memories. Yet, even the tattered scraps that remain are too many, overwhelming in their multiplicity, their intransigence, their unfitness to narrative orders.

History begins in the will of the historian, a forked mortal trapped in the unknowable flux. The courageous act of history is the act of the historian who ignores most people and events while selecting a tiny number of facts and arranging them artfully and truthfully in order to speak usefully about the human condition.

That means that writing history is speaking myth. A professional folklorist – that kind of historian in whose province myth lies – I do not use the word sloppily as a synonym for untruth. In line with arguments advanced by Claude Lévi-Strauss, I see the past as a mythic resource for the historian – open to endless transformation during the crafting of engaging narratives, suitable to different philosophical traditions and environmental conditions. In line with arguments about myth advanced by Bronislaw Malinowski, I see the historian as one who composes stories that function as social charters, drawing people together and refining their relations on the basis of a shared cosmology. It is the historian's job to reorder the past while telling useful tales.

Myths are spoken and histories are written to answer needs. People need understanding, help in comprehending their tragedies, and historians earn their keep by telling people about people, by composing resonant stories about other times and places. The goal – as Robert Penn Warren said, meditating upon America's main event, the Civil War – is to find in historical imagination the options and constraints of human possibility.

Yet, for most people, history breaks apart and fails. Now that Samuel Beckett is dead, our finest stylist of English prose is V.S. Naipaul. In his autobiography, recalling the Hindu community in Trinidad, Naipaul speaks of two histories. One was full of dates, names, and foreign places. It was the history of other people, carefully taught in school. The second was a history of darkness, the unspoken, unknown murk out of which the local people emerged.

To cast light into darkness, we revise the myth. Discovering embarrassing gaps in the universalizing charter we have built out of the past, we choose new facts about new people and attend to new sources, expanding our view beyond the written record to incorporate oral history and material culture. Earnestly, we pluck bits from the world to decorate the old structure, providing a semblance of democracy through the addition of symbolic reminders of history's neglected people, of women and dark people and poor people.

History is picked at, scraped down, patched up, and encrusted with new ornament. In interdisciplinary fervor, we pleasure ourselves in deconstruction, or we scramble through revisions, taking baby steps toward necessary truth. Meanwhile, most people linger in darkness, neglected and vulnerable.

The reason is that, while we seek new people and new sources, we accept them only insofar as they can be accommodated by the rules of narration implicit in the old story we tell. To get the story told, we continue to search for signs of change, for devices we can use to compose our myth, segmenting linear time, then linking the segments along the arc of progress that leads, inevitably, to us.

Nicely confined, art history provides a simple case. Proud of our liberality, we add works by women, by Africans, by Muslims. But if we do not change our definition of art, of what is significant, and if we do not relinquish our commitment to linear, segmented, progressive narration, then the tale might shift and expand slightly, but it still will not include women and men in equal numbers. It still will not include more Asians than Europeans. It will remain false to reality, unable to meet the needs of the world we inhabit.

To say it in the opposite way: if we had an adequate definition of art and adequate expository means, art history would already be filled with women, dark people, and poor people. And we would not be flailing about in scholastic affirmative action. Justice would already prevail.

To say it more broadly: if we knew what was important and how to talk about it, history would be useful to everyone. There would be no areas of darkness. It is this matter of what is important and how it is ordered in narration that calls for our transdisciplinary attention.

Central to transdisciplinary hope is the reconciliation of history and anthropology. The contrast between them was purified in a Parisian debate, now past and not yet grasped.

Jean-Paul Sartre argued that time is the axis of significance. People participate in the narrative line or they do not matter. They deserve their darkness. Claude Lévi-Strauss countered that time is overvalued by Western thinkers. Nonhistorical action is not only more common among the world's people, it is more moral. Our salvation abides in the darkness.

In following either of these masters, we will find improvement in history. Sartre's progressive-regressive method eliminates the vain hunt for origins, the wild-goose chase of the historian, and it existentializes practice. We meet the subjects of history within their own predicaments. Lévi-Strauss' structuralism doubles history's size, admitting nonhistorical action into scrutiny, and it clarifies the myth-making nature of the historian's errand. In following both of them at once, we find ourselves with two complementary methods and two concurrent histories, one hot, one cool – the hot governed by the secular will to progress, the cool governed by the sacred will to order.

Accepting that history is a simultaneity of the historical and the nonhistorical, the changing and stable, we have begun our quest for better historical constructions. That search should not stop at the edge of the academy where comfortable gentlemen (like Sartre and Lévi-Strauss) confect competing systems that claim the universal and incarnate the provincial.

We should seek disorienting experience in the world, setting our provinciality in relation to the provinciality of others. Wishing truly to understand, we will not merely ask people beyond our walls for facts to assimilate into our schemes. We will learn to engage in collegial exchange with nonacademic intellectuals, discovering in conversation new arts of discourse and new theories of time. I am certain that many of the answers to academic questions – in history and beyond – lie ready in the wisdom of people unconfined by academic convention.

Such a one is Ahmet Balcı. He was born in Ahmetler, a village above the Aegean, tucked in a fold of Kaz Dağı, the Mount Ida of antiquity, where Paris tended his sheep and made the decision that brought Troy to ruin. Ahmet Balcı was also a shepherd in his boyhood. He never went to school, but he taught himself to read and write, and, listening to the old men talk, he became a historian.

Ahmet Balcı tells two histories of Ahmetler. One is a story of change. In Ahmet's account, his ancestors – he calls them the Turks – followed their flocks out of Central Asia in the thirteenth century. Seeking good grazing, they came west along the Taurus range, then up the coast to Kaz Dağı. There they continued their nomadic way, driving the herds to the high pastures in the summer and bringing them down to a glen near the sea in the winter.

Serious in his role, Ahmet Balcı qualifies his story, saying the history is not exactly clear, but counting back through the generations, he reckons his grandfathers' grandfathers settled permanently on the site of their winter encampment about 1760. Early in the twentieth century, having learned the difficult skills of building, they traded their old houses of felt stretched over staked frames for new homes of stone. As the grip of secular reform loosened in the Turkish Republic, and wealth accumulated in the village, the people built their first mosque in 1949.

Ahmet Balcı was born in 1944, and dates become firm when he reports what he has seen. In 1960, a school was added. The people learned to read and write. In 1971, the

government built the first road that connected Ahmetler to the world. Before that, all travel was on foot or horseback. Now the wheels rolled. In 1983, electricity followed the road into the village. "Now," he says, "there are televisions, iceboxes, washing machines. In the village, there is everything. After electricity came, the villagers bought everything. There is a television in every house now."

No nostalgia disturbs his evaluation. Ahmet Balcı ends his tale of progress with a smile. *Şimdi, herşey iyi*: Now, everything is good. Thanks to God, thanks to the state, everything is good.

Progress is not the whole story. Change has happened in an unchanging environment. Ahmet Balcı points to the gray mountain ascending above his village and asks how one could farm it. The soil is thin and stony, unfit to the plow. But sheep belonging to the curly race of northwestern Anatolia know how to pick among the rocks for sustenance. Their flesh provides meat, their milk become cheese, their wool is sheared, combed, spun, dyed, and woven into carpets to be sold at dawn on Fridays in the agricultural market of Ayvacık. In rational adaptation to the environment, the people of Ahmetler have developed and held to a workable system of exploitation and creation. From the days of our nomadism, Ahmet says, there has been no change in the central tasks of *hayvancılık* and *halıcılık*, of animal husbandry and carpet production, upon which life depends.

The story is double. Life is improved by progress. Life depends on stability. People build mosques and buy televisions, and people cooperate, tending the sheep and weaving the carpets that are the ultimate refinement of the land's constructed potential. "Our women weave carpets, take them to the market and sell them. We buy what we need with this cash. We eat and drink from the money we earn from the carpet trade." Forward motion, symbolized by the new television, requires adherence to the stable process from which cash is won. Ahmet Balcı believes – and antique examples in museum collections support his contention – that the geometric designs on the rich red carpets of Ahmetler have not changed for centuries.

Ahmet Balcı's two histories cannot be reduced to illustrations of the contrast between Sartre and Lévi-Strauss. They come closer to the ideas of Fernand Braudel. To Braudel, one history is a stream of events, a tale of political succession and economic evolution. In that frame, Ahmet Balcı provides an account of settlement and development in relation to national history. Through this story, his village can be connected to the global structures it is currently fashionable to talk about. To Braudel, another history is that of the long duration, a story of environmental adaptation and deep cultural pattern. In that frame, Ahmet Balcı locates life's center in the stability of stock raising and carpet weaving. His story resists absorption into the new world order of the chic essayist.

Our inquiry will be advanced by Hugh Nolan. Mr. Nolan was a saintly man and the great historian of Ballymenone, a patch of green hills and white houses in the County Fermanagh, just north of the border breaking Ireland. His delight in youth, he said, was listening to the old people talking. From them he assembled the history of his place, and in old age his delight, he said, was speaking the truth.

The truth, he knew, is not the same as the factual. The past is gone, the facts that remain might be wrong, but you learn and ponder, doing the best you can. The truth, he said, is what you are willing to live by, and in speaking only the truth, Hugh Nolan claimed and was granted the name historian. It is the will to truth that makes historians,

separating them from other tellers of tale. Mr. Nolan did not falsify by omission. The historian, he said, must tell the whole painful story. Nor did he falsify by generalization. Historians who stretch for grand narratives, reaching from the place they know into places they do not, inevitably, he believed, fall into falsehood. Mr. Nolan stuck to his locality, southwestern Fermanagh, and he spoke its truth. It made him feel good. The lie puts the mind and soul at odds. The tongue stumbles, the brow wrinkles, the body ages. Mr. Nolan kept himself young and content, he preserved the historian's aesthetic and maintained the smooth flow of words by saying only what he felt to be true.

As it is understood by the farming people of Ballymenone, general history divides. It is a story of change. The greatest change, they say, was brought about by political action, when local folk joined in demands that led to the victory of the Land League. They rallied and marched, Lord Leitrim was slain, and the peasants became the proprietors of the land they worked. Then the land's story rushes forward through technological progress, from mud walls to brick, from thatched roofs to tin, from horses to tractors.

The farmer's tale also tells of stability, of the constancy of the cow. Seeing that grass springs luxuriously from the clay beneath rain-laden skies, farmers know their place was made to be pastoral. It is normally enough for them to repeat what has been done before, doing anew what has been tested redundantly and proved workable. At times they have been forced by the landlord or compelled by the government to cropping, to agriculture, but they have returned again and again, relocating themselves in the land's inbuilt logic of grass and cows. From the ancient epoch of cattle raids to today's toil in the muck, life has depended, as in Ahmetler, on animal husbandry. In Ahmetler, the sheep is the beast, and wool is processed into carpets for sale. In Ballymenone, it is the cow, and milk is processed into butter to bring a little money into the house.

Hugh Nolan complicates Ballymenone's double history. Once when we were sitting in his miserable black house, the turf fire glowing at our feet, I commented that he, a man born in 1896, had seen the arrival of the world we call modern, and I bade him speak of change. He spoke of developments in transportation. He saw the first automobile in County Fermanagh. Before that, he said, people walked or rode horses. "The ass and cart, it was a great improvement in its day. Then came the car, and now there's the helicopter." He paused. The helicopter is a tool of war in Northern Ireland. Mr. Nolan continued, "And there has been a great change in communication." Once news traveled by word of mouth. Then it was riddled out of the rare old newspaper that was passed from hand to hand through the countryside. Now, with the television, people know what is going on in the world instantaneously. "All these changes" – he gestured beyond his home – "have brought a great improvement to the people. All do have the electricity now. And that is a great thing." He paused again. No wires ran to his dark house. Mr. Nolan had repeated the story of progress that we expect, and then he concluded:

"But the greatest change in my lifetime has been that people have lost all respect for authority, civil or divine.

"Today there is neither law nor order.

"And that is the greatest change."

The stream of events entails both progress and regress. Mr. Nolan had little need to illustrate his argument. British soldiers with machine guns stalked the rural lanes. Boys with homemade bombs rode the midnight roads. It was conventional to say, in Ulster in

those days, that if you did not adjust to the troubles, you would go crazy, and if you did adjust, you were crazy. Mr. Nolan looked up from the fire and summarized the nature of temporal development:

"Aye, the two things happen at the one time.

"Things get better.

"And they get worse."

The story of change is double, simultaneously a matter of gain and loss. Awash in the fluid, mutable swill, people are charged by intelligence and moral conscience to participate in progressive change and to turn away from regressive change. In turning away from error, people seek stability.

Change, for Hugh Nolan, is double, and so is stability. One aspect of stability is environmental. People, being wise about their work, constantly adjust to ecological reality. Environmental stability comes from more than conservative acts repeating into continuity. It involves a recursive logic that is necessary to the dynamic of the long duration. Farmers evaluate their situation and return to exploit the potential that God built into their damp, grassy hills at the dawn of time. This is a place for the cow, not the plow.

What seems from afar to be smoothly continuous, often appears from within to be a canny series of recursive acts, of little revivals, as people go back to go forward. The narrator repeats the old tale to show children the way into the future. The woman in Ahmetler draws the design for a new carpet from an old one she found on the floor of her village mosque. The ambitious young farmer in Ballymenone, blessed with bright new machinery, finds success by rediscovering his land's old message, following the direction implicit in the sodden slopes rich with grass.

The second aspect of Hugh Nolan's history of stability is moral. It resembles the environmental, for it sets human conduct in relation to an unchanging force, and it counsels adherence to the correct and returns from error. It is similar, too, in that it is emplaced, shaped spatially.

Ballymenone's moral history is built out of events, some of them violent events like those in the conventional history of the academy, but its ordering is radically different. It is local, situated with precision, and its events are not linked by a chronology that distances them from modern people. Events are set on the landscape that people roam across, that they confront regularly and immediately in the course of the workaday round.

Hugh Nolan knew the dates, and he could set events in temporal sequence, but the dates were only facts, and he kept events in order by location. Mr. Nolan's geographical arrangement, enabling him to expand easily from the common experience of place into explanatory narrative, is not unique to him. Native historians in North America and New Guinea, it seems, practice comparably. One of history's greatest texts is the *Seyahatname*, written by Evliya Çelebi, who traveled in the seventeenth century and allowed Ottoman history to accumulate through the stories he told of the places he visited. And any serious history of the world will not be a single tale, but as Fernand Braudel argued, a concatenation of the distinct histories of different civilizations, a product of geographical as well as temporal understanding.

Shelved in the memory by location, not date, the events in Ballymenone's moral history are linked typologically, not chronologically. Mr. Nolan does not invent events. He selects carefully for utility. His goal is to fill out the typology of action, dividing history by human type to illuminate the perplexity of existence.

One human type is the saint. Mr. Nolan tells of men and women who embodied God's power, who came to his place in ancient days and marked the land, giving creation its final touches. Causing rivers to writhe and fountains to rise, saints like Febor and Naile left visible signs that witness to the existence of God. The saints were human beings, capable of sin. Columcille was exiled for leading an army into battle. But they sought atonement, they confirmed connections between the Creator and the creature, and they brought the Good News to the people of Ireland, obliging them to moral conduct.

A second kind of historical personage is the warrior. The morality of the warrior's conduct is at question. Warriors are not slaves, the name given in Ballymenone to the passive lackeys of colonialism. As farmers read the environment and come to act correctly, warriors read the political environment and rebel. Through rebellion they become saints, martyrs to old Ireland's cause, welcomed to heavenly glory by the Mother of Christ. Or they become lost. Their actions are retold to classify them, and through classification, history brings understanding of the dilemma in which the people of embattled Ulster carry on their wee lives. Achieving no final earthly victory, they will suffer, the saint predicted, until the end of time.

Of the many events selected for narration by Hugh Nolan and his colleagues in Ballymenone, two form a pair for consideration: the Mackan Fight of July 13, 1829, and the hosting at the Swad Chapel on August 12, 1868. Were they situated chronologically and absorbed in streams of cause and effect, one would be a minor riot in the train of events that followed Catholic Emancipation, the other would be an instance of civil disobedience in the context of the Fenian Rising. Both would be forgettable details of national history. But set in isolation on the land, one on a slope above the Derrylin Road, the other at the chapel gate in the border town of Swanlinbar, each gains presence in memory, gathers power, and unfolds through story and song to mark the limits of moral action.

The men of Mackan knew no fear: responding to threats to burn their houses, they collected and charged up the hill, killing their neighbors with pitchforks. Their victory brought them death and exile. They were right to stand firm, wrong to commit murder. When the landlord announced he was planning to raze the Catholic chapel at Swanlinbar, thousands assembled. The ballad commemorating their action declares that the Swanlinbar boys will not be forgotten; they were men of honor, guilty of neither crime nor wrong. They stood firm, and God did their work, killing the landlord, turning him black as your boot in his bed.

Circumstances require rebellion, the stories say, but life's eternal commandment is to love your neighbor as yourself. Those who break the commandment with wild words, with threats to burn the home or demolish the house of God, must be resisted, but resistance cannot lead to breaking the commandment yet more violently, lest the immortal soul be gambled and lost. One has no righteous choice but to stand firm. What remains elective is murder, and by his choice the warrior becomes raised to glory or damned to hell.

A third historical class is filled with people like us who exist only in the moral climate created by saints, the heroes of eternal truth, and by warriors, the heroes of contingent action. In Ballymenone's own history, people like us, men sloughing after the cows, women tasked with the impossible job of keeping the house clean, are exemplified in anecdotes told about the recently deceased. They were, we are, witty. Ballymenone, Hugh Nolan said, was a territory of wits, enlivened by people called stars who sparkled against the darkness, telling comical tales, touched by the absurd, and composing lovely poems about local happenings. In confrontation with figures of authority – the priest, the policemen, the tax collector – the local stars always invert hierarchies of power through wit and gain little victories, proving that their outward poverty tells nothing about their inward genius.

The people who struggle in this place, representing ourselves to ourselves in historical story, are brilliant and artistic, and they are brave. They are people like Mrs. Timoney, a widow who raised her children, kept her house clean, and did the heavy work of a man, wielding the spade in the bog, coping sod on the lea ground. Twice a year, she walked all the way to Ballyconnell to pay the landlord's agent the rent for her insufficient scrap of earth. It makes your blood boil, so it does.

Our poverty is not the result of a lack of intelligence or fortitude. Its cause lies in conditions, environmental conditions (this is no place for agriculture), and political conditions (this is a place of endless rebellion against the invader who took our land and doomed us to penury).

Poor they might be, the people who live in this place, but they are bright and brave, and they are not alone. History's worst moment, the Famine of 1846 that swept a quarter of Ireland's people into death or exile, was no natural disaster. According to the local historians, the cause was English meddling in the ecological balance of Ireland, and Britain was to blame for its severity. At the depth of the Famine, Mr. McBrien, who lived in Ballymenone, turned to the river for food, and God provided him precisely one fish daily for each member of his family. When one child died, the number of fish McBrien caught each day was reduced by one. God provides – the bare minimum. And God takes the lives of innocent children. It is not ours to understand, and the people tell of mystery, describing encounters with the other world, with ghosts, fairies, and tokens of death like the banshee who wailed in despair and clawed the back door of the Widow's Jimmy Owens. Their accounts affirm the unknowable, demonstrating the incompleteness of empirical knowledge and the need for faith. As the saints taught: He is there, surely. We are not alone on our journey.

In Hugh Nolan's telling, the history of change doubles, establishing a context of simultaneous improvement and degeneration within which people must choose, as they say in Ballymenone, a way of going on. His history of stability also doubles to include an environmental realm, requiring intelligent adaptation, and a moral realm that further subdivides into a political sphere, requiring resistance, and a sacred sphere, requiring acquiescence to transcendent law. In the midst of this complexity, one must shape a life. The traits necessary to life are wit (the ability to understand and overturn conditions), courage (the ability to carry on, despite conditions), and faith (a way to endure the unknowable).

Thinking spatially, not temporally, lifting his stories from places on the land, rather than locations in chronology, relating them typologically, rather than setting them into sequences of cause and effect, Hugh Nolan at once tells the history of his small, dark place, and makes history into a description of the human condition.

Hugh Nolan died in 1981. No death hit me harder. We had passed so much time together, he had taught me so generously, that I knew how much the world lost in his dying. He had gathered up his community's history and rehearsed it inwardly to keep it fresh, so that he could tell his neighbors the stories they needed to hear. They came out of the darkness and sat by his hearth. He told tired farmers that their place was rich in history, that people like them had beaten their poverty with humor and art, with hard work and faith. He told the lads who play in the game, who make the bombs that wreck the night in Ulster, that their rebellion was heroic, and that, in rebellion, they were putting their immortal souls at risk. Mr. Nolan's history was designed to make people aware of their conditions and to place upon them the human obligation of choice.

Listening to but two nonacademic historians, we have discovered disruptions in the linear, segmented, progressive order of academic history. If the conspicuous disruption is environmental, the profound rupture in the sequence of change comes with the sacred.

Historians – Marc Bloch for one, Douglas Southall Freeman for another, to cite an odd couple – have recognized the challenge to their craft posed by sincere religiosity. The academic historian seems tempted to dismiss religious people as marginal (which they are to histories painstakingly arranged around secular centers) and to probe beneath religious motives for worldlier goals deemed to be more real. But Hugh Nolan speaks for millions and millions of people who are, like him, religious above all, when he turns history upside down. In history, he teaches, change shapes a domain in which people must endure, seeking adherence to eternal law. Change matters, but less than stability. A narrative built of change must marginalize and misrepresent people whose lives are dedicated to the unchanging.

One among the millions is Haripada Pal. He works in a cramped, damp shop in Shankharibazar, a narrow street, walled by tall buildings, near the waterfront in Dhaka. The capital city of the People's Republic of Bangladesh, Dhaka centers the vast delta that was built by the silt of the Ganges, the Brahmaputra, and the Meghna, as they flowed down from the mountains, met, merged, and ran on to the sea.

Alive in the world, Haripada Pal says he has no choice but to live in time, working to feed the body that contains the soul, as the pen contains the ink, and striving to survive amid confusion and terror. Haripada's time is a massive cycle, revolving through four ages to end in flames and to emerge again from the dampness. Ours is the fourth age, the age of darkness and disorder. There is nothing to be done. We endure the disorder of technological progress that distracts people from God and entices them into the madness of greed. We endure social disorder in which respect for the self and the other dissolves, the center does not hold, and trust becomes untenable. We endure the disorder of political contention, the unending series of invasions, rebellions, and sectarian disturbances that mark time at the far ends of what was once the British Empire – on the Indian subcontinent as it is in Ireland. The political is privileged in academic explanations of life's ordering and history's patterning, but for us, for the people on the ground, political powers gather into a perduring storm of inequity and violence from which we

must seek shelter. When the Pakistani army cracked down in 1971, massacring three million Bengalis, Haripada Pal escaped to his village, a mound of jungle above the flood, where he was born in 1946 and learned his trade from his beloved grandfather.

It is, he says, tolerable. He lives in time and finds release in his work. Haripada Pal brings clay from his village to the city, blending and perfecting it to sculpt images of the deities. In concentration, working the clay, he steps outside of time and unites with God. "Sometimes I become part of God. Sometimes God becomes part of me. I feel God in myself when I concentrate." The God in his soul erupts through his fingertips to fuse with the seed of creation in the clay, impregnating the image of the goddess with sacred life. Then the beautiful statue is painted and positioned for worship at the time set in scripture.

In front of the faithful, the goddess descends into the clay. She is welcomed with prayer and garlanded as a revered guest should be. Drums beat, flames dance, smoke flows. The devotee gives flowers, makes the heart's desires known to the goddess, and receives sweets, dining with the deity to seal a contract between the worlds, this and the other. Worship ends with dawn, and the statue that took weeks of work is empty, a pretty shell no more valuable than the body after the soul has flown. It is borne to the river and immersed, melted back into the flowing waters so that the cycles of creation and sacrifice can continue.

Haripada Pal works in temporal affirmation of timelessness. His work, he says, is a benefit, a gift to people who need to connect with eternal power in order to receive the blessings of God. His work is a blessing, and it is a prayer, a part of his devotion. His prayer is that he will not be reincarnated into this lower environment where it is hard to concentrate, where the world's derangement makes it difficult to keep the mind fixed on God. In work, Haripada Pal escapes time, and he works to escape time permanently, to please God so that he will be delivered from the cycles of birth and rebirth into a state of timeless bliss.

Now, as is *de rigueur*, I have on the stage three French intellectuals – Jean-Paul Sartre, Claude Lévi-Strauss, and Fernand Braudel – and unconventionally I have welcomed into colloquy three impecunious, nonacademic intellectuals, a Muslim, a Catholic, and a Hindu: Ahmet Balcı, Hugh Nolan, and Haripada Pal.

All share the idea of a linear, sequential history, but none is content to stop there. As though recasting and sophisticating the French vision, the nonacademic thinkers have divided time into streams of change and continuity, divided change into progressive and regressive valences, and, limiting time by the timeless, they have revealed continuity to be the consequence of stabilizing actions that exhibit repetitive, recursive, and cyclical patterns.

The shape of time has become complicated enough to allow us to imagine a reintegration of history. The inquiry has barely begun – only six people, none of them women, all from Eurasia – but we have gained some sense of what an improved history might look like, and I will move toward the end by returning to simple talk about big issues.

Since cultures differ, as surely as languages differ, it follows that they will have different histories, different pasts, of course, and different ways of creating understanding of those pasts in line with current needs.

Culture is a mental construct, built by individuals in shifting experience. Moving together in communication, people become alert to problems requiring action. Their thought becomes oriented to key paradoxes around which interpretations coalesce. Agreeing on the importance of certain issues, people come into social association and link their destinies through compatible understandings, at once making a culture among themselves and cutting a collective track through time.

Cultures, like histories, are created by people to serve them during their ordeal. People might be equal in brilliance, but they have not been allotted resources equally. Societies are lucky or not, and their members in interaction build their cultures toward distinct points of value. Cultures accomplish excellence diversely, concentrating energy in different realms of life, this one in technology, that one in philosophy, this one in music, that one in commerce, the other in history.

Difference is interesting, excellence is astonishing, and all cultures are shaped and refined by people who evaluate the familiar in relation to the foreign. Through comparative analysis, cultures seem better in some ways, worse in others. We who have made that common activity into a profession study cultures distanced in time or space not only to record them, celebrating again the variety our species has achieved, but also to learn from them, finding in their excellence hints about how we might face our culture's deficiencies and work toward improvement.

Let me return again, for example again, to art history and the observation that contemporary Western definitions of art retard more than advance cross-cultural study. We might seek answers through review of our philosophical tradition, and Saint Thomas has some of them, but that tradition led us to the dead end we face. It would be easier, and more quickly productive, to seek solutions in other traditions.

During ethnographic inquiry, I found that Turkish artisans held a consistent and excellent definition of art. Western definitions tend to feature media, particular technical disciplines, such as painting and sculpture, that have proved historically more accessible to men than women, making art a male province. Or Western definitions feature functions that separate art from utility and identify it with leisure, making art a province of the rich. Or they feature the response of the connoisseur, replacing creation with consumption, and requiring art to be supported by learned commentary, making it a province of the educated. The Turkish definition, centered existentially in performance, stresses the individual's passionate commitment to creation, despite differences of medium, function, and consumption. It gracefully welcomes women as well as men, the poor as well as the rich, the educated and the uneducated.

One consequence of the tacit democracy of the Turkish definition is that general appreciation gathers at once around calligraphy, created largely by prosperous, educated, urban men, and around carpets, created largely by poor, uneducated, rural women. Another consequence is that, among the world's modern nations, only Japan surpasses Turkey in artistic vitality. Another could be the adoption of definitions in the Turkish style by thinkers in other cultures.

My point is not that the Turkish definition of art is, like the Western academic definition, one among a host of equals in the ethnological spread, different as Turkish culture and history are different. My point is that the Turkish definition is superior, not philosophically perfect for all I know, but pragmatically preferable if the task of the art

historian is to engage in cross-cultural analysis during the attempt to create a global understanding of art as part of a unified practice of history.

Turning to history in general, I will grant comparable pride of place to Ballymenone. Hugh Nolan is the best historian it has been my fortune to know. In comparison with academic history, Ballymenone's is inferior in resources. Dependent on memory, not the written record, it cannot compete with academic history in its stretch or welter of perplexing detail. But built to its place, shaped in oral performance, forever fresh, it is better attuned to the needs of the people. They need understanding. Hugh Nolan's history speaks straight to their dilemma, and incorporating common occurrences that would be ceded to fiction in another tradition, Mr. Nolan's history, like the Turkish definition of art, welcomes people of all kinds and so proves useful to all kinds of people.

With Hugh Nolan in Clio's role, I will venture a sketch of the whole picture. History should be cultural history, geographical at its base so that one culture's history will not expand to become the world's history. The historian becomes a cultural geographer, watching how cultures unfold through time in relation to physical conditions and in exchange with other cultures. As they shift in time and space, cultures seek their own excellence, developing traditions, modes of historical construction.

Traditions collectivize the will, gripping to the significant and reaching for patterns in time. The creators of tradition place the emphasis differently. They might envision time in terms of a tradition of change that begets a trim series of substitutions: the old yields to the new, and one encompassing spirit of the age replaces another, century by century, decade by decade, in the march of progress. Such thinking fits the bellicose, capitalistic West where technology increases the capacity to kill and sequential fashions fuel a hot economy. But the creators of tradition might see time as an expanding accumulation that permits the coexistence of the old and the new in the Japanese manner. Or they might see time as a series of recursions, of returns to propriety through the imitation of refined old models in the manner of Confucian China. Or they might see change as a turbulent frenzy on the face of the timeless depths, as thinkers trying to make sense of India tend to do.

Cultures are built to accord with ideas of time that suit their differing structures of value. The problem is how to compare them in a way that preserves their difference while allowing them to be connected in unified historical understanding. Chronology, the mainstay of Western academic history, cannot be the solution. Cultures do not move to one beat. They do not develop at the same time, or at the same rate, or in line with one temporal pattern. Hugh Nolan's solution, and the solution of the modern ethnologist, is to turn from the chronological to the typological.

Though endlessly variable in detail, cultures are of distinct kinds. Just as their social orders might be patrilineal or matrilineal, hierarchical or egalitarian, just as their economies might be based on barter or cash, their religions on monotheistic or polytheistic precepts, cultures in their histories display different temporal types.

Their traditions stress one temporal way or another, but all cultures rise through time, developing characteristic patterns by combining linear and sequential, fast and slow, repetitive, recursive, and cyclical dynamics. The types are these combinations, distinct fusions of universal urges, and history has become a temporally inflected ethnology.

An ethnological history would have as its task the assembly of a systematic array of temporal types. The array would collect real cultures, each with its own clock, each on its

own course, but related, one to the other, by temporal pattern. Cultures dedicated to continuity would cluster in one group, cultures dominated by rapid change in another. We would probably find highland pastoral societies in one cluster, industrial societies with far-flung colonies in another. But by the complexity and impurity of their mixtures of developmental dynamics, all would connect, and each could be set into a coherent display of historical possibility – a story of stories.

The big picture – this systematic array – could be detailed endlessly. Any act in time, and they all happen in time, could be added, and as they accumulated, the system of connection would expand, complicate, and grow in its power to embrace and unify. But the ultimate goal would not be the refinement of a science of time that would reveal real cultures to be transformations of a limited set of abstract types, each the yield of a dialectic of tradition and conditions. That would happen, and with no great difficulty. But the ultimate goal would be a unified history that grants to each of the world's cultures its own place in time.

To compare cultures historically, to array them typologically (reconciling history and anthropology into the bargain), we need comparable data. It would be most polite to encounter each culture through its peculiar excellence, let us say its art, defining art for the historian as a culture's most radiant and integrated expressions of its values. Art would offer the proper entry to culture, and history would become art history. But some arts are evanescent, leaving no phenomenal residue to use in understanding how cultures shape through time. Memories run out of detail as time deepens, and the analyst in the present is reduced to material culture, to artifacts that, surviving from different eras, remain to be arranged in temporal series as illustrations of progress or regress, of repetition or recursion.

Surviving artifacts might bear inscriptions. They might be books, say, that are novels or diaries or government reports. In comparative study, the obvious limitation of inscribed artifacts is that some cultures have them and most do not. The focus on writing, while natural to the writer, violently distorts history, marginalizing cultures without writing, leaving most of the past's people out of account, lost in darkness. We are back where we started, composing histories of no use to most people. The subtler limitation of the written record is that writers are odd ducks who choose to pass their time in isolation instead of decently among their fellows. How far does their knowing go? At question is whether writers speak only for themselves or whether, as John Milton said of himself, they articulate the common murmur. Stuck in the flux, writers seem always to speak of their times as times of change, which they are, of course.

It is true, but hardly news that all is changing in human affairs, that everything is fluid, negotiable, emergent. But in reconstituting intentions and tracing consequences, we learn to get beyond the complexity of incidents. Through compassionate analysis, we come to understand whether the actors in the mutable moment were working toward minor adjustments, major alterations, or stability. The product of performance, the story told, the book written, the pot thrown, is the stuff of history, and following the consequences of the act, tracking its success, we will find out whether this event, flowing in the stream of events, leads to profound change or loses itself in the flutter of incident through which stability is maintained.

Vexed or excited by change, writers call their moments transitional. Their texts prove handy to historians who, being writers themselves, need change in order to make narrative, and who need period voices to support their own cases. But even in the hot history of the West, revolutionary moments are separated by long stretches of stabilizing adjustment. And even if history were reduced, as it often is, to the literary history of the West, these questions would remain: For whom does the writer speak? Is the writer's change mere change – part of the important and engrossing normal state of affairs – or profound change? Is the writer's moment of transition enmeshed in a revolutionary or stabilizing trend? Literary creations require context to become sources in cultural history.

In her deft handling of Martha Ballard's diaries, Laurel Thatcher Ulrich provides one splendid instance of how historians use close contextual reading to convert written texts into cultural documents. But at the edge of the record stand shadowy images of those who did not write, the majority even in literate societies, and beyond them spreads an immensity of darkness. Only a human being's own creations can be interpreted into a fair representation, and we are driven by care for our craft and respect for humanity past the limits of the literate.

The sources we need for a new history will carry us, at once, far back into time and out across space into every place. Seeking understanding from those who did not write, as well as from those who did, we are faced with uninscribed artifacts, with landscapes, settlements, and buildings, with knapped flint, engraved bone, carved wood, beaten steel, woven wool, molded plastic, and clay shaped into pots and gods. History becomes a kind of archaeology. Artifacts assemble into general patterns, providing context for writing and oral testimony, and cultures become temporal types, displays of different ways through time, as they collide, converge, and diverge.

Instead of collapsing along one narrative line to accommodate some cultures and not others, to serve some powers and not others, history expands into an array of real cultures, each understood in terms of its own development toward value and located in a geographical frame genuinely global in scope. Neoevolutionary possibilities open for the scholar. Freed from the confines of a universal chronology, able to compare cultures in virtue and circumstance, scholars could contrive surprising theories of causation. At the same time, by enfolding all cultures, by including all kinds of actors and acts, this new history could help people gain some sense of their place in time.

There is not a chance in the world that history will reunify, becoming a cultural history that uses artifacts to lay a geographical foundation and build upon it a system of temporal complexity in order to meet a diverse humanity's need to comprehend the predicament of existence. Disciplines have ground into comfortable grooves. Running in separation, disciplines are convenient to bureaucratic efforts to propagate a culture of management in service, at last, to economic power. But in resistance, or in oblivious devotion to the delights of their work, intellectuals remain free to entertain improvement in their fine, private endeavors. To them, I offer this piece of concluding rhetoric for consideration while they get on with the important task at hand.

If some historians, call them academic, see history as a succession of changes and view the changes to be the creations of actors with whom they identify, then other historians, call them nonacademic, living hard up against reality, see change less as a creation of action than as a context within which creative action is framed. Change is, for them, like

the weather. It is ferocious or benign in the instant, repetitious over the long haul, a force to which one adjusts, living day by day.

When history is equated with changes that fit into narrative orders, when the myth is progressive, then most people are left out. History describes, not them, but their conditions, the climate in which they endure. They remain in darkness.

History's purpose cannot be to sort people into classes: on the one hand, a few, bright angelic beings whose lives are built by volition, and on the other, a vast, undifferentiated herd of beasts whose lives are governed by conditions. In granting humanity to all of its subjects, history will begin inside, at the point where all people have the power to shape their lives against circumstances. Then it will reach toward unifying patterns. Unity may lie beyond realization, but greater complexity does not; history can stretch beyond the chronicle into a patterned account of creative responses to change.

One pattern is accommodation. Playing the role of the masses, of the oppressed, people align with progress to gather the crumbs under the tables of privilege.

A second pattern is opposition. A clear, exemplary type of opposition is revitalization. In revitalization, people react to the new by returning to the old, scanning the past to imagine the future. The historian who profits from progress misreads revitalization as insignificant or decorative or regressive. Yet, in our world, the process of modernization – the progressive urge to the individualistic, the materialistic, and the international – is countered repetitively by revitalization, by work toward the communal, the sacred, and the local.

We have collected the disparate signs of modernization into a single force because they fit the logic of progress in our historical narrative. We have not done the same for revitalization, for the logic of recursion, because its abundant signs do not fit the story. Happy to generalize to the world from the narrow situation of the self, we miss the absurdity in confident sentences that begin, Now that everyone has a computer. . . . Meanwhile, outside on the ground, the observer is witness to a global revival, mounted upon the sacred and shaped by local politics in opposition to progress, even deploying modern machinery to negate modernization. In the linear, segmented, progressive tale, revitalization is anachronistic, out of time, unreal. In the world historians must describe, revitalization is a massive modern reality.

Patterns of response include accommodation, opposition, and continuity. Despite change, people keep to the right path through life. Their myth is the *Bhagavad Gita*.

Continuity has an environmental dimension. The one who occupies a clean space, heated against the cold, cooled against the heat, feels comfortable in neglecting the environment as a historical force. But most men and women remain at work in the world; there are, remember, more peasants in the Indian subcontinent than there are people of all classes in the United States and Europe combined. Their myths pit culture against nature, their history is a terrain of conflict between local knowledge and technological progress, and they find balance in difficult, willed acts of continuity. The farmer described as rooted in timeless process, maintains his tenuous hold on the land by intense exertion, repeating today what worked well enough yesterday.

Continuity has a social dimension. Despite the revolutions, there is the humble, fulfilling continuity of daily existence. The great historian E.P. Thompson told me that here lay folklore's challenge to history, the basis of a powerful critique. History in its

commitment to dramatic change, he said, had no graceful way to deal with the continuity that characterizes normal life as people pass the time, working and eating, loving and fighting and fading away. A history incapable of describing most of life is no history at all. One thing that makes me a folklorist, one kind of historian and not another, is exactly that. I do not find it difficult to understand how small and common things matter, nor difficult to see how history should be a story of continuity as well as change. Another thing is that my discipline encouraged me to take nonacademic creators seriously. Though I have gone off in directions my teachers did not suggest (history being one of them), I have remained alert to continuity, and I have sought guidance from uncredentialed intellectuals like Hugh Nolan, who was not my equal, but my superior, my master.

Most profound, and most disturbing to the chronicle of change, is continuity's sacred dimension, exhibited in repeated prayers, cyclical rituals, and recursive works of art. Historians must learn a way to speak of this truth. For many men and women the goal in life is not compliance with time, a loss of the self into the fluid give and take, but a firmness in relation to the eternal, a commitment to timelessness.

Timelessness: continuity is not a strong enough word. There is continuity from sacred act to sacred act in the cycle of life and around the calendar, but in the sacred moment, connecting to the eternal, the prayer is to be without time, balanced, perhaps, at the midmost point of cosmic space, or translated from this vale of tears to the land of unclouded skies. The old-time Christian sings, "This world is not my home, I'm just a-traveling through. . . . Traveling, I'm traveling, trying to make Heaven my home." In that bright land to which we go, there will be no setting sun, no sorrow or death, no time.

Hearing the hope for a home without time, the historian, time's keeper, returns to the quotidian, remembering that time is but one axis in existence, and the other – space – might be its equal in experience and the construction of culture. Living at once in time and space, people use history to locate themselves in time, seeking their fortune in the temporal, and they use history to situate themselves in the wideness of space, seeking a home, a place of belonging.

Siraj Ahmad told me the history of his place. His place is the Swat Valley, rising and narrowing toward the mountains at the middle of Asia, where Afghanistan stretches to touch China, separating Pakistan and India from Uzbekistan and Tajikistan. He did not link his stories by time, nor lift them out of chronology. Like Hugh Nolan, Siraj picked them off the landscape.

Villages of rock and wood cling to the slopes. The land below is split into fields of green and gold. Mighty rivers roll down the valleys. Here, Siraj says, every man is a *khan*. If the sky could be divided as the land is divided, it, too, would be equitably apportioned among the people. Siraj Ahmad is the man of power in the town of Khwazakhela, and his stories, while celebrating the local and the virtuous, are meditations upon power:

A wicked king taxed the people without mercy. He warned them that he controlled the waters and he would send a river to crush them if they did not meet his demands for wealth. They took their complaint to the Buddha. The footprints of the Buddha remain on the rock where he stood and, with a sweep of his hand, sent the river to destroy the king and free the people of Swat.

Traveling here, a Persian king became lost in the forest. He knew a great thirst, and a woodcutter gave him a drink of clear, cool water. Journeying on, the king found a palace in ruins, heaped with treasure. Thirsty again, he returned to the woodcutter, received another refreshing drink, and to repay his generosity, the king told him about the treasure. The woodcutter said he knew the place. His father knew of it, and his grandfather before him. But wealth always leads to killing, he said, and he was content with the good life of a cutter of wood.

The British asked the king of Swat if they could build a road through his domain, saying that the road would bring improvements – schools and hospitals – and the people would become rich. The king took the English general on a walk, and told him to pick stones from the ground. Every stone he lifted was pure gold. You see, we are already rich, the king told the general, and we have no need for the improvements you promise.

Warriors for the faith laid siege to a Hindu fortress. There was no break in the deadlock until the leader of the army dreamed that he should surrender his power to the first man he found reading the Holy Koran. The next morning, he passed the turban of command to a pious, handsome youth. While the young man, now a general, was riding beneath the castle walls, a princess was smitten, and she sent him a message, saying that if he would promise to marry her, she would betray the secret of the citadel's water supply. He agreed, found the underground pipes, and broke them. A great thirst settled upon the people of the castle. The king realized the siege would succeed, and he sent his troops beyond the gates and into battle. In the furious clash of arms, the young general's head was cut from his body. When he lifted his head and continued to fight, the Hindus surrendered and embraced the true faith. At the tomb of this hero, who secured the land for Islam, Siraj in his youth sacrificed a sheep every Thursday evening.

A Muslim cleric once became jealous of a Sufi saint who attracted throngs of disciples. The cleric went to the king of India and asked him to make the saint come and submit to authority. The saint refused, saying his business was no business of the king. Enraged, the king commanded the saint to come, or his head would be parted from his body. The saint replied that kings do not have the power to know who will have a head tomorrow, and that night the king found himself unable to piss. His mother, knowing the saint to be the cause, went to him, beseeching him to stop her son's terrible pain. The saint said he would come only if the king granted him his kingdom. In misery and desperation, the king agreed, found copious relief, and took up his cloak to walk. The saint stopped him, saying he had no interest in the nasty job of king. The king could retain his position, but he must remember the rules of kingship: to remain humble and available to the people.

When they were building the great mosque at Kalam, the carpenters fashioned a beam too big to raise. The people went to a saint, asking how it could be set into place. He replied that, if it was God's will, the beam would be in place at dawn. It was, and it remains, and I have seen it, an architectural miracle.

Power, Siraj says, is God's. It is manifest among people in the acts of the saints. Siraj says that the saints, having purified themselves of desire, partake of the sacred and mediate between God and the common people. Saints are powerful. Kings, by contrast, think they are powerful. Kings, Siraj says, are always stupid.

Swat is a long way from Ballymenone. Their pasts are dissimilar, but their histories are like enough to suggest how history can welcome difference while seeking unity. Swat has

kings, Ballymenone has landlords, but both histories fill with saints, warriors, and workers. Both are arranged by location. It matters less when something happened than where it happened, and it happened here, within our circle of experience. Both histories lace into unity not by time, but by theme, typologically. Hugh Nolan would understand Siraj Ahmad's tales. In them, worldly powers take wealth and offer wealth. They threaten destruction. People endure in the context of the rage and vanity of the king. Their need is for cool water and healthy bodies, for honest work, humility, and the faith that puts them in touch with true power.

The days passed, the stories piled up. His retainers came and went, pausing to smoke and listen. His youngest daughter brought our meals from the kitchen. In the shade of the veranda, Siraj relaxed on the roped bed where I slept at night, and he spoke of power. Like the great seventeenth-century historian Geoffrey Keating, Siraj Ahmad did not edit his heritage, omitting stories because they seem untrue to the scientific mind. All the stories reiterated the deep truth that the final power is not human and people should conduct themselves correctly.

The stories came off the land. They fit into our long conversation, rising to distinctiveness in narrative line and clarity of implication, and then they returned, sinking back into the land. As space absorbed time, it became particular, rich and holy – a place worthy of habitation and defense. This is where Alexander faltered, this is where the British were stopped. Siraj Ahmad has seen Paris, but this is where he knows the history, this is where he belongs.

If history reduces to a linear, segmented tale of change, it falls into alliance with the forces of oppression. If history can be a myth that entails progress and opposition and continuity, a story that is spatial as well as temporal, moral as well as factual, gentle to diversity, then it can serve its people.

The myth we need will leave no areas of darkness. It will teach us to understand change and lead us to the mature view that the two things happen at the one time, that things get better, and they get worse. The myth we need will help us know that we should adjust when it is to our advantage, and that we should not adjust if it means surrendering our rights to work worth doing and lives worth living.

Bibliography

Agee, James, and Walker Evans. *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin,1960 [1941].

Bloch, Marc. *The Historian's Craft*. Trans. Peter Putnam. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1953.

________. *Feudal Society*. Trans. L.A. Manyon. 2 vols. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1964.

Braudel, Fernand. *The Mediterranean and the Mediterranean World in the Age of Phillip II*. Trans. Sián Reynolds. 2 vols. New York: Harper and Row, 1972.

________. *On History*. Trans. Sarah Mathews. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1980.

________. *A History of Civilizations*. Trans. Richard Mayne. New York: Penguin, 1993.

Danto, Arthur C. *The Philosophical Disenfranchisement of Art*. New York: Columbia University Press, 1986.

Deetz, James. *In Small Things Forgotten: An Archaelogy of Early American Life*. New York: Anchor Books, 1996 [1977].

Evans, E. Estyn. *The Personality of Ireland: Habitat, Heritage and History*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press 1973.

Freeman, Douglas Southall, *Lee's Lieutenants: A Study in Command*. 3 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1943-1944.

Glassie, Henry. *Pattern in the Material Folk Culture of the Eastern United States*. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1968.

________. *Folk Housing in Middle Virginia: A Structural Analysis of Historic Artifacts*. Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 1976.

________. *Passing the Time in Ballymenone: Culture and History of an Ulster Community*. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1982.

________. "Folklore and History." *Minnesota History* 50:5 (1987): 188-92.

________. *The Spirit of Folk Art*. New York: Abrams and Museum of International Folk Art, 1989.

________. *Turkish Traditional Art Today*. Bloomington: Indiana. University Press, 1993.

________. "The Practice and Purpose of History." *Journal of American History* 81:3 (1994): 961-68

________. "Tradition." *Journal of American Folklore* 108:430 (1995): 395-412.

________. *Art and Life in Bangladesh*. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1997.

Gould, Stephen Jay. *Time's Arrow, Time's Cyle: Myth and Metaphor in the Discovery of Geological Time*. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1987.

Hill, Christopher. *Milton and the English Revolution*. New York: Viking Press, 1977.

Hoskins, W.G. *The Making of the English Landscape*. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1955.

Keegan, John. *A History of Warfare*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1993.

Komroff, Manuel, ed. *The History of Herodotus*. Trans. George Rawlinson. New York: Tudor,1946.

Kubler, George. *The Shape of Time: Remarks on the History of Things*. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1971 [1962].

Lévi-Strauss, Claude. *Tristes Tropiques*. Trans. John and Doreen Weightman. New York: Atheneum, 1975 [1955].

________. *The Savage Mind*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1966.

________. *Myth and Meaning*. New York: Schocken, 1978.
________. *The View from Afar:* Trans. Joachim Neugroschel and Phoebe Hoss. New York: Basic Books, 1987.
Malinowski, Bronislaw. *Argonauts of the Western Pacific: An Account of Native Enterprise And Adventure in the Archipelogoes of Melanesian New Guinea*. London: George Routledge, 1922.
Naipaul, V.S. *Finding the Center: Two Narratives*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1984.
O'Connor, Dermod, ed. *Keatings's General History of Ireland*. Dublin: James Duffy, 1861.
Roberts, Warren E. *Viewpoints on Folklife: Looking at the Overlooked*. Ann Arbor: U.M.I. Research Press, 1988.
Sartre, Jean-Paul. *Search for a Method*. Trans. Hazel E. Barnes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1963.
________. *Between Existentialism and Marxism*. Trans. John Mathews. New York: William Morrow, 1976.
Schieffelin, Edward L., and Robert Crittenden. *Like People You See in a Dream: First Contact in Six Papuan Societies*. Stanford: Standford University Press, 1991.
Temelkuran, Tevfik, Necati Aktaş, and Mümin, Çevik, eds. *Evliya Çelebi: Seyahatnamesi*. 10 vols. Istanbul: Ücdal Neşriyat, 1978-1984.
Thompson, E.P. *Whigs and Hunters: The Origin of the Black Act*. New York: Pantheon, 1975.
________. *Making History: Writings on History and Culture*. New York: The New Press, 1994.
Tuan, Yi-fu. *Space and Place: The Perspective of Experience*. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1977.
Ulrich, Laurel Thatcher. *A Midwife's Tale: The Life of Martha Ballard, Based on Her Diary, 1785 – 1812*. New York: Vintage Books, 1991.
Warren, Robert Penn. *The Legacy of the Civil War: Meditations on the Centennial*. New York: Random House, 1961.

The logo on the front cover was designed by Douglas R. Hofstadter, Professor of Cognitive Science, Indiana University, and former member of the Governing Board of the Institute for Advanced Study.

© Copyright 1998 Indiana University