

a special correspondent for *The Economist*. "For did not hidden demons, blind fate, the solicitations of Satan, the hot fury of one's own blood await every man in ambush at the crossroads? Why, then, change?"

**CONTINUITY AND CHANGE: A Study of Two Ethnic Communities in Israel.**

by Rita James Simon  
Cambridge, 1978, 191 pp.  
\$13.95 cloth, \$4.95 paper  
L of C 77-15090  
ISBN 0-521-21938-8  
0-521-29318-9 pbk

Ultra-orthodox Jews in Israel number approximately 55,000 and live mostly in the Mea Shearim section of Jerusalem. Militantly unassimilated, they cling to traditional dress styles, language (Yiddish), and religious rituals that they regard as inherently superior. They refuse military service. Urban Arabs remaining within the pre-1967 borders of Israel constitute one-third of the total 450,000 Israeli Arab population and are concentrated in five cities. They are eager to embrace education, employment, elections, radio and TV, and other aspects of the secular Israeli-Jewish society that continues to discriminate against them. This sympathetic, lucid monograph is based on interviews in both communities. Author Simon, editor of the *American Sociological Review*, concludes that the "big question" about the urban Israeli Arabs "is the extent to which their interests in the life styles of the larger Jewish society will be accepted or rejected by the gatekeepers and members of that society."

*Arts & Letters*

**THE FEDERAL PRESENCE: Architecture, Politics, and Symbols in United States Government Building**

by Lois Craig and the Staff of the Federal Architecture Project  
M.I.T., 1978, 595 pp. \$37.50  
L of C 78-15366  
ISBN 0-262-03057-8

The very mention of "federal buildings" conjures up the worst in American architecture: the FBI's brutalistic "copagon," the Rayburn House Office Building, Alcatraz, or almost any local post office. Yet imperial bombast and bureaucratic tedium, in infinite combinations and variations, are not the whole story, as this rich book ably demonstrates. Its text, photographs, and drawings depict hundreds of famous and little-known projects (realized or otherwise). If at points the effect is of a visual grab bag, this very quality attests to the fickleness of public taste. Along with cookie-cutter constructions, there are brilliant designs by Thomas Jefferson, James

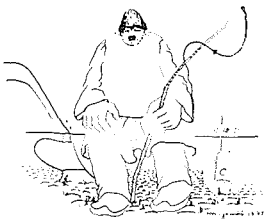
Renwick, H. H. Richardson, and Eero Saarinen, all commissioned by the federal government and preserved in the U.S. National Archives. There are misses and near-misses galore: the rejected design for the White House that included a throne room, for instance. But from George Washington's 1791 decision to create a national capital down to the scores of office buildings erected to house the Great Society bureaucrats of the 1960s, the U.S. Government has been one of the nation's most active—and, at times, most creative—patrons of architecture.

**NAIVE PAINTERS  
OF YUGOSLAVIA**

by Nebojša Tomašević  
Summerfield/Two Conti-  
nents

1978, 188 pp. \$19.95

L of C not assigned  
ISBN 0-8467-0467-6



Jonas 1925.

The not so "naive" painters of Yugoslavia command huge sums for their work these days. Happily, this collection of 120 excellent color reproductions, prepared especially for an American audience, presents a generous sampling at a bargain price. Not folk art, really, these paintings embrace personal statements about the world and visions of life close to nature that go far beyond Yugoslavian village lore. Tomašević places the stimulus for this art—fresh, direct, ingenuous, humane—in the context of the modernization and urbanization that affected Yugoslavia profoundly after World War II and the accompanying nostalgia for what was good about "the good old days." His case may be oversimplified, but it is presented with *brio*. Of 36 artists grouped by republic or region (regrettably, only one from Macedonia), 20 represent Croatia, where the world's first museum devoted solely to naive art opened in Zagreb in 1952. All draw upon fertile sources of inspiration, with talent and ingenuity. Josip Generalić's painting of an astronaut on another planet shows the explorer, despite his space suit, as a familiar rural character, barefoot and mustachioed, tending a yellow cow who munches on a clump of bright green grass growing near a crater. Martin Jonas portrays human figures as giants with enormous feet and hands and disproportionately small heads—surely the way they must have looked to him as a child sitting under a table in his parents' farm home.