

PHI BETA KAPPA BOOK AWARDS FOR 1982 PRESENTED

Phi Beta Kappa senators, officers, and staff joined in honoring the three winners of the \$2500 annual book prizes at the Senate dinner in early December. The awards are presented annually by Phi Beta Kappa to authors of newly published books that represent significant contributions to learning in three areas of humanistic scholarship.

Lawrence Lipking, Chester Tripp Professor of the Humanities at Northwestern University, received the Christian Gauss Award for literary scholarship and criticism for his book *The Life of the Poet: Beginning and Ending Poetic Careers*, published by the University of Chicago Press.

Sir Bernard Lovell, professor of radio astronomy at the University of Manchester, received the Phi Beta Kappa Science Award for his book *Emerging Cosmology*, published by the Columbia University Press.

Robert Nozick, professor of philosophy at Harvard University, was given the Ralph Waldo Emerson Award for studies of the intellectual and cultural condition of man for his book *Philosophical Explanations*, published by the Harvard University Press.

In *The Life of the Poet*, Lipking traces a number of great poets through the crucial moments of their development, and by listening to what poets say about their works and to what works say about themselves, he arrives at a clearer understanding of the way that a poem can constitute the experience of a life. Of *The Life of the Poet* one Gauss Award Committee member said: "This is one of the rare books I want to read again, and, more important, it makes me want to reread all the poets it talks about."

The subject of Sir Bernard Lovell's *Emerging Cosmology* is the science that aims at a comprehensive theory of the creation, evolution, and present structure of the universe. The members of the Science Award Committee found *Emerging Cosmology* to be erudite but at the same time to be written for the intelligent layman—an excellent example of accurate history laced with perceptive commentary by one of the world's most distinguished astronomers.

Nozick's *Philosophical Explanations* was cited by a member of the Emerson Award Committee as "one of the most important books in contemporary philosophy." It ranges widely over philosophy's fundamental concerns, breathes new life into ancient philosophical is-

sues, and points the way toward returning philosophy to the consideration of problems that affect the ordinary, concerned layman.

All three awards are sponsored by the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa. The 1983 Book Awards will be open to qualified books published between June 1, 1982, and May 31, 1983. Entries must be submitted by May 31, 1983. Inquiries and entries should be addressed to the appropriate award committee at 1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

DISTINGUISHED SCHOLAR FIRST TO RECEIVE NEW PHILOSOPHY AWARD

Herbert Fingarette, of the University of California, Santa Barbara, has been awarded the Romanell-Phi Beta Kappa Professorship in Philosophy for the academic year 1983-1984.

The Romanell Professorship is a new award in the humanities. It will be awarded annually, on a nonrenewable basis, to scholars in the field of philosophy, without restriction to any one school of philosophical thought. The award is intended to recognize not only distinguished achievement but also the recipient's contribution or potential contribution to public understanding of philosophy. Each recipient will receive a stipend of \$6000 and during the year of the professorship will give a series of three special lectures open to the general public as well as to the academic community.

Fingarette, the first recipient of the award, has been affiliated with the University of California, Santa Barbara, since 1948, currently as professor of philosophy. Widely known and highly regarded for his achievements in his field, Fingarette has written numerous books and major papers on philosophical psychology, psychoanalysis, ethics, and religion; law, forensic psychiatry, and philosophy; and Confucius and Chinese philosophy. He has done major studies on the philosophical and legal aspects of privacy and on the legal ap-

(continued on back cover)



(Left to right) Joanna Lipking and Lawrence Lipking, winner of the 1982 Gauss Award, talk with Carl Bode, member of the Committee for the Visiting Scholar Program, and Anne D. Ferry, chairman of the 1982 Gauss Award Committee. Emerson Award winner Robert Nozick signs a copy of his book for 1982 Emerson Award Committee chairman Leonard Krieger.

WHO'S DIPHILUS?

by Oscar Mandel

Who's Diphilus? His works are lost.
He was a poet, won
some prizes, dented time
in Greece among the better men.

And got thrown out one time because
he wrote a stupid comedy.
Ten scholars now remember him:
that too is immortality.

Immortality, we sometimes forget, comes in different sizes. It is such a grand word that it resists a little when it is called upon to humble itself and recognize that beside a Sophocles immortality, a Diphilus immortality is also to be reckoned with. After all, our encyclopedias and textbooks are crammed with Diphiluses, each "forever alive in human memory," even when only ten living souls happen to remember. Diphilus, therefore, reminds those of us who are low-minded enough to work, in part, because we hunger for that immortality—low-minded enough to hunger and high-minded enough to confess it—that the boon we ask for may be granted without stirring much dust about our names. Like some heedless wish in *The Arabian Nights*, this one might disappoint in coming true. And yet, and yet. A name known to ten snickering scholars or a snide entry in a compilation: I hardly know why, but even this seems better than utter erasure.

What folly! And how noisy ambition is! How mean! And how admirable are the quiet people who merely live, but live in the purest way, loving, caring, and doing their duty without making speeches. The only real saint is he (but usually she) who does not become one. The others have already made too much noise.

You see how I tack about from one view to another. For on the Diphilus side, it must be granted that without his likes, mankind would never move forward at all. Even those who but reach to the knees of genius are summoned. They are Nature's sergeants. Sergeants and generals—Diphilus and

In order to bring writing from the American Scholar to a somewhat wider readership, the Key Reporter from time to time reprints Scholar articles of general interest. "Who's Diphilus?" appeared in the fiftieth anniversary (spring 1982) issue of the Scholar and is reprinted here with the publisher's permission. The article is from a work in progress entitled The Book of Elaborations, each chapter of which opens with a poem taken from the author's Collected Lyrics and Epigrams (Whitmarsh & Company, Los Angeles, 1981).

Sophocles—all are conscripted so that the wheel may be invented, and all the rest. They constitute the species militant. Of course, it is easy to tack about once more and ask what all that militancy is for. Why not stay home and cull the easy banana from its tree? In a quiet hour Diphilus undertands that doubt. But it does not stop him. He carries it in his sack on the march.

Nature, then, has implanted this ego-mania in certain persons in order to "get things done" and prevent the baboons from inheriting the earth. Another trick of hers, useful for keeping ambition hot, is to prevent our imaginations from representing ourselves as genuinely dead. When I think of myself defunct, the self that is thinking merges subtly with the reclining cadaver and animates it. The cheating cadaver stealthily raises itself on its elbow to look around and watch the reading public that makes immortalities both large and small. In short, by a Heisenbergian twist, zero cannot be imagined without becoming something. If it is zero, it cannot be imagined. If it is imagined, it cannot be zero. Thus the dream of immortality—neither the first nor the last infirmity of minds both noble and ignoble—continues to beckon to inventors who no longer believe in the immortal soul.

This Diphilus, besides so luckily surviving for ten or twenty scholars as a name supporting a couple of anecdotes, was certainly a personage of some visibility in Athens while he lived. His mediocrity did not obscure him. It was (I shall guess) generally acknowledged; but being generally acknowledged, it made him a general figure. I picture him rising at dawn for his stroll to the bathhouse and the barbershop, and getting his mediocre dignity saluted by everyone who was anyone. The Scythian policeman raised his hand to his cap and the stonemason looked up to say "Good morning, Mr. Diphilus; regaling us with another comedy this season?" (With a private tee-hee.) Athens was a small city; Attica a small province; Greece a small state. Mediocrities writing plays were pretty rare: only a little less so than geniuses. Nearly everybody read or heard nearly everything scratched on clay or papyrus.

In our century, instead, poor Diphilus is lost in the crowd of his peers. We flood one another. No one recognizes him as he loads his basket in the supermarket. What grievous fits of melancholy have I not suffered in one of our larger urban bookstores, gazing at the hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands of books on shelves and tables. And what are they to the hundreds of thousands, the millions that stand in our re-

search libraries? More books than Noah saw raindrops. How many readers will read a given one of them—mine, yours—in their lifetimes? And how will it be in the distant future? Incomprehensible masses of books, Pelion upon Ossa, hordes of books, each piteously calling for attention, respect, love, in competition with the vast disgorgements of the past and with one another in the present. Neither is it at all helpful that books can even now be reduced to the size of a postage stamp. Avanti! Place the Bible on a pinhead! Crowding more books into small spaces does not cram more books into our heads.

Here I come to the sticking point that unnerves the modern Diphilus. The number of books a person can read in a given time is, roughly speaking, a historical constant. It does not change significantly even when the number of books available for reading does. Constants are pitted against variables to confound both writer and reader.

Having launched "constant" and "variable," I propose to amuse you with a few fanciful numbers whose only object will be to give "a local habitation and a name" to my melancholy. One constant, I repeat, will be the number of books read, or partly read, or (in Athens) heard declaimed in the course of an average year. By books I shall mean long poems, sets of poems, and plays, as well as novels, philosophical treatises, scholarly works, anything we habitually call serious without being purely technical or administrative. My second constant will be the ratio of writers to readers—writers, let us agree, who aspire to making what is generally called a permanent contribution, whether in belles lettres, in philosophy, or in scholarship. This particular constant is undoubtedly less constant in its constancy than the first, but no philosophical harm will come to us in the game we are playing if we keep it fairly steady.

Three variables now enter the graphs. First: an enormous increase in the absolute number of serious readers. Second (as a consequence of our second constant): an enormous increase in the absolute number of writers, hence in the number of serious written works. And third: the steady growth of the stock of books and authors surviving from the past, that is to say, endowed with some or much of the permanence these authors desired.

The next step is to invent illustrative figures, one set referring to Diphilus then and the other to Diphilus now. In the first set we assign ten thousand persons who regularly read or hear works of the aspiring sort I have mentioned before. These persons constitute the

cultural elite. If most of them are acquainted with one or more of the works of Diphilus, it is fair to claim, albeit a mite loosely, that "everybody" knows him.

Each of these reader-hearers absorbs on the average twenty serious works per year. We will make our speculations a little easier by postulating that these twenty serious works are written by as many writers.

Diphilus is lucky in that, in the year 300 B.C., the treasures of the past are still comparatively scarce, so that most of these twenty works are by authors still alive. Let us say arbitrarily that seventeen of them are current works.

How many rivals for attention does Diphilus contend with in a given year? Let us use the figure of one serious writer for each one hundred of our serious readers, so as to picture one hundred serious living writers in our "aware" population of ten thousand.

Next I eliminate such pressures as genius, the finger on the public pulse, good publicity, and happenstance ("Have you heard that Diphilus has been keeping three wives? I'm dying to hear his latest comedy!"). In my simplified world of imaginary numbers, every writer enjoys the same chance of being known as his comrades-in-quill.

Since I have posited a single work to be ascribed to each writer, we can visualize each of our ten thousand as scanning, over a period of a year, the field of one hundred highbrow works in order to read or hear seventeen of them by living writers. Each writer has therefore a 17 percent chance of being chosen. In a period of two years his chances fail to double, because some of the ten thousand who knew him have died, and their young replacements begin from naught. Therefore we limit the increase of his chances to 30 percent. In five years, however, his chances of having been read or heard by nearly all the ten thousand have become excellent, even if we keep allowing new readers to come in and old ones to die out, and (more important) even if we reintroduce some of the pressures I eliminated at first. For, of course, there will be the best-sellers—deserving or lucky—that will skew the figures. Nevertheless, we can rest assured that, aspiring if mediocre, Diphilus will indeed be recognized by "those who matter" (and therefore many others) as he leaves the barbershop smooth-cheeked and smelling sweet.

Our second set of imaginary yet revelatory figures transfers Diphilus to the United States after World War II. There we shall create a serious audience of one million readers. We appeal to our

constant ratio of one serious writer to one hundred serious readers and obtain ten thousand persons producing books in the domains of belles lettres, essays, and general scholarship. Though imaginary, this is not a fairy-tale figure. I see in the *American Book Publishing Record* that some thirty-seven thousand new titles appeared in the United States in 1980. It is at least a plausible proposition that ten thousand of these should be serious, and that as many serious writers should be producing them.

Our neo-Diphilus must, however, square off against a legion of dead writers whose works rival his for the public's attention. And that attention, worse luck, is limited by the one constant that proves fatal. The reader today can absorb no more in a year's time than his ancestor did in Athens. Microfiche, retrieval systems, all the electronic gear you care to think of—nothing helps. To each one of our million aware readers we continue to assign twenty serious works per year, each again, for the sake of simplicity, written by a different author; but now, only fifteen of these authors are alive. If we continue to let each author produce one work per year, then each one of our million readers will be scanning a field of seventy-five hundred works by living writers in order to read fifteen of them. As a result, the chance of being chosen, which had been 17 percent in our invented Athens, is now reduced to 0.15 percent for our hapless modern Diphilus. And here it may be observed how unimportant is the accuracy of any of my illustrative figures: for change them as you will, as long as they have any intention of capturing the realities of our time and place, they will reduce our Diphilus to a pitiable cipher. His chances of being recognized by anybody as he emerges from the hairstylist's are nearly nil. Each of our ten thousand Diphiluses has, in fact, his separate, minute fraction of the massive audience. An implacable constant creates for us, in the flesh, the fragmented society we hear so much about.

The only help comes from forcing the curve to skew in someone's favor. One writer has a genius that compels the attention of so many of our million that it can be fairly said of him that "everybody" has read or at least browsed him. Another benefits from outstanding publicity. A third is particularly well attuned to some ephemeral taste or need or curiosity. And a fourth owes his success to an extraneous circumstance—like the scandal instanced before. Each time, of course, that the curve does skew in someone's behalf, the chances of being a "well-known author" dimin-

ish from the already diminutive 0.15 percent for our honest, interesting, worthwhile, but less than towering Diphilus. On the other hand, were it not for these celebrities—some of them rewarded for nothing else than genuine merit—poetry, philosophy, and scholarship might well die out altogether. Fortunately the heroes exist, and their existence encourages every newcomer in the field to wrestle with that curve and to try to flex it in his own favor.

If the curve resists, Diphilus, worthy of something better than nullity, repines. It is a wonder to him sometimes that he can lift his fingers to the keyboard of his typewriter at all. You will undoubtedly interject, and scornfully too, that a true poet, philosopher, or scholar writes from pure inner compulsion.

I do but sing because I must.
And pipe but as the linnets sing.

And you are repelled by this harping of mine—so Greek and so unchristian—on fame, glory, immortality. Nature, you say, favors curious, inventive, creative human beings, but she does not ask them to be motivated by a lust for what Thomas Huxley called "pudding and praise." Let me then offer a softer picture of creative man, and to show its universality, I yield the floor to a sixteenth-century Chinese, Li Chih, who was surely not touched by the Faustian West. "Their hearts," he says, speaking of literary geniuses, "were filled with such terrible anguish, their throats knotted in such pain, that they wanted to—yet dared not—spit everything out. They had so many things to say on the tip of their tongues without having anyone to whom they could say them that at last it grew too much, nothing could any longer dam up that accumulated force." And so they committed their passion to paper.

The admirable point of this passage is its implicit wedding of two overpowering needs: to express oneself, yes, but to express oneself to someone. The Chinese were too levelheaded, I trust, ever to conceive of the artist as content to express himself to himself. But as soon as we cry or print our message to others, we become ambitious—ambitious to convert, to instruct, to delight—in sum, ambitious to be known.

A fine parable of this double condition can be found in Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. The Mariner, like one of Li Chih's artists, has had an overwhelmingly important experience. He is driven to utter it—that is to say, he is inspired. But he utters it only in the presence of a listener—a stranger-listener, it is worth adding, not his own admiring mammy.

The truth, sad or otherwise, is that poets, philosophers, and scholars are finally taken in by their own propaganda, and they forget that they are members of the tribe, even when they are found pouting by the outermost paling. They perform in the same vulgar psychological arena as athletes, politicians, and businessmen. The inspiration that animates them is the same that swells your football player, tycoon, and senator as they engage in their own battles. They too love the thing in itself. Everyone who practices any art whatsoever, from embroidery to conquering the world, has been seized by a powerful compulsion. This compulsion fuses at once with a latent ambition. To be the "leader of the pack," and I stress the animal image, each person has as a matter of course chosen the discipline he loves. Alexander has chosen soldiering, Shakespeare versifying. And the moral is: if Diphilus is melancholy, leave him alone and save your scorn. Plucking the harp before his mirror would make him inhuman, a romantic monster, but a monster.

Another grim thought for writers today, to wit, that the cinema is inexorably "marginalizing" them, is also well founded. But why is this happening? Is it because the picture is replacing the printed word in our deteriorating culture? Not so. The picture is doing no such thing, and our culture is not deteriorating especially: its deteriorations are merely better publicized than they were in the past. Then is it because movies can be seen by our elite million all at once? They can, but books can be read by a million readers simultaneously too. Is it because each person can or does take in vastly more films per year than books? Not so either. True, a person who likes both watching films and reading books is apt to consume more of the first than of the second, but not so many more as to make a difference in the character of our civilization.

The true cultural advantage of films over books is, prosaically but paradoxically, that films are very expensive to make. As they require huge investments of capital (\$8.5 million for the average feature production in 1980), relatively few get made in a given time. Against the thirty-seven thousand new book titles mentioned before, the record shows about two hundred new motion pictures in America in the same year. This means that one of our crucial constants—the ratio of serious authors to serious readers—is exploded, as if to adapt itself to the exploding population. We had postulated a reasonable single serious writer per hundred serious readers. Let us now assume that out of two hundred (or three hundred)

films produced, one hundred fifty are of a sort that our million members of the elite might deign to see. Pretending again that each of these is made by a different creative spirit, we discover that only one serious filmmaker appears for every 6666 of our million. Let us now suppose that each serious viewer consumes—between the moviehouse and his television screen—not twenty but thirty pictures a year. This leads us to a 20 percent chance for each serious film to be seen in a year's time by each member of our elite. In short, these figures confirm what, philosophically speaking, we knew all along: the cinema has restored us to the happy Athenian condition. A given film stands an excellent chance of making itself know to "everybody." Even a mediocre film. Even a Diphilus film. And this is what verifiably occurs. During a normal meeting of family, friends, lovers, colleagues, or strangers, the conversation soon turns to the movies. The ritual exordium, "Have you seen *Shell Shock*?" (or the like) is advanced with a sanguine anticipation of assent. If, however, the answer is negative, two remedies are available. "Be sure to catch it, it's one of the best pictures I've seen in months"—advice which has a high probability of being heeded and is therefore by no means an empty formula; or, "What about *Clandestine Kisses*?"—for it will not be long before the response is a vigorous "I saw it last week!" Whereupon the picture in question will be discussed with the same enthusiastic vigor that got Diphilus thrown out ages ago and some fellow playwright awarded a tripod.

Again, notwithstanding the worldwide human billions (language barriers fall at the first subtitle or dub), motion pictures are relatively so few in number that, in a rough manner of speaking, the entire output can be grasped by the entire public. That is why the cinema is as much the central art of our times as the theater was that of Athens, Elizabethan London, or the Sun King's Paris. Indeed, the very word *theater* has been humiliated in the United States, where it has come to signify the place where motion pictures are shown: a superb example of the son killing the father.

We leave this new theater and return to the bookstore. There stands a friend of Diphilus among the masses of hopeful hopeless tomes. He looks almost as melancholy as our poet and, at moments, as his eyes wander from shelf to shelf, more so. He is the serious reader, depressed by the consideration that in his entire lifetime, though he should live to be a Circassian one hundred twenty, he will be able to devour no more than a small fraction of the books

standing and lying around him here: a smaller fraction yet of the books in his language currently in print that the bookstore has not seen fit to carry; a minute fraction of all worthwhile books that have survived since the beginning of bookmaking; and nothing whatsoever of all the serious, worthwhile, important untranslated volumes written in languages he does not read. Depressed, he pours himself another dram of anguish by anticipating the melancholy of some reader like himself a thousand—why not ten thousand—years hence, whose powers of absorption will be the same misery of books per year as his own, unless a lucky mutation intervenes, or some electronic technique for packing, say, the complete Proust into the human brain in an hour, with all its qualities intact.

Thoughts like these were not so much as born in Athens when Diphilus, emerging from the daily trim of his beard, quickly ducked home to his wife and mother-in-law, and got to work on his next entry at the festival, confident of restoring his crumbled reputation.

Lucky, but also unlucky Diphilus! For the anonymity that the new numbers enforce on us standard serious mediocrities does conceal an advantage or two. Fifteen years ago (if you will allow a private reminiscence) a certain play of mine went into production. Opening night came to a satisfying conclusion. Admiring crowds, or crowds feigning admiration, shook my hand in the lobby. The actors and I embraced in the dressing rooms. The talk afterward over coffee turned coffee to champagne. A couple of days later, a newspaper compared me not unfavorably with, inevitably, the Bard himself. As my evil star would have it, this was a paper read only by the unlettered masses. The second newspaper, the one "everybody" was in the habit of consulting, reported that my play was no better than police-blotter trivia done up in fancy costume. I was annihilated. The actors sulked to my face. I dared not leave the house or answer the telephone. Surely the whole city must be laughing at me. But it turned out that only four or five of my friends, relations, and acquaintances had so much as glanced at the fatal review. The tens of thousands who constitute the "everybody" in town had read only the film columns. A few, interested in drama, had failed to retain my unknown name and had quickly confused this particular review with a dozen others read that week. Thank God and alas, it was safe for me to go in and out of my barbershop all day long. There was a knife in my back, but no one to notice it.

reading recommended by the book committee

humanities

social sciences

natural sciences

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

ANDREW GYORGY

Global Mini-Nationalisms: Autonomy or Independence. Louis L. Snyder. Greenwood. 1982. \$29.95.

In this fascinating study, Snyder, professor of history emeritus at the City College of New York, examines small-nation patterns of nationalism rather than focusing (as most of the mushrooming bibliography in this field does) on the nationality and minority problems of large nations, and primarily of the superpowers. This reviewer particularly enjoyed the instructive chapters on Scottish nationalism and on separatism in the Balkans, dealing mostly with the intricacies of the Yugoslav national picture. This book is most useful to students of history, but definitely "newsworthy" to the reading public-at-large.

The Dragon's Wrath. Robert Wendelin Keyserlingk. Vantage. 1982. \$13.95.

The principal political theme of this exceedingly well written book is expressed in two central chapter headings that reflect the conflict-situations of particular interest to the author. Chapter VII deals with "The Dragon and His Wrath," and Chapter VIII portrays "The Bear on the Prowl." The book actually deals with the slow, but relentless, expansion of the Chinese empire. Interesting semi-popular reading and a useful addition to our Far Eastern bibliography and bookshelf.

USSR: The Corrupt Society, The Secret World of Soviet Capitalism. Konstantin M. Simis. Simon and Schuster. 1982. \$14.95. This comprehensive and useful study offers what must be the most complete and systematic study of the depth and scope of corruption in the Soviet Union and comparable Socialist societies. Probably the most important sector on which the author focuses his attention is the "legalized" and "illegal" corruption among members of the Soviet Communist ruling elite. This valuable book is a major contribution to a most thorough understanding of the obvious ills of our principal opponent's social and economic life. Recommended reading for both the specialized student and the general reading public.

El Salvador in Transition. Enrique A. Baloyra. North Carolina. 1982. \$19.95. The author is a professor of political science at the University of North Carolina. He has written an interesting and scholarly book detailing—in a primarily chronological manner—first the emergence, and then the gradual dissolution, of the Salvadoran government. The small print makes the reading of this book most difficult; this is too bad because on the basis of its exciting material it should be a true scholarly "best-seller." In its present format, it is aimed primarily at the expert and the historian.

A Better World. William O'Neill. Simon and Schuster. 1982. \$17.95.

This carefully documented book offers details on the fantastic struggle involving "left-wing" American intellectuals and the Neo-Stalinists' approach to this problem by such latter-day American "Stalinists" as the late Senator McCarthy of Wisconsin. This book is a fascinating piece of Americana aimed at experts and the general reading public as well.

Groupthink. Irving L. Janis. 2nd ed. Houghton Mifflin. 1982. \$10.95.

This book presents a panoramic perspective of major and recent global policy studies, with emphasis on fiascoes and psychological patterns of collapse. Janis, professor at Yale University, has presented a readable and most interesting study of failures in American diplomacy. Highly recommended to managers of American diplomacy.

Courier From Warsaw. Jan Nowak. Wayne State. 1982. \$24.95.

These skillfully written and edited war memoirs are both revealing and historically significant, as Z. Brzezinski points out in an excellent foreword. A useful and serious book, not only explaining in great detail the exciting wartime story of Poland, but also setting the stage for current events in that much-tortured country. Cleverly translated, and aimed at the general public.

RONALD GEBALLE

The Lady or the Tiger and Other Logic Puzzles. Raymond Smullyan. Knopf. 1982. \$13.95.

This book offers an entertaining, highly imaginative sequence of puzzles and a cast of characters, sane and insane, good and evil, whose lives, liberty, and pursuit of happiness depend on their solving the puzzles. The reader is taken gently all the way from a familiar brain twister to Gödel's famous theorem that shook the foundations of mathematics by proving the undecidability of some kinds of seemingly simple questions. Here is an amusing but nontrivial way to grasp something of the logical basis for mathematics.

The Making of the Micro. A History of the Computer. Christopher Evans. Van Nostrand Reinhold. 1981. \$14.95.

An informal, nontechnical, brief account of the evolution of counting and computing devices with tales about earlier personalities and anecdotes about major contemporaries told intriguingly by one of their number.

Powers of Ten. About the Relative Sizes of Things in the Universe. Philip and Phylis Morrison and the Office of Charles and Ray Eames. Scientific American Library. W. H. Freeman. 1982. \$22.77.

Some years ago, a Dutch schoolteacher, Kees Boeke, invented a delightful method for teaching about the scale of things found throughout the universe. His little book, *Cosmic View: The Universe in Forty Jumps*, illustrates a journey from the extragalactic to the subatomic in a sequence of forty drawings, each on a scale ten times smaller than that of its predecessor. Later this book became the basis for a successful short film on which the authors and the Eameses collaborated—*Powers of Ten*, the scientists' lingo for such jumps, is its title. Now the notion has been recycled as a handsome, well-written book with two steps added in recognition of recent explorations and with more leisurely sojourns at each of the steps. No better way to grasp the extent of our explorations, or of the unity of science, is so readily accessible.

"Subtle Is the Lord . . ." The Science and the Life of Albert Einstein. Abraham Pais. Clarendon. 1982. \$25.

Pais, a theoretical physicist whose years as a member of the faculty of the Institute for Advanced Study overlapped Einstein's, has produced a biography rich in its treatment of both the scientific work and the personality of its subject. The full range of Einstein's contributions is covered; in each instance Pais painstakingly unravels the antecedents of his ideas, the contexts in which he worked and thought, and his interactions or lack thereof with the leaders of physical thought in the days when he was bringing about fundamental revisions in physics. Interspersed throughout is a nontechnical biography, contained in easily identifiable sections and offering material not available before in English translation. It is not clear whether Pais, throughout the period of their association, was merely satisfying his curiosity about the path followed by Einstein or had all along the notion that he would write this book, but his command of the subject matter, understanding of the processes of research, personal knowledge of Einstein, and warm, readable style give the book a unique flavor and place among the many fine biographies of the great scientist.

Tesla. Man out of Time. Margaret Cheney. Prentice-Hall. 1981. \$16.95.

It is a shame that Tesla's name remains alive mainly because it has been given to the unit of magnetic flux density, for he was one of the most creative and flamboyant characters in the history of physics and technology. It was he who first proposed an alternating current electrical distribution system. With the backing of George Westinghouse, and having won out in competition over Edison and General Electric, Tesla's system powered and lit the first electrical fair in history, the Chicago Columbian Exposition of 1893. It was he who first filed for a patent, in 1897, describing a means for radio propagation. He brought suit against Marconi, charging infringement; his claim of priority was upheld, posthumously, alas, by the U.S. Supreme Court. Fluorescent lighting, microwaves, robots, and many more technically sound ideas, some having been brought to fruition while others still wait, are directly traceable to him. A file of his papers, the author states, remains classified material. A good education in basic physics found fertile soil in a Yugoslavian child who grew up to

be admired by Mark Twain, had access to J. P. Morgan, lived elegantly in New York hotels, surmounted spectacular ups and downs, and was eulogized by Nobel laureates and both Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt. Born in 1856, Nikola Tesla died in 1943 after a life for which the description "fantastic" is not an exaggeration.

ADDENDUM TO EARLIER REVIEW. A recent contribution by Hans Bethe sheds different light on aspects of *J. Robert Oppenheimer: Shatterer of Worlds*, by Peter Goodchild, in the summer 1982 issue of the *Key Reporter*. Writing in *Los Alamos Science* (fall 1982), Bethe provides more detail than has heretofore been made public about the deliberations by the General Advisory Committee over the feasibility of an H-bomb, gives a different version of several incidents involving Teller, and corrects improper claims, repeated in the book, that the Russians tested a thermonuclear device in 1950 and a deliverable H-bomb in August 1953. Bethe's article is an important adjunct to a generally fine treatment.

LAWRENCE WILLSON

Robert Frost and Sidney Cox: Forty Years of Friendship. Ed. by William R. Evans. Fwd. by James M. Cox. University Press of New England, 1981. \$17.50.

What cemented the long friendship of Frost and the initially rather prim young high school teacher, Cox, who was shocked by the general lack of "elegance" in the dress and demeanor of the professor at Plymouth Normal School, was their perfect agreement that, as Frost phrased it, "Literature is the next thing to religion in which as you know . . . an ounce of faith is worth all the theology ever written." These are, at least at the outset, warm, affectionate letters, revealing the often obscured humanity of the poet along with the developing maturity of his correspondent into "a great, triumphant teacher." The brusqueness that the editor discovers in Frost's letters is really only proper Yankee "bite." We learn much about the poet's early career, as, for example, that the enthusiastic support of Ezra Pound was, however well-meant, also dangerous and embarrassing. As they grow old, the poet shows increasingly that he was a demanding friend, and ungrateful; the professor displays the kind of petulant arrogance acquired in the strife of academic politics.

The Beechers: An American Family in the Nineteenth Century. Milton Rugoff. Harper & Row, 1981. \$19.95.

Out of the flame and smoke of fire and brimstone constantly stoked by their militantly Calvinist father, Lyman, emerged seven Beecher sons, all to be professional servants of the Lord, and four daughters, three of them vigorous campaigners for such causes as abolition and women's suffrage. They were an immensely vital family, representative of the best, and sometimes of the worst, of American life from 1775, when Lyman was born, to 1907, when Isabella, the last of his begetting, died. Henry, the most famous (and infamous) of the sons, was a preacher more eloquent than any "since Paul preached on the Hill of Mars," a gun-runner to the Kansas free-staters, and, notoriously, the center of a trial for adultery with one of

the ewes of his flock, a trial that was "given more space in newspapers than any event since the Civil War." Harriet, the most famous of the daughters—of the whole family, indeed—wrote a book that, in the judgment of Abraham Lincoln, precipitated that war. Rugoff makes the most of his material in this absorbing chronicle.

Black American Literature and Humanism. Ed. by R. Baxter Miller. Kentucky, 1981. \$9. The products of a conference at the University of Tennessee late in 1978, the seven papers here presented seek "to redefine humanism from a Black perspective," to discuss the use of the folk tradition in black writing, and to explore "the black aesthetic" through examining the work of such writers as Langston Hughes, Paule Marshall, and Gwendolyn Brooks (the subject of two of the papers). The contributors are all eminent scholars, academicians, and writers about black life and black literature. The editor's initial commentary on the New Humanism is momentarily blurred by his attribution to Paul Elmer More of some famous lines of Emerson—which he then misquotes.

The Wisdom of Words: Language, Theology, and Literature in the New England Renaissance. Philip F. Gura. Wesleyan, 1981. \$17.50.

Gura locates the origins of American literary symbolism—the "rhetoric of ambiguity" of Hawthorne and Melville—in the disputations of biblical scholars over matters of exegesis and philology. Gradually the strict precision of the Unitarians gave way before the insistence of James Marsh and Horace Bushnell that "common sense" make way for intuition and the imagination, for some truths, even in the Bible, are inexpressible save in figurative language. In Emerson "one sees the . . . change from an interest in the language of religious discourse to the more universal language of symbol," and soon thereafter *Moby Dick* shows "what men might do once 'meaning' had become . . . a privately mediated affair between an individual and his conscience."

Some Sort of Epic Grandeur: The Life of F. Scott Fitzgerald. Matthew J. Bruccoli. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1981. \$25. Bruccoli's book provides a fittingly climactic touch to the reestablishment of Fitzgerald as one of the major American writers instead of merely the dazzling playboy of our literature who died young of booze and the failure of talent, a symbol of the feverishly self-destructive lives of the beautiful and the damned in the Jazz Age, the Roaring Twenties. The wild and sophomoric indulgence is here, the early promise and the early defeat, the madness and misery developing into a tragedy for the man, his wife, and the times in which they lived; but from the wreckage and the self-created myths Fitzgerald rises, not so luminous as once he was but as a true artist, a moving interpreter of the American Dream.

F. O. Matthiessen: Christian Socialist as Critic. Frederick C. Stern. North Carolina, 1981. \$19.50.

The subtitle of Stern's book sufficiently defines his purpose and, indeed, summarizes his accomplishment. Matthiessen, a left-wing radical (like Stern) in politics, deeply concerned for civil liberties, and alarmed

that American foreign policy presented "a serious danger to world peace," was an engaged Christian, devoted to the task of improving, or alleviating, "the tragic nature of man's condition," and a teacher-critic who cared "painfully, passionately, totally—about literature and art and their preservation . . . in a world . . . threatened with near-total dehumanization." With sympathy and affection, Stern shows how he tried to build bridges between one interest and another, to "synthesize," not always successfully because he was not clear, for instance, on what he meant by either democracy or religion. His critical writing helped, however, despite such limitations to make the study of American literature respectable.

Tomorrow Is Another Day: The Woman Writer in the South, 1859–1936. Anne Goodwyn Jones. Louisiana, 1981. \$37.50, \$12.95.

Jones ponders, "from the rich perspectives of contemporary feminism," the accomplishment of seven white southern women "foremothers" (her word) of contemporary southern fiction—Augusta Jane Evans, Grace King, Kate Chopin, Mary Johnston, Ellen Glasgow, Frances Newman, and Margaret Mitchell—generally, but not exclusively, concentrating on a single work, choosing books that "most directly address the question of southern womanhood." "I decided," she says, "to seek out the mind of the southern woman as she told her own story in fiction." It is often a moving story, for these women—representative of the Crown of Dixie, poised on a pedestal erected by southern white men of "means," always by definition gentle and gracious and brave and utterly innocent—finding themselves at the center of the paradoxes of southern culture, faced by the conflict of appearance and reality, realized the painful truth that each element of the image failed to correspond to the reality of their lives. Out of the tension thus created came such works as *Beulah* and *Gone with the Wind*.

William Carlos Williams: A New World Naked. Paul Mariani. McGraw-Hill, 1981. \$24.95.

Here is God's plenty—851 pages—of information about and reflection upon the career of the Wordsworth of New Jersey, who, as "the first poet since Walt Whitman and Emily Dickinson to find a distinctly American voice," rescued the national literature from its academic critics and returned it to the people. He also, as a physician, assisted at the birth of three thousand new Americans. For all its truculence of tone and occasional cheapness, it is a book to please Williams, who often felt neglected and resented the judgment of those who said his work was not worth reading. Mariani, calling him "the single most important American poet of the twentieth century. . . a truly central poetic presence, more central, finally, than Eliot and Pound and perhaps even Frost," perhaps carries enthusiasm beyond credibility, but it is an enthusiasm shared by the disheveled young, whose laureate Williams is.

VICTORIA SCHUCK

FDR: 1882–1945: A Centenary Remembrance. Joseph Alsop. Viking, 1982. \$25.

A fresh, affectionate memoir-biography with

more than 225 photographs from the Hyde Park archives, written by a distant relative of Franklin Roosevelt and a first cousin once-removed of Eleanor Roosevelt. Alsop, who was a member of the Washington press corps from the early days of the Roosevelt administration, chronicles the New Deal and war years and portrays the adroitness, confidence, tenacity, guts, optimism, and gallant front of the man, ever pragmatic and anti-ideological in approach. For record of accomplishments, Alsop rates Roosevelt as President second only to George Washington.

The Rise of Political Consultants: New Ways of Winning Elections. Larry J. Sabato. Basic. 1981. \$20.95.

A scholarly and witty analysis of the professional technicians—pollsters, direct-mail marketers, and media specialists—who have transformed political campaigns. From a two-person agency handling initiative campaigns in California in the early 1930s, a multimillion dollar industry of hundreds of firms and thousands of professionals has developed. Sabato's comprehensive study reveals widespread deception among the technicians, and he faults the press for its failure to report it. His proposed reforms would entail bringing the technicians into the political parties as in-house consultants. The parties could then enforce ethical standards and bring about their own revival.

Blue Smoke and Mirrors: How Reagan Won and Why Carter Lost the Election of 1980. Jack W. Germond and Jules Witcover. Viking. 1981. \$14.95.

The Real Campaign: How the Media Missed the Story of the 1980 Campaign. Jeff Greenfield. Summit. 1982. \$15.95.

The Hidden Election: Politics and Economics in the 1980 Presidential Campaign. Ed. by Thomas Ferguson and Joel Rogers. Pantheon Books. 1981. \$7.95.

These three books offer differing accounts and interpretations of the Reagan campaign and outcomes of the election that readers may now wish to temper with knowledge of the 1982 off-year results. The fast-moving "inside" story by two newsmen, Germond and Witcover, describes the major actors and strategies. Citing a worsening economy, foreign oil crisis, Afghanistan, and the Hostage Crisis, they pronounce the victory a landslide and "sea change in American politics" (based upon the 91 percent of the electoral vote that Reagan won) that was determined by events. The full recounting by CBS news commentator Greenfield of how the television and print media were absorbed with image-making of candidates via tactics and strategies, gaffs, and the horserace character of the contest and were almost devoid of any coherent coverage of the records, ideas, and politics of the candidates documents his theme that the effect of the media on the election was marginal, if any. Greenfield contends that the election, a party victory, evidences a decisive change in the beliefs of Americans and dispels the myth of the ability of the media to affect the outcome. The eight essays in *The Hidden Election* by other journalists and scholars probe the campaign in terms of the structures of economic power and electoral coalition-building. The two editors (Ferguson and Rogers) agree that though Reagan's victory may announce a sea

change in the structure of politics, it does not represent a "critical realignment" of conditions that have controlled the economy and country for a generation. In reality, it may constitute a "dealignment," with no one group emerging as the winner. Another essayist, Walter Dean Burnham, sees Reagan's win as merely a case of "throw the rascals out"—not a change in ideology—giving Reagan neither a long-term mandate nor durability.

Dilemmas of Pluralist Democracy: Autonomy vs. Control. Robert A. Dahl. Yale. 1982. \$18.50.

An important book in democratic theory. The author examines the nature and role of interest groups in Western democratic countries and concludes with a chapter on the United States. He argues that independent organizations, although basic to the existence of large-scale democracies (polyarchies), are also capable of continuing inequalities, skewing the public agenda, and even dominating public affairs. In proffering remedies to problems in the American system, he addresses such subjects as the relationship of democratic pluralism to capitalism and the origin of concepts of equal opportunity underlying distributive issues.

Earl Warren: A Public Life. G. Edward White. Oxford. 1982. \$25.

The best biography yet to appear of one of America's great chief justices, whose daring achievements in changing national thought derived according to White from the ethical absolutes and political principles of California Progressivism. The book also explains the apparent contradictions between the causes he espoused during his tenure in state political office and the opinions in his years on the Court. Warren never overlooked the possible political effects of his actions. An incident some years after *Brown v. Board of Education* (1954) reinforces the author's conclusion. This reviewer was informally discussing with Warren how he wrote opinions and put the question, "Why did you write such a short opinion in *Brown*?" He replied only half in jest, "So there would be fewer pot shots aimed at me!" But White's emphasis on Warren's casting of "legal controversies in ethical terms" implying an insufficient juridical logic may be overdrawn and subject to correction when his judicial papers are opened in 1984.

Public Man, Private Woman: Women in Social and Political Thought. Jean Bethke Elstain. Princeton. 1981. \$25, \$6.95.

A brilliant, provocative survey of political thinkers and their treatment of the subject of women, written by a feminist political theorist. Elstain creates two worlds, the political (public) and the private (familial and economic) as conceptual categories for the analysis of ideas concerning the sphere of women by Western political writers—Plato, Aristotle, the Church Fathers, Hobbes, Locke, Rousseau, Hegel, Mill, and Marx—and the visions of competing feminists—the radical, liberal, Marxist, psychoanalytic—and their implications for women and politics. She urges the preservation of "a tension between diverse spheres and competing ideals and purposes," supports the essentiality of the family as "the minimal foundation of human social existence," and expresses the hope for an "ethical polity."

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PHILOSOPHY AWARD (continued)
 proach to problems of insanity, intoxication, alcoholism, addiction, and other forms of mental disability, and their relationship to moral intuition—studies that have resulted in the untangling of excessive and often contradictory legal doctrines in these areas. In nominating Fingarette for the Romanell Professorship, Chancellor Robert Huttenback of the University of California, Santa Barbara, referred to him as “the quintessential scholar who, though extremely distinguished in philosophy, concerns himself with that discipline’s implications for the whole of human endeavor.”

The times and locations of Fingarette’s lecture series for 1983–1984 will be announced at a later date.

The Romanell Professorship is made possible by an endowment from Patrick and Edna Romanell. Patrick Romanell is H. Y. Benedict Professor of Philosophy at the University of Texas, El Paso.

PHI BETA APPLE?

Phi Beta Kappa members, whether they wear their keys daily or have them tucked away discreetly in a drawer, are for the most part proud of the accomplishments the key represents. Along with the name Phi Beta Kappa and the Greek letters ΦBK, the key is widely regarded as a symbol of academic excellence and intellectual ability. Perhaps it is not surprising therefore that unauthorized persons occasionally attempt to exploit the Phi Beta Kappa symbols for their own advantage.

In order to prevent the unauthorized manufacture, sale, use, or imitation of the Phi Beta Kappa insignia, the United

Chapters has for many years held registered trademarks protecting the name of Phi Beta Kappa, the key design, and the Greek letters. The registrations themselves do not, of course, prevent people from attempting to trade on the name and image of Phi Beta Kappa, but they do help the United Chapters to stop infringement when it appears.

Most instances of infringement are halted quickly by a firm letter from the United Chapters. But sometimes the offenders are obstinate—especially when substantial sums of money are involved. In the case of *Business Week’s* infringement of a few years ago, several months of persistent objections by the United Chapters and some expensive legal assistance were required to put a stop to it. Before it was stopped, however, the Phi Beta Kappa key appeared prominently in advertisements claiming that *Business Week* was “The smart place to advertise.” Such ads showed up on billboards in New York and Philadelphia and in large spreads in the *New York Times* and the *New Yorker*.

Not all the infringements are so blatant. Indeed, some of the cases that are brought to the attention of the United Chapters may seem too slight to trouble with. But Phi Beta Kappa’s lawyers advise that formal protests be lodged in all instances of infringement so as to preserve the force of the trademark and, consequently, to protect the integrity of the society in any serious cases of infringement that may arise in the future.

Consequently, the United Chapters sends out a stern letter to the Apple Computer people when they run an ad headed “Phi Beta Apple.” Objection is made to a promotion for video equipment entitled “Phi Beta Camera.” A cease-and-desist demand is dispatched

to “Phi Beta Kapa [sic] University,” a diploma mill with mailing addresses in Hong Kong and the British Virgin Islands. Bloomingdale’s is berated for its “Phi Beta Caper” display (clothing for college women; mannequins arranged beneath simulated goalposts with Phi Beta Kappa pennants depending therefrom). And the withdrawal is requested of an item featured in a Horchow catalogue: a Phi Beta Kappa key to be attached to the collar of “the smartest dog of your acquaintance.” (Collar not included in the price of the key.) The letter to Mr. Horchow, incidentally, brought a note of acquiescence with the rather plaintive observation that the item was not selling well anyway. The only possible infringement the United Chapters did not protest was a Batman sequence in *Detective Comics* in which a villain known as “The Professor” has had his appearance altered by plastic surgery in order to baffle enforcers of the law. Batman, however, is not baffled. He identifies “The Professor” by the “one thing he can’t hide—his Phi Beta Kappa ring!”

False claims to membership in Phi Beta Kappa constitute another misuse of the society’s name and insignia. Misrepresentations of this kind are usually less dramatic than are infringements, but the United Chapters makes every effort to deal with them promptly. Few people go as far as one man did recently who doctored a chapter’s initiation program so as to substitute his name for another person’s name in the list of initiates and then sent a photocopy of the program to the Washington office as evidence of his membership. The effort did not succeed, however, owing to the procedures of the United Chapters records department and to the cooperation of the chapter in which the membership was falsely claimed.



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