ΦBK Visiting Scholars Announced for 1990–91

Thirteen men and women have been chosen Phi Beta Kappa Visiting Scholars for 1990–91. They will travel to 100 colleges and universities for two-day visits during which they will meet with students and faculty members in a variety of formal and informal settings, such as classroom and seminar discussions and public lectures. The Visiting Scholar Program was begun in 1956 to enable undergraduates to meet and talk with distinguished scholars in diverse disciplines. The 1990–91 Scholars are as follows:

Richard S. Fiske, research geologist, National Museum of Natural History, Smithsonian Institution. Past director of the Museum of Natural History, he is the coauthor of Krakatau 1883: The Volcanic Eruption and Its Effects and chief curator of the Smithsonian's traveling exhibit Inside Active Volcanoes: Kilauea and Mount St. Helens.

James M. Gustafson, Luce Professor of Humanities and Comparative Studies, Emory University. He was University Professor of Theological Ethics at Chicago and on the faculty at Yale's Divinity School. Past president of the American Society of Christian Ethics, he is the author of Christ and the Moral Life, Ethics from a Theocentric Perspective, and other works.

Jack Halpern, Louis Block Distinguished Service Professor of Chemistry, University of Chicago. A member of the National Academy of Sciences and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, he is associate editor of the Journal of the American Chemical Society and an external scientific member of the Max Planck Institute.

Michael S. Harper, J. J. Kapstein Professor of English, Brown University. Among his books of poems are Dear John, Dear Coltrane; History Is Your Own Heartbeat; History as Apple Tree; Song: I Want a Witness; Debridentement: Nightmare Begins Responsibility; and Healing Song for the Inner Ear. In 1987 he was named the first poet laureate of the state of Rhode Island.


The 1990-91 Scholars are as follows:

Norman F. Ramsey (left), the immediate past president of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, is pictured receiving the Nobel prize in physics from King Carl XVI Gustaf in Stockholm in December 1989.

University of Miami Chapter Honors Environmentalist

Marjory Stoneman Douglas, who founded the Friends of the Everglades, was made an honorary member of Phi Beta Kappa by the University of Miami chapter on April 29, a few weeks after her 100th birthday. A 1912 graduate of Wellesley College, she is a prolific author and lecturer on environmental topics and has received countless awards for her work to conserve and restore the Everglades.

Salk to Be Honored

ΦBK Associates Schedule


The Phi Beta Kappa Associates will hold their 50th annual meeting on October 19–20 in Washington, D.C. Richard W. Couper, the group's president, has announced. The speaker at the banquet will be Sol Linowitz, former ambassador to the Organization of American States, negotiator of the Panama Canal Treaties, Middle East negotiator in the Carter administration, and a member of the Associates.

Dr. Jonas Salk, who in 1955 developed the polio vaccine that bears his name, will receive the third annual Associates Award. Salk was elected to Phi Beta Kappa as an alumnus member by the City College of New York chapter in 1955.

Inside

The American Intellectual in Unheroic Times, by Sanford S. Pinsker . . . . p. 2
Recommended Reading . . . . . . . . p. 4
The American Intellectual in Unheroic Times
By Sanford S. Pinsker

Slightly more than 150 years ago, a man in his thirties addressed the Phi Beta Kappa chapter of Harvard College with words that were meant to open drowsy eyes, stir souls, and define the character of a distinctly American experience. Man, he argued—using the term generically, I might add—has become a fragmented creature, a creature defined by what he "does" rather than by what he is. Thus, and here I quote him directly.

The planter, who is Man sent into the field to gather food, is seldom cheered by any idea of the true dignity of his ministry. He sees his bushel and his cart, and nothing beyond, and sinks into the farmer, instead of Man on the routine of his craft, and his soul is subject to dollars. The priest becomes a form; the attorney a statute-book; the mechanic a machine; the sailor a rope of the ship.

In this distribution of functions the scholar is the delegated intellect. In the right state he is Man Thinking. In the degenerate state, when the victim of society, he tends to become a mere thinker, or still worse, the parrot of other men's thinking.

By now most readers know that the words I've been quoting belong to Ralph Waldo Emerson, that they were taken from his justly famous essay "The American Scholar." But merely to catch the allusion is hardly sufficient. For what Emerson meant to sound that morning when the victim of society, he tends to become a fragmented creature, a creature defined by what he "does" rather than by what he is. Thus, and here I quote him directly.

The planter, who is Man sent into the field to gather food, is seldom cheered by any idea of the true dignity of his ministry. He sees his bushel and his cart, and nothing beyond, and sinks into the farmer, instead of Man on the routine of his craft, and his soul is subject to dollars. The priest becomes a form; the attorney a statute-book; the mechanic a machine; the sailor a rope of the ship.

In this distribution of functions the scholar is the delegated intellect. In the right state he is Man Thinking. In the degenerate state, when the victim of society, he tends to become a mere thinker, or still worse, the parrot of other men's thinking.

By now most readers know that the words I've been quoting belong to Ralph Waldo Emerson, and that they were taken from his justly famous essay "The American Scholar." But merely to catch the allusion is hardly sufficient. For what Emerson meant to sound that morning in Cambridge, Massachusetts, so many years ago was nothing less than America's cultural Declaration of Independence. Our Society's quarterly journal takes its title from Emerson's Harvard address, partly out of respect for Emerson's enduring stature but largely because of the continuing importance of the questions he raised about the life of the American mind and the high aspirations he set for scholarship. Reading The American Scholar will give you a fair representation of what people mean when they use the term intellectuals.

Why did Emerson believe that a heroic age beckoned just around his 19th-century corner? The answer, in a word, is nature, which, for Emerson, became the gravitational field that defined the American experience—our substitute for what passed in Europe as a cultural heritage. Small wonder, then, that Emerson placed so much emphasis on self-reliance, originality, and intellectual independence.

"The sun shines today also," he declares in the first paragraph of a book titled Nature. "There is more wool and flax in the fields. There are new lands, new men, new thoughts. Let us demand our own works and laws and worship."

Granted, Emerson has no monopoly on "new" arguments. As a people, Americans tend to be suspicious of the old, of History itself. We have so long swooned to visions of America as a charmed place where dreams of the "new and improved" must inevitably flourish, that we have lost sight of the sheer power that these words once carried. Now, "new and improved" not only are regularly debased by threadbare political rhetoric, but they are used to sell everything from detergent to toothpaste.

More than a hundred years ago, Henry James, reflecting on the cultural conditions that severely delimited even so great an imaginative writer as Nathaniel Hawthorne, imagined that the Civil War would sound an end to our nation's sim-

ple, uncritical faith that "there were no difficulties in the programme, no looming implications, no rocks ahead." At stake was nothing less than the loss of a collective innocence, and its replacement by what James argued would be a decidedly new American type:

[The Civil War] introduced into the national consciousness a certain sense of proportion and relation, of the world being a more complicated place than it had hitherto seemed, the future more treacherous, success more difficult. . . . The good American, in days to come, will be a more critical person than his complacent and confident grandfather.

One need only cite the legacy of Ronald Reagan to suggest how wide of the mark James's prediction was. Americans in large numbers—then and now—prefer to hear about the "shining citie on a hill" that was our first, and perhaps deepest, American Dream, and not about the worms of intolerance already squirming inside John Winthrop's words as he uttered them aboard the Arabella—which is simply to point out that America has always preferred its boosters to its knucklers. Terms such as criticism or critical detachment lack the bracing power, the grip, that certain ideas—manifest destiny, for example—still exert.

The Special Case of Henry Adams

Nonetheless, James's "more critical person" is in most important respects akin to the energetic band of intellectuals who came to dominate our cultural landscape during the middle decades of this century but whose continuing health and lively presence are now matters of some debate. We can see hints of the phenomenon in the special case of Henry Adams, a man who dallied sometimes impressively—in a wide range of disciplines (history, biography, anthropology, the natural sciences, medieval scholarship, painting, sculpture), but always as a self-professed, and usually self-deprecatory, "amateur."

Adams's aristocratic lineage included two U.S. presidents, but Henry Adams lived in a post-Jacksonian age, forever excluded from the centers of public power. Yet power remained his abiding concern. His curiously modern, curiously autobiographical biography, The Education of Henry Adams, is, among other things, a continuing meditation about the impossibility of acquiring an adequate education at Harvard or, indeed, anywhere else. His lot was to live among uncertainties, deep-seated anxieties, doubts. He may have taken his characteristic pose from the Enlightenment's conception of a man of letters, the philosopher in the mold of Voltaire and Diderot, yet everything about this oddly disappointed man points toward modernism.

One chapter in The Education of Henry Adams is especially interesting in this regard, for its central argument is set in the great hall of the 1900 Paris Exposition. Adams desperately tries to come to grips with the new forms of energy, of power, of history itself, that the 20th-century promises to unleash. Adams chooses to call his rumination on these disparate, competing forces "The Virgin and the Dynamo," contrasting the energy that created the cathedral at Chartres with the electrical current produced by 40-foot dynamos. Puritan America, Adams argued, could never understand the Virgin's power because Americans, then and now, think of sex as sin rather than as fecundity. By contrast, the dynamo, the machine, is an acceptable replacement both as symbol and as icon—for industrial power thrills us with promises of the
ever-Bigger, the ever-Faster, and, as our century has discovered, the ever more Deadly.

Now Adams was a subtle thinker and, let me simply say it, his book is something of a difficult read, but few American minds have ever thought more deeply about what American culture means. As I mentioned, the date attached to "The Virgin and the Dynamo" is 1900; by just a few short years, the 21st century will be upon us, and it's a safe bet that some editor—possibly the editor of The American Scholar—will welcome an updated version of "The Virgin and the Dynamo." As Emerson pointed out long ago, "Each age... must write its own books." However much Adams's reflections about the past continue to merit our attention, what he said about his new century will not precisely fit either the conditions or the possibilities of ours.

The Legacy of the New York Intellectuals

Adams may well have been the first in a long string of modern, alienated intellectuals, but nothing about Adams himself—not his family tree, his wealth and social snobbery, or his social connections and Harvard crimson—would have ingratiated him to the radically independent group that formed around Partisan Review and came to be known as the New York intellectuals. They were, by contrast, a feisty plebian bunch, out to impose (or perhaps, superimpose) a European model of culture onto America's native ground. On one essential matter, however, they would have made common cause with Adams, and that is the definition of an intellectual as one who specializes in being a nonprofessional. In many cases—one thinks of an Edmund Wilson or a Mary McCarthy—their writings covered not only a wide range of cultural subjects, but also a considerable gamut of creative genres. But what distinguished these writers and made us regard them as literati in the best sense of the term were their contributions to belles-lettres, to the essay as a mode of engagement with a culture's sense of itself—sometimes sharply polemical, sometimes given to utopian impulses; at one turn responding to events, at another helping to mold the general atmosphere in which events happen.

In short, these writers stood tall in an age when the literary essay mattered and when there was a giddy sense that important struggles were being waged on behalf of the politics of the Left and the art of the avant-garde. Cultural heroes create possibilities and, one might argue, heroic ages. Merely to recite the names of those who could be encountered regularly in the pages of Partisan Review, Politics, Kenyon, and Sewanee during the 1940s and 1950s—writers such as Dwight Macdonald, Irving Howe, John Crowe Ransom, Robert Penn Warren, Harold Rosenberg, Daniel Bell, Lionel Trilling—is to realize how difficult it would be to come up with a similarly impressive list for the present.

Granted, some possible nominees spring to mind—a Susan Sontag here, a Michael Walzer there—but the truth is that the centers of power have shifted.

Is Ours an Unheroic Age?

The excitement that once swirled around intellectual quarterlies and small magazines now cluster around increasingly specialized academic journals and presses, each with its requisite rites of passage, special language, and increasingly narrow agenda. Few writers, and certainly very few academics, are willing to venture out from behind the high, protective fences that their respective disciplines erect. The result is that discussions of our national purpose, of American culture itself, are left increasingly to those out to cash in on the trendy rather than to think seriously about what James called the "complex fate" of being an American.

Ours is not an unheroic age because of a dearth of heroes, but because of those who would pass for our heroes. Television not only has the power to define "recognition" in terms of who has, or has not, appeared on "Nightline," but it also encourages everyone from politicians to experts in a given field to think, and speak, in terms of 10-second sound bites. Superficiality thus replaces substance, and the race goes to the glib rather than the thoughtful. In a more authentically heroic age, intellectuals were known by the transforming power of their words, not by the jargon of academic discourse says as much about, say, linguistics as Orwell's single essay "Politics and the English Language," and no study of the New York intellectuals tells us more about what their life was like and what it came to than this paragraph from Howe's World of Our Fathers:

But really, when you come to think of it, what did this "success" of the New York intellectuals amount to? A decent or a good job, a chance to earn extra money by working hard, and in the case of a few, like Trilling and Kazin, some fame beyond New York—rewards most European intellectuals would take for granted, so paltry would they seem. For the New York writers who lived through the thirties expecting never to have a job at all, a regular pay check might be remarkable; but in the American scale of things it was very modest indeed...

To read, say, Alfred Kazin on what is essentially 'American' about American literature or Irving Howe on 'characterization' in fiction is to detect... a nagging sense that History itself may well end when they do.

Our Fathers: The World of the New York Intellectuals

Michael Walzer there—but the truth is that the centers of power have shifted. Is Ours an Unheroic Age?

The Legacy of the New York Intellectuals

Adams may well have been the first in a long string of modern, alienated intellectuals, but nothing about Adams himself—not his family tree, his wealth and social snobbery, or his social connections and Harvard crimson—would have ingratiated him to the radically independent group that formed around Partisan Review and came to be known as the New York intellectuals. They were, by contrast, a feisty plebian bunch, out to impose (or perhaps, superimpose) a European model of culture onto America's native ground. On one essential matter, however, they would have made common cause with Adams, and that is the definition of an intellectual as one who specializes in being a nonprofessional. In many cases—one thinks of an Edmund Wilson or a Mary McCarthy—their writings covered not only a wide range of cultural subjects, but also a considerable gamut of creative genres. But what distinguished these writers and made us regard them as literati in the best sense of the term were their contributions to belles-lettres, to the essay as a mode of engagement with a culture's sense of itself—sometimes sharply polemical, sometimes given to utopian impulses; at one turn responding to events, at another helping to mold the general atmosphere in which events happen.

In short, these writers stood tall in an age when the literary essay mattered and when there was a giddy sense that important struggles were being waged on behalf of the politics of the Left and the art of the avant-garde. Cultural heroes create possibilities and, one might argue, heroic ages. Merely to recite the names of those who could be encountered regularly in the pages of Partisan Review, Politics, Kenyon, and Sewanee during the 1940s and 1950s—writers such as Dwight Macdonald, Irving Howe, John Crowe Ransom, Robert Penn Warren, Harold Rosenberg, Daniel Bell, Lionel Trilling—is to realize how difficult it would be to come up with a similarly impressive list for the present.

Granted, some possible nominees spring to mind—a Susan Sontag here, a Michael Walzer there—but the truth is that the centers of power have shifted.

Is Ours an Unheroic Age?

The excitments that once swirled around intellectual quarterlies and small magazines now cluster around increasingly specialized academic journals and presses, each with its requisite rites of passage, special language, and increasingly narrow agenda. Few writers, and certainly very few academics, are willing to venture out from behind the high, protective fences that their respective disciplines erect. The result is that discussions of our national purpose, of American culture itself, are left increasingly to those out to cash in on the trendy rather than to think seriously about what James called the "complex fate" of being an American.

Ours is not an unheroic age because of a dearth of heroes, but because of those who would pass for our heroes. Television not only has the power to define "recognition" in terms of who has, or has not, appeared on "Nightline," but it also encourages everyone from politicians to experts in a given field to think, and speak, in terms of 10-second sound bites. Superficiality thus replaces substance, and the race goes to the glib rather than the thoughtful. In a more authentically heroic age, intellectuals were known by the transforming power of their words, not by the jargon of academic discourse says as much about, say, linguistics as Orwell's single essay "Politics and the English Language," and no study of the New York intellectuals tells us more about what their life was like and what it came to than this paragraph from Howe's World of Our Fathers:

But really, when you come to think of it, what did this "success" of the New York intellectuals amount to? A decent or a good job, a chance to earn extra money by working hard, and in the case of a few, like Trilling and Kazin, some fame beyond New York—rewards most European intellectuals would take for granted, so paltry would they seem. For the New York writers who lived through the thirties expecting never to have a job at all, a regular pay check might be remarkable; but in the American scale of things it was very modest indeed...
This article is adapted from an initiation ceremony. I mean to welcome you to the great career and perhaps even poets. But the great career in America has been at law, but also in the life and quality all successful, I just have. Emerson might put it—thinking independently, imaginatively, and fearlessly. You have made a good start at your college; now you enter the wider public arena, where the skills you have mastered can make a difference not only in the quality of your life, but also in the life of your respective communities. The initiation ceremony is essentially one of welcome. In such a context, it is probably fitting that Emerson should have the last words. Writing to a young poet from Brooklyn who had sent him a book of his poetry, Emerson tried to express the excitement, joy, and sheer sense of confidence that that book—titled Leaves of Grass—stimulated in him. "I greet you at the beginning of a great career"—those were Emerson's words to Whitman. With a few modifications and on behalf of Phi Beta Kappa, your teachers, and your families and friends, I repeat them here: We greet you at the beginning of what we feel certain will be great careers. For better or worse, you live in what an ancient Chinese curse called "interesting times." The optimism that came so easily to Emerson is in short supply, but the opportunities for making a genuine difference have never been greater. Your "great careers" will no doubt include becoming lawyers and doctors, business executives, and perhaps even poets. But the great career I have in mind is both simpler and more complicated than these immediate concerns, important though they are. For me to welcome you to the great career of critical thought and passionate engagement. And if my thumbnail sketch of intellectual life in America has been at all successful, I just have.

Thomas McNaugher


Oil is cheap, the Iran-Iraq war is over, and Americans who were shocked, embarrassed, and frustrated by events in the Persian Gulf region over the past two decades have happily forgotten the place. But oil is already making inroads in the politics. This book should prove to be a comeback, and if the lack of progress in peace negotiations is any indication, so may the Iran-Iraq war. These books will help readers prepare for the region's next assault on their sensibilities.

Wright is a fascinating and readable journalist's account of Iran's revolution, based partly on interviews with a wide range of Iranian officials. Wright manages to convey the revolution's energy and hope without ignoring its excesses and failings. For general readers, chapter 12, on the hostage crisis, is a heartpounding adventure in Lebanon, Oliver North's escape, and the war's tormented final year. We'll bring coherence and meaning to events reported at random in the news. Overall, Wright leaves the strong sense that there is much unfinished business in Iran's revolution, and many contradictions left unresolved. Stay tuned.

Like Wright, Bulloch and Morris are journalists (for Britain's Independent), but their beat covered both belligerents, the Gulf sheikdoms, and the superpowers as well. Their book deals with virtually every facet of the war, from battles to domestic politics in the belligerents to regional and superpower diplomacy surrounding the war. Their prose moves along fast but misses little of the complexities of domestic politics and diplomacy in the Gulf region. They do especially well at untangling the web of competition and cooperation that marked the powers' policies, as both sought to contain Iran's revolution while each angled for an inside position with regional powers. Like Wright, Bulloch and Morris conclude that much unfinished business remains in this region; the shooting has stopped, but the war's underlying causes are as robust as ever. The coming decade could be exciting indeed.

Ahrari's volume, like so many scholarly works, took far too long getting to press and is sorely dated in comparison with the other two works. Its focus is Iran because its major chapters were completed late in 1987, when Iranian strength, rather than weakness, was of great concern. Chapters by Shiri Hunter and the editor usefully outline sources of continuity in Iranian foreign and oil policies, helping to explain the policies of a revolutionary pragmatist like Hashemi Rafsanjani, Iran's president. Chapters on the superpowers are equally useful in outlining their strategies, though readers can learn much, pay less, and have more fun reading Bulloch and Morris. Inexplicably, Ahrari's book lacks a chapter on Iraq, which came from behind in 1988 to enjoy a position of great strength in the Gulf and which has always served to balance Iran. This shortcoming makes it impossible for the book to live up to its title, notwithstanding the useful lessons it provides.

Russell B. Stevens


Overall, this is a commendably readable account of the life and medical practice of a Victorian physician who is best remembered for having described the disease that bears his name. The book has, however, at least three pervasive threads: (1) a striking demonstration of how far medical technology has come since that time; (2) a reminder of the primitive state of such things as medical care for the underprivileged in those days; and (3) a reminder of how much a single driven person can accomplish, despite almost overwhelming odds, to improve the society in which he finds himself.


Grossly oversimplified, it could be argued that Vogel's book shows how much biology is like physics, whereas Katz shows how essentially unlike are the two disciplines. The authors' tones are very different. In Life's Devices, Vogel shows convincingly how living organisms in their structure and activities are constrained by the basic laws of physics that are the stuff of introductory textbooks—size, shape, viscosity, diffusion, pressure, and the like. Katz, at the other end of the spectrum, makes an equally impressive case that biology—i.e., living systems—invokes another, more intricate and complex, level of organization that is well beyond the level of physical systems. As his title suggests, he adopts the thesis that patterns are the "common currency" of biology.


This eminently readable account can, in the first instance, serve simply as a condensation of Darwinian evolutionary thought and the basis of modern genetics. Beyond that, it examines the intellectual context within which...
both these major threads have come to their current state. Here again, the essential points are that scientists do not work in a vacuum and that the popular notion of scientific research, as it appears in all too many introductory textbooks, is perilously incorrect.


Quite apart from its clever title, Latour’s book represents an intriguing examination of the influence of Louis Pasteur and his undeniably impressive scientific accomplishments on French society at the time. Latour approaches this subject by a careful analysis of three influential periodicals over a period of some several decades at the turn of the century. By so doing he sets Pasteur and his career in the context of the times, and describes a number of provocative interactions among various groups. Not surprisingly, this account is far more complex than common myths about Pasteur would suggest.


These very different books share a common focus on the emerging realization that we often speak of as the Earth’s environment—and indeed the planet itself—is by no means so stable and unchanging as we have traditionally thought. With this realization has come also an essential recognition that humans have been responsible for many of the changes now being deplored and that perhaps it is not too late to take ameliorative steps.

Kristensen and Paludan address a variety of key issues and provide not only a concise commentary on each but, in most instances, a comment on the commentary. They also remind us of the participation of so-called Institutes for Advanced Study scattered about the globe and specifically designed to address global issues of long-term importance.

Singer’s compilation restricts itself to climate change, albeit widely defined, and has the laudable virtue in the most part, extremist views on either side of the issues examined.

Lovelock’s volume is easily the least technical of the three and is devoted to a detailed exposition—and at the same time a vigorous defense—of his now well-known suggestion that the Earth is itself an “organism.”

Taken together, these books send a powerful message not only that the issues addressed are inherently very complex, but that we are far indeed from persuasive answers to the questions raised.


Regrettably, this slender volume will be rather too technical for most nonbiologists. Nonetheless, it deserves mention because it addresses one of the more puzzling, and intriguing, of the many questions faced by those seeking to work out mechanisms of evolution—the often striking similarities between unrelated species that seem to achieve a substantial level of protection from predation for the “harmless” member of the pair.

Earl W. Count


Lucy and her “child” are separated by 1,600 miles (Lucy in Hadar, Ethiopia, her “child” in the Serengeti, Tanzania) and 1.7 million years. Evolution, it seems, stood still. Both are Homo habilis female adults between three and four feet tall. Johanson discovered Lucy in 1974, her “child” in 1984.

The child first revealed an elbow, a discovery that was greeted with exuberant and earthy cheers from her exceedingly remote descendants, all sweaty males. She was a somewhat ungainly but genuine biped, long-armed, very strong, humanly toothed, and brainier than any ape, which is pretty good for so diminutive a creature. But fire? speech? family? Don’t ask.

For the technical minutiae of this recovery see the technical reports. This book embeds the essential ingredients in much entertaining anecdotal; indeed, half the book is behind you before that elbow peeks out. But what’s your hurry? It is a snaggled story of spare Tanzanian quarters, diplomatic dialogue with mostly friendly Tanzanian authorities, and uneasy relations with the Leakey dynasty.

Bone digging does not a philosopher or poet make, but it can prompt bone finders to poetry: “I would like to think that my vocation, the search for our origins, is part of that truth-quest . . . . Our shared curiosity about our beginnings is the emanation of a deeper urge to discover the . . . being . . . and the old deceptions . . . . This primitive little human . . . underscores how closely and how recently we are bonded to our primate pasts . . . and to the rest of life on the planet. It is not the final word . . . for there are no final words. Humanity will always be enigmatic [but] each new fossil . . . will tell us something more. I hope we will listen to what they say.”

Thus the tale ended.


We sprang up from the ape, modestly, several million years ago, generated speech and symbol, modeled ourselves as Homo faber, fell to worrying whether the universe is friendly, and created myth and religion as query—have we outsmarted ourselves? Science seeks to span this human cosmos and find a meaning within questions for which the answers are elusive.

The book is divided into two main sections: 1. Anthropology of our origins, 2. Anthropology of our future.

This is not a “great” work, but it is nonetheless informative, reliable, and worth mentioning here because greatness may eventually come of its virtues. Its contributors are 35 of the younger company of anthropologists, who were given a prerogative of organizing a conference in London in 1986. Their debate: Whence and how the humanization, while hunting and gathering, of our rudimentary ancestors? And whither now the extant hunter-gatherers?

The topic is a hardy perennial, more complex and no less baffling today than a decade ago, and no less consequential. But yesterday’s mistakes are at least correctable. Today we know better than to relegate extant hunting-gathering societies to stem ancestral replicas of our Urhonen. The world over, today’s hunter-gatherers are sui generis in their technologies, social patterns, languages, value codes, and symbolisms (despite the mythologists’ lingua francas on symbols). And even the most solitary, self-contained societies relate somehow with some alien groups. All societies have distinctive capabilities for adjusting to civilization’s invadors.

If Homo sapiens has hunted and gathered for, say, the recent 5 percent of its temporal deviation from apehood, then that tiny stretch can hardly permit a retropolation of several million years. There are remnant fossil human bones and stone tools, but there are no fossil societies. There are campfires and footprints that may be unconsciously eloquent, but here steps in the rule of Occam’s razor.


Moslem village women are consummate managers of home and field, bearers of physical burdens beyond the ever-enduring one of womankind. A veteran narrator enters into the mood of their stark simplicity, which over-likes the way the every woman reader will penetrate. Each chapter is a gaunt individual biography, except for the epilogue, which is their summing-up, but the conclusions thereof must be the reader’s.

Anna J. Schwartz


The argument for government management of foreign exchange rates, rather than allowing them to float freely at prices determined by market participants, is that, in the absence of management, nominal exchange rates have produced large changes in real exchange rates. The real exchange rate is the nominal rate divided by prices of goods and, because goods prices are relatively inflexible, real exchange rates behave like nominal rates. It is real exchange rates that determine U.S. price competitiveness.

Real exchange rate changes have produced large changes in U.S. output and trade patterns, incidentally promoting protectionism. Moreover, when exchange-rate movements have been reversed, the earlier effects on output and trade patterns have not been fully reversed. (continued on page 6)
Taking for granted that government management can offset market forces, the author concludes that intervention would have limited upward pressure on the dollar before 1965, caused monetary contraction in Europe and Japan and monetary expansion in the United States, and possibly forced the United States to adopt more sensible fiscal policies. He warns that cutting the fiscal deficit might lead again to dollar appreciation, but that the benefits of successful exchange-rate management make the costs of engaging in it worth risking.


Economists involved in 13 major antitrust proceedings between 1977 and 1986 document the recent ascendency of economic efficiency as the principal objective of antitrust policy and the rejection of earlier populist policy that attacked mergers of small firms, provided competitive actions by large firms, and challenged vertical arrangements (e.g., relationships between suppliers and customers). The cases are arranged in three parts, one dealing with horizontal structure (e.g., monopoly, a dominant firm with market power, or oligopoly); a second, with horizontal practices (collusion or predation); and a third, with vertical arrangements (vertical integration, resale price maintenance, territorial restraints, and other nonprice restraints). In each part the editors discuss the economic theory and antitrust law that were the context of the cases that follow. The cases can be understood by a general reader.

The editors stress the lack of unanimity among economists on current trends in antitrust. Although they do not believe that advances in economic analysis of effects of structural changes and behavior patterns in markets can be reversed, they are less certain that the changed emphasis can be preserved, because policy based on those advances requires sympathetic individuals in the enforcement agencies.


One of the companies involved in an organizational strike by the United Mine Workers at southern Colorado coalfields in 1913–14 was the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, in which John D. Rockefeller, Sr., had a substantial investment. In April 1914 a gun battle (which came to be known as the Ludlow Massacre) between units of the Colorado state militia and striking miners left 24 men, women, and children dead. To counter criticism of his family's role in the tragedy, Rockefeller then the head of his father's staff, hired Ivy Lee to conduct a publicity campaign to mold favorable public opinion. He also engaged Mackenzie King, a former Canadian prime minister, to prepare a general study of industrial relations under the auspices of the Rockefeller Foundation. This book is an account of the experiences of these three men.

On King's advice, after the strike Rockefeller ordered a system of employee representation at the Colorado company, later codified in a constitution and contract signed by management and the elected representatives of the miners. The Colorado Industrial Plan, as it was called, remained in effect until January 1918 but periodically was renewed until supplanted by a union contract in 1933. During and after the war King served as an industrial relations consultant to corporations that adopted similar plans; 432 were in existence in 1926. King's Rockefeller Foundation directed the *Industrial Union* in the persons, not a scientific work, on the causes and cures of industrial conflict, which denied that employee representation was conceivable to frustrate trade unionism. To further this perspective, Rockefeller contributed money from 1922 on to six universities to establish industrial relations in labor in the field of labor, but it is not known whether they have ever espoused employee representation.

The author is not a detached student of labor relations. He dismisses the King-Rockefeller company union solution to labor unrest, because he believes that only trade unions can properly represent workers.

Jean Sudrann


**Dangerous by Degrees.** Susan J. Leonardi. Rutgers, 1989. $35, paper, $12.95.


With candor and generosity, Heilbrun writes her own life as she describes the public shaping (and misshaping) of women's lives into autobiography, biography, and fiction. Leonardi and Mellor, however, in their findings as they explore the work of specific women novelists whose writing both reveals and conceals the narrative of their lives. Because Heilbrun makes the discussion of her "private" life (as a writer of detective fiction) a point to the "public" biographical and autobiographical materials she discusses, the very form of her book emphasizes her thesis. The achievements, ambitions, and struggles of women in the past have been concealed within the written stories of their lives; they are stories that have been told as they are.

Leonardi, dealing with a group of women novelists who were members of Somerville College, Cambridge, in the years during and just after World War I, including Dorothy Sayers, Margaret Kennedy, and Vera Brittain, addresses the responses of the novelists to their status as educated women, but excludes biographical information. Although the novelists' response to the nurturing female academic community is predictably various, each one is aware of the public relations of historical process and her education has revolutionized her sense of the possible shapes of a woman's life.

Those who choose educated women as their protagonists create engaging characters as heroines: women confident of their abilities, knowledgeable of historical process and human character to make wise decisions—in short, educated women with some sense of who they are. But what can their stories be when the marriage plot is the only script available for a female-centered novel? So these novels focus on the internal and external demands that the "Southern myth" just that.

**The Lytle-Tate Letters: The Correspondence of Andrew Lytle and Allen Tate.** Ed. by Thomas Daniel Young and Elizabeth Sar-
Sullivan chronicles in his memoir of Tate. Critics and commentators have called this book sympathetic and affectionate, but to this reviewer it seems to drip venom on every page, which sets the tone of the whole.

If Tate were not recalled as a southern gentleman who never forgot his manners, one might be tempted to call him a cad, who, for example, while he was still married to his second wife, was tentatively courting a young nun in his classroom.


Realism, said Howells, is achieved by the writer "who attempts to report the phrase and carriage of every-day life, who tries to tell just how he has heard men talk and seen them look"; and that is exactly what Howells tried to do and mostly succeeded in doing, as this excellent book shows. His characters reveal their social class, moral status, and general worth by their vocabulary and idiom. Unhappily, the verisimilitude of Howells's realism came into conflict with his humane liberalism: the dialect of his blacks, for instance, carried invidious implications of ignorance and stupidity; the speech of his aliens cast doubt on their "Americanism." "To study the language of Howells's characters is thus to see the contradiction at the heart of a society that proclaimed itself democratic; it is also to see the contradiction at the heart of Howells's conception of the American realist, whose office was to unite people in recognition of their common humanity, but also faithfully to reveal a society in which language elevates some people above others and so belies the ideal of equality."

Nettel's has something to say about each of the works so far published by the Library of America, showing how, in each, language, idiom, and colloquialism reveal character and the author's intention. April Hopes explores the differing linguistic styles of Boston, New York, and Washington, revealing the difficulty of fixing moral accents in these cities. Most interesting is The Minister's Charge, the first of Howells's novels to be built on an extensive use of dialect to enforce an awareness of class lines in the contrast between provincial New England and upper-class Boston. The novel shows, says Nettels, "that language, by which people convey their feelings and thoughts to each other and affirm their hopes in eventual unity and equality, is also a divisive force, exposing differences and creating barriers, which, so long as the differences exist, cannot be completely overcome."

The Library of America, having now published two volumes of Howells's work, with a third in preparation, is to be commended for starting what may become a revival of the writer's work. In general, the series will be regarded as "the foremost analyst of American society."

Crowley contributes to that revival, calling Howells a major minor writer, the essential middleman between Henry James and Mark Twain. Of his nine essays, four are bibliographical and one concerns the late novels in which Howells engages in "a process of psychological self-healing" and explores his interest in psychic phenomena.


Not only does the Library of America celebrate in its publications the classic writers of America, it confers classic status on others less permanently established, of whom O'Connor, who died in 1964 at age 39, is one. Although some readers may be puzzled, if not occasionally repelled, by her intricate explorations of Roman Catholic theology, especially in the grotesqueries of her novels, nobody can question the distinction of such stories as "The Artificial Nigger" and "Good Country People," or the polemical significance of "The Catholic Novelist in the Protestant South." Few writers, if any, have assumed more original positions in religious fiction than O'Connor.

Frederick Crosson


This book is a concatenation of reflections on 27 deeply human concerns, including parents and children, reality, happiness, darkness and light, religion, and emotions. The discussion shows us not what to think but how to begin thinking about such things. Noonick unfolds images, analogies, and inferences, and he achieves a genuine sense of2

(continued on back cover)
The Origins of the Mithraic Mysteries.

In the 2d century Mithraism was more widespread than Christianity in the Roman Empire, but its origin and explosive growth have always been somewhat obscure. Here is a fascinating and, to me, completely persuasive scholarly detective story whose argument is that Mithraism takes its rise from the discovery of the precession of the equinoxes by Hipparchus around 120 B.C. The evidence—biographical, historical, astronomical, artistic—is presented and built on bit by bit. Among the most interesting results is an explanation of the famous Mithraic image of the slaying of the bull.