

REVIEWS

The Free Speech Movement: Reflections on Berkeley in the 1960s, ed. Robert H. Cohen and Reginald E. Zelnik. Berkeley: University of California Press, 2002, 618 pp., \$55.00 hardbound, \$19.95 paperback.

Kenneth J. Heineman

Mark Twain wrote in *Life on the Mississippi* that the aging partisans of the Confederacy never moved past their defeat in the Civil War. Every observation they made was prefaced with, "Before the War." Before the War the moon was brighter. Before the War the magnolias smelled sweeter. So it is with the veterans and academic admirers of the 1964 Berkeley Free Speech Movement (FSM)—except that they never got over winning. Ever since that fateful day in 1964 at the University of California when activists prevented a police car from transporting one of their own to jail, the march of time has bypassed Berkeley.

Over the years, as Indochina turned into the Killing Fields, FSM foe Ronald Reagan moved from Sacramento to Washington, D.C., and the Soviet Empire collapsed, scholars and activists continued to produce laudatory documentaries and publish enthusiastic monographs on the FSM and the Berkeley Sixties. Recently a multimillionaire sympathizer of the FSM endowed a campus cafe where students could sip lattes and read revolutionary manifestoes preserved under tasteful glass-encased tables.

And so—inevitably—yet another Berkeley-in-the-Sixties book makes an ap-

pearance, this one under the aegis of the University of California Press. With *The Free Speech Movement: Reflections on Berkeley in the 1960s*, historians Robert Cohen (a Berkeley Ph.D.) and Reginald Zelnik (a Berkeley faculty member) present a collection of essays written mainly by the participants and partisans of the campus wars.

At first glance it seemed that the editors would balance the volume with the inclusion of an essay by the "villain" of 1964, Clark Kerr, the former president of the University of California system. In the "Fall of 1964 at Berkeley: Confrontation Yields to Reconciliation," Kerr, however, apologizes for his past political errors even as he turns his guns on former California governor Ronald Reagan—the man who insisted on his removal from office.

The faculty critics of the FSM—Lewis Feuer and Seymour Martin Lipset, among others—are nearly invisible, except when Cohen quickly dismisses them, without engaging their arguments, in one of his essays, "Mario Savio and Berkeley's 'Little Free Speech Movement' of 1966" (472). Cohen admits that there was an intolerant or "illiberal segment" within the ranks of the New Left, but then insists that such people may be found in any democratic mass movement.

Cohen also contends that what there was of an "illiberal segment" at Berkeley (and nationally) was most in evidence years after the FSM and mainly in response to white racism and the unjust war in Vietnam. He fails to point out that one did not have to wait years to see "illiberal" attitudes manifest themselves at Berkeley. In the spring of 1965,

just two supporters of America's Cold War foreign policy appeared at a Berkeley Vietnam teach-in. The student partisans of free speech jeered the lonely champions of the Vietnam War in an effort to prevent them from speaking.¹ This was the forum that FSM supporter and academic historian Henry Mayer—in "A View from the South: The Idea of a State University"—hailed as breaking "the boundaries of the classroom and the departments" (164).

Such historical revisionism may also be seen in an essay by FSM activist and sociologist Martin Roysher—"Recollections of the FSM." Roysher condemns Vietnam Day Committee leader Jerry Rubin for not warning antiwar protesters in 1966 (sic) "that the Oakland police would let Hell's Angels through their lines to beat up demonstrators" (154). The October 1965 protest to which Roysher refers actually saw Oakland police interceding to protect middle-class college students from being beaten by the motorcycle gang. Rubin, who had hoped to rumble with the police and thereby radicalize more youths, turned back towards campus in disappointment. Two years later, in October 1967, without the Hell's Angels in the way, 10,000 demonstrators overturned cars, smashed windows, and engaged in a twenty-block-area guerilla war with police.²

Berkeley historian David Hollinger, in "A View from the Margins," attempts to rescue the FSM from its conservative critics by contending that the goals of the movement were nothing less than the intellectual reformation of the modern university. Hollinger points to a pro-

posal by FSM supporter and Berkeley philosopher Joseph Tussman to establish student-oriented residential colleges on the campus. The Tussman-*FSM* vision of collaborative, humanistic education, Hollinger writes, was realized at the State University of New York (SUNY) at Buffalo in 1970 with his assistance. "The *FSM*," Hollinger concludes, "was commodious enough to have room for a respectful attitude toward the highly classical, unapologetically canonical, aggressively Socratic approach to education defended by Tussman" (180).

The problem with Hollinger's gloss is that I have researched the SUNY-Buffalo archives and interviewed a number of the student and faculty members of Hollinger's residential or "storefront" colleges.³ Buffalo's storefront college teaching staff—as well as its champions—mainly drew upon the junior faculty, graduate student, and undergraduate supporters of the New Left, in particular the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS). Classes became political rap sessions and course credit granted for "research projects" that mainly amounted to protesting against campus ROTC, the draft, and university-military related research. By the winter of 1970, fire-bombings and clashes with city police turned SUNY-Buffalo into a battlefield. Erie County grand jurors subpoenaed the class rosters and faculty directories of the storefront colleges, believing that they contained the names of nearly everyone deserving of indictment.

The lack of balance in this volume is pervasive. Former Alameda County assistant district attorney Edwin Meese,

who played a significant role in the Berkeley wars and as a result moved firmly into Ronald Reagan's inner circle, makes infrequent, despotic appearances. Why was he not allowed to share his perspective? If giving voice to one of the FSM's unrepentant "bad guys" was out of the question, then the editors could have approached sociologist Rebecca Klatch and historian Matthew Dallek—neither of whom is conservative.

Klatch's 1999 book, *A Generation Divided* (also published by the University of California Press) offers fascinating insight into the Berkeley libertarians who supported the FSM, advocated the legalization of narcotics, and opposed military conscription.⁴ (To her credit, FSM activist Jackie Goldberg, who was raised in the Communist Party USA and later became a member of the Los Angeles City Council, does recognize the role libertarians played in the early stages of the FSM.)

Dallek, who wrote *The Right Moment* (2000), could have contributed a piece that placed voter "backlash" in a context complementing historian W. J. Rorabaugh's essay (as well as his own excellent 1989 book) in explaining the rise of Reagan.⁵ Dallek's cogent analysis of the hostile public reaction to unrest at Berkeley and in the Los Angeles ghetto would have provided readers with much-needed historical context. As it stands, the negative popular reception of the FSM is only occasionally referred to and then blamed on everything from anti-Semitism and white racism to anti-Communism and heterosexualism.

It is apparent that Cohen dislikes studies of the FSM and the New Left at large

that point to the disproportionate number and ideological significance of "red diaper babies" and secular Jews within their ranks. (The term red diaper babies refers to the children of Old Left and Communist Party members.) In another one of his essay contributions to this volume—"The Many Meanings of the FSM"—Cohen takes particular aim against a 1982 book by Stanley Rothman and S. Robert Lichter, *The Roots of Radicalism*, ridiculing their data but not dealing with their research (41-42, 51).⁶

Other scholars came to the same conclusions as Rothman and Lichter and not all were critics of the New Left. Both Richard Flacks and Paul Buhle, for instance, were SDS members.⁷ The FSM and the student movement of the Sixties, contra Cohen, were not notably diverse in their class and ethnocultural composition. So far as ideology was concerned, while there might have been some disagreements over tactics, New Leftists could agree that America caused most of the world's problems.

The most intriguing aspect of this volume is the psychological insight one gains into FSM leader Mario Savio and activists such as National Public Radio correspondent Margot Adler and women's studies professor Bettina Aptheker. Although Adler, in "My Life in the FSM: Memories of a Freshman," reveals next to nothing about her background that would have attracted her to the Communist Party's W. E. B. DuBois Club and the FSM, she is adamant that her self-perceived weight problem "was in part a deep feminist protest" against patriarchy and some oversexed New Left males (126).

For her part, Aptheker, the daughter of Communist historian Herbert Aptheker, takes the opportunity in "Gender Politics and the FSM: A Meditation on Women and Freedom of Speech" to blame her sexual molestation at a young age and subsequent effort to commit suicide on "white/male authority" and American capitalism, imperialism, and racism (130-131). Given the insular existence of 1950s and early 1960s American Communists, Aptheker likely did not need to travel so far afield to find the source of her misery.

Of the FSM participants and sympathizers who make an appearance, most seemed to have sprung from the ranks of the professional class and, upon graduation, took their place in America's more respectable universities and media outlets. Mario Savio is the notable exception. Coming from working-class origins and without family connections and capital, Savio's margin for error was slight.

Readers have only to look at later photographs of Savio, who died at the age of fifty-three, to see a physically ravaged man who, after years of marginal employment, finally managed to obtain a position near the bottom rung of the California State system as a remedial mathematics professor.

A 1995 talk Savio gave at the University of California at Santa Cruz on the FSM—and which is included in this volume under the title, "Thirty Years Later: Reflections on the FSM"—reveals a man lost in a sea of disconnected thoughts. In between repeated references to the television sitcom "Roseanne," there are incoherent discourses on the atomic bomb and the civil rights movement.

In 1964 Mississippi, Savio found more than a righteous cause; he discovered his identity. When he later compared Berkeley students to southern blacks, Savio was doing more than indulging in rhetorical overkill. Savio made himself believe that he was a southern black sharecropper. I had to turn to Eric Hoffer's classic book, *The True Believer* (1951), for this insight: "To the frustrated a mass movement offers substitutes either for the whole self or for the elements which make life bearable and which they cannot evoke out of their individual resources."⁸

Savio's first wife, Suzanne Goldberg, a FSM activist as well as a psychotherapist, reveals in an essay she wrote—"Mario, Personal and Political"—that he suffered from a "compulsive disorder." Unable to differentiate between the important and the trivial, Savio compounded his mental problems in the Sixties with narcotics that led to "frightening and repulsive hallucinations" (559). She also mentions in passing Savio's "deeply disturbing and unresolved" childhood experiences. Finally, Suzanne Goldberg observes "his mother's wish for him to be a second Christ created the burden of an impossible standard to live up to but also the motivation and drive to be a moral leader" (560).

Less kind, Berkeley activist Jackie Goldberg, in "War is Declared!" decries Savio for having "purged" his enemies—including herself—from the FSM in 1964 and for promoting his own "cult of personality" (109-110). This is the language of Khrushchev denouncing (the safely dead) Stalin. (Jackie Goldberg's essay is

the most critical of Savio but, despite her sense of personal betrayal, she makes it clear that she remains a committed activist on the Left.)

As a work of psychological history, *The Free Speech Movement* is required reading for anyone interested in the mind-set that spawns radical protest movements in contemporary America. If readers seek a reliable reference work, however, then they should look elsewhere.

Notes

1. Kenneth J. Heineman, *Put Your Bodies Upon the Wheels: Student Revolt in the 1960s* (Chicago: Ivan R. Dee, 2001), 111.
2. Heineman, *Put Your Bodies Upon the Wheels*, 113, 126-127.
3. Kenneth J. Heineman, *Campus Wars: The Peace Movement at American State Universities in the Vietnam Era* (New York: New York University Press, 1993), 35, 65-66, 68, 72, 165, 226.
4. Rebecca E. Klatch, *A Generation Divided: The New Left, the New Right, and the 1960s* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1999).
5. Matthew Dallek, *The Right Moment: Ronald Reagan's First Victory and the Decisive Turning Point in American Politics* (New York: Free Press, 2000); W. J. Rorabaugh, *Berkeley at War: The 1960s* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1989).
6. Stanley Rothman and S. Robert Lichter, *The Roots of Radicalism: Jews, Christians, and the New Left* (New Brunswick, Transaction, 1996).
7. *History and the New Left: Madison, Wisconsin, 1950-1970*, ed. Paul Buhle (Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 1990); Richard Flacks, "Making History vs. Making Life: Dilemmas of an American Left," *Sociological Inquiry* 46 (1976): 263-280. See also for more critical assessments, Nathan Glazer, "The New Left and the Jews," *Jewish Journal of Sociology* 11 (December 1969): 121-132, and, Seymour Martin Lipset, *Rebellion in the University* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1976).
8. Eric Hoffer, *The True Believer: Thoughts on the Nature of Mass Movements* (New York: Harper Collins, 1989), 13.

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Bring Out Your Dead: The Past as Revelation, by Anthony Grafton. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2001, 368 pp., \$39.95 hardbound.

Neil Cameron

When scholars achieve not only academic distinction but also a modest celebrity, they almost invariably do so with big books on single themes. When they turn from these to the publication of essay collections, they are more likely to find an audience only among specialists in their own field. Collections do not promise the memorable clarity of a sustained argument around a central thesis, and some resemble the bad sequels of good movies. Fine individual essays can lose their impact when thrown together in an incoherent mix, the whole padded out with unrelated and ephemeral review articles. Suitably all-inclusive book titles and introductory essays pretend to tie all the pieces together, but not always persuasively. After a few polite notices in the academic journals, countless col-

lections end in the remainder piles of the university bookstores, and then vanish from sight.

There are a small number, however, which do not deserve such a fate. Even if the individual essays are drawn from earlier publication in a variety of times and places, the complete package has an impressive unity. The authors who manage this are those who bring to everything they write a consistency of historical and philosophical perspective, an ability to glide gracefully from microcosm to macrocosm and back, in both subject matter and analysis. The late Allan Bloom had this flair; the essays gathered in *Giants and Dwarfs* actually made it as stimulating a book as the much more celebrated *Closing of the American Mind*.

Anthony Grafton, Henry Putnam University Professor at Princeton and scholar of medieval and Renaissance history, has this same integrative capacity. He is already renowned for his book on *Cardano's Cosmos*, which won the 2000 Marraro Prize of the American Historical Association, and for an elegant little history of the footnote. In a new collection of essays, *Bring Out Your Dead: The Past as Revelation*, he mixes more general reflections with close textual analyses of several Renaissance humanists, and makes them all fit together. In an opening essay that links together several authors of classical antiquity with both Leon Battista Alberti and the twentieth-century art historian Erwin Panofsky, he comments of the latter that "he seemed to have both the panoramic vision of the parachutist and the microscopic detail of the truffle

hunter."¹ It is a compliment that could be as readily paid to Grafton himself.

While Grafton's historical interests are somewhat different from Bloom's philosophical ones, the comparison can be taken a bit further. Both are particularly at home with the essay form—their books on single topics are to some extent sets of essays that flow in a natural sequence—with an equal gift for memorable aphorism. Both approach every topic with parachute strapped on and truffle microscope in hand. And both treat scholarly inquiry as a kind of Socratic conversation with other scholars living and dead, dancing from the streets of ancient Athens and Rome to the cloisters and libraries of Renaissance Europe and beyond, the centuries of passing time magically whisked away.

However, while Bloom, who probably once imagined he would be mainly remembered for doing a new translation of *The Republic*, instead became a celebrity bestseller with his ferocious attack on the fashionable academic enthusiasms of the last decades of the twentieth century, Grafton takes a milder and more tolerant view of these, although still a very sceptical one. In a review of a 1993 book on German Renaissance art, for example, he praises some aspects of recent art history, but also notes that it has included a number of trial balloons that were soon exploded, and continues:

When any discipline takes a new shape, antitraditionalist rhetoric becomes the standard mode for framing one's work as virtuous and innovative, and several *Hindenburgs* are produced for every *Spirit of Saint Louis* As schools form, the hypotheses of pioneers have a tendency to

become facts for their students. Questions turn into answers, and experimental equipment designed to yield new data turns into a sausage machine that makes all data, however discordant, look and taste alike.²

Similarly, Grafton defends two other recent “post-colonial” books on the Renaissance, a monograph by Walter Mignolo and an essay collection edited by Claire Farago, as raising interesting and important questions about the relationship between European thought in the sixteenth century and the new encounter with Latin America, but he also provides a grim summary of the recent era of intensely politicized scholarship:

Even the subtlest historians and social scientists tread the bloody crossroads where cultures meet with the breathless caution of soldiers in a minefield. Many seem almost paralyzed with fear at the possibility of exploiting the colonized or colluding with the colonizers. Grave scholars make comic appearances, belaboring one another with bladders and slapsticks, each accusing the other of speaking for the native instead of hearing the native’s voice, of making the native too radically Other or too imperialistically the Same The historiography of the discoveries sometimes seems likely to turn from a real library into an imaginary but grotesque butcher shop—rather like the curiously Goyaesque cannibal slaughterhouses, hung and strewn with smoked human limbs, that early sixteenth-century artists and pamphleteers conjured up to adorn a Caribbean of the mind.³

This characteristic stance, critical, but cool and mildly amused, seems entirely an appropriate one for a historian of scholarship, familiar with many past examples of quarrelsome monks. But Grafton appears complacent in his

contemplation of the current impact of ideological research and teaching on the whole community of scholars in the traditional humane disciplines.

He predicts, for example, that, in a generation or so, the waves of the present will come to look as “quaint” as the Social Darwinism of the late nineteenth century, or “the Popular Front verities of the thirties.” Perhaps, but these parallels are not all that reassuring. Social Darwinism, after all, was not just a briefly fashionable mixture of evolutionary natural science with unreflective prejudice, but an ideological foundation for the worst kinds of European imperialism, for Prussian militarism, and eventually for fascism.

The “Popular Front verities” were not merely a few misleading or false assumptions adopted by a few academics, but the doctrines of Stalinism or quasi-Stalinism, endorsed and spread by countless intellectuals throughout the Western world, with real and terrible consequences. Leaving aside the question of whether the current enthusiasms have spread beyond the universities, the effects they have had in these are already bad enough. When they sweep a campus, they recall a comment of Hannah Arendt: the purpose of propaganda is not to convince, but to destroy the conviction that truth can be found.

Of course, liberal education has never had as much consistency in content and approach as many traditionalists would like to believe. Most obviously, the decline in the size and importance of departments of Classics has causes that go back a century or more, and has not got much worse lately. But it is still depressing to see

courses in Greek and Latin literature, even the once quite popular ones in "Classics in English," disappearing altogether, while more and more "Cultural Studies" proliferate. As for the departments of English or History, they are as yet in no danger of vanishing, but many have dropped their most intellectually demanding courses and replaced them with thinner and more trendy stuff.

Grafton does not cheer on these developments, but he does echo many other academics and administrators in attributing them to new demands from students, these in turn partly caused by student bodies of greater "diversity" nowadays, including, for example, many more immigrants from Latin America and former European colonies. But as he also observes, the language and theory now used to explain "colonization" or "excluded minorities" have been anything but diverse. Both indeed resemble the quaint Popular Front verities of two-thirds of a century ago, the quaint New Left verities of one third of a century ago, and the quaint verities of the last decade of the Cold War. Liberal scholars in the humanities have not been very successful at confronting their students of all backgrounds and opinions with lessons in how to recognize mutton dressed as lamb, partly because so many post-1960s professors have themselves been raised on an unvaried mutton diet.

Readers will mostly leave these uncomfortable thoughts behind, however, once turning to Grafton's own researches and conclusions. The most substantial and interesting of these are in the second half of the book. They include two fascinating essays on the rela-

tionship between humanism and the new science, showing a closer interpenetration of the two than is now commonly assumed.⁴ These are followed by a group of essays on a variety of "communities of scholars": not just essayists and explicators of classical texts, but printers and correctors on one side, "polyhistor" and encyclopaedists on the other.

Several essays are partially or entirely devoted to thumbnail biographies of various thinkers and scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries: Bacon, Descartes, Vico, and less familiar names like Jean Hardouin and Justus Lipsius. These are all models of lucidity, close reasoning, and good sense. In addition, Grafton brings flashes of new insight on nearly all of them, with all kinds of suggestive, more general ideas about developments in the methods of scholarship, the rise of modern science, and the nature of universities, past and present. The essay on Hardouin is especially notable. It contains illuminating discussions on the antiquarian study of coins and medals, the nature of scholarly quarrels, and the ways in which learned men bounced ideas off each other, sometimes quite violently.⁵ In less than thirty pages, Grafton provides more well-argued and wide-ranging reflections on the life of the mind than can be found in many full-length books on similar topics.

The same can be said of another essay on controversies between humanist scholars on how to translate various difficult and idiomatic passages in the Latin of the *Satyricon*.⁶ Grafton's broad erudition and sympathetic insight breathes life and revelation into this

remote scholarly dispute. He shows, for example, that Latinists only gradually came to realize that what they had first thought of as astrological and grammatical errors in the text could be explained as a deliberate attempt by Petronius to show these as characteristic mistakes of the inadequately-educated Trimalchio: Trimalchio as Jay Gatsby. By guiding the reader through the grammatical disputes of different generations of translators, he also demonstrates a far broader argument: "Modern literature really does alter the classics Awareness of this fact can help us to use our texts as the basis for our hypotheses instead of making our hypotheses the basis from which we read our texts."⁷ Anyone today reading modern translations of classical works can benefit from the lessons contained in this essay.

Grafton is too much the modern Princeton professor openly to defend the once-common but now seldom-maintained idea that ancient writers can still provide useful instruction to the present world, but his choice of humanists and their writings often conveys this message indirectly. In an essay on Justus Lipsius, for example, he quotes the latter at length on just why he has such a high regard for Tacitus:

Tacitus doesn't present you with showy wars and triumphs, which serve no purpose except the reader's pleasure; with rebellions or speeches of the tribunes Behold instead kings and rulers and, so to speak, a theater of our modern life. I see a ruler rising up against the laws in one passage, subjects rising up against a ruler elsewhere. I find the devices that make the destruction of liberty possible and the unsuccessful effort to regain it. I read of tyrants overthrown in their turn, and of

power, ever unfaithful to those who abuse it. And there are also the evils that accompany liberty regained: chaos, rivalry between equals, greed, looting.... Good God, he is a great and useful writer! And those who govern should certainly have him on hand at all times.⁸

But then, as the essay on Petronius illustrates, Grafton is equally fond of using later writers and ideas to illustrate and alter the conception of earlier ones. His essay on Descartes opens with a comparison with Wittgenstein, and a reminder of one of the ways that a few thinkers are distinguished from all others:

All philosophers have theories. Good philosophers have students and critics. But great philosophers have primal scenes. They play the starring roles in striking stories, which their disciples and later writers tell and retell, over the decades and even the centuries.⁹

The book's concluding essay also makes use of the device of reflecting on scholars of different eras. Grafton tells the sad story of Jacob Bernays, a gifted German-Jewish philologist of the nineteenth century, who ended his life in prophetic despair; he saw how much European civilization was being endangered not only by the old evils of reaction and anti-Semitism, but also the new ones of radicalism and positivism. Bernays, like Grafton himself, was a fascinated student of Joseph Scaliger. Scaliger was not only a late Renaissance humanist of great energy and talent, but a man who devoted much of his life to technical chronology, tracing out the accuracy of ancient calendars through the reporting of events like eclipses, and

laying the foundations of the calendrical system still used today. As well as tribute to the achievements of Bernays and Scaliger, Grafton also takes this occasion to contemplate the apparently unenviable life of historians of scholarship like himself:

Historians of sexuality spend their time reading through riotously funny ethnographies and court records. Historians of scholarship, by contrast, disinter long-unused boxes of notecards from their cobwebbed tombs in ancient file cabinets, and derive what pleasure they may from discovering long-forgotten errors in unread footnotes.

This self-mocking summary concludes that, while modern historians of scholarship can find learned predecessors in both Hellenistic Alexandria and Renaissance Florence, their findings have "little evident relevance to the resolutely unhistorical culture of early-twenty-first-century America." But partway through this truffle-hunter's lament, he also slips in a parachutist's proud and joyful defence:

[Historians of scholarship] follow the complex, paradoxical, and drawn-out process by which humanity gradually learned that the past is a foreign country.¹⁰

That is what Grafton is really saying in this book, about both the scholars that he studies and his own collaboration and continuation of what they have already accomplished. In fact, the comic comparison of the kind of work he does with that of the armies of historians of sex, science, and politics is made with tongue firmly in cheek. His analyses of revisionist interpretations of Renais-

sance art and thought, despite polite observations about the new demands of more polyglot student bodies, the value of new perspectives, and so forth, are still mostly demolitions of pretension and blinkered ideology. His essays on the relations between humanism and the new scientific thought are not mere footnote commentaries on narrower histories of science; they undermine all kinds of assumptions made by specialists in the field. And his readers are bound to suspect that Grafton knows at least as much about those "riotously funny ethnographies and court records" as do the self-identified "historians of sexuality." While his essays contain the panoramic observations of Grafton the parachutist, his footnotes, as might be expected from so distinguished an authority on their use, show the results of many successful truffle hunts.

It is easy to understand his confidence that, in a few years, many of the new books of "revisionist" history and social science will look as "quaint" as those produced by past ideological epidemics. The serenity with which he anticipates this outcome is really the only feature of his book that will give pause to some readers, who can hardly wait for this quaintness to arrive.

Some students of European ideas in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have maintained that everything in the way of serious philosophical argument found in the writings of Nietzsche had already been put forward by David Hume, but that Nietzsche had yelled it at the top of his lungs. Whether or not this particular claim is entirely justified, it is more broadly true that philosophers, historians, and literary critics can

be largely divided between those who emulate the sunny and good-natured calm of Erasmus or Hume, and those who prefer the passionate intensity of Rousseau, Nietzsche, or Marx.

Both types can be found among the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century thinkers discussed by Grafton, and he gives them an equally fair hearing, but his own preference, not only in academic journal articles but also in reviews for *The New Republic* or *The New York Review of Books*, is clearly to follow in the tradition of the patient and careful sages, not the trumpeters and incendiaries. He is most likely to get a sympathetic hearing from other scholars who share his recognition that historical understanding involves a "complex, paradoxical, drawn-out process."

More trendy professors and graduate students, afire with rage at the injustices lately discovered for the newest victim class and anxious to apply the latest mixture of imaginative ingenuity and shameless charlatanism from Paris, may agree with Rousseau and Nietzsche about the need for passionate intensity, but are unlikely to share the depth and originality of those alarming thinkers. Grafton appears to hold that both the latest intellectual fads and the kind of publication and teaching they produce can be treated as just an inevitable feature of university life, not so different from the annual Lilliputian struggles of ambitious undergraduates for control of the student unions and college papers. He can be described as a defender of the "traditional university." But his is not the one of the first half of the twentieth century, evoked nostalgically by

Allan Bloom and a few other academics, mostly disciples of Leo Strauss. It is rather the Platonized vision of the community of scholars, lasting across many generations, many geographical centers, and through many upheavals from within and without.

His more conservative and sceptical contemporaries, however, are bound to find defenders of this vision today sounding rather like Blanche Dubois, desperately trying to ignore the bawling immediacy of Stanley Kowalski. Ever since universities introduced undergraduate studies in the natural sciences and engineering in the late nineteenth century, the notion has steadily advanced that what they offer should not be a privileged arena of cultural and intellectual refinement, even a meritocratic one, but a giant cafeteria of course and program entitlements for each rising generation.

From about 1900 to 1965, the liberal arts disciplines in the universities managed to survive by a major adaptation, presenting themselves as just one of several alternatives in higher education, and adopting much of the same professionalization and specialization found in the more technocratic and vocational studies that had grown up alongside them. This has had some very odd consequences, rather like those of trying to maintain a monotheistic religion in a syncretist society that does not so much oppress or contest, as dilute and drown.

The universities of today are large city-states in their own right, with the fate of departments or curricula strongly influenced by the ordinary politics of large groups, clashing and

cooperating like nations. Political correctness has partly spread through quick surrenders to the campus specialists in passionate intensity, but has also evolved as just another form of pious and hypocritical cant, not so different from the public currency of bodies like the UN. The rhetoric may win few permanent converts, but what it can and does do is obscure from many students, even at the graduate level, the very existence of the kind of scholarly enterprise celebrated and carried on by Anthony Grafton. To learn of it, they must discover books like *Bring Out Your Dead*, and thus learn something of the true joys and responsibilities of the communities of scholars.

Notes

1. "Panofsky, Alberti, and the Ancient World," 21.
2. "The Hand and the Soul," 75.
3. "The Rest versus the West," 81.
4. "The New Science and the Traditions of Humanism," 97-117, and "Civic Humanism and Scientific Scholarship at Leyden," 118-137.
5. "Jean Hardouin: The Antiquary as Pariah," 181-207.
6. "Petronius and Neo-Latin Satire: The Reception of the *Cena Trimalcionis*," 208-223.
7. *Ibid.*, 222.
8. "Portrait of Justus Lipsius," 227-243, quote from Lipsius on 234.
9. "Descartes the Dreamer," 244-258.
10. "Jacob Bernays, Joseph Scaliger, and Others," 278-298.

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This is the last year in which Harvard University will offer "Globalization and Human Values: Envisioning World Community" (Religion 1528). A friend of the NAS found the course description, which dates from a February 2003 "Calendar and Announcements," to be worthy of note in AQ.

A course in confronting the world:

Come meet a rock star who sings for nonviolence, a CEO who won't move jobs overseas, and a philanthropist who invests in women as peacemakers—not to mention such important intellectuals as Noam Chomsky, Robert Reich, Lani Guinier, Howard Zinn, and Jonathan Kozol All of these individuals will be interviewed in person Additional guests this term include such luminaries as philosopher Peter Singer, economist Juliet Schor, legal scholar Martha Minow, theologian Harvey Cox, literary scholar Elaine Scarry, ethicist Sissela Bok, physician Jennifer Leaning, religion scholar Diana Eck, and psychiatrist Robert Coles. Readings range from major theorists (Peter Berger, Ulrich Beck) to powerful essayists (Naomi Klein, Arundhati Roy) With occasional film nights and an optional weekly dinner, "Globalization and Human Values" creates a space in which you can join with others to make sense of, and perhaps change, the world.