

across as a bit of a red herring: the more compelling theme of the book for its intended audience will be the degree to which it can reinforce the sense that "it happens in the best of families," and also the worst.

The other singularity of *Shattered Dreams* is sociological: it may serve as a milestone in the book industry, the point at which the word "by" lost all meaning and came to function as just one more decoration on the cover. The names "Charlotte Fedders and Laura Elliott" on the book spine and the fact that Fedders is doing the book tour would seem to suggest that the book is ghosted. It isn't. Elliott, a writer for *Washingtonian* magazine, simply interviewed Fedders at length (obviously very great length) and wrote the book about her in the third person, supplementing it with other research and interviews. Nobody involved with the book or the contract seems to find anything in the least odd about this, so who is the reader to quibble?

—Amy E. Schwartz

Levine & Co. Douglas Frantz. *Henry Holt*, \$19.95. He who writes first does not necessarily write best. Consider Douglas Frantz. The "Levine" in the title, in case you've forgotten, is Dennis Levine, the Wall Street investment banker who masterminded the insider-trading scandal that brought down the whole house of cards. It's odd: Levine's fall was such a big deal when he was first caught, and now the particulars of his case seem almost boring as so many bigger fish have followed, their own particulars vastly more lurid than his. And that was even before Black Monday, which has made the whole insider-trading scandal seem, somehow, far less interesting.

Frantz's goal was not so much to have the most complete book, or the most interesting book, or the best reported book on the scandal—only the first one. The question is: is that a goal that makes sense when a scandal is still breaking? *Levine & Co.* would suggest that the answer is no. What we get here is nearly 400 pages of Dennis Levine and his associates (sure-

ly you remember Ira Sokolow?)—and then, at the end, a few pages about Ivan Boesky and Martin Seigel, clearly pasted on as the book was being rushed to press. That's all he had time for.

Levine comes across as a creepy enough character, but neither he nor his compatriots are ever brought to life. Levine's lure, for instance, is still a mystery to me. Why were people willing to commit crimes for him when even they didn't like him very much? In addition, the book reads like a long newspaper story (Frantz works for the *Los Angeles Times*) and the reporting does not go much beyond what was published in newspapers as the scandal was breaking. Oh, well, at least it was first.

—Joseph Nocera

Campus Life: Undergraduate Cultures from the End of the Eighteenth Century to the Present. Helen Lefkowitz Horowitz. *Knopf*, \$24.95. Who's to blame for our zombie youth? Nope, not conservative demons like rock-and-roll or

"relativism" or casual sex. Not liberal scapegoats like Ronald Reagan, though his brand of politics is quickly filed away in the category "fraternities, anti-Semites, and conservatives." Here the usual suspect cultural phenomena go free.

In their place Horowitz gives us a strange and intractable enemy: "students in the past," who created "undergraduate subcultures" that still rule our campuses. First, there were College Men, who have long lived a life of fraternities and secret societies, rumbles, ritual alcoholism, cheating, and sports. Through their antics, fun-loving "clubmen" or "Greeks" institutionalized their hostility to authority. In the early 1800s, for example, students horse-whipped the president of the University of North Carolina and stoned two professors. Yale men bombed a residence hall in the 1820s and murdered a tutor who tried to intervene in the melee. Boola boola.

Then there are Outsiders, grimly hard-working students who view higher education as nothing more

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than an apprenticeship to professional life. Its progenitors were ministry students at sectarian institutions. Their successors: "townies," freed slaves, and women in the 19th century; GI Bill veterans and Asian-Americans in the 20th.

Finally, there are Rebels, a best-of-both-worlds alternative. They appeared just before World War I, children of wealthy German-Jewish merchants or certain WASP families that "sustained a quiet nonconformity." These were students barred by discrimination or their own lack of interest from the tumble of fraternities, and at the same time could not accommodate themselves to Outsider monasticism. So they fashioned a third force, a worldly style "as hedonistic as the College Man," but intellectually curious and scornful of frat-boy high jinks.

It is Horowitz's contention that the history of campus life is the story of these three subcultures struggling to capture the zeitgeist. Outsider theology students were the first champs, but frat-boys reigned undisputed through most of the 19th century. The first half of the 20th century was a Texas death-match between College Men and Outsiders, but both were overwhelmed by the stunning Rebel victory of the 1960s. Aided by the rebellion's excess and adult "repression" (i.e. Kent State), a new breed of Outsiders—the cold-sweat nightmare Horowitz shares with Allan Bloom—has since enjoyed a two-decade long winning streak.

What's wrong with this picture? To begin with, its categories seem little more than a taxonomy of Horowitz's prejudices. Kids involved in sports, fraternities, and student government, she sniffs, are mere lemmings "who feel they need a ready-made group life with a clear identity." The ruling party of New Outsiders ("the great unwashed") isn't much better in her book. Faced with mammoth tuition increases, these students "assumed their parents' cost-accounting perspective" and have the temerity to "demand of courses a return on the financial investment." Such grim careerism may once have been appropriate to certain social classes—"the Jewish

grinds...would have felt at home"—but Horowitz has watched in recent years "as the nation's privileged children adopted it."

Of course there are the Rebels, Horowitz's favorites, who share her aristocratic disdain for most of their classmates. Listening to them laugh about the brown-nosing graspers, she is overcome with nostalgia for those "lively collegians of earlier days." Who, for example? Well, Margaret Mead, for one, and—no kidding—Walter Lippmann.

Model Rebels like these make clear the final snobbery of Horowitz's student classification system. Mead spent her years at Barnard apple-polishing Franz Boaz and writing love poems to Ruth Benedict. At Harvard, near William James and George Santayana, Lippmann set still-standing world records in sycophancy. What's the real difference between such Rebels and your run-of-the-mill Outsider today? Nothing so superficial as the Rebels' sex habits or "artistic dress," but rather the fact that they go on to become "America's premier writers and intellectuals." It's an exclusive club, and not much else.

—David Tell

History in Sherman Park: An American Family and the Reagan-Mondale Election. Jonathan Schell. *Knopf*, \$15.95. After two pre-election visits in 1984 with a couple in the Sherman Park section of Milwaukee, Jonathan *Fate-of-the-Earth* Schell has found "History": one-time liberals are now too busy getting by to care about politics.

While offering thanks to the Public Agenda Foundation, Schell never says precisely how he wound up in Sherman Park. Whoever it was gave him a bum steer. He touts his hosts, Bill and Gina Gapolinsky, as if they were representative of a wider apathy in Sherman Park and across the country. (Gina on Watergate: "I have no memory of it. I was interested in interpersonal things.") But when I lived in Milwaukee, the neighborhood had long been a liberal hotbed, ever since Father James Groppi organ-

ized legions of civil rights activists there in the '60s. Hardly withdrawn, locals are still up on politics and committed to social causes. It's not Greenwich Village, but it's no backwater either.

When the Gapolinskys do say something illuminating about Reagan, Mondale, or their own feelings, Schell misses the point, even though he's had three years to mull over his notes. For instance, Bill emerges as a pragmatist. He wants a president who will accomplish *something*. While he is warm to the Democratic platform, Bill doubts Mondale could pull it off, so he votes for Reagan, a can-do guy. Schell interprets this as part of the much-heralded dealignment of American politics. Yet, Bill doesn't seem so much depoliticized as nonplussed about the current slate of candidates. Would Bill support a dynamic Democrat? Schell never asks.

Not listening is part of Schell's larger problem. He is so wrapped up in being with the *real people*, that he becomes obsessed with their customs for no good reason. He makes it a point to tell us that Bill's T-Shirt says "beer" and that his brother-in-law's furniture is "antique in style, but obviously newly made." At Bill's mom's house, there are fewer home-cooked meals, because now they're "being cooked commercially, by McDonald's or Burger King or Pizza Hut." And the streets aren't bustling like in New York "where in some places it is hard at lunch hour to keep your foothold on the sidewalk." His brief tour of Milwaukee does more to harm the city's good name than "Laverne and Shirley" ever could.

Schell didn't have to go all the way to Milwaukee to get a feel for what people are thinking. He could have taken the subway to Brooklyn and written the same book. Still, it's always amusing to see earnest writers venture into the midwestern wilderness, tape recorders and trail mix in hand. All things considered, though, I prefer Phil Donahue. At least he doesn't pretend to be writing history.

—Tony Byrne