



Travels to the Heart of the Forest: Dilettantes, Professionals, and Knowledge

Author(s): Kurt Spellmeyer

Source: *College English*, Vol. 56, No. 7 (Nov., 1994), pp. 788-809

Published by: National Council of Teachers of English

Stable URL: <http://www.jstor.org/stable/378486>

Accessed: 03/06/2009 09:49

Your use of the JSTOR archive indicates your acceptance of JSTOR's Terms and Conditions of Use, available at <http://www.jstor.org/page/info/about/policies/terms.jsp>. JSTOR's Terms and Conditions of Use provides, in part, that unless you have obtained prior permission, you may not download an entire issue of a journal or multiple copies of articles, and you may use content in the JSTOR archive only for your personal, non-commercial use.

Please contact the publisher regarding any further use of this work. Publisher contact information may be obtained at <http://www.jstor.org/action/showPublisher?publisherCode=ncte>.

Each copy of any part of a JSTOR transmission must contain the same copyright notice that appears on the screen or printed page of such transmission.

JSTOR is a not-for-profit organization founded in 1995 to build trusted digital archives for scholarship. We work with the scholarly community to preserve their work and the materials they rely upon, and to build a common research platform that promotes the discovery and use of these resources. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.



National Council of Teachers of English is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *College English*.

<http://www.jstor.org>

TRAVELS TO THE HEART OF THE FOREST: DILETTANTES, PROFESSIONALS, AND KNOWLEDGE

Kurt Spellmeyer

Wherever one goes on those rivers one hears about a French scientist who had made marvelous discoveries among the Indians. . . . He was probably mythical. But when I heard about him I was told that two "rescue-expeditions" had reached him, had tried to bring him out, and had met with . . . obstinate refusal.

Earl Parker Hanson, *Journey to Manaos* (224–25)

These words might have been taken from an ethnographic classic like *The Sexual Life of Savages* or *Coming of Age in Samoa*; the man who wrote them, Earl Parker Hanson, might have passed for an associate of Malinowski or Mead. In the early 1930s, Hanson left the U.S. to live among the "natives" of northwestern Brazil, where he observed, recorded faithfully, and struggled to explain strange events and even stranger customs. But Hanson was not an ethnographer, and his book *Journey to Manaos* belongs to the genre most ethnographers contemplate with a pronounced uneasiness: the genre of travel writing, which resembles ethnographies closely enough to raise doubts about the differences between fieldwork and passing impressions. And the doubts raised by books like the one that Hanson wrote go a long way toward explaining why one celebrated social scientist, Claude Lévi-Strauss, should begin his own travelogue *Tristes Tropiques* by announcing right up front, "I hate travelling and explorers." "Adventure," Lévi-Strauss continues, has no proper role to play "in the anthropologist's profession" (3). Yet his distaste for adventure and adventurers has sources deeper than simple snobbery—sources that will be the subject of this essay. To someone

Kurt Spellmeyer is the director of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences Writing Program at Rutgers University-New Brunswick and the author of *Common Ground: Dialogue, Understanding, and the Teaching of Composition* (Prentice-Hall, 1993). He presented a briefer version of this essay at the 1992 MLA session entitled "Professional Relations: Anthropology and Literary Study."

who embraces his profession as the last, best hope for order in a profoundly misguided world, nothing could seem less welcome than the spectacle of dilettantes crashing noisily through the bush.

So completely have professionals like Lévi-Strauss established knowledge as their exclusive domain that even those of us who are not French ethnographers might find it hard, and possibly absurd, to look for knowledge anywhere else. The professions exist, we might say, for the sake of knowledge. To celebrate the professions is to celebrate the most complex, transformative achievements of all time—so complex and transformative that we can scarcely name the least of them without falling back on clichés: the discovery of DNA and black holes, the invention of the microchip and the polio vaccine. Who, after reading Max Weber's *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*, or Ian Watt's *The Rise of the Novel*, or J. L. Austin's *How to Do Things with Words*, would want to challenge the fundamental wisdom behind the modern system of professions? As it turns out, however, growing numbers of people inside the system have begun to voice their deep misgivings about professionalism and its human consequences.

The philosopher Hilary Putnam has, for one, just recently dismissed a decade's worth of analytic philosophy on the grounds that it is "fundamentally frivolous"—fundamentally unrelated to anything except "the 'intuitions' of a handful of philosophers." For all its brilliance and sophistication, Putnam frankly concedes, the discipline no longer carries any "weight" in the lives of most Americans (141, 197). At the same time, another respected malcontent, the economist Richard Parker, has written on the implications of a full-page ad placed several years ago in *The American Economic Review* calling for a conceptual revolution in *that* field. Among the co-signers decrying "the monopoly of method" and the obsession with elegant, abstract formulas were a number of Nobel-winners, including Paul Samuelson, Herbert Simon, and Jan Tinbergen (159). "Much of what economists [used to] do," Parker argues, "is being done more effectively outside economics departments," while the PhD has become "a stepping stone" into a "hermetically circular world" (160). Speaking from the discipline of history, Allan Megill and Donald McCloskey note with alarm "a growing split" between professional historians, who have largely abandoned the narrative form, and a wider public that has abandoned these historians in turn. For whom, Megill and McCloskey ask, are current histories intended, and why has a once-enormous audience disappeared overnight? Something, clearly, has gone wrong across the disciplines. A philosopher, an economist, and a pair of historians—what these doubters all share is not just a profound dissatisfaction with the character of knowledge, which keeps saying more and more about less and less, but also an aversion to the way of life that the making of this knowledge appears to demand: an aversion to the *culture* of specialization, and to the ethos of helplessness and cynicism such a culture both requires and perpetuates.

As our century winds down, entire countries can collapse in a year, in a week, but a world without professions seems far less possible, I suspect, than the world without its now-familiar borders. Yet the modern system of the professions is only slightly older than the automobile. Weber and Durkheim both belonged to a profession; Marx, notably, did not. That Darwin began his intellectual journey as a freelance “naturalist,” and that *The Origin of Species* precedes the professionalization of biology—these details we often forget, and our forgetfulness naturalizes the contempt Lévi-Strauss exhibits for travel writers and their craft; and not only his contempt but also his fear, his refusal to pose the questions Putnam and the rest have posed. Do the professions create a general anomie immensely greater than the confidence they inspire? Has the system of professions constructed knowledge to *ensure* that everyone, experts and amateurs, will feel powerless in the long run?

Those of us inside the academy have a special need to look with more attention than others might at stories like the one that Hanson tells. Precisely because travel narratives unfold outside the self-enchancing circle of specialization, they give us a chance to think more spaciouly about the motives that have made knowledge everything it is—motives openly professed, as I hope to indicate, by many fields in their formative years. Heinrich Wölfflin in art history and Northrop Frye in English are two of the great system-builders whose undertakings I will place beside Lévi-Strauss’s work as symptomatic of “the system.” But the view from outside the circle may help us, as well, to account for the persistent discontents that have ruptured the boundaries of the disciplines until no one can say with much assurance nowadays what it means to read a poem or “see” a painting (White 261–82; Preziosi 1–20). As the ruptures widen and deepen, the claims that professions still tend to make—for the existence of universal codes or hidden laws determining how we *have to* think and act—seem increasingly unpersuasive given the current, eclectic status quo, when feminists are deeply entangled in legal studies and poststructuralist epigones of Adorno are anxiously pacing through the mazes of mass communication.

With some help along the way from Hanson, an amateur who wrote the great bulk of his prose more than thirty years ago, I want to argue that the current crack-up of the disciplines was bound to happen sooner or later. What Hanson discovers instead of order at the heart of the Amazon forest is a primal scene of knowledge anthropologists have not been alone in repressing: the endless breakdown of culture—the endless breakdown of our codes, conventions, systems, and stories—and the resourcefulness of a human subject, far from dead, who is obliged to make do pragmatically with the materials at hand. As belated witnesses to this primal scene, teachers and scholars of English may no longer feel compelled to share Lévi-Strauss’s contempt; instead, we might accept it as our task to assist in the emergence of another, less oppressive kind of knowledge, the kind

that dilettantes like Hanson have been crafting all along, somewhere out in the bush.

THE CULTURE OF PROFESSIONS: THEN AND NOW

Despite the standard appeals to method and disinterestedness, professionalism is a *moral* matter inescapably, a matter of unequal relations and the anxieties they produce. And it is just these relations and anxieties that give shape to the tropes, metaphors, and fictions framing even the most specialized inquiry. When Lévi-Strauss proposes in *Tristes Tropiques*, for example, to tell the story of *his* travels, he feels compelled to add that a sense of “shame and repugnance” kept him silent for fifteen years (3). What he had written in the place of travel narratives was the soundest anthropological theory, and he proceeds through the next four hundred pages to elevate his profession far above its amateurish rival. One might well conclude, in fact, that profession is both the subject and the hero of *Tristes Tropiques*—and this acute self-awareness makes the book unique in the canon of any discipline. But if *Tristes Tropiques* stands apart from other classic texts of anthropology, it is also broadly typical, since it claims for its field a special mission, and at a time of “crisis” overtaking all the cultures of the world:

Now that the Polynesian islands have been smothered in concrete and turned into aircraft carriers solidly anchored in the southern seas, when the whole of Asia is beginning to look like a dingy suburb, when shanty-towns are spreading across Africa . . . what else can the so-called escapism of travelling do than confront us with the more unfortunate aspects of our history? Our great Western civilization, which has created the marvels we now enjoy, has only succeeded in producing them at the cost of corresponding ills. . . . The first thing we see as we travel round the world is our own filth, thrown into the face of mankind. (38)

As Lévi-Strauss would have us read it, the story of the West’s global triumph is in truth a tale of abject failure—our failure to perceive things as they *really* are, the failure of our faith in “travel.” The “adventure” that began with the Enlightenment, the rights of man, and liberal democracy has culminated, he explains, in the nightmare of the modern world, where reflection ends in unreason, “freedom” in total constraint, and democracy in the fantasy land of mass seduction and deceit. If the West’s adventure should have taught us any lesson by now, it should have taught us that we never knew where we were bound, or even why we left our sheltered, pre-Enlightenment world; and nothing could reveal our failure more glaringly than the fact that adventurers keep setting off again, only to learn that their forerunners have turned Fort-de-France and Subic Bay into versions of Marseilles or Jersey City.

Of course, *Tristes Tropiques* is itself a brilliant example of travel writing, but an example poised against the reader’s wish still to believe what every dilettante

wants to believe: in an unmediated, unearned contact with the real. And Lévi-Strauss can testify to the force of this wish because he felt it powerfully himself on his first voyage out from France to the New World, when anthropology was, as he phrases it, still “foreign” to him. “I wonder,” he asks rhetorically, if “after all these years, I could ever again achieve such a state of grace. Would I [ever] be able to relive those feverish moments when, notebook in hand, I jotted down second by second the expressions which would . . . fix” the fleeting “forms” made by such things as clouds in the evening sky? (62). But the question *is* rhetorical. Nothing could be more seductive than the dilettante’s search for an obvious meaning in the onrush of events, and nothing could be less appropriate to the anthropologist’s special mission. If Western “travel” has culminated in a world of filth, then anthropologists have tried to take the quest for meaning so far that it would lose its fatal allure. Beneath the shifting, varied surface of things, insatiably enticing to the untrained eye, the professionals have searched for the single, universal law that governs the very act of seeing, a law applying as completely to the fisherfolk of Brunei as it does to Oxford dons or diplomats at The Hague. With the unveiling of this law, the Western passion for adventure might be laid to rest, since every place, regarded in the proper and *disciplined* way, would look like everywhere else.

And in *Tristes Tropiques*, this is finally what Lévi-Strauss himself claims to have done. His pilgrimage through the jungle of Brazil is also a journey backward in time that continues until he finds the realm of myths, mythemes, structures, and transformations, the hidden building blocks of perception, and he feels confident enough about the outcome to declare with Rousseau, “The Golden Age, which blind superstition had placed behind us . . . is *in us*” after all (393). *In us*, and therefore manifested everywhere—as tattoos on the faces of Brazil’s native Caduveo women, as whorls on Shang Dynasty incense burners, as animals engraved and painted on Kwakiutl storage boxes. For Lévi-Strauss on his maiden voyage out from France, the passing of one moment into the next always seemed just about to culminate in the “grace” of an unmediated presence, a discovery of something familiar in an encounter with the alien. Yet nothing could be less like that particular state of grace than the universal order he finds deep in the Amazon, since the unveiling of this order demands not only a rigorous distancing from his own sentiments and memories, but also a deliberate indifference to his subjects’ modes of thinking and feeling. Wooden boxes or jade figurines, mythological tales or modern fiction—everything has to be wrenched out of its context and shown to exhibit a significance undetected even by the “natives.” What the jade carver never sees, although Lévi-Strauss does—in flattened images of dogs joined at the mouth or in spirals bound together at their starting points—are the telltale signs of conflicts, rivalries, and tribal taboos. What the spirals reveal, in other words, are the tensions concealed by the people from themselves, and Lévi-

Strauss's work assures us, if it assures us of nothing else, that we are all invisibly moved by the same unchanging cognitive mechanisms.

Tristes Tropiques represents this demonstration of our total subservience to an invisible law as the glory of anthropological professionalism. And only seven years later, in the closing paragraphs of *The Savage Mind*, Lévi-Strauss would proclaim the end of history as well as of the West. With the emergence of structuralism, the "entire process of human knowledge thus assumes," he wrote, "the character of a closed system" not in any sense different from the world of the "savages," whose "spirit" the science of anthropology has reestablished at the very heart of the modern world (269). But if savagery and civilization were destined to be reconciled by the discovery of his changeless principles, Lévi-Strauss achieves another, far more intimate rapprochement at the climax of his travelogue: a reunion of private perception with professional knowledge, now that he has purged himself of the little dilettante inside. In these crowning moments, he reflects on the basic nature of knowledge, which can never be fashioned directly from the stuff of experience. Only by regarding the object again and again in a distanced and systematic light can the observer at last draw closer to a world that otherwise remains too immediate and too self-evident to reveal its secret order. For this reason—because the attainment of understanding first requires a corresponding *loss* of immediacy—travel writers in the depths of the jungle are destined to remain unenlightened, while anthropologists at their desks with pens in hand can achieve the wisdom of the Buddha, whose priests, Lévi-Strauss implies in passing, are ethnographers of a certain kind as well (*Tristes Tropiques* 410–12).

Prophets, culture heroes, and emancipators—anthropologists in the pages of *Tristes Tropiques* take their place beside this august company. As for the book's unprofessional readers, they are left to conclude that travel should be left to the very few who know how to do it best. But Lévi-Strauss was not the first to pass on this particular lesson, which all the modern disciplines have been eager to learn—and to teach. A generation earlier, for instance, the art historian Heinrich Wölfflin had paused at the start of his pathbreaking *Principles of Art History* to argue with the baldest disingenuousness, "It is hardly necessary here to take up the cudgels for the art historian and defend his work before a dubious public" (11). Yet Wölfflin meant his *Principles* to do exactly that—by demonstrating that the arts, which his "dubious public" still regarded as a more or less accidental matter of individual expression, stood in desperate need of professional study. "It is," Wölfflin underscores, "a dilettantist notion that an artist could ever take up his stand before nature without any preconceived ideas" (230). Rejecting such a notion, he insists that the systematic study of art must ascertain precisely what the painting or the sculpture, considered in isolation, cannot disclose: the socially constructed, historically evolving "forms of beholding" that predetermine the work of any artist at any particular moment (226). Although "men have," Wölfflin

holds, "at all times seen what they wanted to see, [this fact] does not exclude the possibility that a law remains operative throughout all change. To [identify] this law would be a central problem, the central problem of a history of art" (17). Offering his own *Principles* as a test case for his new discipline's claim to disclose this invisible law underlying visible forms, Wölfflin announces his complete success, just as Lévi-Strauss would later, at the close of a triumphant last chapter. "In spite of all deviations and individual movements," he writes, "the development of style in later [European] art was homogeneous, just as European culture as a whole can be taken as homogeneous" (235). Beneath the surface of apparently endless change, Wölfflin claims to trace out the evolution of a single Western spirit to which every work, no matter how "original" or "eccentric," has made its unintended contribution.

Wölfflin's search for invisible sources of the visual arts and Lévi-Strauss's ethnographic journey into the reaches of the savage mind—both of these we today might recognize as variations on a single theme encompassing other disciplines as well. If the struggle for professional dominion over the arts began two decades before Lévi-Strauss set off for Brazil's interior, the struggle of English departments to appropriate all matters literary started a decade after his return to France. It was then that Northrop Frye called for the refashioning of *his* discipline by insisting that literature, no less than physics or chemistry, must be made "the subject of a systematic study." And the name Frye gives to this program of study is not just "criticism" but actually "science." "Certainly," he reasons, "criticism as we find it in learned journals and scholarly monographs has every characteristic of a science. Evidence is examined scientifically; previous authorities are used scientifically; fields are investigated scientifically" (*Fables* 7). Like Wölfflin before him, Frye wants to show that his subject must be rescued—and rescued by specialists—from the everyday way of thinking; and for this purpose he needs to demonstrate that there is "an order of words corresponding to the order of nature in the natural sciences" (12). While Frye begins his program by conceding that the study of "art," in contrast to the study of "nature," can never achieve the precision of a "'pure' or 'exact' science," he still pushes the analogy as far as it will take him—so far, perhaps, that his invocation of science may tell us less about his actual beliefs than about the sweep of his ambitions and the depth of his anxieties as a humanist in an increasingly technologized professoriate (7).

With Wölfflin's nerve and Lévi-Strauss's anger, Frye links the future of his discipline to a messianic repudiation of the laity and its entire manner of living. All around him he beholds the evidence of an "an irrational world," a society, as he put it, "of perverted imagination." "Advertising, propaganda, the speeches of politicians, popular books and magazines"—these he represents as symptoms of a culture subject to unprecedented spiritual danger (*Stubborn Structure* 105). If Lévi-Strauss recoils with horror at the filth we have thrown in the faces of other

peoples, Frye is revolted by the filth that he believes we have heaped upon ourselves. And like his French counterpart, he turns finally to myth for salvation, although for him myth is the royal road not to universal laws of the mind but to an elaborate symbolic system that lies at the heart of every culture (*Fables* 21–38). According to Frye, the mythology of a culture is always necessarily a “total structure, defining as it does a society’s religious beliefs, historical traditions, cosmological speculations—in short, the whole range of its verbal expressiveness”—and to this great “matrix” of structural patterns and archetypal images every writer must return, knowingly or otherwise (33). Those who return to the matrix in ways that renew and extend its coherence, as James Joyce does when he invokes classical tradition while describing a day in the life of a Dublin publicist, help to create what Frye calls a “real society” (*Stubborn Structure* 105). But those who draw upon the archetypes in ways that foster greater incoherence—the writers of advertising and pulp fiction, for instance—pervert the imagination and bring their society one step closer to dissolution. Yet precisely because the writing that sustains “real” society is so hard to tell apart from the writing that perverts it, only someone with the training of a literary critic has the skill needed to adjudicate. And this task of adjudication demands an elaborate institutional network bringing together the rhetorician and philologist, the literary psychologist, the literary social historian, the historian of ideas, and finally, the literary anthropologist, who takes the archetypes as his principal concern (*Fables* 13). While Frye concedes that other fields, especially anthropology and Jungian psychoanalysis, have explored the archetypes more thoroughly than literary scholars, and while these scholars “are bound to appear for some time” little better than “dilettantes,” he still seizes for his fellow critics the whole terrain of mythology, since the order of the myths is first of all an order of words, and English words belong, he reasons, to English departments (17, 38).

With Lévi-Strauss’s ascent to the status of seer and Frye’s division of interpretive labor a decade after that, we witness the full flowering of a phenomenon Burton Bledstein has termed the “culture of professionalism.” According to Bledstein, the university in the first half of this century not only “segregated ideas from the public” but promoted a rigorous segregation of ideas within the university itself. “A department emphasized the unique identity of its subject, its special qualities and language, its special distinction as an activity of research and investigation. Any outsider who attempted to pass judgment . . . was acting presumptuously” (327–28). Yet this segregation did more than organize knowledge in a certain manner, as Bledstein observes; it produced a different *kind* of knowledge, constructed for the purposes of mastery rather than cooperation—a knowledge made to reflect the image of a world in which human beings mattered only en masse or as abstract types susceptible to manipulation (Haber 3–14; Haskell 234–56; Kuklick; Abbott 1–31). The new power of the specialist was—as it still

is, even in the poststructuralist academy—the capacity to tell “ordinary” people who they “really” are and what their actions “really” mean, independent of their doing and thinking. And precisely because the central tropes of professionalism are almost always configured for this end, we will never again find a place for the lay subject—as an active agent rather than a cultural dope—until we are willing to reconceive the nature and the uses of knowledge.

Clifford Geertz was among the first to try his hand at this undertaking when he maintained more than twenty years ago that the French structuralists had managed to build “an infernal culture machine [that] . . . annuls history, reduces sentiment to a shadow of the intellect, and replaces the particular minds of particular savages in particular jungles with the Savage Mind immanent in us all” (355). But Geertz seems never to have noticed the hackneyed character of Lévi-Strauss’s enterprise, since the story that the structuralists liked to tell about themselves was the same one every discipline had been telling for half a century and continues to tell today. What distinguishes *Tristes Tropiques* from other apologies for academic professionalism is simply the candor and the eloquence—and, *bien sûr*, the thoroughness—of its attack on the idea that “ordinary” people can make sense of the world they inhabit. It was Lévi-Strauss, after all, rather than Michel Foucault, who first argued that “the ultimate goal of the human sciences is not to constitute man but to dissolve him” (qtd. in Geertz 346). And while poststructuralists like Derrida, Lacan, and Foucault have abandoned their predecessor’s search for scientific certainties, they have continued to repeat a lesson first learned at the feet of Lévi-Strauss himself: that culture acts when people *think* they have acted, that language speaks when they *think* they have spoken. To explain why it is that humans do what they do, any systematic inquiry must begin by discounting their stated reasons and explicit motives.

Critics of professionalism have commonly taken on the system rather than the kind of knowledge it perpetuates. Yet the history of “higher learning” hides a counterplot within the crushing master narrative. Once a passionate systematizer in his own right, Ludwig Wittgenstein became profoundly disenchanted with the efforts of specialists who were, as he put it, “occupied with building an ever more complicated structure.” Even their “clarity,” he decided, “is sought only as a means to this end, not as an end in itself” (7e). If Wittgenstein in the 1930s renounced the search for hidden foundations, turning his attention instead to the pragmatic forms of everyday life, a similar sense of dissatisfaction overtook the anthropologist and linguist Edward Sapir. Although Sapir never ceased to believe that people depend on the linguistic resources at their disposal, he experienced an acute crisis of confidence in his discipline’s suppression of individual agency. According to his biographer Richard Handler, “Sapir came to insist that cultural wholes are analytic constructions having no reality, as wholes, as entities, in human behavior. When anthropologists speak of ‘a culture’ they refer to a pattern

or system that they themselves have constructed in the analysis of their data" (226). Though such constructs had legitimate uses, Sapir warned against the "fatal fallacy" implicit in presupposing that cultures (or languages or systems of knowledge) have a power of their own and can predetermine in a lawlike fashion the behavior of individuals. Against those who had declared well before Lévi-Strauss the disappearance of "man" as an active, self-conscious agent, Sapir concluded that "the true locus of culture is in the interactions of specific individuals and, on the subjective side, in the world of meanings which each one of these individuals may . . . abstract for himself from his participation in these interactions" (227). Where his opponents saw "superorganic" structures, Sapir saw meanings and choices; where they saw the persistence of impersonal "forces," he saw a ceaseless process of conscious innovation and exchange (210).

Sapir wrote his defense of "specific individuals" in 1932, but it failed to bring about the revolution of sensibility he intended. For *that* change to begin, we have had to wait another sixty years, as the rewards of professionalism prove less and less satisfying for the growing numbers of academic intellectuals who have discovered that the cost of their authority is a subtle but severe circumscription of the power to think, and to speak, on their own (Bender 127–45). Carried to its logical conclusion, the systematization of inquiry has made inquiry far more difficult—if we mean the asking of questions where they most urgently need to be asked and not where the practice of questioning has grown ritualized and perfunctory. Haunted by a suspicion that the academy no longer meets anyone's real-world needs, the first wave of self-conscious "theorists" writing in the late 1960s—not only in English but in other fields as well—followed Lévi-Strauss's lead by trying to define "deep" structures or principles determining the production and reception of knowledge. Their great differences aside, Thomas Kuhn ("paradigms"), Stanley Fish ("communities"), Jonathan Culler ("codes and conventions"), and Hayden White ("master tropes") were all characteristic of their generation in responding to the crisis with a return to this founding gesture of professional authority.

But the gesture, so convincing when the disciplines were still young, had become by the end of the 1970s so manifestly unpersuasive that even the journal *Daedalus*, arguably *the* voice of academic professionalism, dedicated a double issue to the unstable state of knowledge. And there, at least one of the contributors—the historian M. I. Finley—identifies the search for hidden laws as the cause of the problem rather than a solution. Modestly entitled "'Progress' in Historiography," Finley's essay might more aptly have been named "The Emperor's New 'Epistemic' Clothes." Surveying the terrain of research in his field, he declares that there are no foundations of any kind, "no Kuhnian paradigms, no established doctrines . . . even about the . . . historian's subject matter" (127). Taking issue with colleagues who perceive in the burgeoning of historical knowledge a self-

correcting, self-enlarging *Gestalt*, he maintains that the “study and writing of history” is always “a form of ideology” in the ordinary sense of the word: an expression, that is, of the specific social interests of the people involved (132). The practice of history “cannot be codified” or regulated, Finley contends, because of its irrepressibly strategic nature, and he goes on to insist that even professionalism, “the cult of Research” for “its own sake,” must be recognized as an “ideological stance,” one arising from an attempt to shield the discipline from social problems beyond the campus (127, 137). Behind the façade of professional consensus and the illusion of incremental progress, there remain, Finley charges, disagreements provoked by differences in the everyday lived world, and it is to this world in its complexity that historians should turn their attention.

But history was not the only field that appeared to be fragmented by a lawless, groundless dissonance. In the same issue of *Daedalus*, Svetlana Alpers describes a comparably scandalous scene among her colleagues in art history, whose discourse she represents less as a conversation than a series of arguments, beginning with founders like Wölfflin and extending through Panofsky and Gombrich to Baxandall onward. Although Alpers sets out to expose the rifts behind the appearance of unbroken continuity, she also raises a larger question about professionalism by asking why these rifts went unnoticed for so long. And the answer she gives has to do with the institutional suppression of self-doubt for the sake of getting on with the “real business,” namely scholarship. In a passage fit for Finley’s naked emperors, Alpers notes that “art historians [characteristically] see themselves as being in pursuit of knowledge without recognizing how they . . . are the makers of that knowledge” (6). No less than Finley, she rejects the assumption that something called “the discipline” operates like a hidden hand to predetermine the actions taken by practitioners; rather, the practice of art history is a perpetual questioning of what both “art” and “history” mean. Instead of answering the question raised by her title—“Is Art History?”—she wants her readers to admit, at least among themselves, that there can be no decisive answer.

Alpers’s point is not simply that her colleagues should conduct their business in plain view, openly displaying the agency that scholars have been trained to conceal, but also that they should acknowledge the force of this same agency in the works they study. The miracle of a painting like the one that T. J. Clark made the subject of a now famous monograph—Courbet’s “Burial at Ornans,” which outraged nineteenth-century bourgeois viewers with its depiction of a provincial funeral—lies in the artist’s deliberate contravention of an “obligatory” decorum. If scholarship reshapes knowledge through its partisan innovation, then artists like Courbet do the same, and by granting their capacity for world-making as she does, Alpers breaks decisively, I would say, with Lévi-Strauss’s “scientific” fatalism, which he defends in *Structural Anthropology* by invoking—and misquoting—

Marx. "Men make their own history," he has Marx proclaim, "but they do not know that they are making it" (23). What Marx actually wrote, however, is that "Men make their own history, but they do not make it just as they please" (13). The *consciousness* of making history, and with it the *consciousness* of being debarred from certain kinds of choice and action—these Alpers hopes to place squarely at the core of her discipline, not because they have been missing but because they were there, unnoticed and unvalued, all along. For Alpers and Finley, the heart of the forest lies wherever we are, and they warn that to search for an order beyond or beneath our own self-understanding is to become like enchanters who have finally enchanted themselves. Why *did* Courbet paint his awkward, enigmatic villagers rather than happy peasants or a graceful urban elite? T. J. Clark gives one kind of answer and Michael Fried gives another, but the question can never be decided permanently since every new observer, professional or not, will bring to the painting something else, something more.

It is just this "something more," this power to go beyond the limits of the "known," that each of us possesses irrespective of schooling or station. And it is just this same power that the narratives of profession have had diligently to suppress. Far from creating a knowledge that is truly universal—that represents everyone in general because it represents no one in particular—the learned disciplines have persistently remade accounts of the social world in their own parochial image, and here once again Lévi-Strauss qualifies as the great exemplar. When *Tristes Tropiques* at last takes us to the Amazon, the Indians become not progressively less familiar and less easy to interpret, as they might have seemed to a dilettante, but more and more exactly like their ethnographer. Lévi-Strauss remarks, for example, on the exceptional "refinement" of the Bororo, especially in matters "sociological" (251), and he describes the Nambikwara as so hyper-civilized that their "pronunciation is marked by an affectation and preciosity of which they are perfectly aware" (279). Even their sexual lives are distinguished by the greatest tact, so that despite "the amorous fondling in which [Nambikwara] couples indulge so freely and so publicly, and which is often quite uninhibited," Lévi-Strauss testifies that he "never once noticed even an incipient erection"—surely the sign of an almost Parisian refinement (286). The Bororo and Caduveo belong, he affirms, to genuinely "learned societies" (274); they have professions (225), vocations (236), and hierarchies of expertise like those of modern Europeans. Best of all, they have something closely approximating Lévi-Strauss's version of social science:

Bororo society offers a lesson to the student of human nature [for] . . . their wise men have worked out an impressive cosmology and embodied it in the plan of the villages and the layout of the dwellings. They arranged and rearranged the contradictions they encountered, never accepting any opposition without repudiating it in favor of another, cutting up and dividing the groups, joining them and setting

them one against the other, and turning their whole social and spiritual life into a coat of arms in which symmetry and asymmetry are equally balanced. (245)

In the method of Bororo “wise men,” whose logic so remarkably resembles the binary thinking of structuralism, Lévi-Strauss finds a daily confirmation of his method, as he does among the Caduveo, who suggest to him, in the perfect symmetry of their relations, the playing cards from *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*. “These Indians,” he writes, “had [their] kings and queens, and like Alice’s queen, the latter liked nothing better than to play with the severed heads brought back by their warriors” (178). Although he wants to tell his Eurocentric readers, as he certainly should, that the “savages” were never really savage, a basic and perhaps more important truth still gets lost, a truth about his own motives. What he discovers at the heart of the Amazon is nothing more and nothing less than what he wanted to discover, while the men and women he encounters there, who never cease to talk among themselves in the course of their daily affairs, are silenced and made to disappear. And so, at the same time, are we all.

Among the many hundreds of thousands of words that fill the pages of *Tristes Tropiques*, not more than thirty sentences transcribe things said by the “natives,” but when people like the Caduveo have an occasion to speak in their own voices—when they speak and are listened to—they say something different from what Lévi-Strauss seems to have heard. They reflect eloquently, for example, on the problems of their lives, as they did in this creation myth told to a researcher more than eighty years ago:

Onoenrgodi [the Creator] divided up the earth among all [the] people. To the Paraguayans and the Portuguese he gave houses, cattle, and arms. The Tereno got maize, manioc, and the like. . . . Then the caracara bird came and said: “Master, you haven’t thought of the Caduveo at all.” Onoenrgodi replied: “That’s true; I didn’t think of ‘my people’ . . .” [Then] Onoenrgodi went to Caracara and said: “There are only four Caduveo and there’s no land left for them, but when they die I’ll revive them again.” Caracara answered: “No, why should they revive? Let them fight with other Indians instead and steal their land, women, and children. . . .” But the Caduveo were hungry, and they cried. Onoenrgodi said to Caracara: “I’ll prepare some food for them.” Caracara replied: “Why? They should hunt and gather honey. . . .”

[Then the] god said: “When they have no more clothes left I’ll make them new ones.” But Caracara said again: “No, don’t. They have cotton and can spin and weave.” (Wilbert and Simoneau 23–24)

Far from existing outside of time and apart from conscious experience, myths like this one constituted a special form of oral history that helped the Caduveo address the urgencies of their lives at a moment when the future had become almost unthinkable dark. Perceiving their condition through the lens of such myths, they could see themselves as undiscouraged, even indestructible. Through the stories of daring tricksters, suave seducers, and cunning thieves, they turned their stigma

as pariahs into a badge of the highest distinction; and in this response they could not bear less resemblance to the doomed and decadent “playing cards” of Lévi-Strauss’s description, passive victims of our Western filth. While the white man makes a brief appearance in a number of surviving Caduveo myths, these myths never grant *him* the capacity to have caused the tribe’s misfortunes—only Onoenrgodi could have given them their fate. And in the face of divine disfavor, the Caduveo were determined to thrive. Through their myths, in other words, this insignificant tribal people, probably never more than several thousand strong, once managed to succeed where our academy has failed, by creating a sense of themselves as active agents. And if these myths have anything to say to us now, it is that we, no less than the Caduveo, can tell such stories and exert such a power.

HANSON IN BRAZIL: THE DILETTANTE’S DILEMMA

A class of experts is inevitably so removed from common interests as to become a class with private interests and private knowledge, which in social matters is not knowledge at all.

John Dewey, *The Public and Its Problems* (207)

Finley and Alpers both speak from within an institution—the academy—that has progressively become a prison-house for those who once imagined it as a privileged, open space. Although neither writer takes the time to explain with much precision how this imprisonment has come about, the prison-house in which they find themselves is the same one in which their predecessors contrived to lock up everybody else. The two scholars, in my view, do not go nearly far enough by announcing that historians should have the right to redefine “history,” or that artists and the experts who study their work can transform the rules for exploring representation. Neither Finley nor Alpers seems to recognize that such a change, if it is to occur at all, obliges academic intellectuals to give up their long-accustomed and largely self-appointed role as the arbiters of culture, truth, and taste: either everyone makes knowledge or else no one can, not even specialists. Far from looking to the disciplines as the place where knowledge properly gets made, we might see them instead as social sites where this making has become artificially constrained.

If knowledge *is* “produced,” as we like to think, and amenable to production by different people for different ends, then we might ask why the academy has failed to produce forms of knowledge affirming the agency of nonspecialists. No matter what the fashion of the day may be—structuralism or semiotics, deconstruction, psychoanalysis, or New Historicism—we have held back the last word for ourselves, whether the text is *Pride and Prejudice* or *Ferris Bueller’s Day Off*. The widely quoted slogan “teach the conflicts” still enjoins a teaching of the

conflicts we alone have provoked. And even the tradition of reader-response criticism—which might have mounted a vigorous challenge to the system of professions—has been concerned more with defining an idealized “act of reading” than with taking the trouble to ascertain how and why readers make the meanings they actually make (Pratt; Schweickart). But perhaps the time has come to think differently—to concede that the search for hidden structures or lawlike rules, on the level of the sentence or the level of the state, is always an act, as John Dewey warned, of domination by other, covert means (“Philosophy” 50–51).

Lévi-Strauss may have told us *his* story about knowledge, but another one might be told, a story that reminds us that knowledge is less fixed and more accessible than the system of professions leads people to believe. Four years before Lévi-Strauss first landed in São Paulo to begin his research on the Amazon basin tribes, Earl Parker Hanson, a self-proclaimed “career” adventurer, made his way along the Orinoco River from the highlands of Venezuela to the city of Manaus in northwestern Brazil. Trained as an engineer and recruited by the Carnegie Institution to take readings of the earth’s magnetic fields, Hansen did what explorers in the travel books do. He hired porters; he got lost in terrain still blank on his maps from the American Geographical Society; he shivered with tropical fevers; he ran out of supplies. En route something happened, and kept happening, to Hanson, the kind of thing that Lévi-Strauss never mentions. “Little by little,” he confesses unprofessionally, “I began to feel my preconceived, stereotyped notions about the tropics breaking down” (90). Having left the U.S. during the worst years of the Great Depression, he finds the collapse reaching deeply even there. At Maracaibo, he sees that the oil fields are “dead,” the unemployed “swarming like ants” (24), and in San Fernando de Apure, an *andino*, a white backer of the dictatorship, complains that “we . . . have given our territory of Amazonas back to the Indians” (12). Kept up all night by burrowing parasites called *chivacoas*, Hanson rises to hear on his radio that Japan has invaded China, and months later, in Manaus itself, he learns that the Lindbergh baby has been kidnapped. “Like millions of people at exactly that same time,” he writes, “I felt trapped. . . . What were we coming to? What was the way out?” (146, 201).

Instead of leaving the disorder of modernity behind as Lévi-Strauss tries to do, Hanson sees that our modernity is now everywhere—or rather, he falls prey to a growing suspicion that the modern and the primitive have somehow coexisted perpetually. As he travels from one river landing to the next, he notices the precision of the Indians, who build better houses than their white and *mestizo* counterparts, and whose villages often look more prosperous and orderly:

I had always “known” that the Indians of the forested lowlands were a shiftless, lazy lot. I had not realized that this impression was one which had been handed on partly by the white men who had uprooted them, taken their lands and destroyed their social structures, and who have undoubtedly always found them poor workers

in a white society in which race prejudice would always keep them from amounting to anything no matter how hard they worked. (90)

Behind the ethnographic fiction of a people with a “fallen” and degraded version of a culture formerly pure, he discovers elaborate networks of production and trade—local, ad hoc, and decentralized—and one day at the house of a tribesman “dressed in immaculately clean clothes made from old flour sacks,” he sees muzzle loaders side by side with blowguns. “The sight surprised me,” he writes. “I had been looking for *wild* Indians for weeks and . . . not finding any. Suddenly I realized that I had been among Indians all the time who still used the blowgun and the poisoned dart” (160). If Lévi-Strauss bears witness to disaster, the erosion of old norms and the spread of a global mediocrity, Hanson sees something else: the perpetual making and unmaking of culture, language, and day-to-day social arrangements, by people—active agents like the Indians—who are well aware of their dilemmas; more aware, in some regards, than Hanson was of his own.

Further on in his travels Hanson learns about the manufacture of *curare* for the coating on poison darts, and he is told about a shaman who enters trances and converses with tribes far away (93, 174). He passes dilapidated rubber-boom towns, built laboriously in the European style, but sleeps among the Indians in their houses (259). He quarrels with Salesian missionaries over efforts to convert the locals (255); he searches for the famed hallucinogen *yagé*. While none of these events make sense all at once, Hanson does exactly what the “natives” need to do every moment of their lives, trying out new ways of interacting with the world when the old ones no longer seem to work. And by doing so Hanson demonstrates that the event Lévi-Strauss most fears, the breakdown of cultural order, takes place ceaselessly in matters as unexceptional as casting off from a dock or dealing with an injury. To the degree every human act demands a labor of interpretation, every act is nothing less than a remaking of culture itself, as Hanson discovers unforgettably when he injures his foot on the path to his hammock.

“At midnight,” he remembers, “the pain in my foot woke me up. I couldn’t sleep with that torture going on, and I lay awake a long time, conjuring up the worst that might have happened to me”—“the end of my expedition” (97). Although Hanson is convinced that something somehow has been broken, his Venezuelan *patron* strongly disagrees. “Let me see your foot!” Ezekiel commands. “Broken? It isn’t broken. *Es farciado*.” In debating the relative merits of the two interpretations—“broken” or “*farciado*”—the travelers soon reach the limits of the structuralist method, since the issue at hand will never be resolved by considering past uses of either language. There are, in other words, no structures for applying or transforming the structures when the unexpected happens: if the foot is actually broken, then they should ferry Hanson over to the clinic, but if it happens to be *farciado* (a word whose formal definition Hanson never actually

learns), they should subject it to Ezekiel's "murderous" therapy, as they finally decide to do. "Ezekiel pulled, and pushed, and twisted. He massaged and slapped . . . and sent sharps pangs of pain into my head" (99). Overnight the foot improves and *farciado* enters Hanson's growing lexicon—not because it has a place in any pre-existing order but because the word enabled him to act in the world.

To imagine that knowledge can ever be more systematic or less accidental than this is to overlook the fact that people have a need for knowledge only after things have stopped making sense. While Stanley Fish is certainly right to point out that no one rises in the morning and reinvents civilization, the creation of knowledge begins when the "wrong" questions start to intrude: difficult, unforeseen questions that can never be answered with certainty. And through the act of addressing questions of this kind, people find themselves caught up, willingly or otherwise, in a relation so unlike the one between professionals and their clients that institutions will go to nearly any length to deny that such uncertainties exist at all. But uncertainties alone make change possible. Here, for example, is what Hanson writes about his porter Laureano during the first weeks they spent together:

I abhor sentimentality over Indians, Negroes, and other abused and misunderstood races, even more than I do the usual, and often necessary, determination to "keep them in their places." But in Laureano I realized I had something special—a man who was intuitive enough to recognize all the facets of [each] position I allowed him to take in my relations with him, and who never once "took advantage." (62)

Everything encourages Hanson to see Laureano as someone unambiguously "placed"—as a "savage," an *indio*—not only what the North American learned growing up but also what he hears from bitter *andinos*, murderous generals, parasitical merchants, and the standard conniving bureaucrats. Yet one afternoon in the river village of Maroa, Hanson's way of seeing undergoes a dramatic transformation. After crossing the plaza and entering a church, he notices grave-stones set in the floor, most bearing the surname of "Bueno"—Laureano's family name—which Hanson had forgotten. So long perceived as a familiar "type" within the constellation of tropical types, Laureano at last identifies himself to Hanson as the son of a local Indian leader, a *jefe* who was forced to flee his native town following an unsuccessful struggle against the central government (187–88). Laureano, it turns out, has grown up on the run, the first member of his family for many generations to be landless and illiterate. But in spite of his relative powerlessness, he displays through the act of telling his story on his own terms a power reserved by Lévi-Strauss solely for ethnographers: the power that people always have to understand both themselves and the world they share with others.

Though Lévi-Strauss intended *Tristes Tropiques* as the last great critique of all pretensions to this power, Hanson ends his amateur's narrative persuaded that

nothing is more real or more precious. And when he reaches the Indian town of Maroa, he finds *his* version of Lévi-Strauss's lost Amazonian paradise. But instead of disclosing a primordial past that will be eternally repeated, Maroa suggests the possibilities of a world in which the past no longer exerts the force of an irresistible destiny. To Hanson, the people of Maroa looks somehow "rooted, thoroughly at home." "It was," Hanson remembers, "a place in which time did not matter. The past was dead and the future inscrutable; only the moment counted, today and this year's crops, this year's hunting and fishing" (186). Maroa comes to signify for Hanson not simply another, better way to live, but another, better way of understanding social life—as both "rooted" *and* open to transformation.

Could we live in Maroa? *Why not* try to think beyond the disciplines, and *why not* give up on the assurances that determinism provides—if only because a future that repeats the past will surely be darker and harder to bear than most determinists are ready to suppose? As Maroa recedes from view and Hanson's boat drifts down the river that crosses Brazil's northwestern border, he encounters Indians living under conditions very different from those he just witnessed. While Hanson speculates at certain hopeful moments that these Indians might break free from the past just as their counterparts in Maroa have, he sadly registers the forces arrayed against them—and their misery reminds him of conditions back in the U.S. Different as the two societies appear, both are oppressed, he concludes, not primarily by force, though force never ceases to matter, but by their obedience to what he calls the "old social dogmas" that "no longer fit the facts of our changing" circumstances (211). If force makes new arrangements unlikely for the Indians along the river, Hanson still believes that North Americans have the capacity to "resort to revolution"; and revolution—the "effort of a people to exercise control over the social changes affecting them"—he comes to see as anything but exceptional. "In fact," he writes, "we do resort to it almost continually. Revolution, which shows itself in violence only in extreme cases, is *normal* . . . in a dynamic world, just as tyranny, which is oppressive only in extreme cases, is normal to the striving for stability, be it found in Europe, Venezuela, or Alabama" (212). And by proposing this account of perpetual change in the search for a livable permanence, Hanson manages to anticipate insights subsequently "discovered" by social theorists like Victor Turner, Pierre Bourdieu, Anthony Giddens, and Sherry Ortner. The important point for us now is not simply that a dilettante got there first, although I think this small fact matters enormously, but that we ourselves, professionals, are headed in the same direction.

What Hanson understood, and what Lévi-Strauss would not concede, is that even our conceptions of order and permanence keep changing unpredictably. While Hanson's precocious recognition of this truth is remarkable in itself, far more remarkable is the quiet revolution which has prompted growing numbers of academic intellectuals—Richard Rorty and Cornel West, James Clifford and

Marianna Torgovnick, Jane Tompkins, bell hooks, and Renato Rosaldo—to take change and agency as their explicit concerns (Rorty 189–98; West 143–57; Clifford 21–54; Torgovnick 227–48; Tompkins; hooks 41–60; Rosaldo 168–95). Works such as Rosaldo’s *Culture and Truth* and Torgovnick’s *Gone Primitive* express a profound dissatisfaction with learned disciplines that maintain their authority by concealing the contingency of knowledge. Speaking from their lived experience of matters that the academy has reduced to “signifiers”—death and love, identity, emotion—these writers claim a place outside the existing disciplines, and from this place they demonstrate that the order of academic inquiry is as susceptible to change as everything else. Like the legendary Frenchman of the Amazon, not Lévi-Strauss but the one who stayed among his ethnographic subjects, the descendants of Sapir’s “specific individuals” share with Hanson a desire to redefine the shape of knowledge in ways excluded by the search for what exists apart from immediate fears and needs. But the price they must pay for their desire is the recognition of a perpetual—and amateurish—uncertainty that places all authority in question. And under these conditions they are obliged to become what Lévi-Strauss most fears and reviles: adventurers in the root sense of term; people who are willing to take the risk of an *aventura*, an “event,” a process of “arrival” whose outcome no one can foresee.

Whether this return of the subject as the maker of culture can withstand the attacks now launched against it may depend on the capacity of its defenders to name—and to celebrate—the values implicit in the present state of apparent valuelessness, as I have tried to do here. Lévi-Strauss, you might recall, undergoes an *aventura* only once in *Tristes Tropiques*, when he encounters the edenic Nambikwara. But from the moment that he remembers their “simplicity” and his unexpected feeling of kinship with them, his text becomes exactly what he has disparaged all along—travel writing. As he walks through a crowd of Nambikwara who lie sleeping beside fading campfires, he reflects on their frailty in a world of infinite dangers. Then, abruptly, when their amorous laughter interrupts his solemn meditations, he finds himself overwhelmed by the spectacle of an “immense kindness, a profoundly carefree attitude [and] . . . something which might be called the most truthful and moving expression of human love” (293). Such a freedom and such a love, which elude expression on the terms allowed by structuralism, Lévi-Strauss must attempt to describe in the groping fashion of one who does not quite know what to say. Any dilettante could do as well.

Yet by avoiding, with this one exception, the dilettante’s unmethodical struggle to learn from his particular encounters with the “other,” Lévi-Strauss himself perpetuates the paradigmatic modern form of violence which has reduced the Nambikwara to a tattered remnant at the end of the world: the violence of an order that withholds from the vast majority of people control over their everyday lives, and that justifies this separation by constructing knowledge as intrinsically

removed from their own experience. In turning from the chaos of modernity to an unchangeable order, Lévi-Strauss remains indebted to a legacy that the sociologist Alvin Gouldner has called a heritage of "defeat," of "man's failure to possess the social world [he has] created." The "objectivity" of the human sciences—and Gouldner might as well be speaking here about Wölfflin's version of art history or Frye's scientific criticism—is "not the expression of a dispassionate and detached view of the social world; it is, rather, an ambivalent effort to accommodate to alienation *and* to express a muted resentment of it" (53). That even Lévi-Strauss's critics should so often follow his lead only shows how completely we continue to idealize knowledge and how deeply we fear the possibility of a world made in real collaboration with those we would prefer to dismiss as the unwitting pawns of culture: our neighbors, our students, the people who paint our houses and fix our cars.

Lévi-Strauss may decry the absolutism of the West, but the liberation offered by the structuralist enterprise, and by more than a few of its successors, is less an escape from that absolutism than an urging to accept it as inescapable. For deep within the logic of our daily lives we are "fated" to discover the legacy, not of the Nambikwara, but of the Caduveo, who are moved, at least as Lévi-Strauss has rendered them, by an imperative very different from the Nambikwara's "kindness" and "love." As he wrote eleven years before *Tristes Tropiques*, culture leaves its visible marks on the Caduveo in the form of facial tattoos, which he takes to be emblematic of the "defacement" that every social order is compelled to inflict on its members, who can have no "real" faces without it (*Structural Anthropology* 245–68). But against this "sadistic" image (the word is Lévi-Strauss's), which signifies the triumph of culture over the helpless bearers of culture, we might juxtapose another: the image of Maroa, Hanson's free city on the river (255). At a time when knowledge has never seemed more breathtakingly complex or more crushingly abstract, we need in our teaching and our writing to encourage the willingness to put knowledge in its proper place: we need a constructive skepticism about all theories and systems, terminologies and rules. What the dilettante Hanson offers us is not the emblem of a face scarred by a law always hidden from its own victims, but the ideal of a world whose gentle human features still remain to be imagined.

WORKS CITED

- Abbott, Andrew. *The System of Professions: An Essay on the Division of Expert Labor*. Chicago: U of Chicago P, 1988.
- Alpers, Svetlana. "Is Art History?" *Daedalus* 106 (Summer 1977): 1–13.
- Bender, Thomas. *Intellect and Public Life: Essays on the Social History of Academic Intellectuals in the United States*. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins UP, 1993.

- Bledstein, Burton J. *The Culture of Professionalism: The Middle Class and the Development of Higher Education in America*. New York: Norton, 1976.
- Clark, Timothy J. *Image of the People: Gustave Courbet and the 1848 Revolution*. 2d ed. Princeton: Princeton UP, 1982.
- Clifford, James. *The Predicament of Culture: Twentieth-Century Ethnography, Literature, Art*. Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1988.
- Culler, Jonathan. *The Pursuit of Signs*. Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1981.
- Dewey, John. "Philosophy and Democracy." *The Middle Works, 1899–1924. Volume 11: 1918–1919*. Ed. Jo Ann Boydston. Carbondale: Southern Illinois UP, 1982. 41–53.
- . *The Public and Its Problems*. 1927. Denver: Alan Swallow, 1954.
- Finley, M. I. "'Progress' in Historiography." *Daedalus* 106 (Summer 1977): 125–142.
- Frye, Northrop. *Fables of Identity: Studies in Poetic Mythology*. 1951. San Diego: Harcourt, 1984.
- . *The Stubborn Structure: Essays on Criticism and Society*. Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1970.
- Geertz, Clifford. "The Cerebral Savage: On the Work of Claude Lévi-Strauss." *The Interpretation of Cultures*. New York: Basic, 1973. 345–59.
- Gouldner, Alvin W. *The Coming Crisis of Western Sociology*. New York: Basic, 1970.
- Haber, Samuel. *The Quest for Authority and Honor in the American Professions, 1750–1900*. Chicago: U of Chicago P, 1991.
- Handler, Richard. "The Dainty Man and the Hungry Man: Literature and Anthropology in the Work of Edward Sapir." *Observers Observed: Essays on Ethnographic Fieldwork*. Ed. George W. Stocking, Jr. Madison: U of Wisconsin P, 1983. 208–231.
- Hanson, Earl Parker. *Journey to Manaos*. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock, 1938.
- Haskell, Thomas L. *The Emergence of Professional Social Science: The American Social Science Association and the Nineteenth-Century Crisis of Authority*. Urbana: U of Illinois P, 1977.
- hooks, bell. *Black Looks: Race and Representation*. Boston: South End P, 1992.
- Kuklick, Bruce. "The Emergence of the Humanities." *South Atlantic Quarterly* 89 (1990): 195–206.
- Lévi-Strauss, Claude. *The Savage Mind*. 1962. Chicago: U of Chicago P, 1966.
- . *Structural Anthropology*. Vol. 1. 1958. Trans. Claire Jacobson and Brooke Grundfest Schoepf. New York: Basic, 1963.
- . *Tristes Tropiques*. 1955. Trans. John and Doreen Weightman. New York: Atheneum, 1974.

- Marx, Karl. *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte*. Ed. C. P. Dutt. New York: International, nd.
- Megill, Allan, and Donald N. McCloskey. "The Rhetoric of History." *The Rhetoric of the Human Sciences*. Ed. John S. Nelson et al. Madison: U of Wisconsin P, 1987. 221–38.
- Parker, Richard. "Can Economists Save Economics?" *The American Prospect* (Spring 1993): 148–160.
- Pratt, Mary Louise. "Interpretive Strategies/Strategic Interpretations: On Anglo-American Reader Response Criticism." *Boundary 2* 11 (Fall/Winter 1982–1983): 201–231.
- Preziosi, Donald. *Rethinking Art History: Meditations on a Coy Science*. New Haven: Yale UP, 1989.
- Putnam, Hilary. *Renewing Philosophy*. Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1992.
- Rorty, Richard. *Contingency, Irony, and Solidarity*. New York: Cambridge UP, 1989.
- Rosaldo, Renato. *Culture and Truth: The Remaking of Social Analysis*. Boston: Beacon, 1989.
- Schweickart, Patrocínio P. "Reading Ourselves: Toward a Feminist Theory of Reading." *Gender and Reading*. Ed. Elizabeth A. Flynn and Patrocínio P. Schweickart. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins UP, 1986. 31–62.
- Tompkins, Jane. "Me and My Shadow." *New Literary History* 19 (1987): 169–178.
- Torgovnick, Marianna. *Gone Primitive: Savage Intellectuals, Modern Lives*. Chicago: U of Chicago P, 1990.
- West, Cornel. *Prophetic Thought in Postmodern Times*. Vol. 1 of *Beyond Eurocentrism and Multiculturalism*. Monroe, ME: Common Courage P, 1993.
- White, Hayden. *Tropics of Discourse: Essays in Cultural Criticism*. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins UP, 1978.
- Wilbert, Johannes, and Karin Simoneau, eds. *Folk Literature of the Caduveo Indians*. Los Angeles: UCLA Latin American Center Publications, 1989.
- Wittgenstein, Ludwig. *Culture and Value*. Ed. G. H. von Wright. Trans. Peter Winch. Chicago: U of Chicago P, 1980.
- Wölfflin, Heinrich. *Principles of Art History: The Problem of the Development of Style in Later Art*. 1915. Trans. M. D. Hottinger. New York: Dover, 1932.