



The Tangled Wing: Biological Constraints on the Human Spirit.

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ally large expenditures of time to capture, mark, and release individuals. There are very few active banders or ornithologists in Africa relative to the size of the area and bird populations. Only a small proportion of the birds are banded and a very small proportion of individuals are ever recovered. A few centers of active work have contributed what little detail is available on patterns of bird migration. Most of these efforts have focused on Eurasian migrants and not on local resident populations. As a consequence, some attempts at generalities in the books suffer from lack of data.

The books are useful, if expensive, summaries of the apparent generalities about migration in Africa. Much of the first volume is taken up with several tables outlining ranges for wintering and breeding for species and subspecies of birds that migrate to and from or within Africa. There are numerous chapters that attempt very broad-brush summaries of the patterns. The second volume considers questions of causality of the patterns. Unfortunately, these chapters tend to be superficial and simplified. They make coverage of the topic of migration more complete, but the constraints of space do not allow sufficient development of their subjects. There also is little new here that relates to African migration. The final chapter deals with the increasingly important role of humans in habitat modification. Here again, coverage is superficial.

These books update an earlier book by Moreau, published in 1972. In actuality, the books are perhaps more useful as a guide to what is not known about bird migration patterns in Africa than to what is known, but that alone makes them useful references.

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HUMAN BIOLOGY & HEALTH

THE TANGLED WING: BIOLOGICAL CONSTRAINTS ON THE HUMAN SPIRIT.

By Melvin Konner. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, New York. \$19.45. xx + 543 p.; index. 1982. *The Tangled Wing* is another book in a genre with which we are now familiar. Here is the recipe. Take E. O. Wilson's *Sociobiology* and *On Human Nature*, and mix well. Add innumerable summaries of recent findings in fields ranging from endocrinology to anthropology. Bake thoroughly (half-baking is a common fault with this genre). Sprinkle with qualifications and decorate with some well-chosen literary quotations.

Unfair? Perhaps. Every book is individual, and the generalized description belittles the work Konner has done in presenting, clearly and even elegantly, the current state of knowledge about the biological basis of sexual differences, about our use of language, about our capacities for rage and fear, for joy and lust, for love and grief. He also has more memorable insights of his own. Yet in another sense the generalized description is fair enough, for Konner touches all the old familiar bases. As we read about Margaret Mead among the Tchambuli, Washoe learning sign language, Harlow rearing monkeys in isolation, etc., etc., there is an inevitable and depressing sense of having heard it all—or at least a good deal of it—before.

Nevertheless, the book will be valuable as a well-indexed source of information. Few readers will have been able to keep up with all the fields from which Konner has drawn his data.

The book's other claim to significance is the emphasis Konner puts on the possibilities of interaction between genetic and environmental influences on our behavior. This emphasis is the closest he comes to defending a thesis; but it does not really amount to a thesis, because there is no systematic effort to chart the limits of those biological constraints mentioned in the book's subtitle. The reader waits expectantly for a powerful concluding section in which the author will marshal all the data he has put forward, imposing his own ideas upon it in such a manner as to make clear why he chose those particular topics for examination in this particular manner. Why, for instance, are there chapters on grief and gluttony, but none on acquisitiveness or aggression, altruism or ambition? But the reader waits in vain: the concluding sections offer only vague hints and suggestive anecdotes. (One pair of anecdotes gives a clue to the mysterious title; but its significance is poetic, and would not stand up to a reviewer's explanation.)

I must make one final comment. I find it disturbing that Melvin Konner can write a book premised on the belief that humans are animals, and that our feelings of fear and pain, for instance, are shared to some degree by other species; yet he can report, without a hint of concern, experiments in which monkeys are deliberately made so neurotic they mutilate themselves, or in which dogs and rats are given severe, repeated, and inescapable electric shock. Would Konner have reported these results so dispassionately if they had come from experiments on mentally handicapped human beings? If not, why is it so different to perform them on monkeys, dogs, and rats? In recent years there has been ample discussion of this moral issue

among philosophers, and also among the general public. It is disappointing to find a biologist still apparently oblivious.

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THE LAST ALGONQUIN.

By Theodore L. Kazimiroff. Walker and Company, New York; John Wiley & Sons, Rexdale (Canada).

\$12.95. xxv + 197 p.; ill.; index. 1982.

On August 29, 1911, the last wild Indian of North America, who had lived his life until that day completely apart from the alien civilization around him, came out of his hiding in the rugged rimrock country of northern California. Ishi's story has been told many times in books and articles, and most recently in a very poor film (as disastrous as that of *Cannery Row*). Now we have a similar story of another Indian, also the last of his tribe, who had, however, followed the white man's ways unsuccessfully and had abandoned them to live as a recluse in a thicket in a park in the Bronx that had been the home ground of his people. In this hidden place he was found by a boy practicing his Boy Scout ways in the summer of 1924. The boy must have been 13 or 14 years old, which suggests that he may have been born about 1911, at the time of Ishi's appearance in California. The Indian, Joe Two Trees, told the boy (the father of the author) the story of his life and taught him some of the old Indian ways during the last weeks of his life. He had been born about 1840 and was a very old man by 1924. On Christmas Eve he was no longer to be found in his shelter.

Unlike the fully documented story of Ishi's experience with white civilization, the story of Joe Two Trees is, in the author's words, a "hand-me-down" from his father's boyhood memories, often retold to the son during the years. But it is written as if by the father himself, in the first person. "I have tried to strike a good balance between the facts I know to be accurate, and the need to 'flesh out' the story with material from my own experience" (p. xvii). The danger is obvious: remembered and vicarious experiences are like quicksilver in the mind. I had always thought, for example, from my mother's vivid comments that she had heard Louis Agassiz speak in San Francisco and it was not until long after her death that I realized Agassiz had visited San Francisco two years before she was born, and that he had made no public appearance during his visit. My mother may have had a teacher who made the presence of Agassiz as real to her mind as a teacher made Ishi to me on a class trip to his room in the muse-

um in San Francisco when I was eight years old, several years after Ishi's death.

The Last Algonquin is supposed to be remembered truth, not fiction, and the publisher has formally classified it as "biography" and added an index. The boy, who was evidently a devout reader of the Boy Scout Handbook (those old editions were strong on how to live like an Indian), grew up to become a respected amateur archeologist. We are told that when he became acquainted with Joe Two Trees he read up on Indians at the American Museum of Natural History. By that time there was quite a lot about Ishi in print, especially Saxton Pope's *Hunting with the Bow and Arrow* (1923), and undoubtedly several of the staff members at the museum knew about Ishi. But there are no references to any sources or related material in the book. The elder Kazimiroff died in 1980, nineteen years after Theodora Kroeber's *Ishi in Two Worlds* (1961). But *The Last Algonquin* stands strangely alone, without formal documentation or reference, as if the Ishi episode had never happened.

What is more disturbing is the warning that the story has been "fleshed out." One may surmise that this refers to such slightly overwrought expressions as "a shudder passed through the Indian, but it was not born of fear, . . . [and] the sight of the giant carnivore . . . was an awesome one" (p. 84) in the episode of the killing of the bear. Perhaps most of the story of the affair with the wanton red-headed woman is true, but it does seem a bit ripe to be remembered in such detail, and "fleshed out" is only an unfortunate pun in this context. This device of the son writing the memories of the father in the first person will make it difficult to receive this book into the canons of anthropology, but the sincere purpose and effort that have gone into this work cannot be denied. It is obviously a story that had to be told, and although it is undoubtedly as much truth as poetry, it is written in the spirit of those lines of Stephen Vincent Benét:

When Daniel Boone goes by, at night,
The phantom deer arise,
And all lost, wild America
Is burning in their eyes.

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DOWN TO EARTH: ENVIRONMENT AND HUMAN NEEDS. A report prepared in commemoration of the tenth anniversary of the historic Stockholm Conference on the Human Environment.

By Erik P. Eckholm. Published for The International Institute for Environment and Development by W. W. Norton, New York; George J. McLeod, Toronto. \$14.95. xv + 238 p.; index. 1982.