calling Mary "The Woman for All Seasons—And All Reasons." Without sentimentality, Pelikan chronicles Mary's eminence in both expected and unexpected ways.

Among the expected are discussions of the quite limited references to Mary in the New Testament, historical expositions of important Marian titles and doctrines, such as Theotokos (mother of God), Assumption, and Immaculate Conception, and reports of the Virgin's still-multiplying apparitions. Pelikan's method is historical, but he also engages the theological debate. For example, he defends the notion of doctrinal development against those who, out of fundamentalist literalism or modern historicism, would restrict interest in Mary to the mentions of her in the Bible.

Unexpected is Pelikan's discussion of the tribute paid by the Protestant Reformers to the person of Mary, even as they attacked Roman "Mariolatry." The Reformers saw Mary as the model of faith, and faith was for them the sole path to salvation. Equally surprising is the extensive account of Mary in the Qur'an, which likens her to Hagar, servant of Abraham and Sarah and mother of Ishmael. Just as Judaism looks to Isaac as its progenitor, so Islam looks to Ishmael—and through him to Abraham. Mary, Pelikan suggests, is not only the link between Judaism and Christianity; she is also, by reason of her similarity to Hagar, a connection joining all three faiths.

The image of Mary's womanhood affects

even nonbelievers. Yesterday's romantics found in Mary "the eternal feminine"; today's historians would do well to study her in the same light, Pelikan argues: "Because Mary is *the* Woman par excellence for most of Western history, the subtleties and complexities in the interpretation of her person and work are at the same time central to the study of the place of women in history, which has begun to claim its proper share both of scholarly and of popular attention." Pelikan makes no proposals, but plainly he believes that reflection on Mary would make all three divides—Catholic-Protestant, Christian-Muslim, and believer-unbeliever—easier to span.

—Joseph Brinley

HAYEK:
The Iron Cage of Liberty.
By Andrew Gamble. Westview. 221 pp. $51 cloth, $19.95 paper

"Samuel Smiles or Horatio Alger would have regarded Professor Hayek's writings as slanderous of his fellow Christians, blasphemous of God, and ultimately subversive of the social order. I am not sure about the first two of these accusations, but I am fairly certain about the validity of the last." So wrote the "godfather" of neoconservatism, Irving Kristol, in 1970. Gamble, a professor of politics at the University of Sheffield, is no neoconservative, but his new book essentially upholds Kristol's judgment. His well-crafted study establishes Friedrich August von Hayek (1899–1992) as a great theoretician and polemicist on behalf of capitalism, even as it lays bare the gaps in the Austrian economist's vision.

The key to Hayek's philosophy, argues Gamble, "is that civilization arose through a process of spontaneous, unplanned development, not by design." This concept of "spontaneous order" includes the "invisible hand" of the market as described by Adam Smith. But Hayek reached further, seeking a grand explanatory device for how all human evolution has proceeded. Of course, as Gamble points out, this antirationalist proposition makes Hayek's long and passionate *political* fight against socialism almost unintelligible.

Further, writes Gamble, Hayek's concept of spontaneous order led him to accept "as benign whatever evolved spontaneously." So Hayek championed corporate capitalism, despite his admission that an economy dom-

inated by corporations is one in which most individuals are "employees rather than independent producers." Hayek never demonstrated how capitalism, which presupposes the continued vitality of an entrepreneurial class, could survive in such an adverse environment.

Perhaps most timely is Gamble's observation that "the apartheid regime in South Africa in the 1950s and 1960s could have been defended on Hayekian principles." That the regime lacked democratic or moral legitimacy is of little matter; it was capitalist, after all. No wonder the American Left never devoted much time to refuting Hayek's ideas. It understood that an exclusively economic argument in favor of bourgeois society leaves that society defenseless against its radical critics.

—Adam Wolfson

THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVING.
By Lin Yutang. Morrow. 462 pp. $26

Lin Yutang (1895–1976) was a lazy fellow from Fujian Province who smoked too many cigarettes and, after abandoning his parents' devout but narrow Christianity, spent the rest of his life loafing with friends from Shanghai to Cambridge (Massachusetts), Leipzig to Beijing, New York to Taipei. He also wrote or translated some 80 books, founded three magazines, and invented the first Chinese typewriter. Published in 1937, this most seductive of Lin's works became a best seller in the United States years before the Beats took up Zen or the swingers tackled the Kama Sutra. But this introduction to Chinese philosophy is no compendium of inscrutable wisdom from the mysterious Orient. Instead, it offers sweet and salty musings on such topics as "On Having a Stomach," "The Cult of the Idle Life," "On Being Wayward and Incalculable," and "Good Taste in Knowledge."

One of Lin's main concerns—which he shares with Confucian and Taoist thinkers going back 25 centuries—is the arrogance of pure intellect. "Philosophy in the Western sense seems to the Chinese eminently idle," he writes. "In its preoccupation with logic, which concerns itself with the method of arrival at knowledge, and epistemology, which poses the question of possibility of knowledge, it has forgotten to deal with the knowledge of life itself. . . . The German philosophers are the most frivolous of all; they court truth like ardent lovers, but seldom propose to marry her." In the Chinese tradition, the point is not to "have a great philosophy or have a few great philosophers"; rather it is "to take things philosophically"—to live in a way that makes life not only bearable but delightful.

Delight is Lin's true subject. Should we read books to improve our minds? No, he replies, "because when one begins to think of improving his mind, all the pleasure is gone." Sitting upright at a desk will not help. Conversely, "if one knows the enjoyment of reading," one can study anywhere, "even in the best schools." And when school is out, one can follow "the famous Ch'ing scholar, Ku Ch'ienli, . . . 'known for his habit of reading Confucian classics naked' in summer."

The lesson Lin teaches is that delight is neither as easy nor as hard to attain as people think. The easy part is agreeing that warmth, vitality, and the capacity to experience pleasure are among the necessary conditions. The hard part is accepting that they are not sufficient. "Because life is harsh," Lin cautions, "warmth of soul is not enough, and passion must be joined to wisdom and courage." At the word "wisdom" we balk, picturing Chinese sages with wispy white beards on impossible, cloud-covered peaks. We're not about to climb those peaks, so why bother to seek wisdom?

Not to worry, assures Lin, bringing us gently back to earth. It's the little things that count: the quotidian business of "eating and sleeping, of meeting and saying good-bye to friends, of reunions and farewell parties, of tears and laughter, of having a haircut once in two weeks, of watering a potted flower and watching one's neighbor fall off his roof." We are human beings, not gods.

Or ants. One test of Lin's durability is his quick distrust of totalitarianism. In 1937, he took a dim view of Hitler and Mussolini—but then so did most intellectuals. More striking is his wisecrack that the ants must be "the most completely rational creatures on earth," because for a million years they have lived in "a perfect socialist state." Lin's only error was to predict that such ant-idiocy would never succeed in China. But since his real point was that totalitarianism contradicts human nature, he was more right than wrong. And about everything else he is as right, and fresh, as spring rain.

—Martha Bayles