were affecting others and to ask them how they wanted to be involved as the work was presented to the public.

Most of Meeting at the Crossroads is devoted to following individual girls over time, analyzing changes in their voices as they enter adolescence. Again and again the authors see the girls at a relational impasse. When they are young the girls take for granted the ability to speak freely and to be heard, as well as the possibility of open conflict and disagreement within relationships. At times they feel anger, they refuse to take no for an answer, they demand respect. But as they pass from girlhood to womanhood they become confused. They confront unattainable images of perfect (selfless) women and perfect (inauthentic) relationships. The confident voices of self-knowledge give way to repetition of the phrase "I don’t know." In a section intriguingly titled “Jessie: The Tyranny of Nice and Kind,” interviews reveal the gradual replacement of the voice of self with “the foreign voice-overs of adults.” (86) By the time she is eleven Jessie has learned that she is to maintain unsatisfying relationships, suppress her feelings, and remain silent in the face of disagreement.

Rather than risk conflict that might lead to isolation or even violence, the young women learn to silence themselves in the service of relationships. They give up the authentic relationships they have known for idealized relationships with forced happy endings. The same girls who used to “blow the whistle on relational violations,” (44) (e.g., when others would interrupt them, ignore them, or hurt their feelings) confront at adolescence the relational struggles of adult women: “the desire for authentic connection, the experience of disconnection, the difficulties in speaking, the feeling of not being listened to or heard or responded to empathically, the feeling of not being able to convey or even believe in one’s own experience.” (5)

Brown and Gilligan do provide interviews with some girls who manage to continue their whistle-blowing as they grow older. Anna, for example, transforms from being “really, really shy and quiet” (193) into someone who is not afraid to ask questions about God, violence, and privilege in front of her religious classmates, and into someone who wants to give “the best Senior Speech in the world in terms of shocking people.” (194) Others do not fare as well, such as Liza, who distances herself from her female friends, remains with an emotionally abusive boyfriend, and develops an eating disorder. Unfortunately, the authors fail to explore a critical question: Why are some of these young women more vulnerable or more resilient than others as they come of age within a misogynistic culture? In addition to gender, what characteristics and life experiences influence the development of each of these girls in a particular direction?

The authors note that in listening to the girls they began to learn once again what they had come not to know. In developing resonant relationships with the girls, the women came to “reclaim lost voices and lost strengths” and “to strengthen girls’ voices and girls’ courage.” (6) Brown and Gilligan believe that female resistance to the loss of self and relationship is profoundly political. Even readers of Meeting at the Crossroads who disdain qualitative research or who disdain research in general can take up their own methods and heed Brown and Gilligan’s call to join the resistance. To paraphrase Lorraine Hansberry (To Be Young, Gifted, and Black, 1989, 222), the acceptance of our present condition is the only action that discredits us before our children.

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A Class Apart is probably best described as a gay history book for the coffee-table. It is comprised mainly of beautifully reproduced photographs taken by Montague Glover, a British amateur photographer and homosexual. The pictures were taken during the period from about 1918 to the 1950s. They are supplemented with text written by James Gardiner who discovered the private photographs at
an auction sale of Glover’s belongings after his death in 1983.

As Gardiner explains, for over forty years Glover “went out into the streets and fields, and photographed the working-class young men to whom he was attracted: builders, road-workers, milkmen, delivery boys, dockers, farm labourers, in fact any and all classes of tradesmen and outdoor workers.” (11) A middle-class, professional architect, Glover had a fondness for working-class men, particularly soldiers, street boys, and Ralph, his “handsome East End lover.” Picking up from this, Gardiner’s text frames the photographs around issues of class.

For all its centrality, Gardiner’s use of class remains limited. His treatment of gay history and class suffers from wild generalization. One gets the impression from Gardiner’s descriptions that almost the entire population of working-class men in Britain during the first half of the twentieth century was homosexually-active. His analysis of the operations of class within sexual relations between men too often lapses into a pseudo-psychological rather than historical explanation. For example, the sexual availability of working-class men historically was due, Gardiner guesses, to the fact that working-class men “have fewer anal fears than the upper classes.” (16)

Despite these and other shortcomings (the cutlines that accompany the photographs are either frustratingly unidentified or curiously ahistorical as with the pairing of a quotation from Oscar Wilde’s trials with a photograph from what might be the 1930s), I still liked this book. I like it not so much for its history, but for what it represents. While Glover’s photographs probably tell us more about middle-class desires and fantasies than they do about working-class men, the book itself poses a challenge to a gay historical practice still often preoccupied with the lives of white bourgeois men. In a similar way, it challenges much recent “queer theorizing” that either elides issues of class altogether or collapses them under otherwise sophisticated considerations of gender and race. As some activist-intellec-
tuals worry about the increasing separation between community and academy in the production of lesbian/gay studies, A Class Apart is also a reminder that academic institutionalization has not entirely supplanted earlier traditions of popularizing lesbian/gay history.

At the same time, A Class Apart, for all its visual appeal, is probably not the best example of how to present the gay past to a popular audience. Better use could have been made of the lesbian and gay social history produced over the past two decades. Part of the value of A Class Apart, however, is that it does raise the question of how we can have a history that is both intellectually engaged and of interest to a wider public.

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Back in the late 1960s as the war in Vietnam escalated, I naively assumed that everyone was like me: “draft bait.” It was assumed that I would be called as would all of my friends. Of course, as I learned more about the war and talked to people, I came to realize that this was not the case. I noticed that Congressmen’s sons didn’t go and I was always baffled that all those healthy athletes that I watched on the playing fields and courts on Saturday afternoons also didn’t get the call (Rocky Bleier being the one exception it would seem). In time—very short time — I realized why. Now we have Christian Appy’s very fine study Working-Class War to help future generations understand this phenomenon. As with so much that happens in the political sphere, the Vietnam war served to reinforce that cynical attitude that in America everyone is equal and some are more equal than others (for both positive and negative ends).

Appy’s book is divided into nine chapters which literally chronicle the life of the “grunt” from the moment he is called up to the time he goes back to “The World” and into an uncertain future riddled with questions and guilt, pride and regrets. Chapter One is entitled