— into the medical sphere perhaps? Not as far as refuting the expertise of the social scientist obviously, nor as far as the criticizing of specialists in "multicultural art education" (p. xv) which one of the editors claims to be.

Closely related to the relativism of aesthetic values, and the denigration of expert knowledge is the idea of freedom of aesthetic choice, that is, people take responsibility for shaping their own standards and choices. Engendering respect for one's own artistic endeavors and the art of others is a fine thing, especially in a pluralistic society. Education should seek to make art personally valuable and meaningful. But genuine choice needs a proper understanding of the range of options, as Lanier points out in chapter 13. This requires knowledge, and at times considerable background expertise (such as that associated with the disciplines of DBAE for example) to ascertain the often complex meanings and values of unfamiliar art.

Despite some excesses, the anthology is valuable in that, as promised in the Foreword, readers are challenged to "rethink many of their preconceptions of the meaning of *art* and *democracy*" (p. ix). The book would be a useful reference source for university courses in art education.

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Sharpe, David. (1987). *Rochdale: The runaway college.* Toronto: House of Anansi Press, 304 pp., $15.95 (paper).

On the cover of this book is a photograph of the building that was, in the main, the site for "this untested bold idea" (p. 11) of an educational experiment in living and learning where open classes and unstructured seminars might liberate education, an experiment that began in 1968 and lasted seven years. The photo was taken then, not now. The photograph can be dated by the position of the statue in the picture. Then, the statue faced the building. Now it faces the street.

There are many facts about location, time, sequence, direction is this chronicle. What readers won't come to know is a sense of just what it was like to have been in, or anywhere near, Rochdale — whether one faced in or out. Perhaps the facts, but not the fancy; the bones, but not the flesh; the temperatures, but never the heat. But such is to be expected from an account that is "saved from one form of distortion, however, since none of this book is memoir" (p. 14).

During Rochdale's nominal lifespan, September, 1968 to September, 1975, the author managed to stay clear of this educational phenomenon. For David Sharpe, "Rochdale did not need to be more than an idea" (p. 14). Perhaps that is why, from the 5,000 people that lived in Rochdale at some point in these seven years, the author uses only two or three as representative of the unitary categories

he deals in and deals out. Thus, the reader is introduced to "many, perfectly normal, responsible citizens within these walls" (p. 11) as well as "the dumb, freaked-out, marginal people and the artists" (p. 37).

Not having been there costs. Trying to get at Rochdale through "internal publications, papers, and interviews" yields no bargains. Interviews about a "fully functioning, three-room, eight-doctor clinic" (p. 14) lead to interviewee confession that "I invented that number" (p. 14). The publications "like con-artists . . . kept changing their names, formats, and staffs" (p. 156). What remained fairly constant was a position that "inconsistency and fragmentation has been but a reflection . . . . certainty must come . . . . from you" (p. 157).

And certainty is offered up by David Sharpe. His "pages document the way both the larger society and the Rochdalians themselves turned a community into a symbol and destroyed it." "The way" is charted through a section cleaved into parts with titles such as "The Rise," "The Rocking Cradle," and "The Fall." In the rise, "the Rochdale Affair began by the coming together of a college and a residence, an ideal of education finding and occupying a structure that would be wonderfully concrete" (p. 15). The rocking cradle yielded a picture of "the falling [from windows], the four attempted suicides, and four completed suicides that began to give a morbid dread to the building in the eyes of a public that was still absorbing the extent of violations" (pp. 207-208). In the fall, "one of the jugglers . . . . threw down from the roof . . . . a shredded copy of Einstein's theory of relativity, and the last three residents of Rochdale College slipped away" (p. 272).

In making sense of the people drawn to this anti-institution, David Sharpe refers to "resident sociologist Kent Gooderham" (p. 37). Gooderham posits "four types of resident: the Old Rochdalians, the Students, the Heads, and the Political Activists" (p. 37), who, as Sharpe narrates, mix it up in "a deliberate and risky rejection of control . . . . [in which] academic experimenters shared attitudes with young people who were furthest from organized education" (p. 18).

According to Sharpe, the theme that informed, deformed, and finally unformed Rochdale was conflation. Education was merged with residence (there were rooms to live in but no auditoriums). Outside was forcefully merged with inside and the values of inside with those of outside, in a series of police raids. Even separate outside oppositional entities were melded in the confusion. Alderman (sic) Tony O'Donohue, quoted extensively by the press, drew from police files in a letter he wrote at the time against the college. The letter was then used as "evidence" in the construction of a later police report.

If conflation was the theme, money was the fact. Sharpe states that "financial failure allowed a neutral means of eliminating Rochdale" (p. 229). The reader, on his journey to the fall, is shown every debit. This account of accounts is finite in time as well as breadth. But Rochdale is neither. For Sharpe, the two positions offered (the two ways for the statue to face, perhaps) are either responsible for "isolating, purifying and holding out as a target things [to be] opposed" (p.

275), or for "the liberal education it started to serve [which] still continues in modified, dissociated forms as education . . . . make use of alternatives that have been pioneered" (p. 275).

But in reading only the texts, Sharpe is reading only the text. He wasn't there; he doesn't know the range of take-up by, the range of desire made available to, each and every Rochdale "reader." The range offered, the range taken-up, once there, remains. I walk by Rochdale on my way to O.I.S.E. I always turn to face Rochdale. There I learned, and now I know, that making love with Faye to the tune of the Stones' "Going Home" from the next "suite" (classroom?) is a way to knowledge of how strong the muscles of a classical pianist must be; there I learned, and now I know that Wintario is one type of lottery, but a draw for "One Pound of Bean Spasms" is another. Having read this book has given me something forever to know — you can't always tell a cover by its book.

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St. Onge, K.R. (1988). *The melancholy anatomy of plagiarism.* New York: University Press of America, 118 pp., $9.75 (paper).

The title alone should stimulate enough curiosity to pick this book up. But beware. Once the cover is turned, you are likely to be drawn in and taken on a literary and intellectual *tour de force*. The journey will be one which very few texts written today are capable of delivering.

It is to a select audience that St. Onge reaches out. This book is for academic and literary circles. It is intelligent, humorous, honest, and from the heart; it is almost a dialogue. It may also be a goodbye and a final debt paid to a community of colleagues and to a satisfying profession: "This academic senior citizen is saddling up Rosinante for one more ride. Tilting at the plagiarism windmill seems a worthy quest. We all need something to do before the Knight comes" (p. vii).

But why the particular "windmill" of plagiarism? Surely there must be more here than the mere frustrations of an aging professor over his years of encountering those inevitable students who, being too lazy to work and think, resort to good old-fashioned copying. Indeed there is. But, to get to that essence, we first have to work over some basic territory on the topic. There are eight essential questions which the book addresses.

What is plagiarism? We get no clear answer here. All we know is that it exists, and that it is "bad":

> The term *plagiarism* has had few critics. If there are any out there, this writer has not encountered even one. In this skeptical age, finding any unexamined concept is something of