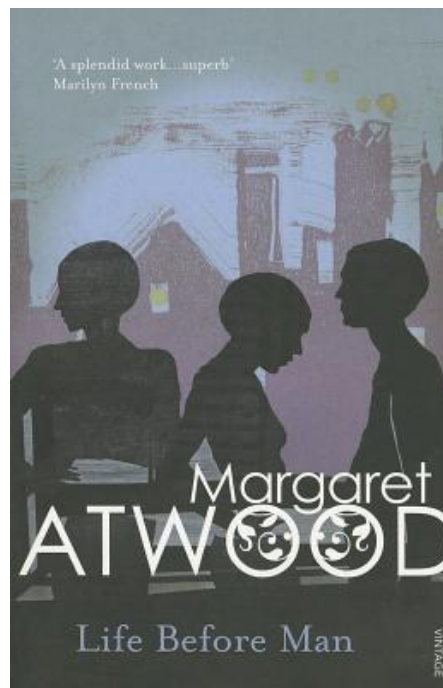




## Life Before Man

*Margaret Atwood*

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# Life Before Man

*Margaret Atwood*

## **Life Before Man** Margaret Atwood

*Life Before Man* explores the lives of three people imprisoned by walls of their own construction and in thrall to the tragicomedy we call love.

Elizabeth, with her controlled sensuality and suppressed rage, has just lost her latest lover to suicide. Nate, her gentle, indecisive husband, is planning to leave her for Lesje, a perennial innocent who prefers dinosaurs to men. Hanging over them all is the ghost of Elizabeth's dead lover, and the dizzying threat of three lives careening inevitably towards the same climax.

## **Life Before Man Details**

Date : Published 1996 by Vintage (first published 1979)

ISBN :

Author : Margaret Atwood

Format : Paperback 309 pages

Genre : Fiction, Cultural, Canada, Contemporary, Novels, Literary Fiction

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## From Reader Review Life Before Man for online ebook

### Vicy Cross says

To be clear: the writing is beautiful, lush, lyrical and everything Margaret Atwood is famous for. Clearly the woman knows how to string a sentence together. However. The plot (if I can even call it that?) just fell flat on its face from the get-go. I just can not with these melodramatic characters. White suburban angst glorified through long, repetitive, tedious passages--each character a caricature, an absurd attempt at depth and human emotion. It was like watching a trashy soap opera. Nothing new. I've read this story about the suffering married couple a million times before--seen it a million times on various romance dramas. Always the same existential bullshit. It's been done. To death. Nothing new.

And I was bored out of my mind.

Most disappointing, the conclusion wasn't satisfying and I actually sighed with disgust after finishing it. I hoped there would be a reward at the end of the tunnel. After all that moronic angst I just figured SOMETHING worthwhile happens. But no. It ends the same way it starts: tediously and without any sense of urgency or logic.

Don't read this book if you're looking for an engaging read. I would rather have watched paint dry.

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### KOMET says

This novel, set in Toronto from late 1976 to the summer of 1978, is centered around 3 people: Elizabeth & Nate Schoenhof, a married couple with 2 young daughters; and Lesje, a paleontologist more at home with dinosaurs and fossils than with most people. The Schoenhofs have been married for 10 years and find that they are not well-matched.

Elizabeth, a rather self-assured woman and museum administrator who likes to feel she can control almost any situation and exert her influence on almost anyone, had had a relationship with Chris, a ruggedly-built man (think Grizzly Adams) who worked as a taxidermist at a downtown museum, where Lesje also works. Nate, a lawyer who left his job with a law firm to build and sell large scale wooden toys, tolerates his wife's infidelity, for he is aware that he is not enough for Elizabeth. Nor is she for him. On that point, both Nate and Elizabeth are in agreement. Eventually, Nate becomes involved with Lesje (after forsaking another woman with whom he had been having an affair), and this further complicates the lives of all those concerned.

To the casual reader, this story may seem banal, for it describes what is commonplace in most human relationships in an urban milieu. But Atwood is so skilled in exploring both the interior and exterior lives of people that the reader cannot help but become interested in wanting to know what form the resolution will take --- or if there will be any resolution at all.

## Tatiana says

The point of this novel is lost on me. Am I not sophisticated enough to understand it? Or is it just pretentiously pointless? I don't know...

At the center of "Life Before Man" is a married couple. Elizabeth is an administrative worker at a historical museum, Nate is an ex-lawyer turned wood toy maker. The two have been together for over 10 years, they have 2 children, but their marriage is a sham. Elizabeth has been through a string of lovers and encourages her husband to do the same - find lovers on the side, but only the type of lovers that guarantees she ultimately has him for herself. The two go on like this for a while, until Elizabeth's latest lover commits suicide. She is depressed and consumed by her own regrets and misery and temporarily fails to see that Nate is in love again. His new flame is Elizabeth's co-worker - Lesja, a young, naive woman, who is more interested in her dinosaur fossils than real people. Lesja and Nate soon become lovers, but Lesja continues living with her boyfriend William. When Elizabeth wakes up from her depressed stupor and finds out that her husband's new lover is a threat to her marriage (Nate is taken by Lesja enough to be willing to move out), she decides to stir things up - not only does she make William her next lover, she also reveals to him that Lesja is cheating on him. A lot of lukewarm drama follows...

While on the surface "Life Before Man" seems like a moderately interesting tale of an unhappy marriage and cheating, the book is not really as great as this short summary might imply. The characters, while meticulously established and analyzed by Atwood, are hard to relate to and extremely unlikable - Elizabeth, manipulative and greedy, Nate - an indecisive loser, Lesja - an insecure doormat. Their trials and tribulations are not compelling. Their pointless and unhappy lives are uninteresting. The book synopsis promises a dramatic climax, there is none. "Life Before Man" is pretty much a sad, depressing novel about unhappy, unlikable, selfish, and at times suicidal people who do nothing to make their lives better, choosing instead to carry on their miserable existence.

I learned nothing from this book, I felt nothing for the characters. What was the point of this novel?

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## Fantasymundo says

‘Nada se acaba’ (Lumen, 2015) tiene el mérito de parecer sencilla sin serlo, de parecer una novela romántica sin serlo, de parecer centrarse en las relaciones íntimas y personales cuando el retrato social de la mujer es el eje alrededor del que todo se mueve. Un equilibrio entre apariencia y realidad estructural que permea la trama para, desde ella, lanzarnos un mensaje sobre lo negativo de una vida vivida desde esta apariencia que, en sí, no es otra cosa que Seguir leyendo

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## Rabeea says

This is the second book I have read by Atwood, my first being Cat's Eye.

I have started to notice a pattern. Her characters are always conflicted, promiscuous and resentful about something that happened in their childhood.

Here, we have a couple, Nate and Elizabeth who have been married long enough to agree on having an open relationship. When the book begins, Elizabeth's latest conquest, Chris, has died, after blowing his brains out. It is alluded that his suicide has something to do with the end of their relationship.

Nate is a passive, gentle man who is usually intimidated by the women in his life. He has also recently ended

his fling with Martha who is not taking it very well. Lesje, Elizabeth's colleague at the museum she works at, catches his fancy.

This is the main framework of the novel,peppered with insights in each of the character's thoughts, emotions and past as they learn to deal with their changing equations.

I love Atwood's writing ; it's piercing, free flowing and evocative. I just did not like the plot. Not much happened and we were left to feel and relate to the existential angst of the protagonists, which frankly, seemed quite shallow.

None of the characters were very likeable,or more importantly, relatable. There is too much contemplation and analysis of their childhoods and past and none of the three protagonists are capable of taking any constructive decisions in their lives, resorting to blame their parents and aunts for the sorry state they are in. This trend was very much present in Cat's Eye as well but it had more context and backstory than this one. Chris is mentioned quite often although his character is left underdeveloped and we never really gain an understanding of why he resorted to killing himself.

The ending ruined the book for me. I'm all for ambiguous,open ended endings, I even prefer them but here it was as if the writer suddenly ran out of nostalgic rambling. The ending was abrupt and pointless.

I am giving this 2 stars solely on Atwood's writing prowess.

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### **Sanja\_Sanjatica says**

I really don't know how I feel about this book. On the one hand, there is Atwood's beautiful style and sentences, her wonderful human poetry, the novel is multi-perspective, which I always like. But I didn't actually care for any of the main characters, they seemed like vessels to me, vessels for human thought, but not really someone to connect to. Maybe that was the point, because human isolation and loneliness is a big theme of this book. But, regardless of the non-event plot and a weird, somewhat unfinished ending, it's still Atwood, and her books haunt you way after reading. I think this soft-burning one will as well.

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### **Parthis Karami Nejad says**

You can easily find the traces of childhood trauma in adults' lives. All characters are the victims of history who seek for happiness in the future...

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### **Jennifer Richardson says**

I found this story flat and the characters unlikable. I couldn't get invested in their plights, which made the alternating narration and dramatic punctuation feel pretty ridiculous. I did love a lot of the spot-on, layered descriptions of everyday experiences and emotions, which made me excited to pursue some of Atwood's more renowned novels.

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### **Kristiana says**

It wasn't my favorite, but as the novel progressed I was able to see some of the traits and themes that Atwood develops in her later novels.

**Jenny (Reading Envy) says**

This was one of the books I tried out during a book speed dating project, the first one of 2016. I liked it enough to pick it back up again. It's really too bad that the strength of the first 50 pages never picks up and goes anywhere. Margaret Atwood introduces the reader to a handful of characters that are all facing relationship crises - and then they tread water until the end of the book. Very disappointing. But perhaps that's her point? That spouses linger in our lives because we know them better than our new partners, that responsibilities can't just be cut off, that unless you pick up and move your old patterns have a lot of power. Well, even if it is the point, it wasn't particularly enjoyable to read and I had to kind of power through to the end. The book wasn't on my radar at all among the most spoken about Atwood works, and that makes sense since it was published in 1979 (and is set in 1977.) An early work!

Much recommended 1979 novel. Atwood has outdone herself is the consensus.

If there are such things as "poet's novels," Margaret Atwood writes them. Each of hers has a controlling, spooking metaphor; here the central idea is that today's men and women live in an era that is without the consolations of history, in which old forms are dying out, not to reappear. So it's no accident that the women here work with remnants of the past: Elizabeth Shoenhof, a director of a Toronto museum, is married to Nate, once a lawyer but now a maker of chic wooden toys. Both have had and will still have other lovers, but they're struggling to stay living in the same house for the sake of the children. Elizabeth's latest lover has just killed himself; Nate's most recent girlfriend has dumped him. And when Nate then goes toward museum paleontologist Lesje, Elizabeth retaliates with a calculated seduction of Lesje's live-in boyfriend. The actions are unsubtle and desperate, the air bleak, the light almost wholly interior. The pre-history of emotions and social codes here is entropic, using up and discarding modern feelings without ready alternatives: the only saving grace to Nate-and-Elizabeth's grotesque marriage is its eventual guaranteed extinction. To this end, Atwood leaves no self-doubt uncovered, and there are chapters - it's a book of chapters above all, some of them memorable - in which the characters numbly go through rituals (Elizabeth, for instance, visiting the planetarium, staring up at the faked stars) that are as spare and just as poems, veined with their own strange blood. Yet, for all the generosity, such unrelenting social and emotional chaos makes the book very confining: everyone's center is constantly being stirred, the struggles slow and nearly unbearable, until the entire novel comes to seem like one large tar pit. And though this is an effect Atwood no doubt wants, it's one that nevertheless makes for a gooey, close read. Monumentally depressing, thoroughly gifted work from a very special novelist.

## Jordan Matelsky says

Entirely unlike anything I'd normally read. But Margaret Atwood's unsettlingly realistic way of relating the stories of the characters' lives makes me want to phone them up after I put down the book and see how they're doing.

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## Rachel says

This was one of the first Atwood books I read in a major author seminar on her and I was just bowled over by how sharp it was. In this book, Atwood has immense reverence, I think, for human resilience...but none for human relationships. A very interesting naturalist bent going on, too.

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## Roxy says

Post-break up, I was wandering through my newish neighborhood with all the usual despair, when I stumbled upon a few things that slowly lifted me up. First, a little park with signs taped to large stones, begging passersby to not taint them with graffiti. Life grows on those stones. And they were expensive. Next, a building I could tell was holy. I analyzed one end, hoping to find a hint of what exactly it was, and especially how one could enter the place. This was a refuge. A place I sought, a place I belonged. I hit a dead end, and urged on in the other direction for hints. A man skateboarded past me, and despite his speed and raucous, we caught eyes. He wore a University of Michigan sweater. Home.

The building was a synagogue. Of course it was. I still haven't been to a service there.

I picked another direction. I landed at a big house, the kind that reminds me of the homes in Burns Park, my old neighborhood in Ann Arbor. All that build-up from this little walk led to this: A NEIGHBORHOOD BOOK EXCHANGE LIBRARY. I had seen photos of these beauties on Tumblr, and here was the real thing. I hungrily dug into its contents: Some books I've already read, like A Clash of Kings, some books I would like to read but were too heavy, and many that seemed discarded for a reason. Then I saw this title: "Life Before Man." What?! What. That sounds like a great break up read. Roxy before man, Roxy before \*this\* man, all women before Man - femininity before homo sapiens! I didn't read the back cover. I didn't need to. This book and I were meant to be. Plus, I had always wanted to read Atwood. Here was my chance, graciously landing in my palms with no beseeching.

I understand I haven't gotten around to reviewing this book yet, but sometimes the story of reading a book is the best part. Life Before Man, even though I read it in chunks, has been a companion - a symbol - for my begrudging move forward into new experiences, new relationships, and comfort in being alone.

A whole lot of this is something that has nothing to do with the actual story. I decided to ascribe the book so much meaning the second I felt its spine, (this is something I've realized I do ALL THE TIME, ascribe meaning when it's not really there, perhaps just to make me less bored, perhaps to make life more dramatic and beautiful, perhaps so I can one day write it all down and sell it.) Unlike the narrative of my mind, this story is not dramatic. It follows three characters over a few years, and how their relationships to each other build and self-destruct. There's a lot of self destruction in this book, a lot of suicide or suicidal ideation.

Sometimes, it made me sad. But I also often inserted myself into the little situations, little thoughts that mean a lot, that the characters experienced - particularly Lesje. A passionate, intelligent, and completely unique woman (who I really want to be like, in a way, which I'll explain soon), who is caught in between a married couple, and even though it was already falling apart - she caused its ultimate destruction. All from far away, all without meaning to, all from just being. She lets men define her too much, like I do. She runs away from conflicts that need attention. She is passionate about one, very particular thing (dinosaurs! fossils!), and her constant grasping to bring this ancient past into her present is not so dissimilar to my obsession with nostalgia and analyzing my own past.

Her singular passion, her career, all of that stuff is what made me inspired and excited. I love the descriptions of the museum, the artifacts, the cosmos, and how much someone can care about it. I've been so directionless - with so many passions but too little motivation to figure out which one fits into a career. I haven't even been sure I want a real career. Maybe I just want to be a wanderer forever. BUT, this book has convinced me that is not the case. Never has been. I want to have a specialty. Something about a specialty in something that is both scientific but also tangible - like dinosaurs, is romantic. But I'd go with marine biology. Or just really, really bring this passion and knowledge and constant seeking and dreaming and daily LIVING into writing. I'm trying.

And now I am going to ascribe more meaning. I had about ten pages of this book remaining, when I left it at my therapist's office today. OKAY, so I kind of LOST the book. And I am kind of LOST in life, but therapy and this book and all that - are things to help give me that DIRECTION. Yeah, I don't even know. I'll quit while I'm ahead. Point is, I got very stressed out because I really wanted to finish the book before hopping on a plane to Michigan tomorrow (finding my way home? Ah, it's all too exquisite!) So after a bit of googling, I found a Russian website where you can pirate books. I finished the book not in its original form, where I hold it to my chest and stare at my phone for an OKCupid profile picture - a subtle warning that misogynists can gtfo, or something - but on my computer screen, in a very small, unimportant font.

This wasn't my favorite book in the world. It's possible if it hadn't inspired so much in me just through BEING in this place and time - and having so many parallels to my life (a big ISH on that one), and all of its sentiments towards marriage and relationships (two books in a row critiquing marriage? I'll take it!), I would have given it 3 stars. But, you know. It was well written. I completed it. It impacted me. Even though I love reading, it isn't often I feel so motivated to write such a drawn out review (kudos if you read this?!) - clearly this little novel did.

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## Emma says

"Se está desmoronando sobre sí misma, se está fundiendo, como la bruja en El mago de Oz, y al verla Elizabeth recuerda: Dorothy no se alegró cuando la bruja se convirtió en un charco de azúcar quemado. Se horrorizó".

Tres personajes y un fantasma. Las relaciones de pareja y sus infidelidades. Margaret Atwood disecciona el comportamiento humano, su espíritu de supervivencia. Y entre la gran trama van emergiendo traumas infantiles, política, violaciones dentro de la pareja, inseguridades.

Tras leer las cuatro novelas que escribió en los 70 me queda la sensación de haber concluido una tetralogía, sin que los personajes coincidan ni los argumentos, hay algo en el estilo y en los temas que encadena La mujer comestible (1969), Resurgir (1972), Doña Oráculo (1976) y Nada se acaba (Life before man, 1979).

No existe una novela menor en Atwood. Todas son relevantes, inteligentes y descienden hasta las

profundidades más ocultas de los hombres y las mujeres.

"Nate no era consciente de estar siendo cruel. Creía ser atento. Mientras le acariciaba la espalda ella imaginó mirando el reloj para ver si lo había hecho el tiempo suficiente".

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## El Buscalibros | elbuscalibros.com says

Es el primer libro de Atwood que leo y, para ser del todo sincera, aunque hay un montón de cosas que me han gustado y me han dado que pensar, la novela en sí no me ha parecido la panacea. Y es una pena, porque creo que los personajes y las relaciones entre ellos merecían mucho la pena. LA RESEÑA SIGUE AQUÍ: <http://www.elbuscalibros.com/2016/02/...>

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## astried says

Re-read

I can see myself reading it at the first time. Confused and rather belligerent it was such a relief to read how other people (albeit imaginary) could make such a hash of their lives. My rather manic older review made me want to pat my old self on the head and tell her everything will turn out fine.

Reading it in a much calm frame of mind and with more self confidence, I still love Atwood's writing. Only now I can see and think more of the horrible tangled mess and nuances of its destruction. And I've realized that I've reached an age where "realistic" story book character with life scars are actually of the same age with me or even younger (face palm).

I suppose sometime people just have a bound that can't be broken. It's not necessarily love or hate, it's just that some people (dare I say destined?) are stuck to you. Elizabeth and her aunt, Elizabeth and Nate, like Tess and Alec in Tess of the d'Urbervilles are stuck together. Bad news for people who got stuck between them; with foreseeable collateral damage in the future.

I've also had another thinking of Lesje's dinosaur world and the nature of illusion. How relationship between people often times hang only on an illusion of how we see someone or how someone sees us. Lesje hit the problem in the head when she realized that the reason of her relationship with Nate is because she's addicted on how Nate sees her. Lesje is addicted of being seen as this different, much beautiful and alluring creature on Nate's eyes. I wonder if disillusionment and the-opening-of-eye is not an overrated thing. Why not living in a world before man, surrounded by dinosaur and lush vegetation; it's only a small step away from living with our vision of other people.

I wished Atwood would write more of this stuff rather than her popular sci-fi.

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This book need to be read in a right timing. For those who aren't lucky enough to catch it at the right time of their life, they will be dissapointed by the lack of plot. This is no Oryx & Crake or Year of the Flood. It dwells so much on the small nuances of feeling you would scream for it to get on.

Fortunately, this one is exactly right for the current me. I was avoiding love-happy-ending-hero like a plague

and stumbled on the title Life Before Man & decided that should be a good enough for me. After all, it's Atwood, and if someone can teach me about that life, it would be her.

I had my doubt. Reading a few pages I was afraid that it would be too painful, but I'm so glad I continued reading.

Yes, it is painful. But it's also beautiful in unbeautiful untidy messy way. It's LIFE. It's showing the complication of human bond and relationship. Husband and wife, mother daughter, mistress, friend, colleague and that shadow of the past lover at the corner. It's messy, everyone stumbles, fell down, hurt each other, trying to control one another. Sometimes I wished I could be Elizabeth, sometimes I just want to hit her on the head. I also wished I could walk alongside Lesje in her dinosaur-filled world....

Then there's this underlaying sadness of being alone. We are all alone in this world, no matter what the illusion showed. I wished I could make it different. I wished I could tell that someone to beware of the illusion. I wished I could convince myself that I'll be fine being alone. So many wishes, here's another one. I wished I could take his hand and be alone together.

Going back to the book it ends with the three of them continuing their lonely life. I will also continue mine knowing millions others, humans, just a dot in the life history of the world, walk beside me.

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## Craig says

Ergh. Early Atwood is such a struggle. It's too...domestic? Too "White people problems"? These characters are simply people you wouldn't want to know, let alone commit a significant chunk of time reading about. Obsessed with themselves, all they can do is navel gaze and blame everyone else for their problems. If you choose an awful (wo)man, then tolerate an awful relationship, then haven't you gotten exactly what you deserve? Or at the very least, haven't you expected to be and fulfilled a prophecy of being miserable? I know enough people like this in real life, fixating on negativity to feel alive, and as a result, much like THE EDIBLE WOMAN, I just can't get into this...

Even more pointedly, if the characters are going to be bitches, then they better be BITCHES. Mundane, basic bitches just don't cut it. In this way, this is sort of a precursor in territory to THE BLIND ASSASSIN, where "the bitch" is anything but mundane.

This is still Atwood, so it's perfectly crafted. But beyond that, it's just not what I'm interested in.

#byefelicia

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## Samantha says

There's a number of thing i Just couldn't get over, which is why I ultimately gave this book a two:

1. I'm puzzled by the need for Parts... 5 of them? There wasn't really any change in theme or anything.
2. So this was the thought of a "Modern Marriage" from the mid-late 1970's? Blug! Just an open relationship in which we (the reader) grow to (kinda) sympathize with the Home-Wrecker.

3. Speaking of the Home-Wrecker, none of the characters were very likable. (I even grew to dislike Lesje... the least bitter character.) Or I just learned to hate or become bored with the lot of them.
4. Character Chris (he offed himself BEFORE the start of the book,) is mentioned a lot, but at the same time is underdeveloped and comes off as less than a ghost.
5. A whole lot of nothing occurs.

But you know, Atwood's writing IS good. It just wasn't enough to pull me through this novel any quicker. The ending was "meh," and I just struggled throughout to commit to the story. So I was bored and cared very little for this (what I guess you'd consider) love triangle.

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## Philip says

Life Before Man by Margaret Atwood is a thoroughly disturbing read. It is beautifully written and imaginatively constructed. The prose is a delight, as are insights into character and comments on contemporary life which, in Life Before Man, happens around mid-1970s Toronto. What is disturbing about this tale of the eternal triangle, the love triangle, of course, is that these people seem to be imprisoned by the inevitable. Theirs, by the way, is less of a triangle than a dodecagon. They all seem to be quite prolific in their pursuit of the attainable. They are also reminiscent of people trying to break out from their own limitations, but who remain doomed to repeat their accustomed mistakes. Intervention might possibly break the cycle, but this would appear to be an imagination beyond where anyone lives. And any interruption to the apparently inevitable would surely just recreate circumstances that would ensure reversion to type.

Lesje (pronounced Lashia) is in one relationship with William and another with fossils. Sometimes she becomes confused as to which is which. She and William are not married. This may or may not have significance, depending on the moral stance you take on contemporary ideas of the permissive. In fact Lesje is espoused to her work in the palaeontology section of the museum where she is employed, along with, if not exactly alongside, other members of the plot. Lesje is a slight figure, small breasted and thin, but she seems to punch above her weight intellectually and also physically, when she finds what she wants.

Elizabeth is married to Nate. They have two children and what was called at the time an "open" relationship, that in reality is about as open as a deceitful closed door. Being open for them, appears to require them not to lie openly about how much they are deceiving one another.

Superficially Elizabeth appears very confident. She seems to want to call the shots, but often finds that she has not only run out of ammunition, but also that she has become the target. When we reassemble her affairs – mostly finished – and her unhappy childhood shared with a demanding sister and a foster mother called Auntie Muriel, we can start to reconstruct the miasma inside her head, the mess that apparently tries to recreate itself in most aspects of her life.

Nate, Elizabeth's nattily named husband, is sometimes a gangling fool, often clumsy and inept. At other times he knows precisely what to do with his tools and gets the job done, usually to the delight of all concerned. He certainly seems to string the ladies along. Lesje becomes the latest. The timing seems doubly crass and insensitive, especially because Elizabeth's recently rejected, Chris, has just responded to change by blowing his brains out with a shotgun. A tale of everyday folk, this...

It seems that these lives become simultaneously a form of torture and masochism. For these participants, it also seems to work, depending on which side of the transaction anyone wants to be. The purpose of existence

seems to be the seeking of pleasure in order to inflict pain, both on oneself and on others. Elizabeth and Nate's children will grow up to reproduce the pattern, because it will be all they have known. And eventually, of course, they are destined to be passed around like so much chattel.

Lesje likes to have everything catalogued, neatly labelled and filed away in its box for future reference. It's a tendency that is as unlike the lives of these people that it even becomes rather comic.

Life Before Man is a truly imaginative title. It may refer to Lesje's dinosaur fossils. It may refer to the women, who indeed may have envisaged a life before encountering their men. It may also be simply human life, all of it, laid before us, all of us.

Whatever the slant, Life Before Man intrigues, excites and illuminates all at the same time. Margaret Atwood's perceptions and ability to sum up the human condition at the flick of a phrase are uncanny. There is also a hint of derision, a suggestion that these people may not only be their own worst enemies, but everyone else's as well. Perhaps Life Before Man was thus a relatively privileged state. We wouldn't know, of course, because we are what we have become. All else is fossil.

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