Myrdal talks to us in the kindly but firm tone of the proverbial Dutch uncle, and it is never pleasant to be lectured at, no matter with what good intentions. Then, too, like so many pained uncles, he cannot resist I-told-you-sos (in the form of endless quotations from his own earlier books), and again like many an uncle, his pedestrian recital of our faults and our proper course ends by becoming boring.