

tracted from his argument by this performance. He refuses to accept the limitations of his own position, calling his enemies bio-theologians as if he were not just as much one himself. More exactly, they are all moralists, who use evolution as the sanction and rationale of their moralism, just as theological moralists used revelation. The *exempla* Claiborne draws from evolution are more traditional and comfortable than theirs, but the argument between him and them and the reader's choice between them all must depend exclusively on *how* they use it. That is the issue, not *that* they use science for nonscientific purposes. If Ardrey is a bio-theologian, so is Claiborne. The difference is only that Ardrey finds in nature a sanction for man's aggressiveness which Claiborne denies. He finds instead a sanction for man's eroticism. And since the latter is his main concern, we might examine his treatment for it as an example of what I call the misdirection of his scientific humanism.

The theorists he is most concerned to controvert here are the feminists, so before beginning he "puts on the record" his own dealings with women, which have been, it turns out, full of hearty enjoyment for all concerned, even though these were intelligent and forceful females. We meet his mother and sister and daughter, as well as two wives and various girl friends. His proudly casual reference to his divorce and remarriage makes one realize how the resonance of such references has changed recently; nowadays divorce is a necessary qualification for a marrying man. Mailer is our superhusband, and Claiborne is, in this matter of sexology, a poor man's Mailer.

From every example of sexual psychology he draws the same rib-nudging moral, "*Vive la différence.*" Thus he tells us that young male langur monkeys play more actively and noisily than females, despite getting negative reinforcement from their group. "Boys, it appears, will be boys. Or as my sister put it, after some months of comparing her baby

son with his two older sisters, 'Little boys are just the same as little girls—but much, much more so!'"

And when he turns to homosexuality, he rebukes those who sneer at homosexuals, and ridicules the idea of calling such practices perversion. But he insists that they are practically unknown among primitive tribes, and totally unknown—because lacking all evolutionary function—among primates. Thus he deprives the homosexual of all that "bio-theological" sanction for his eroticism which he lavishes on the heterosexual. His message is the scoutmaster's "You can do it if you like, but don't you think it's a pretty silly way for a full-grown boy to behave?"

Above all, Claiborne's jokes about homosexuals are the old jokes—by their fruits shall ye know them, I always say—and he anchors himself so anxiously in the haven of heterosexuality that one feels the bleak climate of the fifties howling round

one again. He jokes incessantly about sex, but the point of the jokes is always to reinforce male chauvinist drives, and reading him one comes to feel nostalgia for Betty Friedan. It is so recently we escaped from that all-smothering snow of cracker-motto sexual propaganda, and yet this book seems to announce a return already.

Thus this book also will not do as scientific humanism. If we cannot tolerate the Olympus of Dubos's empty truisms, neither can we wallow in Claiborne's ignoble heartiness. Are we to be driven back again to anguish, angst, alienation, and all *those* rhetorics? Is there no way for scientists to come to the relief of humanists, to bring their life experience, so different socially and imaginatively as well as intellectually, into cooperation and interaction? If not, we shall soon suffer from an antihumanism as entrenched and pompous and cliché-ridden as the old humanism.

The Architecture of War by Keith Mallory and Arvid Ottar

(Pantheon; 308 pp.; \$6.95 [paper])

Michael Mandelbaum

Since the Trojan Horse, warfare has spurred architects, engineers, artists, and inventors to heights of creative ingenuity. Archimedes, Leonardo da Vinci, and Albrecht Dürer all devoted their considerable talents and energies at one time or another to thwarting the ambitions of the enemies of their particular political communities. The first half of the twentieth century in Western Europe was one of the bloodiest periods in recorded history, and accordingly it gave rise to a wide variety of buildings and gadgets designed to serve the needs of armed aggression. Two Englishmen have assembled a handsome scrapbook of some of them, which will hold special interest for the student of the

military history of the period but will also be intriguing to the layman. The photographs, maps, and diagrams, and the informative text of *The Architecture of War*, tell the story of the infiltration of the genie of industrialism into the venerable human institution of organized violence.

A back-cover blurb says that "military architecture in its various manifestations both reflected and influenced the course of warfare to a surprising degree." But the intimacy of the relationship should hardly be surprising, since war is a branch of politics, and the means of war are therefore the concrete embodiment—both literally and figuratively—of foreign policy. Britain's preoccupa-

tion with naval matters, which recurs throughout the book, denotes a concern bequeathed by geography and history. The close grouping of the Allied trenches along a single line in 1915 stemmed from the political determination not to yield an inch of French soil without a struggle. And the "Western Wall" built by the Germans along the French border in the late 1930's—advertised as a massive system of fortifications, but in fact a sparse, fragile string of Potemkin villages—formed part of Hitler's strategy of getting his way with bluff, bluster, threats, and lightning strikes, which worked so well through 1941.

The architecture of war is always an extension of war's political underpinnings. But the martial architecture that Mallory and Ottar present was more severely functional in style than its predecessors. No frills—no spires, buttresses, or freizes—decorate the structures that the book depicts. Aesthetic considerations seldom entered into their design. Cupolas dot the French battlefields of World War I, not through any affinity with Byzantine motifs, but because the form was well suited to weather the force of artillery bombardment. Occasionally the imperatives of military efficiency did produce a visual delight. The German submarine pens at Bruges, which housed the World War I U-boats, stand in a row of stark, regular columns hovering above the water, blending the style of an ancient Greek temple with the siting of a Hindu shrine.

Only Nazi military construction, however, consciously took into account standards other than purely utilitarian ones. The large German air-raid bunkers, for instance, were built in the monumental style that the Party's leaders favored, and some of them came to resemble, ironically, giant mausoleums. But then, the Nazi view of warfare differed from the liberal one. Far from an aberration or a disaster, it was considered a normal and glorious part of national life, and worthy of celebration.

Its predominantly Spartan design

kept to a minimum the influence of military construction in Europe during the two world wars upon the style of civilian architecture. But wartime experience did affect the face of civilian society in a different way. The twentieth century saw the rise of mass armies. Previously nations had deployed thousands of mercenaries in the field. Now they put millions of conscripts into uniform. They had to find some way to house them, and the need to do so produced ingenious means for using chronically scarce materials to great advantage. The British "Nissen Hut," developed for the Expeditionary Force in France in the first war, "represented the first real mass production of complete buildings as opposed to the mass production of components." It was the original prefabricated house, perhaps the cheapest, most easily assembled, and most purely serviceable dwelling since the cave—but without any wall paintings.

What is most striking about the architecture of war, though, is the contrasts it offers with civilian construction. All war, of course, involves the irony of enormous creative energy bent to wholly destructive purposes. Mallory and Ottar cite one economist's estimate that the warring parties spent about 83 billion English pounds in the First World War, which purchased unprecedented death and destruction, and a political outcome that sowed the seeds of an even fiercer conflict twenty years later. European military architecture of the first decades of this century gave rise, in addition, to a particular series of paradoxes.

Despite its primarily functional theme, some of its specimens are as bizarre as anything from the set of a science fiction movie. The "sea forts" that the British floated into position in the Channel in 1940 look like pillboxes on stilts, or huge storks designed by engineers. Linked together, they resemble a dizzying ride at an amusement park. Military contraptions have the appearance of gadgetry because they incorporate the most advanced technology available, but also because the purposes

to which they are adapted are often far removed from the ones we regard as normal. War is a sort of dream-world, although the dream differs drastically from the sort of reveries that inspire amusement parks.

And although the architecture of warfare is an exercise in the most precise calculation possible, it is also a wildly speculative enterprise. For in the arena of battle, as observers since Machiavelli have remarked, "fortuna"—chance, fate, and accident—plays an important role. The most carefully hatched plans often go awry, and the structures built to implement them become useless. In 1941 the British assembled two "Mulberry Harbours"—necklaces of pontoons and breakwaters that would permit large ships to moor near the coast of Normandy after D-Day, even though the Allies controlled none of the major ports. A heavy storm crippled the contraptions, and the Americans, who had disdained any elaborate provisions for docking their boats, managed to improvise and beach their provisions without them. The Maginot Line, to which an entire chapter is devoted, most vividly and poignantly illustrates careful planning based on erroneous presumptions. The stale-mated trench warfare of 1914 to 1918 persuaded the French that fixed field fortifications would dominate the next round of fighting, and they invested heavily in an elaborate system of installations along their northeastern border. The true lesson of the First World War, however, turned out to be the enormous advantage that the tank and the airplane conferred upon a strategy of attack, mobility, and maneuver. The Germans based their blitzkrieg tactics on this lesson, shredded the Maginot Line, and humiliated France.

By far the most striking paradox of *The Architecture of War*, finally, is the trend it portrays toward a kind of "anti-architecture." The authors insist at the outset upon the architectural status of military construction. They dispute the dictum that "cathedrals are architecture—

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bicycle sheds are not." Cathedrals and bicycle sheds do have one important thing in common: both are plainly visible to the naked eye. Many of the things the book shows, by contrast, were specifically designed not to be seen at all. The increasing sophistication of artillery bombardment, and then the development of air power, forced nations to take steps first to protect their weapons against surprise attack, and then to guard their civilian populations. They made provisions for their troops, and ultimately their citizens, to live underground. In less than three decades military designers moved from covering and reinforcing trenches on the Western front to digging huge shelters housing millions of people behind the lines of combat.

The nuclear age carries the trend even further. The United States keeps the mainstays of its thermonuclear arsenal well out of sight. Intercontinental missiles equipped with thermonuclear warheads lie buried deep beneath the earth in concrete silos located in sparsely inhabited patches of land in the middle of the continent, or attached to submarines that prowl far below the surface of the sea. They represent the ultimate in military construction, down to the certainty that if a war ever breaks out in which they are used, no one will compile a retrospective survey of its architecture.

CONTRIBUTORS

E. DIGBY BALTZELL is Professor of Sociology at The Wharton School, University of Pennsylvania.

MARTIN GREEN, author of *The Von Richthofen Sisters*, teaches English at Tufts University.

MICHAEL MANDELBAUM, a teaching fellow at Harvard, is at work on a dissertation on nuclear strategy and diplomacy in the Kennedy Administration.

Loss and Change by Peter Marris

(Pantheon; 179 pp.; \$7.95)

A British social scientist, Marris argues that "the conservative impulse" is essential to keeping life human, aimed not at stopping change, which is impossible, but at "managing change" in ways less destructive to individuals and their communities of meaning. His studies in bereavement, urban renewal, Third World agitation, and other areas supply him with rich illustrative material. When he contends that even political revolutions are more reintegrative than disruptive, the reader may think he has gone too far, but he makes a plausible case for viewing political revolutions as a function of "the conservative impulse." Altogether a thoughtful statement that provokes careful reexamination of conventional categories of social and political thought.

A Richer Harvest by Sudhir Sen

(Orbis; 573 pp.; \$10.95)

The argument is full of ifs, but they are all quite possible ifs. Moving against currently established opinion, Dr. Sen sets forth the steps whereby the world can meet its food requirements in the decades ahead. Well documented, although somewhat sprawling in exposition, the argument deserves careful consideration. The author is an Indian with long experience with the U.N. and other agencies working on questions of international development.

A New Moral Order by Denis Goulet

(Orbis; 142 pp.; \$3.95 [paper])

Goulet, author of *The Cruel Choice: A New Concept in the Theory of Development* and recent contributor to *Worldview*, here turns explicitly ethical and theological as he proposes moral structures and sensibilities appropriate to our hopes for a more just world order. There is an

engaging sense of fresh discovery in Goulet's affirmation of many of the themes of "liberation theology" and its insistence that Christians must be both "makers of history" and "witnesses to transcendence." It is a statement of high hope by one who well understands the reasons for despairing of the tasks of global change.

Lion by the Tail by Thomas M. Coffey

(Viking; 369 pp.; \$12.50)

A well-researched and fast-moving retelling of the story of Mussolini's 1935 invasion of Ethiopia. Coffey is particularly strong in his detail and feeling for what was going on in Italy while its armies and poison gas sprayers were reestablishing the Roman Empire, or so they thought, in Abyssinia. Coffey ends the tale with Selassie's 1936 appeal to the League of Nations and that body's acquiescence to the brute facts of aggression. Now that the Emperor is imprisoned and facing an uncertain fate, it is only just that there should appear such a worthy reminder of the historical reality undergirding the mystique that surrounded him so many years.

Islam and Capitalism by Maxime Rodinson

(Pantheon; 308 pp.; \$10.00)

Translation of a work originally published in France in 1966. At least as far back as Max Weber various scholars have taken the position that the religious ethic of Islam inhibits capitalist development. Rodinson, a distinguished Islamist with a Marxist approach, disputes this view. It may well be that Muslim morality is inimical to capitalism, he contends, but Muslims, just like the adherents of other faiths, have been ingenious in circumventing their own moral precepts. Experts will, no doubt, disagree on this, but Rodinson makes a very good case. A work of impeccable scholarship, lucidly written—and most timely.