

Reviews

The Holocaust and the Text: Speaking the Unspeakable. Edited by Andrew Leak and George Paizis. New York: St. Martin's Press, 2000. 208 pp. \$45.00, cloth.

Reviewed by William J. Astore, United States Air Force Academy

The inadequacy of art, history, and literature to represent the events or to capture the meaning of the Holocaust is a theme common to Holocaust studies today. As Lawrence Langer suggested in his November 1998 *Atlantic Monthly* article, "Pre-empting the Holocaust," the "explosive savagery" of the Final Solution caused such a violent disruption that perhaps only "a scroll of *inhuman* discourse" could adequately comprehend it. Nevertheless, artists, historians, and writers continue to strive, however imperfectly, to comprehend it.

In *The Holocaust and the Text*, Andrew Leak and George Paizis have collected eleven essays that address the challenges of representing the Holocaust. In their introduction, the editors argue that gaps will always remain between historical facts and understanding, and that these gaps require mediation through imaginative literary and artistic representations, however constrained these representations may be by the facts themselves. The editors recognize that even this formulation is contentious, however. In perhaps the best essay in the collection, Robert Eaglestone notes that Emmanuel Levinas has condemned artistic representations of the Holocaust *tout court* as "irresponsible mis-representations" that ultimately betray victims of the Holocaust by being open (however unintentionally or unpredictably) to appropriation by people sympathetic to Nazi agendas.

Most of the essays in this volume are more narrowly focused. Robert Gordon reviews Holocaust writings in Italy just after the war, noting that these texts already highlighted the strangeness and even otherworldliness of the camp experience. Anna Hardman looks at representations of the Holocaust by women caught in the Nazi machinery of death. She concludes that some interpreters have adopted an avowedly feminist approach that plays down commonalities between the genders

while eliding class, religious, and cultural differences among women. In her essay, Andrea Reiter examines the experiences of children, noting that their comparative naïveté and innocence served to make Nazi brutality more obvious but also more irrational. Arguing against sentimental representations of children's experiences, she asks authors to consider "defamiliarization"—a theme that would recognize how children displayed a range of behaviors, even identifying with their persecutors.

Other essays deal with specific authors associated with the Holocaust. Bryan Cheyette looks at George Steiner's fiction. He concludes that "a dialectic between the aesthetic and the barbaric" lies at the heart of Steiner's *The Portage to San Cristobal of A.H.*, one that ultimately makes Steiner a "stranger to himself." Sue Vice looks at the "Demidenko Affair," which involves a seemingly fictionalized yet controversial autobiography of a Ukrainian family implicated in Babi Yar. The revelation that Helen Demidenko, expert Ukrainian author, was actually Helen Darville, an Australian woman of British descent, caused an uproar in Australian literary circles. Vice concludes that Darville should be applauded rather than condemned for writing a polemical and "double-voiced" novel that, like comparable works by Martin Amis and D.M. Thomas, stimulates readers to confront anew controversial and offensive issues. Finally, in separate essays Leon Yudkin asks whether Aharon Appelfeld is a Holocaust writer, Samuel Khalifa discusses the work of Patrick Modiano, and Martin Crowley finds common ground between Marguerite Duras and Robert Antelme.

Not all of these essays successfully address the main issue of the collection, which is the nature of representation and its inherent difficulties. Those that do include an essay, reprinted from the *Journal of European Studies*, in which Ann Parry details the idioms of postwar Holocaust fiction. She sensibly suggests that "All art can do is struggle with and bear witness to the unsayable." In a footnote she also makes the disturbing suggestion that "forgetfulness" regarding the events of the Shoah may derive from reluctance or even refusal to disavow Nazi crimes. Similarly, in her essay on Holocaust genres and history that opens the collection, Berel Lang reminds us that despite intractable problems of representation, the price of awesome and high-minded silence is simply too high when confronted by crimes of such enormity as the Holocaust. Robert Eaglestone puts it best in his essay. Representations, he concludes, should be treated as "contributions to an ongoing conversation about the Holocaust" whose value is precisely in the continuing dialogue and not in some putative quest for final answers.

Many of the essays in this collection are stimulating. Yet there are few references to the “text” as a subject of inquiry, and an examination of the “unspeakability” of the Holocaust is not sustained. Recourse to the terminology of postmodern literary criticism by some of the essayists may also prove tough going for the uninitiated. And many readers will be disappointed by the sketchy topical index (a scant three pages) and the absence of a bibliography or suggestions for further reading. Interestingly, the most disturbing representation in this volume goes unexamined by its authors: the dust jacket. At first glance it resembles a close-up of a computer chip; it is actually an aerial photograph of Auschwitz drenched in red. It led me to reflect on the networked and automated nature of Nazi death factories. As humanity becomes increasingly networked and interconnected, it is arguable whether we are more resistant or more vulnerable to genocidal machinations. The achievement of this book is its ability to stimulate reflection about the intellectual, philosophical, and literary challenges posed and presented by representations of the Holocaust.

My Father's Keeper: Children of Nazi Leaders—An Intimate History of Damage and Denial. Stephan and Norbert Lebert. Translated by Julian Evans. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 2001. 243 pp. \$25.95, cloth; \$14.95, paper.

Reviewed by William J. Astore, United States Air Force Academy

What would it be like to be the son or daughter of Rudolf Hess, Heinrich Himmler, or Hermann Göring? How could one bear having a father who was a mass murderer and Nazi war criminal? Stephan Lebert addresses these and related questions in his insightful journalistic study of children of prominent Nazis. Following up on interviews conducted by his father Norbert in 1959, Lebert contacted Wolf-Rüdiger Hess, Martin Bormann Junior, and Niklas and Norman Frank (sons of Hans Frank, the brutal governor-general of Poland), as well as Gudrun Himmler and Edda Göring. The latter two refused interviews, but the sons cooperated. Their responses, together with those of Klaus von Schirach (son of the head of the Hitler Youth) and Karl Otto-Saur (whose father was Albert Speer's right-hand man), are instructive, intriguing, and disturbing.

Lebert shows there is much to be learned from these children. He begins with Wolf-Rüdiger Hess, only child of the Führer's Deputy. At his birth each *Gauleiter* had to send a sample of German soil from his district to be placed underneath Wolf-Rüdiger's cradle. Devoted to the memory of his father as a "martyr" to peace, Wolf-Rüdiger refused to serve in the German Army until his father was released from Spandau prison (he never was). Disturbingly, Wolf-Rüdiger plays down the enormity of the Holocaust, concluding that Jews were partly to blame for their fate. Wolf-Rüdiger's son is currently developing a web site to defend the legacy of his grandfather.

If a aggressive defense and complacent denial typify the Hess response, aggressive offense and fanatical outrage typify the response of Niklas Frank. Frank penned a scathing condemnation of his father that included masturbatory scenes and graphic fantasies of patricide. Rather than being commended for his honesty in confronting his father's crimes, Niklas was roundly condemned within Germany for the intensity and tastelessness of his jeremiad. To his credit, Niklas admitted he was motivated by self-hate in that he perceives his father's weaknesses reflected in aspects of his own behavior.

A critical if more measured response comes from Martin Bormann, Jr. Christened Martin Adolf in 1930 with Hitler as his godfather, Bormann became a missionary priest after the war, asking to be posted to the Belgian Congo in conditions of dire poverty. In the early 1970s he quit his religious order and married. Now seventy, he lectures across Germany about the dangers of Nazi ideology. Bormann's life might be seen as a son's attempt both to condemn and atone for

the sins of his father while simultaneously honoring his memory, a distinction lost on Gudrun Himmler, who charged Bormann with sinful disrespect in criticizing his father.

In contrast to Bormann, Gudrun seeks to rehabilitate the reputation of her father. Her refusal to change her surname or deny her relationship to her father cost her several opportunities for advancement. Equally devoted to her father is Edda Göring, whose essay for her *Abitur* in 1958 was a phrase of Theodor Heuss's: "To forget is simultaneously a kindness and a peril." As Göring's only child, Edda was treated like a princess. Upon her birth her parents received 628,000 telegrams of congratulation. With such doting attention it is unsurprising that Edda has only kind words for the memory of her father.

Equally unsurprising is the voyeuristic interest of neo-Nazis, whether in pilgrimages to the Hess family grave or in invitations extended to Gudrun Himmler (who apparently derives considerable pleasure from attending neo-Nazi rallies). Norman Frank complains that as young boy in Argentina after the war, he was passed around by Argentine Nazis "like some sort of holy relic. Just because I'd once sat on Herr Hitler's lap." Requests from journalists plague Klaus von Schirach with irritatingly predictable regularity, leading him to protest, "we Nazi children are completely uninteresting. It's always others who read something into our lives retrospectively. There's nothing to be had from us ourselves."

Von Schirach's protestations to the contrary, Lebert succeeds in demonstrating the moral complexities of memory—the vexing and problematic emotional connections between irredeemably tainted parents and their children. Yet Lebert could show us more than he does. He disregards issues of age, birth order, and gender and how these affected (if at all) attitudes and responses of the children. Sons, it would appear, display a wider range of emotional responses to their fathers, from the unapologetic affection and devotion of Wolf-Rüdiger Hess to the existential and exorcising loathing of Niklas Frank. Lebert could also have expanded the discussions of the nature of memory or ideas of collective guilt in post-war Germany. Also needing greater development are notions of family roles and paternal authority within Nazi Germany. These Nazis appear to have been absentee fathers, busy with the business of killing, leaving mothers to raise the children (their proper maternal role in a patriarchal Reich). Did these children resent the absence of their fathers, or love them the more for it? After the suicide or imprisonment of their father, did they follow the lead of their mothers in coming to grips with their father's crimes? These questions are left largely unexplored. Incorporating provocative photographs, the book lacks a bibliography or index. It is nevertheless accessible, stimulating, and smoothly translated.

Vietnam and Other Fantasies. H. Bruce Franklin. Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 2000. 272 pp. \$28.95, cloth; \$18.95, paper.

Reviewed by D. A. Boxwell, United States Air Force Academy

Bruce Franklin's latest book is a coherent round-up of a number of revised, expanded essays that have appeared in print over the past decade, fleshed out by brand new essays on the antiwar movement and Vietnam's role in fomenting the culture wars of the late 1980s and early 1990s. All of them are unified by Franklin's urgent, compelling critique of the processes—of denial, of forgetting, and of reinscription in popular culture—by which Vietnam has been transformed from a traumatic, incriminating historical reality into a set of more comforting, even rehabilitating, myths. Franklin is right to argue that the mythification of Vietnam (whether as “Noble Cause,” as “Apocalypse Now,” or as “Loss of Innocence”) is not just a matter of manufacturing delusory fantasies. Rather, the compulsion to mythify Vietnam is a profoundly truth-revealing aspect of the nation's desires, limits, and self-image. Franklin's work makes the reader aware that more than just the victor gets to tell the story of war; all nations, even if they are not victorious, need to fabricate their own narratives of what happened.

Franklin looks, with an acutely sardonic eye, on popular culture as the preeminent vehicle for the promulgation of myths about Vietnam and the best chapters are devoted to analysis of how cinema, comic books, pulp science fiction and military novels, and television effectively participate in creating and sustaining such myths as the “forgotten POW/MIA,” the “traitorous antiwar protester,” the “inscrutable enemy,” and the “spat-upon veteran.” Indeed, the sheer rapidity by which these collective myths have taken hold of the national imagination attests to the real power of pop culture representations designed to turn aggressor into saintly victim, or aggressor into redemptive rescuer, or aggressor into warrior hero. These contradictory images of America in Vietnam ultimately enable us to maintain a strong consensus about American exceptionalism.

Particularly interesting is the chapter entitled “*Star Trek* and Kicking the Vietnam Syndrome,” in which Franklin deftly contextualizes four episodes of Gene Roddenberry's cult TV show within shifts in public opinion for and against Vietnam. Franklin shows how the show was received in more escapist, wish-fulfillment terms only after 1975; during the war,

however, *Star Trek* was at times intended to engage with America's increasing disenchantment with dreams of civilizing conquest in Southeast Asia. We can trace the loss of American public support for Vietnam after the Tet Offensive through recurring episodes of the show, since Roddenberry was himself a gung-ho supporter before 1967. From the end of 1967, however, the show revealed deep pessimism about any victory in Vietnam, although it was from a politically conservative and isolationist, rather than leftist, antiwar perspective.

Those readers who are familiar with Franklin's work on Vietnam will know how dedicated he is to debunking the myth of the POW/MIA, and this latest book concludes with an updated, yet still barbed, analysis of how popular culture, in tandem with politicians too fearful or cynical to challenge the myth (including all presidents from Nixon to Clinton), transformed "what had been a fringe right-wing political issue of the mid-1970s into a central national myth" (193), to which even the Clinton Administration had to pay obeisance. Close readings of such influential movies as *Uncommon Valor*, *The Deer Hunter*, and *Missing in Action* are brought to bear to show how the popular imagination, nourished by such myth-making, then dictated American foreign and trade policy with Southeast Asia. Franklin, typically, pulls no punches in his denunciation of the agents responsible for "hoaxing" the American people, two-thirds of whom, according to a 1993 poll, believed that U.S. prisoners of war are still being held in Southeast Asia, despite all evidence to the contrary. But, of course, empirical evidence is powerless in the face of myth.

Vietnam and Other Fantasies serves as a good introduction to Franklin's larger body of controversial cultural criticism, and is as well an eminently readable, jargon-free, history of America's recent self-invention, through narrative and representation, as a nation more sinned against than sinning in the Vietnam War.

Humanity: A Moral History of the Twentieth Century. Jonathan Glover. New Haven: Yale University Press, 2001. xii + 464 pp. \$32.50, cloth; \$15.95, paper.

Reviewed by Larry Ellis, Arizona State University

Shortly before the onset of the Cuban Missile Crisis of October, 1962, Barbara Tuchman's *The Guns of August*, a brilliant study of the blunders, misperceptions, and confusions that had trapped Europe's leaders into launching World War I, was released for publication in the United States. Influential members of the Kennedy administration, including the President himself, had already read the book when a U-2 spy plane reported the presence of Soviet missiles in Cuba that October. The parallels between the crises of 1914 and 1962 became frighteningly more evident to these decision-makers as the Soviet Union and United States moved closer and closer to armed conflict. As Robert Kennedy reports in *Thirteen Days: A Memoir of the Cuban Missile Crisis*, President John F. Kennedy expressed his concerns to his brother, first deploring the "stupidity, individual idiosyncrasies, misunderstandings, and personal complexes of inferiority and grandeur" that had driven Europe's leaders to unleash and perpetuate the unprecedented slaughter of what would be called The Great War. "I am not," he concluded, "going to follow a course which will allow anyone to write a comparable book about this time, *The Missiles of October*" (62, 127).

In *Humanity: A Moral History of the Twentieth Century*, philosopher Jonathan Glover analyzes the successful resolution of the Cuban Missile Crisis by President Kennedy and his Soviet counterpart, Premier Nikita Khrushchev in a chapter aptly entitled, "Sliding Out of the Trap...." To Glover, the traps of 1914, 1962, and the great majority of human catastrophes catalogued in this very important book were generated by negative, often habitual responses to historical and social pressures, driven by fear or misplaced self-interest and informed by cultural hard-wiring and selective historical memory. Such responses, Glover argues, threaten rational and moral breakdown and the dissolution of ethical safeguards. Fortunately for us all, Kennedy and Khrushchev were able to draw upon alternative "human responses" and break away from the perilous strategies of brinkmanship that then and later characterized Cold War global politics.

Human responses of respect and sympathy for others, observes Glover, act as positive restraints against "ruthlessness and mutual harm." Indeed,

such responses define our very humanity and lead to the development of “moral identities”—that is, self-perceptions based upon ethical actions and reactions to the behavior of others. Such “moral resources” are crucial to avoiding the barbaric, uncontrollable “festival of cruelty” manifested in the wars, holocausts, diasporas, and atrocities that are the focus of Glover’s study. When human responses fail, moral identities are in danger of losing their connection to humanity. “The humanity of the sense of moral identity is crucial,” writes Glover. “When severed from the human responses, or even hostile to them, it is useless or worse” (404).

And worse is what the reader sees in the litany of human catastrophes Glover offers up for our scrutiny. Moving from the two world wars, the Nazi Holocaust, Stalinist Russia, Maoist China, Vietnam, and Cambodia to the more contemporary human disasters in Rwanda and the Balkans, Glover explores the complicity of both political-decision makers and the populations from which they arise. Perhaps more importantly, he insists that we not ignore instances where victim nations or peoples answer aggression with a barbarism of their own. If Germany’s egregious violation of the neutrality of Belgium in 1914 cannot be excused, argues Glover, neither can we overlook the starvation of the German people by the maintenance of the allied naval blockade long after the war had ended. Likewise, allied bombings of German population centers in the last year of World War II were conducted on a scale that far exceeded their military usefulness. And if the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki can be justified to some extent on strategic grounds (and Glover is careful to give full weight to all sides of an argument), we cannot afford to lay aside our human responses and disregard a central fact—that “[t]hese two bombs killed over a third of a million people, both adults and children, in a hell we cannot adequately imagine” (105).

Like Tuchman in *The Guns of August* and later works, Glover looks at the causality of political folly—how and why nations bring disaster upon themselves and those around them by indulging in behavior that in no way could serve their interests. He articulates the processes of moral and rational breakdown through a set of concepts that he applies throughout the book. “Hobbesian fear” is one of the many traps that lead to the initiation and escalation of conflict. Based upon English philosopher Thomas Hobbes’s theory that fear of the power of others is one of the principle causes of conflict, Glover’s “Hobbesian fear” generates the belief that the “first strike” is the best defense against the inevitability of

attack or aggression. Both sides in a conflict end up taking defensive-aggressive postures that increase the danger of military confrontation and atrocity against civilian populations. Glover shows this and other traps to have been at play in the recent conflicts in the Balkans. There is the trap of false belief, arising from managed information (propaganda), and the trap of the tribal state, in which majority ethnic populations dehumanize minority populations by polarizing and excluding them. Inevitably the minority populations respond in kind. Glover's examination of Stalinist and Fascist states reveals that atrocity, purge, and holocaust are not far behind the use of these traps.

If Glover works on the premise that human moral/ethical systems and safeguards are dangerously frail, he does not leave his reader with a sense of futility and despair. We have, he insists, the "capacity to unchain ourselves" by creating a "humanized ethics" arising from the "moral imagination":

When [the moral imagination] is stimulated, there is a breakthrough of the human responses, otherwise deadened by such things as distance, tribalism or ideology. It checks conformity and obedience, bringing to the fore what matters humanly rather than the current norm or official policy. It makes vivid the victims and the human reality of what will be done to them. (408-9)

It may seem that Glover oversimplifies; yet, he tempers his faith in the human spirit with a qualified cynicism, and grounds his conclusions on a detailed, balanced, and realistic analysis of human events and nature. The horrors of the past century demand that we take his findings and suggestions to heart. Our very survival may depend on it.

In Harm's Way: The Sinking of the USS Indianapolis and the Extraordinary Story of its Survivors. Doug Stanton. New York: Henry Holt, 2001. 352 pp. \$25.00, cloth; \$7.99, paper.

Reviewed by Brian Hanley, Robins Air Force Base, Georgia

At first glance, the subject of Doug Stanton's 352-page volume may strike prospective readers—quite unjustly—as a trifle shopworn. There is, to begin with, the mildly unfortunate choice of title, which is taken from a letter written by John Paul Jones in 1778. Though wholly appropriate given Stanton's material, "In Harm's Way" also appears on the cover of about a half-dozen other recently published books, at least three of which deal with World War II, not to mention the motion picture starring John Wayne about the early days of war in the Pacific theater, broadcast, it seems, at set intervals on *Turner Classic Movies*, *American Movie Classics*, and elsewhere on cable TV. Of much greater importance is that the torpedoing of the *Indianapolis* in the Philippine Sea after it delivered to Tinian Island the bomb that would destroy Hiroshima, the rescue of the 321 survivors some four days later (875 men perished with the ship), and the subsequent court martial of the ship's commander Captain Charles McVay, generated a fair share of press in 1945. An eyewitness account by Captain Lewis Haynes, the ship's doctor, appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1955; the first book-length treatment of the event was published in 1958, two years before the first reunion of the ship's survivors. Since then, publications of all kinds commenting on the sinking of the *Indianapolis* and its aftermath have appeared with some measure of regularity (Stanton's bibliography fills ten pages). Perhaps most Americans are familiar with the *Indianapolis* courtesy of popular culture: the fictional Captain Quint in *Jaws* knows sharks first-hand as a legacy of his service on the *Indianapolis*—a circumstance which drew forth an article on the ordeal of the survivors from the tabloid *National Star* in 1975; the *A & E* cable channel ran a documentary on the sinking in 1997. Even so, *In Harm's Way* disposes of its subject matter comprehensively, authoritatively while at the same time striking the reader as every bit as vital and engrossing as if he were learning of the *Indianapolis* story for the first time.

Stanton's book makes a praiseworthy contribution to history on two counts. First and more important, is that Stanton encourages the reader to think historically—to sympathize with his subjects without condescension. Indeed, Stanton's manner of proceeding brings to mind the great historians of the Victo-

rian era—Hodgkin, Macaulay—or those who chose to write in their tradition, such as Bernard DeVoto. Stanton builds his narrative around the recollections of the *Indianapolis* survivors, validating, amplifying, and synthesizing their commentary with archival and scholarly sources, the effect being that *In Harm's Way* reads, as the works of the previously mentioned historians do, like a first-rate novel.

One would need to spend at least a quarter of an hour or so with the book to get a basic idea of Stanton's narrative art, but perhaps the following quotation may suffice as a glimpse:

It was now around 12:11 A.M. and the ship had slowed to about nine knots, or ten miles per hour. Since the explosions, her forward momentum and her remaining power had managed to push her about one mile across the ocean.

For the life of him, McVay couldn't figure out why their condition was going bad so quickly. But he had little time to react. He had two things on his mind: that the damage sustained by the kamikaze attack four months earlier off Okinawa had initially seemed far worse, and that to call abandon ship if the *Indy* was salvageable could lead to possible court martial. He simply couldn't believe that the damage could be so severe, given the short time frame. It defied reason, and his experience. At Okinawa, the USS *Franklin* had been turned into a broiling inferno by the attack of a bomber, but it had managed to stay afloat. (109-10).

Impressive here is the murkiness of what the facts would have us believe was a rather straightforward situation. To this day the Navy has upheld the justness of McVay's court martial, which found him culpable for the loss of the *Indianapolis* and the lives of nearly 900 sailors. Even so, it is hard to imagine that any other commander would find fault with McVay's reasoning at this particular moment as set forth by Stanton here. Here and throughout the work, Stanton manages to illuminate the essential humanity of the participants of the events he surveys. In this instance, we see in McVay's habits of mind equal shares of nobility—McVay remains unflappable amidst apparent chaos—and resourcelessness—why had he fixated on the kamikaze raid and ruled out the possibility of a submarine attack?—and we are encouraged to ask ourselves if faced with similar circumstances, would we act differently, more resolutely? Much the same can be said for the horrifying trials that followed the sinking of the ship—some two hundred sailors, it is estimated, were killed by sharks—yet we find a mixture of despair and faith, resolve and weakness, madness and stolid presence of mind, as some sailors gave up their life vests so that they might drown more quickly, while others stubbornly refused to capitulate, using what little energy they had to look after their fellow sailors.

Many of the sailors went mad and tried to knife their fellow survivors; others thought enough to remove the life preservers from dead sailors and gave them to the living who needed them desperately.

Stanton's secondary contribution to history is that he offers a bracing consideration of Captain McVay's conduct, which the Navy ultimately judged to be criminal. True enough, Stanton is chiefly interested in conveying the triumph and tragedy of the crew of the *Indianapolis*, but his book also argues with conviction and clarity that the Navy's court martial of McVay was intellectually shabby—"Of the nearly 400 American captains whose ships went down during World War II—indeed, of all the captains in the entire history of the navy—he is the only captain to have been court-martialed whose ship was sunk by an act of war" (8)—and Stanton's research does give further legitimacy to the efforts of the survivors of the *Indianapolis* to remove the court martial conviction from McVay's record. McVay's conduct was well within reason if not beyond criticism, Stanton would have us believe; more importantly, McVay was himself the victim of a series of intelligence, bureaucratic, and command errors that he could not possibly have anticipated, yet no one else in the chain of command was punished as severely as he was for the sinking of the *Indianapolis* (259-67).

Also memorable about Stanton's commentary on McVay's fate is the impotent, obsessive, and blind rage of some of the relatives of the sailors killed when the *Indianapolis* went down. Within weeks after his court-martial and "through the Christmas season, he [McVay] began receiving the hate mail . . . he would continue to receive for the rest of his life" (267; 274). Vindictiveness of this kind did nothing but add its mite to the massive misery and suffering which the sinking of the *Indianapolis* brought about. In fact, Stanton suggests that the hate mail deepened the despair that led McVay to kill himself in 1968; it could not possibly have alleviated substantially the grief of the relatives or glorified the memory of the dead; it could not have been considered just in any way.

In Harm's Way is worth anyone's money: elegantly written, carefully researched, an illuminating survey of a significant event from the hand of a writer whose work embodies the high traditions of liberal learning.

April 1865: The Month that Saved America. Jay Winik. New York: HarperCollins Publishers, 2001. 480 pp. \$32.50, cloth; \$14.95, paper.

Reviewed by David S. Heidler, Colorado Springs, Colorado

The American Civil War was a grueling ordeal that came to a series of stunning climaxes in April 1865. After four years of fighting, the Confederate capital of Richmond finally fell. Robert E. Lee's retreating Army of Northern Virginia, a band of bedraggled, starving fugitives, was mirrored by other Confederate armies, corroded by deprivation and defeat, similarly remaining in the field more from an effort of will than from any realistic hope of success. Lee bowed to this reality when he surrendered at Appomattox, but within a week, John Wilkes Booth mortally wounded Abraham Lincoln, hurling the North from celebration to confusion to rage and awakening in the government fears of a Confederate resurgence. During this whirlwind of astonishing events, says Jay Winik, fate and the wisdom of participants acted in tandem as midwife to the miracle not only of a political reconciliation but also to a national transformation.

In Winik's view, the events of April 1865 were critical beyond their obvious importance of ending the Civil War and marking the first assassination of an American president. The conclusion of the war could have distorted the American social and political landscape into an ugly North American precursor of Northern Ireland or Bosnia. Instead, military leaders in the defeated Confederacy followed the lead of Robert E. Lee's statesmanlike decision to end the struggle rather than resort to guerrilla tactics. Showing like wisdom, political and military leaders in the victorious Union followed Abraham Lincoln's magnanimous example, even after his death, to pursue policies that avoided the dungeon and scaffold. Consequently, the events of April 1865 were crucial in shaping the United States into a nation, something postponed by the Early Republic's distrust of central authority manifested in states' rights and regionalism. Winik describes that transformation as "a decisive break with the past" (379), which was "the meaning of April 1865" (380).

Both scholars and a general audience will find much to admire in this book. General readers, possibly uninformed as many Americans sadly are about the titanic events Winik describes, will discover them through a stirring narrative that employs a Tolstoyan sweep with a Dickensian eye for biographical detail. As characters such as Lee, Grant, Lincoln, Sherman, or Booth appear to perform their parts in the epic, Winik pauses to introduce them with sharp sketches that astutely

reveal the unique features of each one's personality and temperament. His analysis of Nathan Bedford Forrest's unschooled but canny military intuitiveness and his critical examination of Lincoln's evolving talent as a war leader are but two examples of Winik's perceptive integration of the latest scholarship on both the period and its principal players.

Scholars already familiar with the ground Winik is traveling will find interesting his discerning descriptions that contemplate familiar landmarks from fresh perspectives. Because of his career as an advisor on international affairs to top U.S. government officials, the author brings to this work extensive personal observation of modern civil wars that have occurred in places as diverse as Yugoslavia and Cambodia. It is with a special sense of empathy then that he is able to write of a time "when the blood had clotted and dried, when the cadavers had been removed and the graves filled in" (377), for such scenes, punctuating our own time, have too often resulted in political tyranny and social chaos. That Americans at the end of the Civil War in April 1865 were not only able to seek but able to achieve "a special exemption from the cruel edicts of history" (377) is the culminating miracle of this ambitious story, grandly told.

Some will perhaps find reason to debate some of Winik's conclusions, for he does not explore very deeply the implications of such matters as the failed promises of emancipation or the northern backlash that resulted in Radical Reconstruction. But critics should avoid asking that *Hamlet* be played in six acts. A writer who can describe the future as "like the stars above, dangling in the overarching vault of history" (371) has done no small service to his craft, and a historian who tells his story so well advances both our understanding and appreciation of the past.

Gone for Soldiers. Jeff Shaara. New York: Random House, 2000. 448 pp. \$26.95, cloth; \$15.95, paper.

Reviewed by Rosemary A. King, United States Air Force Academy

Read *Gone for Soldiers* if you are hungry for stories of US soldiers who fought in the Mexican American War. You will learn about the political constraints strangling General Winfield Scott's military campaign and you will hear the pathetic currying favor among Scott's general-officer staff from President Polk. You will scout the passageway found by Robert E. Lee, a junior engineer in the Army, that enabled US troops to surprise and then rout the Mexican Army at the Battle of Cerro Gordo. Author Jeff Shaara leads readers through each significant battle in the Mexican American War, thereby foreshadowing the success of career soldiers such as Lee and Ulysses Grant. "One of the most overlooked stories in American history," Shaara rightfully points out, "is our involvement in a war with Mexico from 1846 through 1848" (ix). If your high school history books, like mine, offered less than two paragraphs on the Mexican American War, read Shaara's account. It unveils willful American blindness toward one of the most shameful incidents in US military history.

The author's handling of soldiers' biographies in the afterword and his deft reenactment of the Battle of Chapultepec in the final chapters are high points of this book. A list of micro-biographies punctuates the end of the book. These personal narratives reminded me of the capstones that conclude a compelling movie: "Ten years later, so-and-so was jailed for possession of marijuana. He fled to Mexico and was never brought to justice." In Shaara's narrative, readers follow half a dozen characters through four hundred pages of historical fiction describing the chill of the Mexican desert at night, the grit and gore of hand-to-hand combat, and countless meetings on military strategy. The account compels readers to find out what happens to the characters, and Shaara delivers. In addition, the short bios chronicle what happened to famous soldiers and politicians from the Mexican American War of 1846-48 through Civil War of 1860-65, thus offering insight into frequently unexplored material.

Another strength of *Gone for Soldiers* is Shaara's awareness of the national symbolic import of Chapultepec castle in Mexico City. Dwindling US forces, shrunk by months of fighting and miles of marching from Vera Cruz, bivouac outside of the Mexican capital awaiting the final assault on the Mexican Army. Chapultepec castle, the stone embodiment of Santa

Anna's military, overshadows the American Army and blocks advance into Mexico City. After lengthy deliberation and endless scouting missions, General Scott, the commander of US forces, orders a frontal attack on the Mexican fortress. He explains to his subordinate, Lee, why the US Army must attack Chapultepec castle rather than a weaker point in Santa Anna's defenses:

We have to win, completely, utterly. Victory means conquest. *Think* like your enemy, understand how *he* sees things. That damned castle out there *means* something to those people, to all of them, the army, the civilians, the politicians. It's a symbol of who they are. If we just skip around it because it's convenient, the symbol will have survived. They will not respect our victory. Santa Anna would use that, you can bet your life. He can draw power from that. We have no choice, Mr. Lee. We *have* to defeat Chapultepec. It is the only defeat they will accept. (295)

This passage demonstrates that Shaara has done his homework. No one can visit Mexico City today, stand on the stone parapet, and tell me that this fortress—defended even by Mexico's teenage military cadets in times of war—represents anything other than raw Mexican nationalism. The US defeat of Chapultepec castle did, in effect, determine the outcome of the Mexican American War. The US flag atop the Mexican castle signaled the start of American military occupation of Mexico City and the beginning of treaty negotiations that cost Mexico half of its national territory. Situating Chapultepec castle at the book's climax, Shaara capitalizes on a final battle scene in a manner that begets dramatic suspense—quite an achievement given the fact that most readers know the outcome of the siege, that the US won the war. Only the most exceptional accounts of the Mexican American War mark the symbolic cache of Chapultepec castle, as does *Gone for Soldiers*.

The praise that I've levied on this book thus far warrants qualification. Don't look to Shaara's writing for the subtle metaphor found in Tim O'Brien's *The Things They Carried*, the vibrant descriptions in Erich Maria Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*, or the wrenching laughter in Joseph Heller's *Catch-22*. Perhaps Shaara's most egregious shortfall lies in two-dimensional characters such as the Mexican general, Antonio López de Santa Anna. Santa Anna, the only Mexican soldier to warrant attention in the novel, comes off as a pompous boob, an absolute egoist who

is more concerned about stale bread and polished silver at his evening meal than General Scott's amassed troops flanking the Mexican Army.

However poor Shaara's characterization of Santa Anna, this mishandling does not undo the subtle nod to cultural sensitivities in the book. The author portrays such sensitivity through various soldiers' empathy toward the Mexican populace; commonalties among Americans and Mexicans surface in the text more than differences. When the unnamed sergeants and privates in the US Army begin to question the justness of the Mexican American War in the novel, Shaara succeeds in exposing the worst of Manifest Destiny as a transparent scrim incapable of shrouding the enormous US land-grab that became the American Southwest.

The End of the Age of Innocence: Edith Wharton and the First World War.

Alan Price. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1996. 238 pp. \$55.00, cloth; \$22.95, paper.

Reviewed by Elizabeth A. Muenger, United States Air Force Academy

Alan Price has written an elegant little volume that adds a new dimension to Wharton studies. In *The End of the Age of Innocence* he traces Edith Wharton's immediate and committed involvement in relief work during World War I. Though Wharton's role in charity work has certainly been acknowledged by her standard biographers, the detail with which Price explores her month-by-month labors illuminates our sense of Wharton as a compassionate personality. In a sense, her exhaustive and exhausting efforts throughout the course of the war belie her reputation as a writer whose sensitivities were mainly directed toward the upper reaches of society and its various hypocrisies.

Edith Wharton was 52 when war broke out in 1914. She was living in France, had recently divorced her mentally unbalanced husband, and was looking forward to the possibility of establishing a household in England, where her close friend Henry James resided. In the spring of the year she had traveled in Morocco and Tunisia, and had just returned from another trip through Spain when war began. Her plans for the rest of the summer had already been made; she had rented a country house from the Humphry Wards 30 miles outside London. Briefly stranded in France, anxious to get to England, and unable to avail herself of her substantial financial resources during the first weeks of hostilities, she was one of the first to recognize the immediate plight of Paris's suddenly unemployed seamstresses and the masses of Belgian women flooding across the border. By the time she was able to leave France, at the end of August, she had already established sewing workrooms in Paris to help the women get back on their feet financially. Wharton was not alone in her efforts, but with a 44% unemployment rate in the early months of the war, and possibly as many as 300,000 women out of work, her quick response to the crisis represented crucial help.

A month in England left Wharton feeling frustrated with her isolation and anxious to get back to France, where she felt she was morally obligated to be. She returned in late September, and with only infrequent rest intervals, remained there for the rest of the war. She was driven in her wartime work by the heartfelt belief, shared with Henry James, that

the war represented an assault against all she held essential in life, that she must involve herself, and that “the attack on French ways and their meaning was an attack on her own ability to make meaning imaginatively and to create hospitable and elegant spaces” (21).

For Wharton, the seamstresses’ workrooms were only the beginning. In November 1914, Wharton and a small group of other Americans, French and Belgians founded the American Hostels for Refugees, working in cooperation with the relief society the *Foyer Franco-Belge*. The hostels provided immediate housing and food for refugees, and was supported by a hospital system to deal with the effects of epidemic malnutrition and illness among the refugees. In 1915 her work expanded to include the Children of Flanders Rescue Committee, which she founded in the wake of her efforts to organize aid for orphans of the first battle of Ypres. By the middle of the year she had placed hundreds of orphans in her homes and schools, and had also established classes to teach the children marketable skills in lace-making, gardening, and carpentry. The following year she helped found, and became vice-president of the *Tuberculeux de la Guerre*, organized to help fight the tuberculosis epidemic spreading through the country among French soldiers and civilians. This large charity, with official French government sanction, involved much of Wharton’s energy in 1916.

The entry of the United States into the war in April 1917 did not simplify Wharton’s position at all. Despite the fact that she now had a committed country responding to her appeals for money, a new complicating presence became the bane of all the charities with which she had been involved. The American Red Cross entered the scene, and its politics and piranha-like presence vastly complicated the work that Wharton and her friends had been doing very effectively for the previous two and a half years. The absorption of other charities by the ARC, and its paralyzing bureaucracy and policies, left Wharton appalled and discouraged. During the last few months of the war she watched as the ARC, in the view of many, completely mismanaged relief efforts. As she wrote a patron of her remaining organizations, “I can truly say that my own collaborators have done their utmost to avoid any friction, and try to make the war victims we are helping understand that the unfortunate changes brought about by the Red Cross methods are beyond our power to prevent” (143).

Often the vision of upper-class women involved in *noblesse oblige* charitable “good works” has a slightly smarmy aura; this was not the case with

Wharton's work. The charities she helped to found were all terribly needed, and did tangibly necessary work. They were practical responses to a series of crises produced by the war. In addition, Wharton involved herself not only in the conception of the organizations, but in the practical details, in the voluminous correspondence involved in fund raising, and in broadcasting the horrors of the war through her articles for *Scribner's*. The fact that she maintained her writing obligations in the middle of her exhausting relief work demands our attention and respect.

Price has insightful things to say regarding the accusations that Wharton's writing during the war suffered both from propagandistic qualities and from its scarcity. It is not surprising, given her daily witnessing of war's fruits, that she had an outraged and shrill message to deliver. It is also not surprising that she did not produce vast quantities of work during the war. However, she wrote the novella *Summer* during the war, and she did substantial work on novels completed later. Price balances his assessment well and gives a sensible retort to Wharton's critics on these issues.

For admirers of Wharton this is an enlarging and touching portrait of a respected author. For those who tend to disregard her as merely a novelist of "manners," this profile cannot help but change their opinion of Edith Wharton and demand a deeper consideration of her work's depth.

Western Warfare, 1775-1882. Jeremy Black. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 2001. 240 pp. \$45.00, cloth; \$19.95, paper

Reviewed by Michael S. Neiberg, United States Air Force Academy

Despite its title, Jeremy Black's *Western Warfare* represents a major contribution to the growing literature on the global dimensions of military history. Black's analysis includes detailed discussions of warfare in Latin America (a subject too often ignored in military history) as well as of European colonial operations in Africa and Asia. Although the periodization may seem unusual at first glance, it represents an age of growing European military dynamism in relation to the non-Western world. In 1775, Black argues, European expansion consistently encountered barriers. By the end of the book's period of study, most of these barriers, at least in a military sense, had been overcome, as France's conquest of Tunisia (1881) and Britain's conquest of Egypt (1882) demonstrate.

Black urges that western military history cannot be divorced from the international context of the wars that Europeans fought. States like Britain and France that fought extensively in the non-western world learned to fight differently than did nations like Prussia and Austria, whose main military concerns were continental. As Victor Davis Hanson has recently argued so coherently in his *Carnage and Culture*, western armies dominated military history. Like Hanson, Black rejects any simplistic explanations for their superiority that are centered around technology. Instead, he argues that during the period under study western armies underwent a non-linear process of change and adaptation that made them effective fighting forces.

Black's global contexts are the book's greatest strengths. He argues, for example, that the relative peace on the European continent after 1815 gave Great Britain the strategic flexibility to solidify its empire. France, on the other hand, had to recover from the devastation of the Napoleonic period and had to deal with challenges from neighbors like Prussia and Italy. France was therefore unable to concentrate as much effort on colonization. The French, of course, also had to devote considerable resources to suppressing domestic dissent, especially in 1830 and 1848. As Black sees the years 1815 to 1850 as the years of the most rapid expansion in military capability, France was at a significant disadvantage.

Colonialism, he argues, imparted a mindset in commanders that did not always serve them well in European combat. Imperial warfare taught commanders “the importance of seizing the initiative and of rapid attack in order to fix their often elusive opponents” (99). French marshals François Bazaine and Patrice MacMahon, both veterans of warfare in Africa, applied these principles in the 1870-1871 war with Prussia without success because disciplined Prussian infantry was neither elusive nor unfamiliar with French tactics.

Globalism is not his only context. Like Hanson, he sees western military superiority as rooted in a complex set of factors. The relative cohesion of western political forms, demographic change, and the development of a cultural and ideological affinity for imperialism must all be given their due. The growth of European economies after 1815 also played a tremendous role, giving Europeans a flexibility that few non-western states could afford.

Black's second major contribution is his argument that scholars should not look for a single paradigmatic European style of warfare in this period. Here his approach differs significantly from that of Hanson. Other scholars have attempted to use Prussia's victories in the Wars of German Unification to argue for Prussia as a model of European military development. Black argues instead that Prussia, devoid of a colonial empire and able to take advantage of France's preoccupation in the 1850s with Austria and Italy, was the anomaly. The use of irregulars in Greece and elsewhere, he contends, shows that not all Europeans desired to imitate the Prussians.

Western Warfare covers a great deal in just 187 pages of text. Having written a book of even shorter length on a wider span of time, I know how difficult it is to make the choices that Black has faced. To his great credit, Black covers as much as one scholar can in such a short book. Still, the brevity of the book necessarily means that many topics do not receive the attention they need.

Black also devotes more time than necessary to a quest for finding “modernity” in western warfare. This time would, in my opinion, have been better spent expanding on his two core arguments of international contexts and the dynamic nature of European civilization. Modern warfare, like total warfare, is an elusive concept that exists largely in the eye of the beholder. But these criticisms do not detract from the many merits of this admirable book. *Western Warfare* is an ambitious and wide-ranging work. Black has written a second volume on the same themes from 1882 to 1975. That volume, like the first, will continue to push the historiography in important and rewarding directions.

Prince of the Clouds. Gianni Riotta. Translated by Stephen Sartarelli, Illustrations by Matteo Pericoli. New York: Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 2000. 287 pp. \$24.00, cloth; \$13.00, paper.

Reviewed by Jennifer L. Randonis, University of Illinois at Chicago

Prince of the Clouds is a novel, translated into English from Italian by Stephen Sartarelli, directed at fans of sentimental romance and also at history buffs interested in the impact of World War II on private lives or in detailed descriptions of decisive battles in the history of warfare. Author Gianni Riotta, a novelist and journalist, sets his historical fiction in 1946 Palermo, and he explores the strange and bittersweet ways matters of love and war so often interlock. Here, in a lonely, isolated Sicilian city, readers enter the melancholy atmosphere of post-war life for retired Colonel Carlo Terzo, his dying wife Princess Emma Svyatoslava, of Russian nobility, and several other characters whose lives become interlocked due to unexpected circumstances created by the political discord, romance, and despair enveloping their small part of the world. For readers who enjoy the strangely romantic landscape of war fiction, such as in Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms*, then *Prince of the Clouds* offers a charming story about the turmoil created within wartime.

Colonel Terzo is a military strategist whose skill and enthusiasm as a scholar prevents him from fighting in real combat. Instead, he serves in the war as an official historian, compiling *The Official Encyclopedia of Battles* which will measure the battles and sieges of World War II against the battles of history. After Italy's defeat, Terzo and his wife withdraw to Palermo, where Terzo serves as a tutor for two young, idealist lovers, Salvatore Dragonara and Fiore Mastema, who are being kept apart by her mother, the Duchess Luminosa Mastema. He also continues writing his *Manual for Strategic Living*, in which he plans to illustrate how all people can apply the lessons gleaned from war to peaceful everyday living: "The warrior's precept is to be everywhere, resigned to hardship, decisive in conflict. Isn't a precept that can save us in war also useful in peacetime? This, in short, is my method" (12). When by accident the Colonel and his friends are caught up in a peasant revolt against a cruel landowner, Terzo must at last face real combat and test his theories about war in order to save his loved ones from real danger and possible death. This episode challenges Terzo's knowledge of himself and the world in which he lives since all he knows stems from strategic theories.

Riotta's masterful recreation of scenes drawn from the military history of great ancient and modern battles and famous strategists, which Terzo is teaching to Salvatore, is the highpoint of this novel. Terzo perceives in the maneuvers of the greatest war strategists—Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Genghis Khan, Napoleon Bonaparte, and others—how to dwell in a war-torn world:

In your everyday life, as in the fiercest of battles—say, Hastings, October 14, 1066, or Omaha Beach, Normandy, June 6, 1944—we can find details, invisible at first glance yet clear as day if carefully studied, that explain how one wins and one loses, how ephemeral the line between victory and defeat really is, and how, for the slightest thing, we end up crossing it. (50-51)

Terzo, who seems so conventional and inhibited, transforms into an impassioned poet and storyteller able to captivate his audience when describing accounts of armed conflict:

The officers at the most advanced positions try to resist, but lose ground in the face of the carousels of Desaix's hussars. Unsure, they fall back to seek advice. Who had ever heard of an enemy starting to fight a lost battle all over again, as if they wanted to win it? Whatever happened to the logic of the field of conflict, codified by the Greeks at Marathon—the unity of time, place, and action, as in Aristotle's notion of tragedy, where whoever wins by evening triumphs and whoever loses dies? Baron Melas arrived in Alessandria, satisfied with his success, ready for a nap and then some supper, already tasting the honors.... (33)

By having his narrator describe past and eventually more recent battles so vividly, Riotta makes readers feel as if they too are Terzo's pupils, awaiting the teacher's wise analysis of the outcome and aftermath of each battle. Along with Terzo, readers relive some of the greatest battles in history, such as the Battle of Crècy during the Hundred Years War and the Battle of Gettysburg from the American Civil War. The result of this style of writing is an engaging combination of both sentimental and historical fiction, and Riotta preserves how the reality of war, and of World War II in particular, affects ordinary people who rise to acts of heroism unexpectedly.

Riotta includes real battles drawn from the history of warfare, including World War II that serves as the setting of the novel, which makes the novel feel more realistic than a romance, as Terzo shares both the horrors and heroism of warfare. However, the many moments of melodrama and sentimentality would be distracting to readers primarily interested in the accounts of tactical strategy. To Riotta's credit, he maintains the correlation between Terzo's obsession with recreating military history and the romance plots, including the odd and bittersweet love between Terzo and Emma. After all, Terzo's main objective is to show how the art of war translates into the art of life, and what better way to illustrate than through a love story?

The Yokota Officers Club. Sarah Bird. New York: Knopf, 2001. 368 pp. \$23.00, cloth.

Reviewed by Stephen J. Rippon, United States Air Force Academy

We come across a great deal of war literature by or about those who struggle with the aftermath of one combat tour, who leave the military shortly afterwards. The possible consequences of a career in the military appear to be a less inspiring topic; but now, in Sarah Bird's novel *The Yokota Officers Club*, we have an exploration of how a military career leaves a family rootless and longing to make sense of their past.

The Yokota Officers Club opens with the narrator, Bernadette "Bemie" Root, returning to her family at Kadena Air Base, Okinawa, the summer after her freshman year in college. After Bernie rejoins her family, her father leads the family in a bizarre ritual of synchronizing their watches to his. While it makes for a striking chapter-closing image, I thought it was too reminiscent of the title character in Pat Conroy's maudlin *The Great Santini*. Thankfully, the watch-synchronization episode turns out to be the only false note I encountered.

The strength of *The Yokota Officers Club* lies not in recounting the antics of the military father, but in presenting us with a profound meditation on displacement and memory. The structure of Bird's fifth novel is well-suited for an exploration of memory: the opening half of the novel only touches on the past, as we see the family's present unhappiness in Okinawa. In the second half, as Bernie leaves her family to go on tour dancing at military clubs in mainland Japan, the novel more fully explores how the family's problems began during their first tour in Japan.

The Roots had been stationed at Yokota Air Base twelve years before, when Bernie's father was a well-regarded reconnaissance pilot. That first tour concluded suddenly and mysteriously, resulting in Root's never flying again. From then on, he trudged through a series of "ground-pounder" jobs, having to move his wife and six children annually. Now in Okinawa, Major Root serves as a "community liaison officer"—not a desirable position, and a dead-end job promotion-wise. Bernie is equally out of her element, having been in an antiwar organization called "Damsels in Dissent" at college. Now, in Okinawa, she wakes up in the middle of the night to sit on the porch with her mother, watching the C-141s take off to support the Vietnam War.

Reluctantly, Bernie enters a dance contest for military dependents at her mother's insistence and beats out her younger sister. The reward? A chance to travel with a washed-up entertainer on the military club circuit and dance in between his comedy routines. Through her travel, especially at Yokota Air Base, Bernie explores her family's past. While such a plot may seem contrived on Bird's part, Bernie's tour actually represents the texture of the military life faithfully. In a military career, life has a way of looping back on itself; the limited number of bases means that we continually return to old haunts and run into old acquaintances.

When the tour takes them to Yokota, Bernie seeks out her family's former maid, Fumiko, and finds she is now a prostitute. Bernie never understood why the family never spoke Fumiko's name after they left Yokota, nor why leaving Yokota marked a significant downturn in her father's career, but as she spends time talking with Fumiko, she pieces fragments of memory together. Fumiko's story of the devastation in Japan during World War II and its aftermath—a singularly memorable passage in the novel—explains how she first came into contact with United States Air Force personnel. It culminates with her account of her service as a prostitute to the man who would become Bernie's father's squadron commander and who later would get her a job as a maid for Bernie's family. This same man, with Fumiko, would play a part in Root's subsequent diminished status.

Bird enriches her novel with a sensitivity to cultural issues: she depicts the squalor that results near America's military bases, as in Okinawa, and she captures non-native-English-speaker dialogue exceedingly well.

The novel's main source of richness, however, is its juxtaposition of the fictional present with the memory of past events that occurred in the same place and that account for the family's present state. But Bird is too smart a writer to offer a simplistic explanation. Bird's novel depicts a number of contributing factors: sibling rivalry, the parents' unfulfilled career ambitions, the cattiness of officers' wives clubs, and the military's futile attempts to keep its members and dependents entertained amidst the reality of war and death. Bird's own background as an Air Force brat undoubtedly has helped her capture such facets of Cold War military life.

Some of the most poignant articulations of the novel's themes come after Bernie returns to Yokota Air Base. When the entertainer she's accompanying calls it her "hometown," Bernie replies,

Are you a complete moron? This is not my *hometown*. A hometown is where you go back and they remember you from when you were a kid.

This is like being Jewish and going back to Krakow or something. All the buildings are the same, but everyone you ever knew is dead or PCSed, which amounts to the same thing. For me, Yokota is a fully populated ghost town. (266)

As she prepares for her performance at the Yokota Officers Club—the scene of the blow-up that catalyzed her family’s misfortunes—Bernie feels a strange sense of sympathy for the officers and wives assembled there. After the comedian’s jokes about Vietnam fall flat, Bernie asks the band to play Van Morrison’s “Brown-eyed Girl” for her dance routine instead of the usual “I Love that Rock and Roll Music.” She reasons,

I am a visitor from the future. I am the only one of this tribe, my tribe, who knows that they have been overtaken by history. That none of the promises they based their lives on will ever be fulfilled [. . .] The very least I can give my tribe is the truth about the country they will return to, the truth about their children, the truth about me. (355)

Upon arriving at Yokota Air Base after her long absence, Bernie had reflected: “For the first time, I notice how crummy everything is [. . .] it’s a whole world created for and by people like me who are just passing through, whose only lasting monuments to quality, to beauty, sit out on runways” (243). Now, even as our Cold War aircraft rust, we have in *The Yokota Officers Club* a more lasting, literary monument to a lost childhood, to places that exist only in memory.

Air Power: Promise and Reality. Edited by Mark K. Wells. Chicago: Imprint Publications, 2000. xv + 339 pp. \$39.95, paper.

Reviewed by Douglas C. Rodgers, Offutt Air Force Base, Nebraska

Air Power: Promise and Reality is a must-read for all air power enthusiasts. It's an excellent reference for those considering air power's purpose, relevance, and ability to support national security objectives. It provides a concise history through a series of essays covering the evolution of air power from 1903 through the Gulf War in 1991. By highlighting the vital and dynamic links between technology, doctrine, organization, leadership, and vision, *Air Power: Promise and Reality* describes air power's maturation as a significant element of the United States' unmatched warfighting capability.

The book consists of 15 essays in four sections, covering the evolution of air power, its role in World War II, the changes which drove strategic focus in the US Air Force, and air power's role during and after the Cold War. All provide useful insights, but two essays stand out for their treatment of the implications of leadership, technology, and doctrine on air power's evolution.

Horst Boog's essay, "Higher Command and Leadership in the Luftwaffe, 1935-1945," discusses leadership defects in the Luftwaffe during World War II. These significant flaws prevented the Luftwaffe from serving as the decisive arm of the German armed forces. Looking at three areas of concern, Boog shows that a narrow focus on operations and tactics on the part of senior Luftwaffe commanders led to disastrous results for German forces.

Boog first looks at the area of leadership training. Although senior leadership desired universally educated, independent thinkers for general staff officers, changes in the German Air War Academy curriculum negated this. Required courses in topics such as armament, economics, industrial operations, and mechanics were all deleted (111). Military history was "taught only to illustrate operational and tactical problems. It did not examine the interdependence among politics, economics, and warfare at the level of grand strategy" (111-112).

Support functions also suffered as a result of blinkered thinking by Luftwaffe leadership. According to Boog, such functions as logistics, training, intelligence, and technology were nearly excluded from command consideration (114). In fact, General Jeschonnek, Chief of the Luftwaffe General Staff, built a staff focused on elements he felt were essential to operations while "jettison[ing] as 'ballast' and unnecessary for the immediate purposes of air operations the training, signal communications, and medical inspectorates as well as the civilian air defense staff" (119). The result, Boog implies, was a decrease in staff expertise in these functions.

Finally, the hierarchy gave far too much weight to tactics at the expense of technologies. This affected potential Luftwaffe war-fighting capabilities. Two elements contributed to this weakness. First, senior staff felt engineers should provide the required expertise necessary for emerging technologies and thus allow the staff to focus on operations. However, as engineers were relatively unimportant in the Luftwaffe, their knowledge could not make a significant impact (125). Secondly, the reduced technical training of general staff officers left them unprepared to deal with technological changes (115).

Throughout this essay Boog suggests leadership, although not an exact science, is key to an organization's success. Moreover, whether leadership creates the vision to serve as technological roadmap or simply provides subordinates with the knowledge necessary to organize, train, equip and fight, that leadership must focus its energies broadly enough to develop and guide the entire military force. A narrow leadership perspective, as Boog shows, impairs war-fighting capability.

A second important essay in the collection is Robert Perry's "The Interaction of Technology and Doctrine in the U.S. Air Force." It outlines the complex relationship between technology and doctrine in the Air Force, focusing on three core ideas. The first is that useful military weapons most often result from already proven technologies. Second, the development of Air Force doctrine since World War II has been greatly influenced by assumptions about the rate and direction of new weapon technologies. Finally, problems with both technology and the development of doctrine occur because Air Force leaders do not understand the consequences of basing doctrine on unproven technologies (205).

To support his core ideas, Perry chronicles the intercontinental ballistic missile (ICBM) development program. Beginning in 1948, Air Force planners assumed bombers would dominate the strategic (or nuclear) force structure, followed eventually by intercontinental cruise missiles, and lastly by ICBMs (209). However, senior decision-makers also believed ICBM development would evolve from the cruise missile. Initial efforts focused primarily on developing the cruise missile, though Air Force leadership did not understand most technology required for ICBMs was currently available and that cruise missile development was much more complex than originally envisioned (210).

By 1953, the Department of Defense believed it could develop ICBMs within a four- to five-year period instead of the fifteen years initially assessed. Because cruise missiles were thought to be the future, the Air Force did not initiate a ballistic missile program until 1955, fearing ICBM funds would decrease the share of funding for the cruise missile, the weapon of choice (212). This delay was significant as ICBMs became, by 1963, the "nation's chief instruments of strategic warfare,

entrenched so securely in both doctrine and force structure that proposals for alternatives or supplemental strategic weapons encountered impressive objections” (213). Although technology supports this decision, doctrinal squabbles caused turmoil within Air Force leadership. Perry says of the decision to build ICBMs: “For the next decade, many of the wide-ranging consequences of that decision were ignored; institutional infighting was frequent, as though the most important national issue was whether the airplane drivers or the missile sitters should rule the Air Force” (213). This infighting grew from the realization, by the end of 1963, that, contrary to the established doctrine that bombers would be followed by long-range cruise missiles and then ICBMs, very few existing jet-powered strategic bombers would be replaced due to budget constraints (211). Technological complications with cruise missiles also added to planners’ consternation. These technical difficulties didn’t allow cruise missiles to achieve the doctrinal status envisioned; instead, cruise missiles were overtaken and replaced by ICBMs as the premier nuclear weapon delivery system. Cruise missiles thus “became quaint themes for military historians because guidance, propulsion, and reliability elements refused to conform to the expectations of those who prepared strategic doctrine” (216).

The ICBM example highlights the symbiosis between technology and doctrine—a relationship that is at the same time uncertain, as Perry points out: “the assumption that technology and doctrine will alike change in traditional, evolutionary ways is comfortable, but it is not necessarily true” (217).

This essay is immediately relevant to our national security environment. The Air Force is struggling with its role in an evolving joint doctrine. At the same time we try to justify the purchase of advanced fighter aircraft, space control systems, and information warfare technologies, the national security strategy is shifting from being able to wage war in two simultaneous major conventional conflicts to projecting power globally from the continental United States. Existing doctrine favors air superiority over almost all other forms of aerospace warfare; we therefore face difficult and emotional decisions. The relationship of technology and doctrine, as highlighted in Perry’s essay, requires an unemotional evaluation of air superiority’s requirements.

Air power’s history, as discussed in this book, suggests a balance must be struck between leadership, technology, and doctrine. Balanced properly, these elements will lead to air power’s success.

World Wars Through the Female Gaze. Jean Gallagher. Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1998. xi + 191 pp. \$34.95, cloth; \$19.95, paper.

Reviewed by Deborah Schmitt, United States Air Force Academy

The historical study of both world wars from a military perspective is a familiar story. However, few writers have paid particular attention to the role of women in war and especially of civilian women who were eyewitnesses to the total mobilization and the trauma of conflict in Europe between 1914 and 1945. Jean Gallagher analyzes the written and visual contributions of several American women who illuminate the tensions of being female observers of a primarily male dominated arena of violence.

Feminist critical theory and the role of speculative analysis serve as the basis for Gallagher's rich interpretation in *World Wars Through the Female Gaze*. This is a vivid, comprehensive, and intellectually challenging analysis of major themes in women's studies. These themes include but are not limited to the female voice in wartime society, the political nature of gender and sexuality, the power of photographic representation of the human body and propaganda, and most importantly the confusion surrounding the interpretation of what is "visually" experienced by female war writers.

According to Gallagher, much of the recent work on gender and war has made clear that the wartime experiences of noncombatants provides important material for understanding war and for exploring the intersecting ideologies of war and gender. Vision is one of the crucial elements that traditionally marked the gendered division of war experience: men "see battle"; women, as noncombatants *par excellence*, do not. Women are generally considered passive spectators of war and thus less authoritative on the nature of violence and its impacts. In her selection of primary accounts, novels and photographs in this text, it is clearly evident that many women were not "passive" or reticent about their positions regarding the important issues surrounding war.

The impression left by Gallagher of the female gaze is one of confusion, tension and complexity. The two texts by Edith Wharton from World War I exemplify the difficulties of accurately portraying the spectacle of mobilized France while evoking powerful images that will fire American support for the Allies in Europe. Wharton tackles this

difficult job by pointing her readers to real and imagined battle scenarios. Martha Gellhorn's novel *A Stricken Field* explores the nature of gender and fascism in the Third Reich. According to Gallagher, Gellhorn expertly portrays the dichotomy between fascist ideology and fascist imagination and its importance in controlling female sexuality. Readers will find passages in Gallagher that excite and trouble our own imaginations of the period: "The female Communist is the 'Riflewoman,' the 'proletarian whore' of the Red Army who represents to the 'soldier males' a chain of threatening signifiers that circle around female sexuality and the dangerous politics with which it is associated: the conflated threats of uncontrolled sexuality, filth, the loss of boundaries, violence, castration, and communism."

Perhaps the most titillating discussion of wartime correspondence is the analysis of Lee Miller's photography for *Vogue* during the Second World War. Gallagher provides key photographs from the author's collection and guides the reader through the visual deconstruction of French surrealism. What is new and different from the literature of World War I is the freedom and liberatory possibilities open to the female subject on either side of the lens. Miller stretches the boundaries of visual representation through manipulation of her camera and its view of women in Paris during the war and later in her photographs of the concentration camps. It is obvious that Gallagher appreciates the power of pictures: "Miller's photographs constantly experimented with the positioning and constructing of a wartime subject within and outside the photograph's frame. Her work shows an abiding concern with distance and proximity, identification and difference, the unstable relation of figure to ground, in order to inscribe a female viewer who would as far as possible take into account the enormous damage of war to the human body." This chapter's analysis is easier to follow because Lee Miller's pictures are included in the text.

Gallagher's work is built upon a thorough and impressive understanding of research related to gender and war, as well as how war illuminates and recasts the workings of gender. Her tools of analysis are literary and pictorial deconstruction with the aim of uncovering real or imagined visual activity by American women in Europe between 1914 and 1945. It is readily apparent that she is excited by the complex ideas of the period and the many ways in which women fought political and social manipulation through literary and photographic means. In each of the cases, Gallagher illuminates the struggles of the female observer to

deal with the attractions, promises, limitations, difficulties, contradictions, and trauma of wartime visibility.

The flaws in *World Wars Through the Female Gaze* are few and minor. In the early chapters, Gallagher sets up her framework for discussing the texts and images but the methodology is often difficult to follow because of her highly technical language on specular analysis within a textual context. Initially the concepts of how “a gaze is simply not an act of vision, but a site of crisscrossing meanings in which the effects of power relations are displayed” seem loaded with assumptions that are not readily understood by the uninitiated. However, her analysis of the selected texts and images is profound and thought provoking. This book will be especially appealing for anyone interested in the role of women artists. I would recommend this book for a course on wartime literature or a humanities special offering on society and war.

Home to War: A History of the Vietnam Veterans' Movement. Gerald Nicosia. New York: Crown Publishers, 2001. 688 pp. \$35.00, cloth; \$17.95, paper.

Reviewed by John Shaw, United States Air Force Academy

Gerald Nicosia's *Home to War* in many ways mirrors the Vietnam War itself: it goes on forever, argues with passion rather than detached objectivity, transposes common perceptions of Viet Vets and the Establishment, and leaves the reader feeling a bit dirty and ashamed. Despite all that, it is still a book worth reading about a largely ignored aspect of America's involvement in Indochina.

Nicosia was a college student and self-admitted "activist" during the war who avoided flight to Canada when the draft expired a few months before he became eligible. Today he is an observer of the literary scene, a specialist in Beat and Vietnam literature. *Home to War* is the fruit of "more than ten years, 50,000 miles, and 600-plus interviews" (9). Nicosia is open in his preferences: the Vietnam veterans, despite warts, criminal records, or character flaws, are his heroes, while Congress and every administration from LBJ on are the villains. Nicosia, however, saves his harshest criticisms for the Veterans Administration (VA). It is this aspect of the book that is at once the most disturbing and most valuable.

Returning veterans found themselves ostracized by American society and ignored by the VA, ostensibly the one federal agency that should have been most concerned with their welfare. Nicosia recounts in numbing detail the Vets' struggles to get first the American Psychiatric Association (APA) and then the VA to recognize what is now called post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD): without APA acknowledgement of PTSD as a valid condition, the VA would not authorize any treatments of or compensation for it. As a result, thousands of veterans suffered needlessly throughout the 1970s and 1980s.

Other areas Nicosia examines are the various Vietnam veterans' movements during the war itself, seeking to end American involvement in the fighting; the search for federal help during the 1970s, when the older World War II veterans' interests dominated debates over veteran assistance; and, the clashes between the Vets over both goals and means, complicated by personalities and tight funding.

The final subject is the Agent Orange issue, where Nicosia makes a major contribution to the literature. His portrayal is damning: the major US chemical companies knew the dangers of dioxin, the active ingredient in the herbicides.

Worse, because legal damages could run into the tens of billions of dollars, both they and the US Government first withheld information and then denied all charges that veterans' and their families' severe health problems (particularly cancers and their children's abnormally high rate of birth defects) could be the result of defoliants' use in Vietnam. Dioxin in US communities was a major concern during the post-war decades (Love Canal and the Superfund sites, for example), but soldiers' claims were less plausible or pressing; Vietnamese concerns were totally ignored. Ultimately, the chemical companies paid a pittance of possible liabilities; contaminated Vets and their families were virtually unaided. The issue refuses to die, though: in July 2000 the US finally agreed to a joint study of Agent Orange with Vietnam, thirty-five years after American herbicides destroyed 14% of South Vietnam's forests.

A disturbing post-script to Nicosia's account concerns the "Gulf War Syndrome." Nicosia shows that the VA's loss of credibility over Agent Orange hamstrung its assertions during the 1990s regarding any effects from possible nerve gas or other chemical exposures in the war with Iraq. Since *Home to War's* publication, the chickens have come home to roost. In September 2001, the VA's Environmental Epidemiology Service (the same office that for twenty-plus years rejected the possibility of Agent Orange-induced illnesses) again denied any linkage between possible nerve gas exposure and post-war veteran mortality. However, a 21 February 2002 VA report indicates soldiers on the initial "exposed" list have been dying at rates almost ten times higher than soldiers on the Pentagon's revised "exposed" list. The VA Secretary and DoD's top civilian health official are looking at these discrepancies, an interesting reversal given those departments' denials over the past decade of any such linkage.

Nicosia has axes to grind, and makes no effort to present the other side of his story. Instead, depicting the Vets and their struggles with compassion, he makes readers confront just how badly American society treated those it sent to fight and die on its behalf. Would that he had done so in half as many pages.

The Civil War Trilogy: Gods and Generals/The Killer Angels/The Last Full Measure. Michael Shaara, Jeff Shaara. New York: Ballantine Books, 1999. 1432 pp. \$40.00, paper (boxed set).

Reviewed by Vance R. Skarstedt, United States Air Force Academy

The American Civil War will always remain a bottomless well of subjects for authors, playwrights, and historians. From *Gone With the Wind* to *Gettysburg*, writers and moviemakers recreate the drama and tragedy of the Civil War through fiction and historical analysis. The Civil War trilogy by the tag-team of Michael Shaara and his son Jeff Shaara combines fiction with fact and recreates the Civil War as seen through the eyes of the war's major combatants, including Robert E. Lee, James Longstreet, U.S. Grant, and the hero of Little Round Top, Joshua Chamberlain. In *Gods and Generals*, *The Killer Angels*, and *The Last Full Measure* the reader gets an overwhelming sense of the emotion of combat and responsibility of command experienced by the characters. Neither of the authors were ever historians and both go out of their way to disclaim these works as historic references. However, both pay close attention to the military history surrounding their stories. The reader must remember, though, that this trilogy is more akin to Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage* than to James McPherson's history of the Civil War, *Battle Cry of Freedom*.

The trilogy's chronological order starts with *Gods and Generals* by Jeff Shaara. It covers the period from Lee's last days as a United States Army officer to his decision after Chancellorsville to march north. Next comes *The Killer Angels* by Michael Shaara, which focuses entirely on the Army of Northern Virginia's ill-fated Gettysburg campaign. The final book, *The Last Full Measure*, again by Jeff Shaara, picks up with Lee's retreat from Gettysburg and ends with the major figures who survived the war reflecting on their service and the role the American Civil War played in history. The trilogy need not be read in order and each of these books can be enjoyed on its own.

Published in 1974, Michael Shaara's *The Killer Angels* was the first book of this trilogy, won the Pulitzer Prize, and served as the basis for the successful 1993 movie *Gettysburg* produced by Ted Turner. Before his death in 1988 Michael Shaara stated that the only changes to history he consciously made were efforts to update the language and make it more readable for today's audience. Anyone familiar with nineteenth-century lexicon can see he did this extremely well. The verbal style of the time was much more ornate and wordy. Even something as straight-

forward as a naval report discussed successful gunnery as “aiming at every point in the circumference, without the fear of hitting a friend or missing an enemy.” Shaara succeeds in pitching the language of Lee, Chamberlain, Longstreet, Hancock, and his other characters so that they sound as if they’re of a different age yet speak to a twentieth-century audience. He keeps intact the known quotes from the battle while subtly modernizing the dialogue and reflections of his historic characters. Shaara touches on the main events of the battle from the opening engagement to Pickett’s charge and, without benefit of any historic overview, conveys what happened through the personal experiences of his characters.

Jeff Shaara, Michael’s son, did not have the same literary training or experience of his father. He spent most of his professional life as a businessman. After his father’s death Jeff took over management of the family estate and became fascinated by the Civil War. During the filming of *Gettysburg* Jeff and the film’s director, Ron Maxwell, became friends and Maxwell encouraged Jeff to continue his father’s successful efforts to humanize the Civil War. The result was *Gods and Generals* and *The Last Full Measure*. The younger Shaara adopts the same methodology as his father in that he presents an intensely personal view of the generals and their battles. However, unlike his father, who covered one battle and four days in the war, Jeff tries to cover multiple battles—in fact, all of the battles of the East except Gettysburg. Jeff does a fair job of recreating his father’s voice, but the reader will see that it is easier to tell a story of personal interaction taking place over four days than four years.

To achieve consistency in covering such a long period of time, the younger Shaara focuses on the inner battles of his characters throughout both stories. He dwells a bit much on Lee’s physical woes and agonizing self-examination. One is left with the impression Lee spent the entire war in a state of depression, about to knock on death’s door. Given Lee’s mixed views of the Confederacy Jeff’s portrayal has validity, but in both works, Lee’s inner struggles dominate the story and take away from the dynamic events of the battles themselves.

The literary difference between the two Shaaras is not significant enough to take away from the overall substance of these books. They are must-reads for any Civil War buff and should stimulate an interest in anyone not familiar with the war. Both authors present fascinating scenarios of events we know took place but cannot read much about in actual history: Lee’s thoughts as he retreated from Gettysburg, Hancock’s reaction to Armistead’s death, Longstreet’s reservations about Pickett’s charge, Union of-

ficers' dismay over Fredericksburg, the death of JEB Stuart, and Lee's emotions when he turned down Winfield Scott's offer to command Union forces.

The most significant accomplishment of this trilogy is how well it portrays the thought processes that led to critical decisions in battle. The major battles in these books include the Seven Days, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness Campaign, and the siege of Petersburg among others. Both the Shaaras splendidly describe how bits of information made their way to commanding officers, how they pieced this information together to determine the strength and location of the enemy, and how Civil War commanders anticipated the enemy's next move. No better portrayal of the Clausewitzian principles of fog and friction exists than in this trilogy.

Perhaps the most confusing and tragic battle of the Civil War took place in Northern Virginia in an area known as the Wilderness. Both armies stumbled around in thick brush and smoke while wounded soldiers burned to death in wild fires or were simply lost. Officers had to rely on compasses to find their own headquarters and commanders on both sides fought with little knowledge of where their own troops were, let alone the enemy. In *The Last Full Measure*, Jeff Shaara conveys the confusion and frustration felt by both Lee and Grant as they tried to figure out the best way to get at each other. Here's one snapshot of Lee:

To the north along the river there was a small wave of musket fire, scattered thunder from big guns. Lee looked that way, knew that Grant's men had filled the woods between Hill and the river, thought, They should not be there, they should be on the other side of the river. He felt the anger again, stared hard at the sounds. Some dark place inside of him was suddenly boiling up, the control slipping away. He looked at Hill, the weakness, the frailty, one more failure, and he felt his voice rise, bursting out of him. "General Hill, why did you not do as Jackson would have done?" (251)

This type of drama makes an icon of history like Robert E. Lee very human. The frustrations, the loss of temper, the emotions that any human being would feel under these conditions are clearly illustrated.

All three books also do a credible job of relating how the antagonists feel about each other. The reader can sense Grant's satisfaction at defeating Lee, a man for whom he had great respect but still slightly resented for a perceived condescension when they were together under Scott in Mexico. We see Grant's worry over

the news that his old friend James Longstreet of the Confederacy has been wounded; he refers to Longstreet in his thoughts as “Old Pete.” Conversations such as the one between Confederate General Heth and Lee, in which Heth discusses his engagement at Gettysburg and refers to his Union adversaries by their familiar names, conveys perhaps a subconscious need on the part of the commanders to diminish the war’s heavy toll in human life. After all, such dialogue suggests, those boys on the other side are all just old friends. All of these anecdotes, mostly based on history, make these books exceptionally entertaining and real in a way most historical accounts can’t.

Despite some minor liberties taken with history, the Shaara trilogy fills in the drama that pure history usually leaves out. Michael Shaara paraphrased Stephen Crane when he wrote in *The Killer Angels* introduction that reading cold history was not enough. To appreciate battle, one should know what it was like to actually be there. Through literary license Michael and Jeff Shaara succeed in doing that. Their respect for history is evident and their prose makes the monumental characters they portray human without diminishing their place in history.

Rise to Rebellion: A Novel of the American Revolution. Jeff Shaara. New York: Ballantine Books, 2001. 512 pp. \$26.95, cloth; \$7.99, paper.

Reviewed by Vance R. Skarstedt, United States Air Force Academy

Oh, how we love to recreate history's movers in our own image. Such is the case in Jeff Shaara's masterfully written work *Rise to Rebellion*. An example is the author's treatment of John Adams. Adams possessed a brilliant legal mind and the Massachusetts state constitution he created in 1780 became a model for the Constitution that still holds this country together. However, like many talented people, Adams was temperamental and difficult to get along with. His own son referred to him as, "cold, austere and foreboding." Benjamin Franklin said Adams was, in some things, "absolutely out of his senses," and Alexander Hamilton described him as "liable to paroxysms of anger which deprive him of self command." Adams didn't think much of Hamilton either and referred to him as an "upstart Scottish bastard."

But Shaara's Adams is the kinder, gentler Adams who was torn between his love for family and love for countrymen. Shaara's Adams possesses none of the character traits the French minister Vergennes listed as, "stubbornness, a pedantry, a self-sufficiency and a self-conceit which render him incapable of handling political questions," when he asked congress to remove Adams as ambassador to France during the American Revolution. Instead, the Adams of Shaara's book would make a great leading character on any family-oriented sitcom and his wife Abigail the perfect modern mother deftly balancing the responsibilities of motherhood and keeping the farm going while John is off creating a new nation:

As the law practice had grown and Adams found the days suddenly too short of hours for the work he had contracted, he yearned for the proper excuse, the legitimate cause, to leave his office in Boston and return to the quiet of the family home in Braintree...Abigail would return to the more peaceful place, close to her own family, away from the turmoil that still infected Boston...As the time came for the carriage to be loaded, for the very pregnant wife and the two small children to gather together for the sad good-bye, it had taken only one look from her, one silent request, and the argument had dissolved. He had driven the carriage himself.

A very poignant description of John Adams taking Abigail and his children away to safety as the differences with Britain grew more intense. However, this image differs from the couple that, only a few years later, expresses annoyance over the country's celebration of George Washington's birthday while ignoring that of the then-current president, John Adams.

Despite overlooking the personality flaws of Adams and most of the other colonial and British players in the revolutionary drama, Shaara again does a wonderful job of exciting the imagination towards history and those little-known, but fascinating events. As in his other historical dramas, Shaara recreates anecdotes. We may know that John Adams defended in court those British soldiers accused of murder during the infamous "Boston Massacre," but Shaara takes us into the courtroom and meetings in which Adams planned their successful defense.

Rise to Rebellion begins with that unfortunate incident and concludes with George Washington contemplating the future shortly after the Declaration of Independence in 1776. In between, the reader is treated to the many dramas and experiences of those grappling with the slow dissolution of Britain's colonial system in North America. We see Benjamin Franklin trying to measure the intent of the British ministers while representing the colonies in London; and the arguments between him and his oldest son William, an ardent loyalist. Shaara takes a sympathetic view of the primary British character, military governor of Massachusetts Thomas Gage. In *Rise*, Gage is a harried commander putting up with intrusive directives from London while trying to rationalize New York society's snubbing his New Jersey-born, colonial wife. Perhaps it is this mix of colonial and royal pressure that led to historical judgment of Gage as one of notable mediocrity. Samuel Adams, whom historian Samuel Elliot Morrison described as "resembling in several respects the communist agitators of our time," serves as a calming arbitrator of differences between the founding fathers and is so effective his distant cousin John thinks to himself: "Well done Sam. Despite what may have happened in Boston, here we are, gentlemen still."

All this would be well and good if it were not for the fact that, as historians like Joseph Ellis and others point out, the founding fathers were not as collegial and charismatic as Parson Weems and other early chroniclers of American history would have us believe. Sam Adams had a "high, quavering voice" and limited himself to writing pamphlets and speeches delivered by more gifted orators of the Sons of Liberty like Joseph Warren and James Otis. Shaara's portrayal of these and others in the movement would have been more complete had he incorporated their use of propaganda and intimidation and shown how far ahead of their time the Sons were in understanding what moved popular opinion. Instead Shaara

relies on their 21st-century-like warmth, sensitivity, and magnetism; attributes most historians don't believe they possessed.

Shaara states in the introduction that *Rise to Rebellion* is the first in a two part series dealing with the American Revolution. Let's hope that in the next segment he follows the model he used effectively in discussing the post Bunker Hill military atmosphere in *Rise* rather than the idealized one he used to describe the political actors. In one of the few sections of *Rise* that is truly realistic, Shaara marvelously describes not only the confusion that characterized the battle around Breed's and Bunker Hills, he also brings to light the frustration of the front line colonial commander, William Prescott, at not having any support from the other colonial commanders, Israel Putnam and Artemas Ward. Shaara also pulls no punches when he reveals the outright jealousy felt towards Washington by Ward and others who believed they were more qualified to command the Continental Army.

Such mistrust and maneuvering often plagued Washington. At times, keeping his army together proved more of a challenge than defeating the British. He sometimes had to use the militia of one state to quell the mutiny of another. Subordinates such as Horatio Gates led political campaigns to have Washington fired and one of his most trusted and talented field commanders, Benedict Arnold, betrayed him to the enemy. Though not clever like Franklin or brilliant like Jefferson, Washington commanded immense respect by the end of the war. What he overcame to achieve that respect should be the story of Shaara's sequel to *Rise*.

The Best Alternate History Stories of the 20th Century. Edited by Harry Turtledove. New York: Del Rey, 2001. 448 pp. \$18.00, paper.

Reviewed by Jeff Stamp, United States Air Force Academy

I once mused with a colleague that one of the reasons we became historians was that we both love the “What if?” game. In military history (our particular specialty), there seems to be no end to that line of inquiry: What if Napoleon had won at Waterloo? What if Alexander the Great hadn’t died so young? What if....?

Dr. Harry Turtledove, a Byzantine historian, introduces *The Best Alternate History Stories of the 20th Century* with a brief but informative essay beginning with those same two words, “What if?” and follows the evolution of alternate history as a literary genre. The introduction is worth reading for itself, and sets the stage for a superb collection of short stories and novellas that ask “what if” some point of history had diverged from what we know? What would the consequences have been at a global or personal level?

It’s easy to see why the editors chose most of the 14 stories included in this volume, presenting at once a wide sampling of alternative timelines and some truly outstanding examples of the science fiction short story form, regardless of theme. Personal favorites include Turtledove’s “Islands in the Sea,” describing how an earlier fall of Constantinople could have affected the course of western civilization, and Poul Anderson’s “Eutopia,” a Twilight Zone-ish trip through multiple alternate realities. Susan Schwartz’s “Suppose They Gave a Peace” brings home to middle-class America what a difference a president could make, and William Sanders’ “The Undiscovered” is simultaneously intriguing and laugh-out-loud amusing. Brad Linaweaver’s “Moon of Ice” and Ward Moore’s “Bring the Jubilee,” early classics of the genre, are both present, respectively depicting the effects of hypothetical Nazi and Confederate victories.

Nevertheless, the collection is not flawless. Two stories had no obvious connection to alternate history, although most sci-fi fans will enjoy them anyway. The genre is still developing, even in the context of “mainstream” science fiction, and there is really no hard-and-fast definition of what constitutes alternate history. That fact alone made the editors’ task difficult; the other problem is inherent to the story type. To describe an alternative timeline and still create an engaging tale (rather than a travelogue) requires more space than most authors can comfort-

ably cram into a short story. Hence, many of the stories selected use time travel as a convenient device to afford the reader a glimpse of alternate universes rather than thoroughly exploring them. Despite this possible frustration for the genre's "purists," the book still lives up to its title.

The only caveat I would offer in recommending the book depends on what a reader is looking for. *The Best Alternate History Stories* is science fiction and, while thoughtful, primarily entertainment. A reader seeking scholarly essays on the possible different outcomes of, for instance, various military campaigns, might be interested in the *What if?* series, edited by Robert Cowley. However, the difference is really an apples-and-oranges question of a personal preference for literature or scholarly writing.

The Best Alternate History Stories of the 20th Century is a collection almost any science fiction fan, or historical enthusiast for that matter, would want on his or her shelf, providing in one volume a great overview of some of the best available in the genre. Anyone with an interest in history's "what ifs" will find this an immensely rewarding and frequently thought-provoking read.

Foo: A Japanese-American Prisoner of the Rising Sun: The Secret Prison Diary of Frank 'Foo' Fujita. Frank Fujita. Foreword and Notes by Stanley L. Falk, Introduction by Robert Wear. Denton, Texas: University of North Texas Press, 2001. 392 pp. \$19.95, paper.

Reviewed by Grant Weller, Holloman Air Force Base, New Mexico

Foo is a unique addition to the literature of the American POW experience. Frank "Foo" Fujita grew up in a completely westernized household. His Japanese immigrant father and American mother were determined to raise their children as Americans, not expatriate Japanese. Ironically, Fujita's family fell victim to the anti-Japanese hysteria that swept the United States after the attack on Pearl Harbor, just as Fujita himself, part of the Texas National Guard, fell into Japanese hands on Java. In captivity, Fujita's ancestry and his talent as a cartoonist led to his being selected by the Japanese to participate in a propaganda program. While a prisoner, Fujita managed to keep a secret diary, an act punishable by death. Through his diary, Fujita provides both the unique perspective of a Japanese-American caught up in a racially charged conflict, and a rare first hand account relatively untouched by time and memory.

Fujita begins his account with a short description of his early life, his enlistment in the National Guard, and his deployment to Java. Unlike the few other captured Japanese-Americans, Fujita was a combat soldier, not a translator, and had actually killed Japanese troops. His ethnic heritage was not readily apparent, however, so he was able to remain in hiding for almost sixteen months, enduring the casual abuse and neglect characteristic of Japanese guards (such abuse is documented in, for example, Gavin Daws's *Prisoners of the Japanese: POWs of World War II in the Pacific* and E. Bartlett Kerr's *Surrender and Survival: The Experiences of American POWs in the Pacific 1941 - 1945*). Finally, after moving from Java to Singapore to Nagasaki, guards put together his Japanese surname and skin color and discovered his ancestry. The Japanese attempted to convert Fujita to their cause and indoctrinate him into their language and culture, which his father had never taught him. Fujita failed to learn, so the Japanese made him an unwilling participant in a propaganda program that broadcast radio shows designed to entertain American troops while carrying unobtrusive pro-Japanese messages, much along the lines of the far more famous "Tokyo Rose." Here, he spent an uneasy time walking a fine line, attempting to avoid punishment or execution while providing mini-

mal propaganda value to the enemy. Others POWs in the program chose a different path, actively supporting the Japanese efforts. Following their repatriation, some of Fujita's fellow POWs on the program were charged with collaboration and treason for their actions.

Interestingly, Fujita repeatedly recreated his diary from memory, redrafting his work when forced to abandon the current copy for fear of discovery and summary execution. Given this continuous process, and Fujita's poor access to current war news, Fujita makes many understandable errors in dates and times, and sometimes misinterprets the cause and effect of events outside his tightly bounded world. Stanley Falk does an admirable job of correcting Fujita's errors or inferring correct dates without intruding on the narrative's vivid descriptions of Fujita's life as a POW.

Fujita recounts the torture and abuse common to the narratives of POWs of the Japanese. However, as part of the special propaganda unit, he had far more direct contact with his captors than the average POW, giving him greater insight into the minds of his captors and more widely-ranging examples of their behavior aside from abuse. For instance, alongside threats of execution should the Allies invade Japan, he recalls dinner parties hosted by his captors to celebrate milestone propaganda broadcasts.

Foo is a fascinating entry into the growing literature of the American POW experience. Though published as a part of a "War and the Southwest" series, I recommend it to anyone with an interest in the Pacific War, Asian-American personal narratives, or general POW literature.