

ever, can hardly depend on its leaders to remain rational. How rational is the hideous but undeniable fact that the nation that strikes first will have more survivors even if it can't claim a "victory"?

Where Perkins ends—talking about "Great winds of hope . . . sweeping through the world, the hope of peace, the hope of economic progress, of a richer life for all"—Melman takes up, optimistic yet practical and informed, deeply concerned but unintimidated.

While Americans concede Soviet superiority in the conquest of space, their spines chill with the thought that maybe Khrushchev and Company will bury us, if not in radioactive dust, in the struggle for world markets and the ensuing political affiliations based on commercial relationships.

Melman chides those Americans who doubt our ability to compete. He believes that if capital is made easily available, that is, out of the vast idle productive capacities of the United States, then the underdeveloped nations need not become police states along Soviet lines in order to use force and deprivation to accumulate capital goods rapidly for the economic "take-off" so long deferred and so devoutly desired.

The peace race means that America will put its know-how to work to industrialize the world under conditions of "variety in economic life" with "independence of organization and diversity in decision-making," which means, among other things, trade unions, cooperatives and, yes, in some instances public ownership.

Melman, who is an authority on the machine tool industry, paints a terrifying picture of how the Soviets are now winning a crucial phase of the peace race by being on the verge of providing standardized, mass-produced machine tools to Asia, Africa, and Latin America at prices far below ours. If we are to rev up our productive capacity for such competition, industry and government will have to join together in planning and executing a program of action.

While we should cooperate with the Soviet Union in bringing about controlled disarmament, according to Melman, we need not cut back our arms production in order to enter into the peace race, whereas, to compete, the USSR would be forced to cut back arms.

Melman's counsel boils down to advice that the United States recognize the drastic shortcoming of military strength as insurance against nuclear war, and realize that in our economic and political institutions we have strengths as yet undeveloped and uncommitted.

"The evidence," he says, "challenges a widely held assumption that a thor-

oughly managerial society, with its loss of personal and political freedom, is a necessary condition for rapid advance in industrial productivity."

But where will the money for the peace race come from? Victory in the Cold War and avoidance of nuclear war are worth any price. Melman's book points the way. Full employment in an economy that must find 80,000 jobs per week for the next ten years just to maintain present employment will mean, as

Melman reminds us, large increases in corporate and personal tax yields.

An arms race and reliance on military strength can't save the human race. A peace race might. Once the cocked weapons are lowered and at least partly unloaded, we can help demonstrate to the two billion disadvantaged people of the world that freedom can speed economic development and that freedom makes both full bellies and peace worth while.

Strategy: Be Flexible and Firm

By Edgar Ansel Mowrer, *author of "An End to Make-Believe."*

MARSHAL of the Royal Air Force Sir John Cotsworth Slessor comes of a long line of distinguished soldiers. During two world wars he seems to have held about all the important jobs that an Air Force officer could. He is an authority on strategy and writes clearly. In his current book, "**What Price Coexistence? A Policy for the Western Alliance**" (Praeger, \$4.50), he specifies that he is setting forth a "personal view," but his recommendations turn out, upon examination, to be not unlike those of the Macmillan government in Britain. They can indeed be considered a plea for the kind of common strategy that H. M. Government would like to persuade their Allies, and chiefly the United States, to adopt. On this account alone "What Price Coexistence?" deserves careful reading.

As befits a Britisher in today's world, Marshal Slessor's plan is in the middle—about the same distance from the aims of nuclear pacifists and immediate disarmers as it is from those who in increasing number demand that the West pass from the defensive to winning the Cold War.

Essentially, the Marshal favors the policy of holding the line, of "containment" (made more effective by readiness to fight little wars if necessary), of "nonprovocation," of "time, talk and patience," of giving up whatever ideas of "liberation" Westerners may have, and of recognizing that "Communism is here to stay"—in short, of real (not Communist-type) peaceful coexistence and cooperation with the "enemy" wherever possible, overlooking no opportunity to negotiate or to come to terms "when the Communists show genuine interest."

Because of nuclear weapons, total war, he believes, is out. These weapons

are the real protectors of the peace, and in any sincere process of disarmament (which he does not expect in the near future) they should be the last thing to be given up.

Unlike any number of other Englishmen (and not a few Americans), Sir John has a realistic understanding of the Soviet and Red Chinese governments' will to win (although he overestimates the possibility of a serious split between them). Slessor acknowledges that the recent Communist program was "an amazingly frank declaration of Cold War" and of "implacable hostility to the Western world and all we stand for." The USSR, he says, will "never agree to anything reasonable unless they are compelled by the pressure of events" or of their own interest. Yet since "there is . . . no rapid or spectacular action open to us whereby we can change the system . . . in Russia or other Communist areas . . . the only hope is the gradual evolution of Communism into something more reasonable and civilized." Meanwhile we must be resolute, subject the Russians to nonviolent pressures to make them alter their policies, recognize and respect their "sphere of influence," yet permit no imposition of Communism on any part of ours.

The Marshal's strategical plan, which follows from the foregoing assumptions, varies in different areas. He proposes regarding the peripheral and undeveloped countries that we slow down emancipation, give aid wisely, and fight to hold them if necessary. But we must not let them blackmail us, he cautions. We should hold the line with respect to China, build up a balance of political and economic power in Asia (using India, perhaps?), and cease ostracizing Peking. "It is not in anyone's long-term interest for the anarchy and poverty that has [sic!] prevailed . . . in China to continue."

However, the Marshal stresses

mainly the defense of NATO in the West. Here he urges a "partition policy," which we have encountered before under the name of "disengagement." This would mean maintaining the ultimate threat of a nuclear striking force outside Germany; withdrawing all Allied forces from Germany whether the other side did so or not; entrusting the ground defense of Germany to frontier police, air-mobile covering groups, and a support group of some strength backed up by Swiss-type territorialists (all Germans, *with no nuclear weapons*); and the denial of nuclear weapons to NATO. Leave these with the Americans and British. The result: no increase of German ground forces and an actual reduction of the Allied—which is what the British want. This the Marshal calls "toughness combined with flexibility." Eventually it might lead to the reunion of the two "disengaged" parts of Germany. Meanwhile, we should seek a "positive policy" of no war over Berlin.

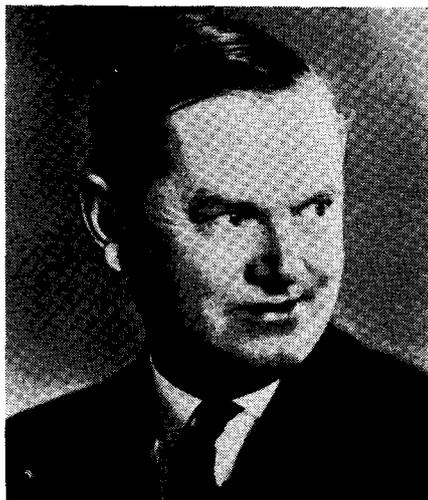
First of all, it is in my view absurd to imagine the Germans remaining in NATO or the Common Market if they are to be subjected to permanent discrimination and if their rights in Berlin—the whole city—are not fully protected. Second, I do not see France under de Gaulle relinquishing nuclear weapons while countries like Britain continue to rely upon them for salvation. Third, an attempt to mollify Red China would, I am convinced, encourage it to undertake new and increasingly intolerable attacks against its neighbors. Concessions will neither pacify its rulers nor cause them to split with the Kremlin. Finally, the Slessor policy would prevent the hardening of the Common Market into a political unit including both West Germany and Britain, and the eventual organization of an Atlantic Community—the West's brightest hope.

Contradictory, I feel, are the author's "utter distrust" of the Kremlin and his equal desire to "take every opportunity to negotiate." If the Kremlin nourishes "implacable hostility" toward the West, then any such conciliatory defensive as he recommends would encourage it to new outrages. Nor is it—as the author believes—necessarily true that even in undeveloped countries it is "less difficult for the Communist system . . . to pursue the offensive than it is for the democracies to hold the fort." Nothing is preventing the democracies from inspiring sabotage and guerrilla warfare, say, in North Viet Nam but their own fear of "provoking" the adversary and "escalating" the struggle.

This fear, which may be justified, is not part of a "forward-looking policy."

FICTION

Quest for the Grail, 1939-45



Evelyn Waugh—an old target.

"The End of the Battle," by Evelyn Waugh (Little, Brown. 319 pp. \$4.50), third novel in a trilogy, concludes the saga of a Catholic romantic who is disillusioned in his belief that the Second World War is a holy crusade. Burling Lowrey was the editor of the recent anthology *"Twentieth Century Parody."*

By Burling Lowrey

SINCE 1952 devotees of Evelyn Waugh have been following suspensefully his saga of World War II, beginning with "Men at Arms" (1952) and continuing with "Officers and Gentlemen" (1955). With the publication of "The End of the Battle" the trilogy is complete, and it is now possible to anchor some of the suspended judgments that emerged from the first two volumes.

The entire work might appropriately be called "The Crouchback Saga," for, in spite of its many facets, the trilogy is about Guy Crouchback; and whatever appeal or fascination the three volumes may have must surely center around the relative appeal or fascination of the protagonist himself. What is unique about Crouchback is his motive for going to war. As is made quite clear in "Men at Arms," he is a Catholic romantic, a gentleman, and an aristocrat, who, in 1939, looks upon the

war as a kind of holy crusade, in which "after eight years of shame and loneliness" he would fulfill all the values of personal honor that he had idealized in his youth. In short, the war provides an opportunity for the regeneration and revitalization of a vacuum—a modern man.

Thus the mood of "Men at Arms" is largely one of exhilaration and expectancy as Crouchback trains for a commission in a tradition-bound regiment, the Halberdiers, and comforts himself with this illusion: "The enemy at last was plain in view, huge and hateful, all disguise cast off. It was the Modern Age in arms. Whatever the outcome there was a place for him in that battle." The ending of the novel sets up the mood of "Officers and Gentlemen," as Guy, after participating in a near-debacle at Dakar, finds himself flying to England to face a court-martial for offenses that he never committed. "Officers and Gentlemen" traces the gradual disillusionment of Crouchback, climaxed by the military disaster of Crete and the invasion of Russia by Hitler (much of Guy's disillusionment is political). Realizing the significance of these events, he finds himself "back after less than two years' pilgrimage in a Holy Land of Illusion, in the old ambiguous world, where priests were spies and gallant friends proved traitors and his country was led blundering into dishonor."

With Crouchback's crusader's wings clipped and the disillusionment almost total, a question properly raised at the end of "Officers and Gentlemen" was: Where was Waugh to go from here? The answer, and not a completely satisfactory one, is found in "The End of the Battle." The author pulls together the loose ends of a very complicated plot and, without working up too much dramatic conflict, merely shows what happens to his large cast of characters at the end of the war. The mood of the third volume is one of sadness. Crouchback, now approaching forty, now patronizingly called "Uncle" by his superior officers, making one final attempt to get back into the war, ends up doing liaison work with the Partisans in Yugoslavia. Much of this phase of the book is taken up with his fumbling attempts to aid a group of Jewish refugees. ("All the stamping of the barrack square and the biffing of imag-