

Power predicts that nuclear weapons will "become a conventional tool of warfare," and concern when he declares that, "putting aside all the fancy words and academic doubletalk, the basic reason for having a military viewpoint is to do two jobs—to kill people and to destroy the works of man."

If most of us assume that security requires military preparedness, Mr. Cochran, by contrast, warns that the price is proving too high. He sees the republic "in the grip of something new in our history: a military caste presiding over a permanent establishment, and disposing of unheard-of largesse, which defines national problems in terms of military reality and disqualifies other definitions as unavailable and unrealistic." A Gargantuan military enclave has become a fourth branch of government, alongside the traditional legislative, executive, and judicial departments. The war establishment originates in "the social needs of organized states; but once set up, it lives a life of its own." As a bureaucracy arbitrating questions of life and death for the state, it extends its influence, augments its power, and makes itself indispensable. By yielding to militarism "in the 1950s, for the first time in her history, the United States succumbed to the fate she narrowly avoided in 1900 and in 1919."

AND, against the honest dissent of sincere and dedicated military leaders like General Power who have a healthy respect for civilian control, Mr. Cochran quotes another General, who in his farewell address as President Eisenhower warned that the combination of a permanent armaments industry and an immense military establishment constitutes a threat to the "very structure of our society" and that "the potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist." Of a grand total of five million federal employees, Mr. Cochran finds that more than three and a half million are working for the Defense Department. The Pentagon is the largest office building in the world. The annual military budget is greater than the annual net income of all the corporations in the country. This underlies President Eisenhower's statement that the military "influence—economic, political, even spiritual—is felt in every city, every state, every house, every office of the federal government."

Mr. Millis, who has more in common with Mr. Cochran than with General Power, asserts that "the United States may be secure today because it maintains a capacity to annihilate the Russians if they attack; but it is even more secure because the Russians could gain nothing of consequence by a military attack in the first place." Power is the ability to influence or determine deci-

sions by others. The great disputes in the Cold War, and more recently between Russia and China, France and the United States, are at bottom "a quarrel about power." However, the irrational character of nuclear power as the ultimate arbiter has forced the great nations to bow to necessity. They continue their rivalries for influence, but, given the suicidal character of nuclear war, neither side can dominate the other. Both recognize the limits of power as exercised in a system of international politics of sovereign nation-states that has been made obsolete by thermonuclear weapons. Caution and restraint are practiced not from greater virtue but because states have been forced to adapt their policies to an emerging international order where war is no longer a rational instrument of foreign policy.

MR. Millis discovers that the superpowers have taken a first, hesitant step into a new demilitarized system of international politics more in keeping with reality. "The test-ban treaty has given us our first small inkling of the truth: it is only as such technical issues as detectability of energy release or similar comparative military factors become irrelevant in international politics that advance toward demilitarization will become possible." It represents a tacit recognition that nothing can be gained from piling nuclear weapons upon nuclear weapons.

Significantly, all three writers conclude that so far every disarmament scheme has been stillborn because one or the other side had more to gain or lose from each. Only General Power is fearful that American security has been jeopardized by the test ban, which he opposed because "the Soviets had developed and detonated nuclear weapons of far higher yield than we had, and while the treaty, which still permitted underground testing, gave them the chance to catch up with our lead in small-yield nuclear weapons, it retarded our efforts to catch up with their lead in the high-yield area." President Kennedy made the historic on-balance judgment that more was to be gained than lost by the treaty, a judgment that only a

civilian leader can be expected to make.

Both Mr. Millis and Mr. Cochran are skeptical about general disarmament now, and they recite the melancholy history of the attempts. Mr. Millis can write that "it is impossible today to draft a generally acceptable disarmament treaty . . .," while foreseeing changes growing out of the revolution in weapons systems that will make possible a draft constitution for a demilitarized world. Leaders will by the 1980s modify old and cherished concepts that no longer seem applicable. Rivalries will shift increasingly to non-military spheres. Since "neither the Communist East nor the democratic West is ever going to organize the globe on its own exclusive pattern," Millis believes they will agree to a supranational, veto-free authority, with powers defined by the Security Council, whose primary function will be to secure observance of a general disarmament treaty and police the prohibition against armed territorial aggression. The draft treaty will be submitted to the states for agreement, and Millis predicts they will approve because conditions by then will commend a demilitarized world. He goes on to prophesy concerning the shape of problems induced by internal changes in countries like Brazil, and South Africa, and suggests ways the new international order will cope with them.

Thus for Millis the hope of survival hangs on gradual changes leading to a demilitarized world. However, for the present our responsible statesmen have no alternative but the pursuit of security through the safeguarding of national interests. They must pay heed to forces and tendencies running counter to the rational world Millis envisages. Yet history will hold them accountable if by too narrow a military outlook they foreclose a brighter day. It is worth remembering that a supreme realist, the late Winston S. Churchill, who so vividly defined the threat of revolutionary Communism, held open the prospect of a more stable international order where national armaments would be controlled. Realism is more than either militarism or utopianism. It is resoluteness in the face of all the facts.

A View from the Bridge

By Ernest Kroll

ONE of those Chesapeake days
When a ship, on a bay of brass,
Sat in a fine salt haze
As if it never would pass
The cape; viewed from the stern,
Its single screw achurn
Braided a wake; and though
We did not see it go
Forward, it finally faded.

Her Daughter, the Princess

Dearest Child: Letters Between Queen Victoria and the Princess Royal, edited by Roger Fulford (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 401 pp. \$5.95), reveal a solid, loving, middle-class Englishwoman who by a quirk of fate was the British monarch. Marghanita Laski is the author of *"The Victorian Chaise-Longue."*

By MARGHANITA LASKI

FOR AT least twice a week for over forty years Queen Victoria wrote to her daughter, the Princess Royal, who was married to the nephew of King Frederick William IV of Prussia, and for a brief time Empress of Germany. The Queen and "Papa" much enjoyed a cheerful visit to the theater, and these visits, like other domestic and public activities, together with family gossip about babies and governments, helped to swell the enormous budget of the Queen's correspondence with her Vicky. Of this correspondence, hitherto almost all unpublished, Roger Fulford has made a selection from 1858, when Vicky's marriage took place and the seventeen-year-old Princess left England for Prussia, up to the death of the Prince Consort on 14 December 1861. This selection, with many cuts in the letters, still makes a book of some 400 pages, individually interesting and often touching, cumulatively valuable and absorbing.

In this correspondence the Queen is presented as a woman, as a wife and mother, as we have never before so intimately seen her. She had often known loneliness: a lonely girlhood, brought up, as she puts it, "very humbly at Kensington Palace"; a necessarily lonely womanhood, with a husband who, whatever his other perfections, could not enter into all her emotions: "He seldom can in my very violent feelings." (In fact, as we know from other sources, to try to teach Victoria to control her "very violent feelings" was one of the Prince's most persistent and exhausting endeavors.) But now, in a married daughter, she at last had an intimate friend to whom she could pour out all and beg for the sympathy she felt she richly deserved. "Now do enter into this in your letters," she writes time and again, as she reveals yet another aspect of a "life of difficulties."

Of these, the difficulties she most resented were the burdens of being a wo-

man—"our poor degraded sex . . . born for man's pleasure and amusement, and destined to go through endless sufferings and trials." Some of these insinuations were, perhaps, merely conventional; it has been said that many of the diary entries which Princess Beatrice burnt after her mother's death referred, as the Princess thought, too frankly to the delights of marital life. But it is certain the Queen hated and resented pregnancy—"being caught," she calls it, as many a working-class mother still does. When her daughter tells her that she is *enceinte*, the Queen writes, "The horrid news . . . upset us dreadfully," and later: "What you say of the pride of giving life to an immortal soul is very fine, dear, but I own I cannot enter in to that: I think more of our being like a cow or dog at such moments."

No man, she maintains, not even Albert, realizes what women have to go through in marriage. "Men ought to have an adoration for one, and indeed do everything to make up, for what after all they alone [!] are the cause of," but "Papa would never enter into it all!" We learn that she suffered most at the birth of her second child, the Prince of Wales, and must wonder whether this had any relevance to her deep and sustained dislike for him, which pervades these letters. "Oh! Bertie alas! alas! That is too sad a subject to enter on." But she must often enter on it, for much of the correspondence is taken up with the problem of finding him a suitable wife, and pos-

sible princesses are listed, discussed, examined from all points of view, not excluding genetic ones.

It is probably true, as the Prince Consort (and the Prussians) felt, that she wrote too often, tried too hard to retain control and influence over a daughter who now belonged to another nation. But we, as we read, enter totally into her feelings and her points of view. Of course, it would be better for the Princess—and the Prussians—if they took more exercise and opened more windows: "Air, air is what you need." (This insistence on fresh air seems to have been the only healthful advice derived from the Queen's doctor, Sir James Clark, who, having misdiagnosed Keats and messed up the Lady Flora Hastings situation, then failed to save—to put it mildly—the Queen's husband.) How foolish of foreigners to neglect their stomachs and their bowels. How reasonable to be alarmed by the sight of a professor or a learned man. Certainly amateurs should stick to water colors, which one can keep in portfolios, and eschew oils: "What can one do with all one's productions?" Yet how surprising to find her supporting gayer Sundays: "I am not at all an admirer or approver of our very dull Sundays, for I think the absence of innocent amusement for the poor people a misfortune and an encouragement of vice."

With all her arrogance, her stupidities, and her prejudices, what a decent, solid, loving, middle-class Englishwoman she reveals herself, writing away in her decent, middle-class, often oddly colloquial English; where did she learn it, with a German mother, governess, husband? This correspondence (and we must hope for more of it) has the compelling quality of the best Victorian domestic novels, and the death that ends the book is more than unbearably sad; it is tragic. With the publication of these letters, Queen Victoria attains the kind of personal reality "on the pulse" that Mrs. Gaskell gave to Charlotte Brontë.

In everything but details of text Mr. Fulford has done a beautiful editing job. He has provided good illustrations, just enough notes for clarity, just enough of the other side of the correspondence. Reasonably, he has omitted the Queen's distracting underlinings, though sight of a sample would have been helpful. But one cannot feel that in reproducing hitherto unpublished letters, "the convenience of the reader" should have been the "single consideration" which guided him. Omissions of phrases should certainly have been indicated, and so should his translations of the Queen's German. The publication of such material as this is always of potential interest to lexicographers, who must not be left unsure which words and phrase were in the original.



—From the book.

Queen Victoria with the Princess Royal—"a life of difficulties."