

The Brutal Logic of Power

***Mission with LeMay: My Story*, by General Curtis E. LeMay with MacKinlay Kantor (Doubleday. 581 pp. \$7.95), comprises the memoirs of the former Air Force Chief of Staff who built up the Strategic Air Command. Walter Millis, a Saturday Review editor-at-large, is co-author of "Arms and the State."**

By WALTER MILLIS

CURTIS LE MAY, the abrasive, cigar-smoking bomber general who held important commands during World War II both in Europe and the Pacific, who built up and for years presided over SAC (the Strategic Air Command, our major nuclear deterrent), and ended his career as Air Force Chief of Staff, has set down his autobiography "with" MacKinlay Kantor. How much is LeMay and how much is Kantor there is no way of knowing; but this rambling, colloquial, highly personal, and toughly insensitive record sounds genuine. Its stylistic mannerisms, extravagant metaphors, and supposedly humorous exaggerations must be authentic LeMay.

The book adds little to the inner history either of World War II or the nuclear age. It endlessly repeats the platitudes of Air Force dogma and ambition, and of bitter interservice rivalry; it sees personnel issues in terms of the "average guys" who fight and the "no-good sons of bitches" who do not; it rehearses the familiar arguments for incinerating enemy civilians by the hundreds of thousands if it will save one American life—clichés in which no one is much interested any longer. Of the many still obscure questions upon which the book might have shed light, one learns (when they are mentioned at all) only that the Air Force in general and LeMay in particular were invariably right. But if it contributes little to history, the book remains of great interest as a portrait both of its author and of the service through which he rose.

It will doubtless prove to be among the last of the "generals' books." Most of the others who have attained memoir-writing rank have either produced their autobiographies or else are essentially postwar products, whose significant recollections do not reach back to the tremendous years and so are unlikely to be set down. LeMay went through it

all; he conveys a vivid sense of what the Air Force was and is, of how it was built up and how it fought and of the tremendous energy, capacity for hard work, single-minded toughness (not always divorced from naïveté) that were essential to the Air Force achievements. And if his opinions are often as banal as they are always forceful, LeMay leaves no doubt that he possessed those qualities in high measure. He was an important architect of that "air power" which has remorselessly brutalized our age.

As a step-by-step record of how the brutalizing process went on, *Mission with LeMay* has a repellent fascination. It is not that LeMay himself impresses one as a particularly brutal man. It is simply that from the age of four he was fascinated by airplanes; he went into the

Army as his only means of reaching a cockpit. With others, he devoted himself to building up "air power" in order to secure a place and permanence for their wonderful and deadly toys. This in turn necessitated the development of "strategic" war theories, leading imperceptibly to mass, indiscriminate bombing of civilian populations, to literally burning up Japanese cities one by one, and finally to Hiroshima.

LeMay is right in arguing that no particular moral boundary was passed at Hiroshima. It had been passed long before. But one realizes how momentous the boundary was when LeMay calmly justifies the modern "massacre of civil populations" on the ground that there is "nothing new" about it—the ancients, after all, on taking a city used "to murder every soul in it." It is a brutal logic, but it is logical.

LeMay raises the question of whether we should have used our initial atomic monopoly to force a showdown with the Soviet Union, on pain of extermination. He still thinks that we could have done so; whether we should have done so he simply does not know, even today. Both opinions seem to me revealing.

Spy Who Came in from the Cold War

***The Penkovskiy Papers*, by Oleg Penkovskiy, translated from the Russian by Peter Deriabin (Doubleday. 411 pp. \$5.95), purports to reveal espionage gleanings in the Soviet Union. "Red Phoenix: Russia Since World War II" is among Harry Schwartz's many studies of the USSR.**

By HARRY SCHWARTZ

THIS BOOK has already been so widely publicized here and in Western Europe that some may be startled if a basic question is raised: is it true or false, or some unknown combination of truth and falsity? This reviewer must make clear at the outset that he is not sure whether he is dealing with a work of fact or of fiction.

That Oleg Penkovskiy was a Soviet official who became an American spy may be taken for granted. The present volume is said to consist of notes written by him at various times in 1961 and 1962, which were smuggled out of the USSR by unspecified means. Frank Gibney, who contributes an introduction and commentary, asserts "their authenticity is beyond question," an opinion he backs by reference to the personal pic-

tures, official documents, and other such papers—some of them reproduced in this volume—that allegedly accompanied the manuscript.

But it is clear that the two best-known journalistic sponsors of this book—Mr. Gibney and Edward Crankshaw, who wrote the foreword—have misgivings about its credibility. Mr. Crankshaw calls Penkovskiy "in some measure unbalanced," one whose "lack of balance made it impossible for him to distinguish between government intentions and government precautions." Mr. Gibney apologizes in effect for Penkovskiy's "strange, grandiloquent language—which to a modern American sounds as stilted as the battle exhortations in our own Civil War memoirs."

None of this is conclusive. But the basic fact is that the material in this volume that can be checked is the sort of thing that could have been written by a Soviet defector living in the West or even by an American or Briton familiar with what the West knows about the Soviet system. It did not require this book to inform us that the Soviet Union engages in espionage in many ways, that high Soviet officials have mistresses and like the nicer things of life, particularly if they are imported, that many Soviet army officers were bitter at Khrush-

shchev when he cut their high salaries and retired them at inadequate pensions. It is curious that a spy said to be of such importance should really have only one item of new and even moderately important information in his papers: the story of Marshal Nedelin's death, caused allegedly by the explosion of a nuclear rocket.

A quality of naïveté appears in much of this book that is hard to square with the portrait of Penkovskiy as the hard-boiled and experienced Soviet intelligence officer who knew the ropes well enough to climb up very high indeed, and to make the right alliances via marriage and friendship in circles whose influence could be helpful. One might have thought such a man would long since have taken it for granted that all nations engage in espionage, and therefore in deceit and chicanery to cover up this activity. And it seems odd that a professional intelligence officer should express amazement and indignation that spying is conducted even against small countries such as Denmark.

HOWEVER, if the book is authentic, then Penkovskiy was certainly a strange man. He was apparently a beneficiary of the Soviet system who yet hated that society, and despised and feared the society's leaders, particularly Khrushchev. According to the *Papers*, Penkovskiy saw those around him and above him as greedy villains, sycophants, and fools. From his own observation and thinking he had become convinced of every American Cold War cliché about the Soviet Union. He was the very model of the twentieth century's alienated man. It all seems too good to be true.

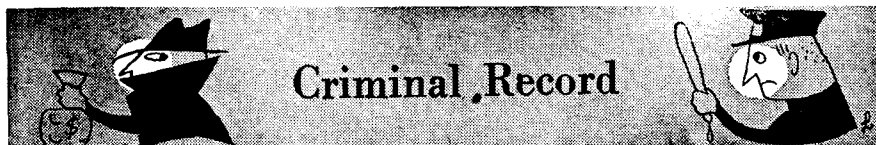
Yet even a suspicious reviewer must admit there is nothing as amazing in the *Penkovskiy Papers* as the fact that their author became an American spy.



—From the book.

Col. Oleg Penkovskiy—"model of the twentieth century's alienated man."

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The FBI's Most Famous Cases. By Andrew Tully. Introduction and comments by J. Edgar Hoover. Morrow. \$4.95. Twenty-nine files, most of them concerned with events of the past ten years, are examined in this authoritative summary. The Director prefaces each account with a brief observation.

The Trial of Dr. De Kaplany. By Carolyn Anspacher. Fell. \$5. This is a minutely detailed account of the court proceedings that followed the murder, by corrosive acid, in 1962 of a San Jose (Calif.) bride by her husband, a Hungarian physician. Unpleasantly absorbing.

The Deadly Silence. By Renée Buse. Doubleday. \$4.95. On July 10, 1962, thirteen convicted narcotics tycoons were sentenced to a combined total of 276 years; author opens her well-documented, well-assembled narrative of the case with a summary of the notorious Mafia seminar at Apalachin, N.Y., in 1957.

The Fine Art of Murder. Edited by Walter B. Gibson. Grosset & Dunlap. \$2.95. Most of these eleven fact yarns, largely by experts, will be new to many readers; editor appears to be unfamiliar with Edward Radin's *Lizzie Borden: The Untold Story* (1961). This book is issued simultaneously with Gibson's *The Fine Art of Spying* (same publisher, same price).

The Billion Dollar Brain. By Len Deighton. Putnam. \$4.95. The author of *Funeral in Berlin* and *The Ipcress File* bangs the gong again; this time the hero-narrator flies from London to Helsinki, Leningrad, Riga, New York, San Antonio, and the same, more or less, in reverse. Not to be missed.

Black Money. By Ross Macdonald. Knopf. \$3.95. Lew Archer, genteel peeper, explores life (and death) in posh Southern California high-income (and no-income) residential area and comes up with the answers. On the ball, as usual.

The Hardboiled Dicks. Edited by Ron Gourart. Sherbourne Press, Los Angeles. \$4.95. This anthology of detective fiction from the pulp magazines of the 1930s (plus two 1941) is lively and stimulating, and so is the editor's valuable and highly readable introduction.

Frederica and the Convict. By L. M. Robertson. Crime Club. \$3.50. Ailing London exec, recuperating in rural area, crosses path of fugitive from Dartmoor Prison, also trio of tots and their ma; police present, too. A delightful, often side-splitting tale, with fine action and no corpses.

Gideon's Badge. By J. J. Marric. Harper & Row. \$3.95. Sudden death on both sides of the Atlantic, plus one in mid-ocean, figure in this latest account of Gee-Gee's exploits. This series never lets you down.

Wanted: Dead Men. By M. E. Chabber. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$3.50. Milo March, ace insurance eye, despite his indiscriminate addiction to brandy, rye, and gin, tackles case that begins in industrial Connecticut and Pennsylvania and switches to Copenhagen, Stockholm, Paris. Author's fourteenth opus is in the groove.

The Hound's Tooth. By Robert McDowell. Mill-Morrow. \$3.50. Pleasant Kentucky deputy sheriff and eager feminine newshawk pool talents to solve murders in nation's feudin' belt. Speliologists ahoy! (Non-speliologists will also enjoy.)

The Singing Bone. By R. Austin Freeman. **The Terror.** By Arthur Machen. **The Green Archer.** By Edgar Wallace. Norton. Three volumes. \$3.95 each. These classic numbers (more will follow) are restored to print as units in the Seagull Library of Mystery and Suspense, under the general editorship of Vincent Starrett, than whom no one is more knowledgeable in this field. Mr. Starrett also supplies informative introductions to each title. The series is off to a rousing start.

The Game of X. By Robert Sheckley. Delacorte. \$3.95. Jockeyed into intelligence work almost without his knowledge, William P. Nye, Yankee footloose in Paris, turns into the spy that came in from the heat; a real sparkler of spoofery. Come again soon!

The House at Satan's Elbow. By John Dickson Carr. Harper & Row. \$3.95. Crotchety party's new will triggers violence in old mansion on England's south coast, but booming Dr. Fell wraps everything up. Take it slow and easy and you're in.

—SERGEANT CUFF.