

quarterbacking "cannot be regarded as serious even for a writer of memoirs." And he accuses Chuikov of inventing a mythical conference during which, according to Chuikov, Stalin had to correct Zhukov and order him to stop what he was doing. Zhukov's comment, "V. I. Chuikov's memory must have failed him," doubtless understates greatly the depth of antagonism between the two men.

Zhukov's second purpose in writing his memoirs was to pay tribute to his mentors, the generation of Red Army commanders destroyed in the Thirties by Stalin's purges. This group does not, of course, include Leon Trotsky, with whom Zhukov apparently never had any contacts and whose colossal role in forming and leading the Red Army is not even hinted at in his book. But note how Zhukov writes of Tukhachevsky:

What struck me about [him] was his versatile command of various aspects of military matters. A clever, erudite professional, he was splendidly conversant with both tactical and strategic problems. . . . this enabled him to take a most creative approach to problems of major significance.

Yet, on the purge itself, Zhukov dares—or was allowed—to write only two sentences: "All the more unnatural, alien to our system, and contrary to the situation in the country, were unfounded arrests in the armed forces in 1937. Prominent military leaders were arrested, which, naturally, affected the development of our Armed Forces." Zhukov does not add that it was this purge that very quickly catapulted him to the top command stratum.

One closes Zhukov's *Memoirs* with a feeling of sadness that so great a military leader—a man recognized for his stunning contribution to the defeat of Nazi barbarism—has not been permitted to write his autobiography as he must have wished. Ruthless, tough, and arrogant he may have been in the past. But in this book he emerges as a defeated man venturing only to snarl at former military colleagues who became his detractors. Fortunately, Mr. Chaney's book fills in some of the obvious lacunae and turns Zhukov, general and marshal, into a creature of blood and flesh rather than the merely obedient servant of Stalin and the Communist Party. Is it too much to hope that further chapters of Zhukov's memoirs will become available?

Harry Schwartz, a member of the editorial board of *The New York Times*, has written more than a dozen books on the communist world. His next title will be "Eastern Europe Under the Soviet Shadow."

PEACE AND COUNTERPEACE: From Wilson to Hitler

by Hamilton Fish Armstrong

Harper & Row, 585 pp., \$12.95

Reviewed by Richard J. Walton

■ Here is a special book with special charm. Not everyone is going to be interested in HFA, to use the initials familiar to readers of the enormously influential *Foreign Affairs* quarterly, but Hamilton Fish Armstrong, its editor, knew that from the moment he began to write this memoir—with, one would like to think, an old-fashioned fountain pen. For Armstrong is hardly Everyman. He was born and educated to the American élite and has spent his long and productive years in the inner circle of the inner circle.

During most of this century, HFA has known everyone who was anyone, or thought he was, and many of them—the dictators and monarchs, as well as pretenders—appear in these reminiscences. Written with the style and grace, even elegance, of a man comfortable in several languages and in drawing rooms throughout the world, they offer a personal view of those significant, complex, and remote days between two world wars.

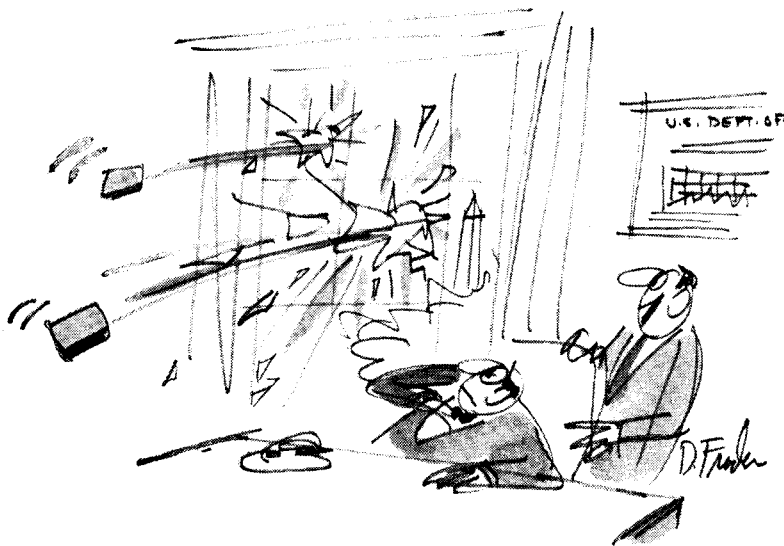
For HFA was as much at home chatting with the legendary Colonel House, visiting Presidential candidate John W. Davis on election eve in 1924, shepherding Clemenceau around New York, or lunching with King Alexander of Yugoslavia as he had been at Princeton sitting next to Allen Dulles and palting around with Edmund Wilson ("Bunny") and F. Scott Fitzgerald ("Scott"). Therein lies the book's charm and limitation: it is the political equivalent of the social scene as drawn by John P. Marquand or, more suit-

able for a New Yorker, Edith Wharton.

One cannot, then, read *Peace and Counterpeace* as history, since it is unabashedly centered on whatever HFA happened to be doing at the moment. For example, discussions of the Versailles Treaty and its melancholy legacy—which preoccupied Armstrong and his colleagues on both sides of the ocean—are pegged to this conversation, that lunch or another dinner party. It's fun of course, though impossible, to try to keep track of HFA's countless interviews with various Balkan personalities. Whither goest now those Serbian, Croatian, Slovene, Macedonian, Bulgarian, and Montenegrin potentates who popped in and out of the author's life as he hopscotched from country to country on his innumerable trips to Europe? Whether mentioning Poincaré, Count Sforza or Hemingway, HFA cannot resist a good story and, to the reader's delight, never hesitates to digress.

Moreover, Armstrong does succeed in recapturing the mood, feeling, and atmosphere of that seemingly remote era when the United States was not yet dominant, great events still took place in Berlin and Rome, kings and counts still mattered, and the traditional balance of power in world politics was becoming unbalanced. In a world that died with Hitler and was buried in the Cold War, foreign ministers and ambassadors were more than glorified messenger boys, notes and letters were exchanged instead of calls being made, and statesmen actually wrote their own speeches. Incredibly remote!

Not so remote, however, is Armstrong's account of the tireless attempts of a group of liberal Democrats and Republicans to turn America away from isolation and towards its responsibilities in the world. Then a very young man, HFA was at the heart of efforts that culminated with the estab-



"Ah! We're beginning to get some feedback!"

lishment of the Council on Foreign Relations and its steadfast voice, *Foreign Affairs*—which in nearly a half century has offered its pages to the world's leading statesmen, political figures, scholars, and journalists. Those were exciting days, and names that became so dry in our history books, such as Elihu Root, Newton D. Baker, William G. McAdoo, and Henry L. Stimson, are seen as living men.

Yet because those were isolationist days—days when America had turned its back on the world, days of Republican Presidents who scorned the League of Nations—the Council on Foreign Relations and *Foreign Affairs*, despite the stature of its members and the magazine's contributors, had little real influence on government policy. Thus this memoir for all its charm and value is less important than the one we can hope Armstrong is preparing. For after World War II the "foreign policy crowd" of the Council dominated American foreign policy. The tireless, idealistic advocates of internationalism became the ideologues and administrators of the Cold War, and *Foreign Affairs* was their most authoritative voice.

In fact, it is difficult to think of any better way to follow the evolution of the foreign-policy establishment than by reading *Foreign Affairs* over the last quarter century. Random sampling shows that in October 1950 members of

the editorial advisory board included former Ambassador John W. Davis, Roosevelt's Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson, and cold warrior *par excellence* Allen Dulles, who later became director of the CIA. By the next issue General Eisenhower had joined the board, and in the most recent issue it still included such Cold War luminaries, added over the years, as McGeorge Bundy, Alfred M. Gruenther, Carl Kaysen, George F. Kennan, Henry A. Kissinger, and John J. McCloy.

Although a number of them have changed their views somewhat in recent years, as indeed has *Foreign Affairs*, it would be of great value if HFA would tell us, in these revisionist days of the Vietnam War, how he and the Council and the quarterly became cold warriors, and whether he has any doubts about his earlier views. Armstrong is a serious man, who has dedicated his long and productive life to furthering his ideals. We would be the richer if he, with his unique perspective, would re-examine the values he shared with so many of our foremost statesmen, and discuss them with the forthrightness that has marked his career as perhaps the leading foreign affairs publicist in the nation's history.

Richard J. Walton's new book, "Cold War and Counterrevolution: The Foreign Policy of John F. Kennedy," will be published by Viking in January.

THE U.S.A. ASTRIDE THE GLOBE

by Merlo J. Pusey

Houghton Mifflin, 247 pp., \$5.95

Reviewed by Dan Kurzman

■ After winning World War II, the United States was ready for the first time in history to break out of isolation completely, and cooperate in a worldwide endeavor to improve the lot of humanity. Disillusionment, however, set in swiftly when the United Nations developed into a debating society without teeth and the Soviet Union gobbled up Eastern Europe and threatened an impoverished Western Europe. At the opening of the nuclear age we found ourselves standing alone, it seemed, to face another chilling confrontation with totalitarianism. We then decided to assume the enormous responsibility of saving the whole noncommunist world. From this decision followed the Marshall Plan, the Truman Doctrine, and the Cold War. Without any aggressive intent, the U.S. was thus thrust into the role of world policeman.

The tragedy is that this country was not prepared to play the part. While the power intelligently wielded in the early postwar years may indeed have thwarted Communist designs, the U.S. lacked the experience in world leadership to meet changing circumstances flexibly. Like a new, overzealous cop on the force, our government began to see the gun and club as the only effective means of keeping the peace. And so today we have Vietnam.

The folly of America's drift into "gun and club" diplomacy is brilliantly analyzed in Merlo J. Pusey's *The U.S.A. Astride the Globe*, an important book that every concerned American should read. "Our overbearing efforts to police the world," Pusey claims, "have not only wasted enormous resources but also quickened the race that could end in the destruction of humanity." Henceforth, he insists, we must act only in concert with our allies.

It is hard to read Pusey's study without gritting one's teeth and calculating to what extent the problems of this country, and those of the world might have been solved by now if the hundreds of billions of dollars spent over the years for useless, often counterproductive military schemes had instead been devoted to constructive projects. Ultimately, the biggest price may be in terms of international cooperation in the face of genuine danger. For the very presence of American soldiers and installations in more than thirty countries has created irritations that have all but dissipated the reservoir of global good will that nourished American strength and prestige during and im-

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

POETS ON POETS

In the following verses, the poets in Column 1 allude to the poets listed in Column 3. Jean Anne Waterstradt of Ogden, Utah, beseeches you to determine who wrote what about whom. For correct credits, see page 76.

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|------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| 1. Carew () | A. Thou art a monument without a tomb. | a. Chaucer |
| 2. Cole-
ridge () | B. Here lies . . . with the rest
Of the poets; but the best. | b. Crabbe |
| 3. Crane () | C. Wielder of the stateliest measure
Ever molded by the lips of man. | c. Donne |
| 4. Herrick () | D. He is the poet of the dawn. | d. Jonson |
| 5. Jonson () | E. . . his hard human pulse is throbbing
still
With the sure strength that fearless
truth endows. | e. Keats |
| 6. Long-
fellow () | F. O strong-winged soul with prophetic
Lips hot with the bloodbeats of song. | f. Melville |
| 7. Robinson () | G. He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely. | g. Shakespeare |
| 8. Shelley () | H. Friend of the wise! and teacher of the
good! | h. Virgil |
| 9. Swin-
burne () | I. Here lies a king, that ruled as he
thought fit/The universal monarchy of
wit. | i. Whitman |
| 10. Tennyson () | J. Monody shall not wake the mariner.
This fabulous shadow only the sea
keeps. | j. Wordsworth |