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Russia and World Order

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reader. Her story is a historian's delight. *Tirpitz*, however, lurking in a lairlike fiord—dangerous, elusive, waiting hungrily to feed—left behind a story of dark sorties and slow death. *Bismarck* fought a championship fight; *Tirpitz* succumbed at last to a series of assassination attempts. *Pursuit: The Chase and Sinking of the Bismarck* was a triumph of recreative history, full of the immediacy and passion of savage chase and imminent battle. The book at hand, by the same author, has none of these qualities.

Granted, it is difficult to lend the same kind of dramatic intensity to an attenuated "end game" as it is to a tension-filled chase. But there are different dramatic variations to all endeavor, and the story of *Tirpitz* is as rich and suspenseful as that of her sister. To make his chronicle of *Bismarck* crackle with excitement, first-person immediacy and authenticity, Kennedy interviewed hundreds of survivors of that episode. For *Tirpitz*, in contrast, Kennedy seems to have confined himself to a handful of well-known secondary works, blending in a few recently released ULTRA dispatches for flavor.

They are not enough. The text is limp and colorless. The ULTRA messages are interesting as a sideline notation but more suited to a focused essay on Admiralty intelligence efforts.

The "death scenes"—the valiant runs of X-6 and X-7, the *Barracuda* dives, the final *Lancaster* bomb-release—these heroic moments are never effectively evoked, as Kennedy did in *Pursuit*. Even more conspicuous in its absence is a feeling for *Tirpitz* and her crew. Perhaps Kennedy could not decide on a specific focus. Perhaps both he and his publisher merely intended to reprint the text of his BBC documentary "Target Tirpitz," along with some still photo padding.

This is a coffeetable book, like so many being published today in Britain

about the war. It would make a great pictorial introduction for a young boy. It is not, however, a vision of history. This is an unfortunate judgment but in the case of Kennedy, unavoidable. He set, after all, such high expectations.

MICHAEL VIAHOS

Liska, George. *Russia and World Order*. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1980. 194pp.

George Liska's new book has a central theme, as illustrated by the title. But in form it came to be a book by unring pieces produced for other occasions. The focus begins on Europe "without Gaullism" and the United States "without imperialism," then shifts to "the issues," and then to "strategy." This last section, "multiple revolutions and the two world systems," is followed by a conclusion and a "coda." The central theme focuses on diverting the Soviet Union into less of a confrontation role. Liska says that "Any U.S.-Soviet condominium in Europe going beyond a shared interest in the politico-military evolutions in the two Germanies is the least likely prospect" but, by contrast, he believes that what he calls "Soviet global outreach" has "promise" because it will "expose the Soviet Union to global learning and is likely to ease Soviet Russian complexes induced by regional confinement."

In style, the book does not make for easy reading. In compensation, there is much in the content that reflects Liska's originality of approach. And because the book is not at all rigid about the coverage of topics, comments are included on many fairly separated subjects besides the main focus.

I found the last fourth of the book, which deals with a wide range of subjects, the most interesting part, beginning with about page 150. To give a sample of both his style and approach in this section, on page 153, remarking on the argument about whether state-

focused theory is still relevant, Liska says:

With questionable influence on real affairs and actual strategies, but also as if weary of sterile quarrels over method and nostalgic for the excitement of the post-World War II realist-idealist debate, international relations scholars of the post-cold war era reenact—like so many medieval scholastics and early-modern scientists—the contest over rival cosmologies... between two types of geo-centric orders for the earthly cosmos: the traditional one, focused on the territorial state in isolation and interaction, and a revisionist one, focused on the planet earth as the shared habitat of a world community.

The last chapter, which Liska calls "Coda," and which is a paper he presented in Jerusalem, is probably the best part of the book.

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Manchester, William. *Goodbye, Darkness: A Memoir of the Pacific War*. Boston: Little, Brown, 1980. 401pp.

When I read William Manchester's biography of MacArthur, it occurred to me that his uncritical enthusiasm for the general's alleged ability to avoid heavy casualties was somehow tied to Manchester's own traumatic experience as a marine on Okinawa, where he had been severely wounded. *Goodbye, Darkness*, a personal view of the war in the Pacific, based in part on that bloody campaign, amply justifies my initial conclusion. Beyond that, moreover, it clearly shows how Manchester's earlier background provided an even stronger basis for his revulsion against the carnage and misery of war.

Manchester's forebears had fought in American wars as far back as the Revolution. His father, a World War I

marine, had been badly wounded and nearly left for dead in France. Manchester himself grew up "a mild, fragile boy," avoiding violence and falling prey to bullies. Infatuated, nonetheless, with the romantic glories of war, he dreamt of valor and righteous victory even as he yearned for the structured discipline of the soldier's ranks. His father's early death in 1941 moved him deeply and led inevitably to his own decision to join the Marines in the aftermath of Pearl Harbor.

For the sensitive young recruit, service in the Marine Corps was at once the fulfillment of exotic fancies and a shocking introduction to the harshness of military life. The blurred ambivalence with which he faced his new existence reached startling clarity 2 years later on the shell-torn slopes of Okinawa's Sugar Loaf Hill. In the fighting around that bloody piece of real estate, Manchester sustained a "million-dollar wound," a bullet scratch serious enough to require evacuation but otherwise of little effect. Safe and sound in a field hospital, he went AWOL to rejoin his outfit and participate in another assault. Here he met his fate: a bursting shell that fragmented his body, burst his eardrums, tore his skull, and left him, like his father, apparently dead for nearly 4 hours before a corpsman saw a sign of life and rescued him.

Reflecting on this years later, Manchester realized that it was somewhere on Sugar Loaf Hill, "where I confronted the dark underside of battle, that passion died between me and the Marine Corps." He sensed and now resented the "evil... done in the name of honor... the tacky appeals to patriotism... behind the mass butchery." Having held grand illusions, he had irrevocably lost them. "My dream of war had been colorful but puerile... so evanescent, so ethereal, so wholly unrealistic that it deserved to be demolished."

Manchester's memoir of his life in