

THE RUSSIAN REVIEW



*An American Quarterly
Devoted to Russia
Past and Present*

*January
1952*

Vol. 11, No. 1

Price \$1.00

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THE RUSSIAN REVIEW

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The aim of "The Russian Review" is to present a non-partisan interpretation of Russian history, civilization, and culture. The Review invites contributions by authors of divergent views, but the opinions expressed in any individual article in this journal are not necessarily those of the editors.

Books for review and correspondence concerning reviews should be sent to Professor Warren B. Walsh, 113 Maxwell, Syracuse University, Syracuse 10, New York.

Copyright 1952, and published quarterly in January, April, July, and October by "The Russian Review," 215 West 23rd Street, New York 11, N. Y. Subscription rates: \$4.00 a year in the United States; Canada \$4.50; foreign \$5.00, single copy \$1.00. The contents of this publication cannot be reprinted without the permission of the editors. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelopes.

Do the Russians Hate America?

BY MIKHAIL KORIAKOV

“. . . On a number of fundamental points there is to-day, without the slightest doubt, an absolute national unity and solidarity in the Soviet Union. There is unanimity in the desire for peace. There is unanimous hatred for America.”—Alexander Werth in *The New Statesman and Nation*.

HAVING read Alexander Werth's statement, I let the British weekly drop to my lap and looked out the window at the grey ribbon of the Hudson, the steamboats' belching smoke, the wooded hills of the New Jersey shore. But with my inward eye I was back in Moscow on the banks of the Moskva River. I saw its time-worn hump-back bridges just as I left them in the spring of 1944. I saw the pinewoods of Sokolniky Park. Nearby was the IFLI (Institute of Philosophy, Literature, and History), my *alma mater*. I was again with my old friends on the shores of the Moskva.

These were the friends with whom as a youth I had set out to make my mark in the world—the Soviet world. This was in the early thirties, when the first of the Five-Year Plans was nearing completion in one year less than scheduled. I had studied and worked and fought the war together with these friends.

I started out in the Red Army as a buck private, an ordinary sapper, reaching the battle line early in the autumn of 1941, when the front was in the environs of Moscow. I got my commission in the field, became an officer on Marshal Timoshenko's staff. But I was a newspaperman before I became a soldier. So I wound up as a military correspondent. And then the Germans took me prisoner on the approaches to Dresden. I remember the day distinctly—April 22, 1945. I could not avoid becoming a prisoner of war, though I knew the penalty for it upon return to the Soviet Union. Now I am one of the dubiously fortunate few who escaped repatriation to his native land.

I live now in New York. My friends remain in Moscow. We went through the same school of life, were molded by the same experiences, shared the same reactions. I know their minds and feelings perhaps better than my own. We speak the very same language. Looking any one of them straight in the eye, I ask:

"Is it true that there is absolute unity and solidarity in the Soviet Union? Is it true that you hate America?"

Here is one answer—this one from Alyosha Smirnov. But let me introduce him to you first. He was as fine a front-line comrade as any man ever had. We became real chums in a dugout on the North-Western Front in December, 1942. The armies of Marshal Timoshenko had attacked the Sixteenth Army of General von Busch, entrenched in the environs of Demyansk, and were driven back. Our Twenty-Eighth Fighter Group, fresh from retraining and rearming at Kostroma, had just flown in. This group had been cut to ribbons by the Messerschmitts in the battle for Leningrad. Alyosha had been shot down by the Germans no less than four times in the course of 1941-42. Each time he had bailed out in a parachute, his flight suit in flames, his face finally so badly burned that his skull-bones protruded through the charred skin.

"What blankety-blank kind of a war is this," he would demand indignantly in picturesque Russian, telling me about his dog-fights with enemy pilots. "How the hell can we win as long as the Krauts fly in Messers and we fly these incendiary crates? The guy in the 'Messer' gets on my tail in no time flat . . . Tratatata . . . and my 'Ass' is in a sling. Down I go, impersonating a Roman candle. . . ."

"Ass" was what Soviet fighter pilots contemptuously called our own "I-16"—pronounced "ee-shestnadsat" in Russian; hence, from the initial letters "ee" and "sha," the slangy "eeshak," meaning "ass" or "donkey." Compared with the German "Me-109," the Soviet "I-16" was quite worthless—rickety, slow-moving, poor on the uptake. Small wonder that Stalin's "falcons" caught fire and fell ingloriously in air fights. Major Oleg Rodionov, C.O. of the 28th Fighter Group, showed me his battle diary—not a day passed without substantial losses in dead and wounded as long as his group flew the "asses." Casualties amounted to more than half the group's personnel within a single month, the month of July, 1941, the first full calendar month of the German onslaught.

I shall never forget that day in December, 1942, when Alyosha Smirnov led me from the dugout across the front line aerodrome to a niche, where, surrounded by snow-laden pines, stood a brand new fighter plane, not a wooden one but all metal, sleek, displaying a perfectly fascinating layout of motors and armaments.

"This is Bell-Aircobra 1," Alyosha pointed with pride. "Just got it from America! Look, the Americans put the motor in the back,

behind the pilot's cabin. Know why? . . . To get broader sweep for the guns and wider range of forward vision for the pilot. A long combination shaft starts the propeller. Loads of room for cannons and machine guns in the blister. . . . A honey of a job—a pilot's dream come true! Now we'll show the Messers where *they* get off. . . ."

And he did! Having changed to American planes, the Twenty-Eighth Fighter Group began to win out not only against the Messerschmitt-109 but also against the Focke-Wolf-190. The latter appeared on the North-Western front in the spring of 1943. Losses in the group were reduced to a minimum, the pages of the battle diary recorded aerial victories, and the unit became a "Guard" group. In the air fight over the village Yedrovo, which I happened to observe from the command post, Alyosha Smirnov brought down 3 Focke-Wolfs within half an hour. Fighting in his Cobra, he eventually shot down thirty-six German planes in all, became famous throughout the country as an ace, two golden stars glowed on his proud chest, and he was twice made "Hero of the Soviet Union." He and I jointly wrote an account of his battle experiences in a book entitled "Five Components of Victory" (Height, Speed, Maneuvering, Fire, Attack), published in 1943. I remember how, putting his hand on a wing of the silvery American plane, he said:

"All my victories—even unto life itself—I owe to the Cobra!"

The Soviet government did its utmost to keep the Russian people from developing a sense of gratitude and friendship for the American people. In March, 1943, when Timoshenko's armies finally occupied the battlefield at Demyansk, we in the dugout of the 28th Guard Fighter Group read in *Pravda* a news item about the celebration of the second anniversary of the Lend Lease Law in Washington, D. C. At a luncheon given by Edward Stettinius, Ambassador Litvinov had said in part:

"American matériel was used by the Red Army in both defensive and offensive operations. American Air Cobra planes proved their effectiveness to the hilt. In the course of the last three months one Soviet Guard Fighting Group, using Air Cobras, operating in the North West, in the Demyansk sector, brought down 33 enemy planes and lost only three."

"Brother! They're talking about our group in Washington!" one of the pilots cried. "Koriakov, you ought to write an article for *Pravda* about how we fly the Cobras and how we are catching on to American know-how."

Two days later I had an article ready, entitled "Air Cobras," sent it to *Pravda* and received a reply through the field telegraph, assuring me that the article was accepted and would be published. Soon thereafter I received 500 rubles for the article; but, much to my surprise, not from *Pravda*, but from the Soviet Information Bureau! My article was never published in *Pravda*. On a subsequent trip to Moscow I called at *Leontievsky Pereulok* (the Soviet Information Bureau) to find out what happened to my "Air Cobras." The head of the Military Department of the Soviet Information Bureau, Colonel Kononenko, showed me page proof of my article, pulled at the *Pravda* plant. But a pencilled note on the proof-sheets read: "Article censored. Transmit by cable for American press." It was all quite clear: the Soviet government did not want the Russian people to know about the extent of American aid, certainly not that our pilots were sincerely appreciative of American aviation technique, which saved their lives and made their victories possible.

Nevertheless, the people of Russia, despite the wishes of the Soviet government, showed a deep interest in America and all things American. Millions of our soldiers had seen the skies filled with Cobras covering battlefields and crucial bridgeheads, drove in American Studebakers, lived on American canned pork, bacon, ham, cane sugar—all products sent to us from America. Each and every one of us realized that the Red Army did not starve, especially during the years the Germans occupied the Ukraine and had laid waste the granary of the Northern Caucasus, only because of American supplies. Entrenched in the dark pine woods of the North-Western Front to the south of Lake Ilmen, brooding around campfires over steaming bowls of army soup made palatable with Chicago pork, I would muse:

"What is America like? How do they live, these Americans? Why are they so fabulously rich? What is the secret of American dynamism? What will our relations with America be when the war is over? What had they been long before that, not only between the two wars but prior to the Revolution of 1917, way back in the good old days?"

It occurred to me that the words "America" and "American" have been known to me since childhood. That would seem strange; where could I have heard them? For I come from the depths of Siberia. If you have travelled on the Trans-Siberian, you may remember a town called Kansk—4,368 kilometers from Moscow and 4,980 kilometers from Vladivostok. Sixty kilometers from this town up the

River Kan rises the dark hump of Mount Yanda, covered with cedar, fir, and larch. Close to the Yanda, on the very banks of the river, is the village Podyanda, wallowing in the luxuriance of bird-cherry blooms. There my father was born and there he lived for seventy years. There my mother was born and there she lived her fifty-four years. There I was born and there I grew up, nor did I even once ride a train until I was eighteen years old. How then could the very word "America" have reached this backwoods village lost in the vastness of Siberian forests?

Truly—a wonder!

There was a peasant in our village, one Nikita Prokushev, whom no one ever called by his name but only by his nickname: "'Merican"!

One of the earliest recollections of my childhood was a crowd on a summer's day in our village street—bearded peasants, peasant women, children poking about everywhere—I was then, in 1918, seven years old, and on the porch of his cabin stood Nikita Prokushev in his greatcoat, a soldier's cap on his purplish closely-cropped head and, holding a portrait of Tsar Nicholas II, torn in two, which had previously hung in the village town hall, declaring:

"We have kicked out Nikolashka! Now we'll live as in America—without a tsar! Now we *muzhiks* have full freedom!"

True, some of the *muzhiks* censured Nikita, called him "ornery" and "cantankerous," yet they watched with curiosity this soldier returned from the front, undertaking to "spread America" in their Siberian village. First thing he did was to organize an agricultural cooperative which rented out or sold on credit to the *muzhiks* McCormick reapers, improved sowing machines, cream separators. Nikita Prokushev proved clever and resourceful. He not only employed the machines (he was even about to import a Fordson tractor) but he invented all sorts of mechanical appliances of his own. He had some Kholmogor cows in his cattle yard, and, to make sure that they did not drink stale water, he rigged up his own water system; only when the cow would poke its head into an iron bowl would fresh water flow!

"'Merican!" the *muzhiks* in sheer admiration would call Nikita.

"A brainy s.o.b.!" others would say, seasoning their praise with profanity.

They waxed profane because they were envious. As for us youngsters, we had taken it for granted since childhood that any "American" was a brainy guy and that "to live as in America" meant to live in freedom, improve your property, use ordinary horse sense.

Things were moving fast. No sooner was the agricultural cooperative started than there appeared cultural and educational groups, new books, talks on farm improvement, and amateur actors built a stage in the meadow and put on a play. Among the first books I read in childhood were the romantic tales of James Fenimore Cooper, followed by those of Jack London; these books, unusually popular in Russia, extolled courage, initiative, enterprise. After the Revolution of 1917 "blue blood" and inherited privilege disappeared in Russia, and every man, it would seem, had equal opportunity for advancement; everything depended only on his initiative and enterprise. *Technicum* and *vuz* (university)—these words were on the lips of village lads. In 1929, when I was eighteen years old, I boarded a train for the first time in my life and went to Moscow to matriculate at the University. In those days Moscow swarmed with young people in sheepskin mackinaws, who, as the hero of a contemporary story put it, were wont to say: "There is no worse shame than ignorance. I'll eat manure and crack my skull, if need be, but I'll get there—I'll get my education."

. . . Moscow. The Nineteen-thirties . . . Spring . . . In Sokolniky Park—the Institute of Philosophy, Literature, and History. Professor Dmitri Blagoi—black skull cap on his head, alert, inquisitive eyes behind thick lenses. Around the table, students gathered for the seminar on Eighteenth Century Russian Literature. Student Ludmila Sharapova, her head close-cropped, is reading her report on A. N. Radishchev:

"Catherine II said about Radishchev that 'the French Revolution decided to make him its first votary in Russia.' Having assimilated the most progressive aspects of Western thought, Radishchev became the ideologist of anti-feudal, anti-monarchist, anti-land-ocratic forces in Russia. Naturally, then, he fixed his eyes on America."

Silence—only the heating system knocks and pounds.

"Radishchev was one of the first Americanophiles in Russia," the girl continues. "When the Declaration of Independence reached him, he read it with tears of exultation. Radishchev realized that political liberty is impossible without economic liberty and, extolling America in his Ode 'Freedom,' written in 1781, he stressed especially that there

Freedom's spirit sheds its sunlight
Over the freshly turned furrow.
The tearless field swells up, enriched.
As each man sows, so each man reaps."

The spring breeze is wafted through the window. Outside, on the poplars the buds swell and burst. The grass on the hillock is turning green. I listen to the old-fashioned clumsy verse, I am thinking that here spring has come and it is high time to sow the summer grain crop. How well put: "As each man sows, so each man reaps" . . . Americanophile! Everybody has a chance . . . enterprise, initiative . . . Nikita Prokushev—"Merican" . . . Where is he now? In the mica mines at Zaozernaya? Or is he lumberjacking in Narym? . . . Everybody has a chance. . . .

"Following in the footsteps of Radishchev," continues the girl student, "the Decembrists were likewise Americanophiles. Pestel was a student of American history. Nikita Muravyov virtually copied the Constitution of the U. S. A., and his plan for a federal government was worked out after the American pattern. The Radishchev tradition was carried on by N. C. Chernyshevsky in his numerous articles on American themes, and also by Lavrov, Bakunin and especially Herzen, who wrote that 'if Russia ever frees herself from the Petersburg tradition, she will have but one ally—the United States of America.' The sixties, when the abolition of slavery in America coincided with the revocation of serfdom in Russia, was a time when friendship flourished between the two countries, which, as Herzen expressed it, 'met back to back, getting round Europe.'"

The clear voice of the girl student was joined by the throaty cries of rooks in the poplars, the rippling of spring freshets. Spring . . . As a boy in Siberia, I loved to go riding into the fields with father when spring came. Father would take a lump of earth, rub it fine between the palms of his hands and, as if consulting me, would say, "The ground is ready, I daresay . . . time to sow!" How well it was said, "As each man sows, so each man reaps." A whole political program in one line! Program for overthrowing the monarchy, the "Petersburg tradition," serfdom. . . . Alas, father will no longer go into the field and Nikita the "'Merican" will no longer go out with his multiple seeder! In my pocket is a letter from father, from the town of Kansk:

"They let me out of prison last week. Your mother kept nagging at me, let's go back to the village. So, we went—to our ravaged farm. Our cows were in the *kolkhoz* pasture. Mother walked about, looked around—there they were, still alive, but mangy, filthy with vermin. . . . Rusty, the horse, died after drinking water while sweaty—so they didn't take good care of him, I gathered. What kind of care can you expect when the livestock isn't your own; it's social,

the other guy's. I was called to the village council, to our local soviet, and they asked me, was I considering joining the collective farm, the *kolkhoz*. No, I wasn't thinking of it. 'Wasn't I fed up yet,' said they, 'of feeding bedbugs in prison!' Well, I've contributed my share of feed—you can see for yourself—they let me out. I was not going to join the *kolkhoz* and I was not going to stay on in the village. There is nothing left of our village anyway. Your uncle Mitry and uncle Fyodor and uncle Andrei, all were sent to the mica mines in Zaozernaya. Nikita the 'Merican was also in a labor camp, though he had played hide-and-seek with the Soviet Power and never refused to join a *kolkhoz*. He is, as you know, a farmer who knows the game, brainy, and at first he was elected *kolkhoz* president. But even in the *kolkhoz* he started to spread America, got a tractor, built a silo. But he got into an argument with the powers that be about grain deliveries; he didn't want to give them the surplus but divided it up among the *kolkhoz* members instead. You can't give everything to the State, the *kolkhoz* can use some of it, too. They fixed him up with the charge that he was setting the *kolkhoz* against the State. Sentenced him for *kulak* ways to eight years in Narym—to chop wood."

To the State—everything; to the people—nothing! The State gets bloated, the people wither away. Thus it has been in Russia since time immemorial. The Petersburg tradition. . . . The Americanophiles were the votaries of freedom! The very first settlers in America started with the American Dream. But there was also a similar Russian Dream, shared by Nikita, the 'Merican, and millions of the common people aroused by the Revolution of 1917. Only the wings of the Russian Dream were broken. The year 1929 was the year of the "great break." . . . "As each man sows, so each man reaps"—these words were uttered a hundred and fifty years ago, yet they sound like the most urgent political slogan of today.

The Russian Dream is to live as in America. Like a bright star it shed its light over the vast spaces of Russia during the first years of the Revolution. In the village it was snuffed out during the "Year of the Great Break," after the Stalinist Revolution of 1930, which took away from the peasant the very land that the Revolution had given him. In the city, on the new industrial construction jobs it still managed to shine somehow. On the shores of the Dnieper and the Volga, in the foothills of the Magnitnaya Mountain, in the taiga of the Kuznetz Basin. . . . At forty below zero, half-starved, wearing rags, Russian human beings there dug foundations, reared huge

factory buildings, installed machinery imported from America. Whatever their political convictions, whatever their attitude toward collectivization, the enslavement of the peasantry, they realized that Stalins come and go while Russia persists eternally, and that the industrial progress of our country depended on their efforts.

"To catch up with and overtake America!"

American engineers had come from across the ocean to help Russia "catch up." Engineer Thomson, who later installed the turbines at Boulder Dam, was in charge of installations at Dnieprostroy. Sent by a Moscow newspaper to Kuznetskstroy in Siberia, I saw there, too, cheery and hefty fellows in fur-lined leather jackets with colorful scarves on sun-tanned necks. The Chief Engineer of Kuznetskstroy, I. P. Bardin, one of our most prominent metallurgists and today a member of the Academy of Science, said at the technical conference:

"We should learn from the Americans! Above all we must get hold of American methods of production."

Several years later I happened to meet I. P. Bardin in Moscow. He had but recently returned from America, where he had visited not only New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, but more distant points as well. He had published an article in *Izvestiya* called "What to Learn from Americans." *Izvestiya* was then edited by N. I. Bukharin, who liked to publish articles on that general theme. Bukharin's friend, N. Osinsky, in March, 1933, published a series of articles, "Seen and Heard in U. S. A.," in which he wrote about "the best hotels in the world," "the best roads in the world," "extra-fare trains with Diesel motors," about the flourishing culture of America, where "the decorators, artists, upholsterers, dressmakers, actors, and musicians of the world have come together." Learn from the Americans! This was well-nigh the most important life task for young Russians of my generation.

But, can this task be realized? I remember in Moscow, in the autumn of 1936, at the editorial office of "For Industrialization," three metallurgical engineers, recently returned from America, were telling us what they had seen and heard there. Engineer S. Bogopolsky was saying:

"We saw splendidly organized and equipped shops, vast, with exceptional possibilities. We admired the most ingenious machines, which performed the most complex operations automatically. Daring in their approach to a problem, in the original way they tackled it, utterly fearless in taking a chance—these are attributes you meet everywhere in America. Strangely enough, there, under free enter-

prise, private patent rights, trade secrets due to competition and all that sort of thing, people manage somehow to find out very quickly about the latest achievements of their competitors and to adapt the best features in their own plant. And with us? Here we were, three foundrymen, and as often as not we had to admit that in each of our respective shops the very same problem was solved differently and not always in the best way. In this respect, unfortunately, we do utilize the superior advantages of the Soviet social system rather poorly."

The windows of the newspaper office looked out at the Ilyinsky Arch. There was a time when Ilyinka was Moscow's Wall Street: banking houses, warehouses. . . . Merchants with flowing beards over spacious Russian greatcoats, trotters in driveways, the pungent odor of cotton goods from Ivanovo and Tver, spices from the Orient, colored resins and chandlery paints and Astrakhan fur from Turkmenia. In the good old days the turnover of wealth in Ilyinka was incalculable! The unfaded gold of the eagles on the Kremlin towers gleamed over it, and it was the material embodiment of Russian power and Russian pride. The dawn of a "new America" was breaking over Russia—life without a tsar, without landlords, life in a free land. "As each man sows, so each man reaps. . . ."

But the eagles are no longer on the Kremlin towers, and in the middle of Ilyinka (I can see it clearly through the window) stands the many-storied edifice of the Central Committee of the Communist Party. . . . The State gets bloated and the people perish. . . . The engineer said something about "the superior advantages of the Soviet system," but do they exist, these vaunted advantages? Coming from America, he is enraptured with the bold way Americans tackle complicated technical tasks, are unafraid of taking a chance, yet he must, of course, understand that one of the principal defects of the Soviet system is the very fact that the Soviet man dare not take a chance, is obliged to follow a predetermined line, is fear-bound, ever apprehensive that he may stumble and slide off the line. Had it not been for this very circumstance, the economic development of Russia during the last thirty years (since the Revolution of 1917, which aroused the people to enormous creative heights) would have been immeasurably greater. Initiative, enterprise, no fear of taking a chance. . . . The American way. . . . No, it is not given to us to learn from the Americans. Stalin's dictatorship, the Party of Lenin and Stalin have put a brake on the realization of the Russian Dream. Through the window I see the building of the Central Committee of the Party, and my eyes are heavy with hatred.

For at least two centuries the Russian people have nursed a dream—to live as in America. Russian Americanophiles from Radishchev to Herzen have dreamed of this. This was the dream of latter-day statesmen like Count Witte, who, having visited America in 1905, where he negotiated the Portsmouth Treaty with Japanese representatives upon the invitation of President Theodore Roosevelt, upon his return to Russia wrote in part that “we Russians are both culturally and spiritually closely akin to Americans.” This was the dream of our intelligentsia; such men, for example, as Pyotr Ilyich Chaikovsky, who noted in his diary in 1891: “American ways, the American disposition, American customs are much to my liking.” And this, too, was the dream of the Russian *muzhiks*, who, without reading either Radishchev or Witte, knew that the American was a chap who had “lots of brains in his noodle” and that the American way of life meant to live in freedom, “as each man sows, so each man reaps.” Political liberty is impossible without economic liberty, and the Russian people, who received aid from America during the famine of 1921-22 and during the war of 1941-45, are certain in their knowledge that only the American system can guarantee the genuine welfare of the people.

The Party of Lenin-Stalin began to disseminate anti-American propaganda in earnest about five years ago. Has it managed to kill in the hearts of Russians their dream—to live as in America? The dream which the people have nurtured for so long? Not in the least! As for the intelligentsia, it knows the price of this propaganda. It is no trouble for me to visualize the reaction of any one of my Moscow friends after reading, for example, such typical recent propaganda as the Soviet book, *Here It Is, America!* On the dust jacket, against a background of skyscrapers blotting out the sky, is a white-gloved hand flourishing a police club ready to strike. Here are some of the illustrations: a Negro hanging from a tree amidst flaming fires; an unemployed marching down a highway; a hefty policeman dragging a dishevelled intellectual off to jail. Any one of my friends reading this book would see at once that it is made up of lies, distortions, calumny. The book contains an essay of Mayakovsky’s “My Discovery of America,” written in 1925. Here are lines the poet wrote about his arrival in New York:

“Arrived. Above us tiers of station dwellings, above the halls—storeys of offices, around us, stretching out of sight, the iron of the roads, and under us, deep underground, three-storiedness of subway. . . .”

A row of dots. . . . All of my friends, needless to say, have read

Mayakovsky and they are bound to be interested in finding out what is hidden behind those enigmatic dots. In the fifth volume of V. V. Mayakovsky's *Collected Works* any one of my friends will find "My Discovery of America" and will read:

"Arrived. Above us tiers of station dwellings, above the halls—storeys of offices, around us, stretching out of sight, the iron of the roads, and under us, deep underground, the three-storiedness of subway. In one of the *Pravda* editorials Comrade Pomorsky skeptically ridiculed New York's railway station and set up as models Berlin's sheepfolds—Am Zoo and Friedrichstrasse. I don't know what personal scores Comrade Pomorsky has to settle with New York's railway station, nor do I know the technical details, the conveniences and the traffic potential, but outwardly, as mere landscape, according to my feel for the urbanistic, New York's railway station is one of the world's proudest views."

Mayakovsky wrote this in 1925. Then it was still permissible to enjoy the proud views of America. Nowadays all this is scratched out. But Soviet people, accustomed to propaganda tricks, have developed phenomenally good memories.

As for the masses, it would be ill advised to exaggerate the influence of Bolshevik propaganda. Consider the sheer expanse of our country and what an enormous ocean is our people! The mighty means of propaganda notwithstanding, Bolshevism penetrates only the topmost layers, does not reach deep. In the depths of our forests and steppes, in the depths of immeasurable poverty, live the people, and they pass their judgment on the life they lead neither according to Lenin nor Stalin. Good is still good to them and evil is still evil. Their rules of life are simple and archaic; for a thousand years, since the emergence of Russia, they have lived with the consciousness, the awareness that all land is God's, that all men are God's creatures, and that God does not hate any people.

Before me is a testimonial referring to our times, to the most recent times. In the spring of 1950 a correspondent of the Paris daily *France Soir* spent two months in Russia. In one of his articles he describes a scene he saw in a Moscow railway station:

"I witnessed a scene that astonished me. On the platform, across the way from my sleeping-car a crowd of elegant Americans had gathered—the men wore bright neckties, the women red and green coats. They were all employees of the American Embassy who were seeing a friend off to America. . . . There were fifty or perhaps sixty of them. Their gaiety was typically American. Suddenly they all took up singing For He's a Jolly Good Fellow. Then they sang

cowboy songs, and then Auld Lang Syne—their singing resounding under the rafters of the Moscow railway station. I was already in my compartment when this singing started. I went into the passageway and saw that other passengers—Russians, all—had also come out to take a look. And I heard the comments exchanged by the Russians.

“‘Not bad singing!’ remarked a fat man in a leather jacket.

“‘Who are they, Englishmen or Americans?’ asked another.

“The Russians smiled, joked. I stepped down to the platform. A crowd began to gather around the singing Americans. A young Yankee in the jacket of an American pilot conducted the “diplomatic chorus,” his long arms swinging with each beat. The Russians surrounding them were also having fun. I got into the thick of the crowd. On all sides I heard gay and sympathetic exclamations and remarks:

“‘What pretty songs, happy and sad at the same time!’ said one young woman.

“‘Not at all like our songs, yet not bad at all,’ others were saying.

“Both Russians and Americans were smiling. No one objected, no one muttered anything critical about these foreigners who were blocking traffic, waving their arms, speaking and shouting a foreign tongue. And yet all this took place less than two weeks after the incident of the American plane shot down over the Baltic Sea. The newspapers I read, the plays I had just seen and heard in Moscow’s theaters, were saying, it would seem, that Russians hate Americans. Yet here a crowd of Russians, made up of workers, railway employees, intellectuals, peasants were smiling benignly at these noisy Americans who had a bit too much to drink.”

Hatred for America is only in the speeches of the Kremlin despots who have enslaved the Russian people and who have designs on establishing themselves as dictators of the world; in the Kremlin-kept press; in Soviet literature, broken and bedraggled in spirit; on theater billboards, but not in the heart of the ordinary Russian.

Turning mentally to Alyosha Smirnov and the numerous friends I left in Russia, I ask them: “Is it true that you hate America?” And I seem to hear their unanimous: “NO!”

Without hatred—on the contrary, with a deep sense of friendship and sympathy—do the Russian people regard America, and, since they are now in slavery, they continue to hope that the day will come when in Russia, as in America, at long last each man will reap even as he had sowed and the tearless fields will swell and the spirit of freedom will shed its sunlight over the freshly turned Russian furrow.

Russians Against Stalin

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

A DIVISION of the world into Communist and non-Communist sections along strictly geographical lines is misleading. In countries which are still free from Communist rule there are well organized, Moscow-controlled fifth columns in the shape of the national Communist parties. The number of orthodox, or Stalinite, Communists outside the Soviet Union is well in excess of ten million. Even if one leaves out the inflated figures of party membership in China and in the East European satellite states, the Kremlin can count on the loyalty of large numbers outside the iron curtain. The Communist Party in Italy claims about two million members, the Communist Party of France about 700,000.

It is only recently that there has been an awakening to the fact that the fifth column technique of political warfare need not be left exclusively to Stalin. There is a very substantial potential fifth column which is anti-Communist. This is most visibly represented by well over a million people who, after the war, preferred homeless exile to the prospect of living under totalitarian rule. There were over 800,000 DPs in UNRRA camps as late as 1946, who resisted every solicitation, every pressure (sometimes applied by Communists and Communist sympathizers who infiltrated into the UNRRA) to return to their homelands. They were Russians and other peoples of the Soviet Union, Poles, Letts, Lithuanians, Estonians, Yugoslavs, Hungarians. Not one was a citizen of a free country. This exodus of DPs is one of the most significant and indisputable plebiscites against totalitarianism in history.

It is generally estimated by students of the situation that the number of refugees is much greater than the figure of those registered in UNRRA camps. Perhaps an equally large number hid out in various European countries, usually living under false papers and trying to conceal their national identities.

This was especially true for those who had been Soviet citizens before the beginning of the Second World War. For under the Yalta Agreement the western powers assumed an obligation to return escaped Soviet citizens in their zones of occupation in Germany and Austria to the Soviet Union. The carrying out of this obligation

in the early period of the occupation led to many poignant tragedies, to actual and attempted suicides.

General Andrei Vlasov, leader of the most significant Russian anti-Soviet movement during the war, was handed over to the Soviet authorities and executed, along with some of his closest associates. Now, belatedly, American policy toward Russian exiles has changed. No fugitive from the Soviet Union is any longer in danger of deportation. American private organizations, such as the recently organized American Committee for the Liberation of the Peoples of Russia, are trying to give practical help to Russian and non-Russian minority groups abroad which are working against Communist tyranny.

During a trip to Europe last summer, when I met a number of representatives of anti-Soviet refugee organizations, I gained some impressions regarding both the possibilities and difficulties of creating a united democratic "fifth column" which might serve as a counterweight to the Kremlin fifth column represented by Communist parties in all parts of the world. One of the most obvious obstacles in the path of unity is the multiplicity of exile organizations, often hostile and suspicious in their relations with each other.

A main objective of the American Committee is to help the establishment, in Germany, of a Political Centre, including representatives of the principal Russian, Ukrainian, Caucasian and other exile political groups. Monarchist and extreme Rightist organizations, together with any which might have a fellow-traveler coloration, have been excluded from this projected combination.

The four principal Russian organizations which have been carrying on negotiations for a common statement of aims are the NTS (People's Toiling Union), the SBONR (Union for Struggle for the Freedom of the Peoples of Russia), the SBSR (Union for Struggle for Free Russia) and the League for Struggle for People's Freedom. Characteristics of these groups may be briefly described as follows:

The NTS (sometimes also known as the Solidaristi) developed as a youth movement among Russian exiles in Europe during the inter-war period. It represented to some extent a reaction against the restorationist dreams of the more conservative émigrés. The organization was committed to the ideal of a popular revolution against Communism, after which a kind of corporative state would be set up, headed by an anti-Communist élite ruling group. During the war the NTS, while preserving its ideal of a Russian national popular revolution, won the confidence of the Germans to a sufficient degree to permit some of its members to enter occupied Russian territory.

As the German fortunes waned in the war, the NTS tended to dissociate itself from this orientation, and some of its members were arrested and released after the end of the war. NTS makes the impression of being the most active of the Russian organizations in exile. It has won a number of converts among the new Russian refugees, the war prisoners and deportees who succeeded in remaining abroad. NTS maintains a large headquarters at Limburg in Germany, operates a movable radio station, broadcasting to the Soviet Zone in Germany, tries to distribute leaflets among the Soviet troops in Germany and issues one of the most widely read Russian émigré newspapers, *Posev*.

SBNR recruits its membership largely from members of the former Vlasov army. The Soviet General Andrei Vlasov, after a distinguished military career, was captured by the Germans in the fighting around Leningrad in the summer of 1942. Bitterly disillusioned in Stalin's régime, he launched a national liberation movement and, with grudging, limited and suspicious co-operation from the Germans, began to raise recruits among Russian war prisoners for a "Russian Liberation Army."

An interesting document in the Vlasov movement was the Smolensk Manifesto, which throws a good deal of light on the principal grievances of the Soviet peoples against the Communist rule. The manifesto calls for dissolution of collective farms, with the land going into the personal possession of the peasants, abolition of forced labor and of compulsory deliveries of produce to the state, abolition of mass deportations and compulsory resettlements, restoration of free trade and small private industry.

Had Vlasov's movement been allowed to develop, it might have furnished a formidable challenge to the Soviet régime. But Hitler looked with disfavor on any revival of Russian nationalism, wishing to exploit the occupied parts of Russia on a "master race" basis. Vlasov's military units were only given freedom of action when the war on the eastern front was already lost. However, it is highly significant of the extent of dissatisfaction with Soviet rule that hundreds of thousands of Soviet citizens enlisted in the Vlasov army and in other units formed by the Germans, sometimes on a nationality basis. Russians, Cossacks, Caucasians, Ukrainians, Turcomans, and others were found fighting on various war fronts throughout Europe.

Outstanding personality in the SBSR is the elderly Professor Melgunov, who lives in Paris. Like the League for the Struggle for People's Freedom, which was founded by Russian political exiles

in the United States, the Melgunov group has a mildly leftist (liberal and moderate socialist) trend. Recently there has been a schism in the League, the former Premier of the Provisional Government, Alexander Kerensky, the writer Roman Gul and others forming a new organization.

A preliminary conference of these Russian groups at Fussen, in Bavaria, in January, 1951, did not reach agreement because of the rather uncompromising stand of the NTS on the issue of how much self-government should be accorded to non-Russian nationalities. A subsequent conference at Stuttgart was more successful. However, personal and ideological differences make the structure of unity still rather fragile.

It is still more difficult to find an acceptable basis of agreement between the Russian and non-Russian anti-Communist groups. The most numerous and influential of the latter are the Ukrainians, who constitute the second largest nationality in the Soviet Union. The Ukrainians abroad are as much divided among themselves as are the Russians.

One centre of Ukrainian political life is the National Rada, or Council, with headquarters in Augsburg. It claims legitimate descent from the government set up by a representative body of the same name for the Ukraine, in Kiev, in 1917. In opposition to the Rada is a semi-secret conspirative organization under the leadership of Stepan Bandera, Ukrainian revolutionary terrorist who was imprisoned for taking part in a political assassination in Poland.

Released after the collapse of Poland, Bandera and an associate, Yaroslav Stetsko, proclaimed an independent Ukrainian state after the Germans captured Lvov, principal city of Eastern Galicia, with its predominantly Ukrainian population, in the summer of 1941. The Germans, however, were not inclined to tolerate Ukrainian, any more than Russian nationalism; and Bandera and Stetsko were interned during the war.

The attitude of the Ukrainians during the war was very mixed. At first there was an unmistakable tendency to welcome the Germans as liberators from national and economic oppression. (The forcible collectivization of agriculture led to even greater tragedy in the Ukraine, where the soil is rich and where there were many fairly prosperous individual farmers, than in Russia. And even Ukrainian Communists were regarded as unreliable and were constantly being purged on suspicion of separatist tendencies).

As Nazi agents followed the German army and instituted a régime of cruel oppression and national discrimination a considerable parti-

san movement developed in the forests and swamps. Some of the partisans were Soviet guerrillas, who were supplied by air from Red Army bases. Others were Ukrainian nationalists, who pursued the understandable but impractical ideal of fighting both against Stalin and against Hitler and sought allies among the other non-Russian peoples of the Soviet Union.

The Bandera organization seems to have played a considerable part in this guerrilla fighting, which was prolonged for some time after the end of the war and was directed against the Poles, as well as against the Soviet authorities. During the last years, however, open armed rebellion in the Ukraine seems to have been stamped out, or at least reduced to negligible proportions.

Besides the Rada and the various parties and groups which are more or less loosely associated with it, another Ukrainian organization calls itself the Supreme Ukrainian Liberation Council. Its principal representatives are Mykola Lebid, author of a book about Ukrainian political activity during the war; and Wolodymyr Stachiw, editor of *Suchasna Ukraina*, a newspaper published in Munich. This group claims to represent the Ukrainian Partisan Army, with guerrilla headquarters in the Ukraine. Spokesmen for the Rada assert that this Supreme Ukrainian Liberation Council is a creation of Bandera, and represents nothing but his influence.

I spent days of interesting and sometimes exhaustive discussion with representatives of the Russian and non-Russian anti-Communist groups. They ranged in background from old White officers, who in appearance and manners sometimes reminded one of America's veteran Confederate colonels, to persons of humble origin, products of Soviet training and education who, for one reason or another, fled to the West.

It was not easy to find any meeting of minds on the nationality issue. The average Russian takes the position that Communism, not Russian imperialism or chauvinism, is the enemy to be fought. Once the Soviet régime is overthrown, they argue, the national aspirations of the Ukrainians and other non-Russian peoples can be satisfied within the framework of a free democratic federation.

On the other hand, spokesmen for the non-Russian peoples usually show a good deal of distrust of Russian designs and intentions, quite apart from Communism. The Ukrainian editor Stachiw insisted that the Ukrainians would prefer a federation with European peoples to a federation with Russians. Most of the Ukrainians abroad are disposed to reject the suggestion of a plebiscite, to claim that the Ukraine is of right a free and independent state.

Akhmet Magoma, a swarthy Caucasian mountaineer from Daghestan, where he was one of the leaders of a large uprising against Soviet rule in 1920-21, recited a long tale of historical grievances of the Mohammedan mountaineers against the Russians who conquered them and took away some of their more fertile lands. He thought in terms of a federation of Caucasian and Central Asian peoples.

Each side in this debate is inclined to threaten dire consequences if Americans interested in freeing the peoples of the Soviet Union do not accept their viewpoint. Say the Russians: "Any proposal to dismember Russia will push the Russian people into the arms of Stalin."

Reply the non-Russians: "Our peoples will not be wholehearted in the struggle against Communism unless their right to separate national existence is acknowledged."

It would seem unwise for Americans, even unofficially, to take sides in this controversy. Evidence about separatism is too fragmentary and, in some cases, too conflicting to warrant positive conclusions. Claims based on what happened more than thirty years ago are shadowy and unrealistic, in view of the immense changes which have occurred during the last three decades. Quite possibly the psychology of the Galician Ukrainians who had never lived under Russian rule until the Soviet annexation in 1939 is somewhat different from that of Ukrainians who have been under Soviet rule from the beginning.

It would seem advisable to accept the general principle of self-determination for all peoples and to leave the question of constitutions and frontiers to the future course of events. Only when the iron grip of the Soviet police state is relaxed will it be possible to get a clear picture of what the peoples who are caught in this grip really want.

From my recent trip to Europe and from other sources of information I have reached the following conclusions about the potentialities and limitations of the anti-Soviet refugee movement:

There is no group abroad to-day which can plausibly claim to speak for the people of Russia, or for the Ukrainians, Georgians, Byelorussians, and other peoples of the Soviet Union. Soviet methods of repression are so far-reaching that no large underground organization can exist undetected. To expect immediate spectacular consequences from the fact that a few political groups of exiles agree on some manifesto would be highly unrealistic.

At the same time there is unmistakable evidence of disaffection

within the Soviet frontiers. In the light of what is now known the boast of Soviet apologists during the war that there was no fifth column in Russia is simply absurd. In actual fact Russia is the only country invaded by the Nazis where considerable numbers of people "collaborated" to the extent of joining the armed forces of the invader. These numbers would have been far greater, in all probability, if the Nazis had been capable of pursuing a moderate and enlightened occupation policy, capable of driving a wedge between the Soviet Government and the Soviet peoples. The Vlasov army, the Ukrainian guerrilla movement, the non-Russian nationality units which the Germans organized are historical facts. Vlasov's Smolensk manifesto dealt with real grievances, widely felt among his countrymen. There is nothing to indicate that these grievances have been removed since the war.

This disaffection can be stimulated by radio broadcasts delivered in Russian by Russians familiar with Soviet conditions and psychology. It is difficult for individual agents to penetrate into the Soviet Union. But the Red Army soldiers in the Soviet Zone of Germany are more accessible.

It is most important that more effective methods be taken on behalf of refugees from the Soviet Union and from other iron curtain countries. Up to the present time it has happened too often that people who have risked their lives to escape from behind the iron curtain find themselves treated with suspicion and neglect when they reach their destination. It is worse than useless to encourage Soviet citizens to escape if they are not given a fair chance to start a new life under favorable conditions after they succeed in escaping.

Some of the most valuable forms of work which American sympathizers with Russian freedom can perform now are: helping to develop a research centre for escaped Soviet scholars, supporting newspapers and other publications, making possible the publication of firsthand studies of Soviet political, social, and economic conditions and creating facilities in Europe for radio broadcasts in Russian, Ukrainian, and other Soviet languages.

It would be a vain delusion to imagine that the small, divided exile groups, even if they should unite on some common platform, would be able singlehanded to overthrow the Soviet régime. But there are solid, practical reasons to support their efforts, especially when they can prove that they are able to carry on some activity, however small, behind the iron curtain.

The Soviet régime, like every dictatorship, is abnormally sensitive

to the slightest breath of disaffection. Even a few cases of successful propaganda for freedom among Soviet soldiers or civilians would keep the masters of the Kremlin off balance, would increase their doubt as to the loyalty of their subjects and hold them back from military adventures.

And, if the reach of most of the exile groups seems clearly to exceed their grasp, it is worth considering how hopelessly ineffective Lenin and his small band of Bolsheviks in exile would have seemed to almost any informed observer in January, 1917. To assist the development of possible political and intellectual leaders who might fill the vacuum which a sudden crack-up of the Soviet régime would create is a very desirable kind of political investment. It might pay unexpectedly large dividends.

Shakespeare in Soviet Russia

BY GEORGE GIBIAN

THE works of Shakespeare were introduced into Russia in the eighteenth century, mainly by Sumarokov, Catherine the Great, and Karamzin. Soon after 1800, Shakespeare came to be as much at home in Russia as he was in Germany, but the Russians preserved more independence of judgment and indulged in less uncritical hero worship than the Germans. Tolstoy was the great exception which proved the rule of Russian love for Shakespeare. His famous attack, with its charge of Shakespeare's alleged anti-democratism, boded ill for Shakespeare's fortunes after 1917. Would Soviet Russia follow Tolstoy's views and reject Shakespeare, or would it follow the majority opinion of pre-revolutionary Russia in the great enthusiasm for Shakespeare as literature and as drama? The course of Shakespeare's reception in Soviet Russia was to be uneven and changeable. A survey of his fate from 1917 to the present is revealing of the vagaries of Soviet attitude towards literature and can serve as an illustration of the varied destinies enjoyed (and sometimes suffered) by a classic of Western culture in Soviet society.

Not only did Soviet critics make many profound changes in the interpretation of Shakespeare, but some extremists, especially in the early years, even questioned his very right to survival and asserted that writers of the old order would have no place in a classless community, which would require only classless literature, produced by its own writers free of the ballast of bygone days. Eventually, however, the views of men less culturally iconoclastic prevailed. Gorky, for example, admired Shakespeare and frequently urged the need for learning from masterpieces of the past. Lenin himself declared that "only with an exact knowledge of the cultures created by mankind through its entire development, only upon a basis of a reworking of this knowledge, can we build a proletarian culture." Together with other heritages from the pre-revolutionary age, Shakespeare won the struggle for existence; the manner in which he was interpreted, however, went through many changes.¹

¹This essay is greatly indebted to Elena Zarudnaya, "Shakespeare in the Soviet Union," unpubl. Honors Thesis (Radcliffe, 1939), and Edgar Lehrman, "Shakespeare Criticism in the Soviet Union Before 1939," unpubl. Master's essay (Columbia, 1950). It attempts merely to indicate the general trends and to illustrate them

In the early years of the Soviet régime, when non-Marxist critics were still appearing in print, it was the mystical, partly religious enthusiast, the great poet Alexander Blok, who played an important part in the earliest flowering of Shakespearean stage production. He became one of the directors of a "theater of tragedy, romantic drama, and high comedy," which was set up in August, 1918, in Leningrad, and exerted his influence towards a strictly classical repertory. The government theater must produce *Macbeth* even if it "should be performed before an empty house," he wrote.² Blok had the utmost faith in the value and ultimate victory of the classics of drama. *Much Ado About Nothing* was one of the two plays with which the theater opened in December, 1918, and *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Twelfth Night*, and *Julius Caesar* were all played by April, 1922.

Of the enthusiastic essays which Blok wrote on several of these plays, some were intended for Red Army audiences, others for the actors, and still others for the general public. His comments were only sparingly sociological; they resembled the idealistic studies of Shestov. Primarily interested in the "secret meaning" of the tragedies, Blok stressed the romanticism of *Othello* and *King Lear*. Why should Shakespeare have represented the emotions of the human soul with such photographic accuracy? Are there not enough catastrophes "in our insane years and days"—why should we look on more chaos, more faces of sufferers grimacing upon the stage?³ Blok found the justification which he sought as a crusader for Shakespeare in the illumination which *Othello* and *Lear* bring us. *Othello* is a person who lost his soul by entering the service of a foreign nation and regained it through his love for Desdemona. The purpose of all the harshness and darkness of *King Lear* was "to open our eyes to the precipices in life, which it is not always in our power to avoid." Yet Shakespeare, the "brutal and bitter artist," exhorts us not to seek another, brighter life, but to accept the truth as it is.

Blok's criticism was speculative when it grappled with the question of the total meaning of Shakespeare's plays, and it was sometimes expressed in vague, romantic terms. Yet he was a most sensitive critic, who paid primary attention to the work before him and who perceived its literary qualities.

with characteristic examples which necessarily must be selective. Full documentation, bibliography, and more detailed treatment can be found in this writer's unpubl. doctoral thesis "Shakespeare in Russia," (Harvard, 1951).

²Aleksandr Blok, *Sobranie sochinenii*, Berlin, 1923, vol. IX, *passim*.

³*Ibid.*, p. 273.

The pages of Soviet journals, in the twenties still open to the poetic, literary criticism of Blok, accepted also the studies of the formalists. Sergey Obruchev, for instance, published an analysis of *Hamlet*, prefaced by a most impressive survey of score on score of Western works on the tragedy.⁴ He tried to establish that *Hamlet* consisted of seven "waves of emotion." A diagram accompanied his essay, with a curve denoting the successive "waves" experienced and rendered by Hamlet in the tragedy; a smaller curve represented the corresponding "waves" of Laertes. The actor, according to Obruchev, must go through the emotional curve shown and in turn convey his heightened feelings to the audience. Each such "wave" was preceded by a triad of anticipatory actions. The analysis was intended to help us judge what cuts could be made and what omissions would be harmful; the waves also demonstrated that Hamlet must be strong emotionally.

Obruchev was arbitrary, schematic, and subjective, although he assumed the pseudo-scientific air of objectivity in systematic, graphic exposition. Yet he, like Blok, deserves credit if not absolutely, then at least relatively. In contrast to the Marxists he stood for critical interest in literature, which for the next fifteen years flickered only very feebly. The formalists and the survivors of the pre-revolutionary schools of symbolism were a small minority. They were the voices crying not in a wilderness, but amidst the loud roar of Marxist critics, who had little interest in technical means, structure, form, triads, and emotional waves.

Russian Marxist critics were sociological and looked backwards to the pronouncements on Shakespeare by Marx and Engels. In the twenties such references were frequent; in the thirties and forties they became inevitable companions of any discussion of Shakespeare. It is necessary to understand these comments by Marx and others in order to understand Soviet criticism. Marx's knowledge of Shakespeare, his admiration for him, and his belief that Launce and his dog was worth more than all German comedies put together and that the first act of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* had more life and movement than all German literature are recalled time and again in Soviet books on Shakespeare. They are the basic texts serving as a bulwark of self-justification for Soviet Shakespeareans. Other pronouncements by Marx and Engels also foreshadow much

⁴"Sovremennoe litso Gamleta," *Pechat i revolyutsiya*, Moscow, July-Sept., 1925, books 5-6, pp. 100-117.

of Soviet criticism. Marx praised Shakespeare's condemnation of money through *Timon* and exhorted Lasalle to "Shakespeareanize" more, meaning thereby the taking of revolutionary peasantry and citizenry rather than of individuals as "bearers of the spirit of the centuries." Engels praised Shakespeare's lively background of social decomposition, adventurers, and feudal lords, and considered the rich profuse humanity "à la Falstaff" necessary for a historical drama. Engels and Marx made their remarks incidentally, and never developed their views on Shakespeare systematically, yet their comments are the threads which Soviet critics wove and expanded into large, ambitious fabrics, following in the search for sociological lessons and adding the quest for the sociological basis of Shakespeare's own work.⁵

The first view, dominant in Soviet studies before 1930 and reminiscent of Tolstoy, was that Shakespeare's works had an aristocratic tendency and that their author despised the common people and held reactionary feudal views. Vladimir Friche (1870-1929) was the most important creator of this approach. In 1916 and 1921 he had exposed the view that only an aristocrat could have written Shakespeare's plays. More and more attracted by the Earl of Rutland theory of authorship, which, popularized by two works of the Belgian Demblon, was making many converts in Soviet Russia, Friche finally accepted the explanation that not an actor but an Earl had written the anti-democratic dramas. Rutland-Shakespeare was a thoroughly feudal, anti-popular monarchist, Friche wrote, unconscious of the irony of Bolsheviks' sharing the conclusions of those Westerners who doubted a common actor could have had the skill and knowledge to write Shakespeare's plays. He even argued that the monarchist Rutland, because of his personal political leanings and in spite of his temporary sympathies for Brutus, in the end gave victory to imperialism and to the spirit of Caesar, without mentioning that history may have had influence on the plot of Shakespeare's Roman plays. Similarly, Friche believed that Rutland was full of joy in his early plays because he was writing in the heyday of aristocratic power and fortunes; later Rutland perceived the coming downfall of the feudal world, and his plays became gloomy. Antonio, Jaques, *Timon*, and *Coriolanus* were the spokesmen of the author's

⁵Georg Lukach, "Marks i Engels o tragedii Lassala *Franz von Sickingen*," *Literaturnoe nasledstvo*, Moscow, 1932, III, 1-74, and Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, *Sur la littérature et l'art*, Paris, 1936, *passim*.

disillusionment. Hamlet was a courtier in the old feudal style, *declassé* into a member of the intelligentsia mentally, even though not occupationally.⁶

Friche's pronouncements were often unexplained, unjustified, and far-fetched *obiter dicta*, but they had great success; reviewers were enthusiastic about his book on Shakespeare. Among his colleagues in this Marxist reexamination of the classics was Lunacharsky, the Commissar of Education, who in the section on Shakespeare in his *History of Western European Literature* expressed the conviction that an actor born in a small town was not likely to have written the plays, but declared he did not know who had written them.⁷ After a general sociological survey of Shakespeare's England (based, as usual, on Engels' description of the Renaissance spirit of freedom and innovation), Lunacharsky analyzed *Coriolanus* and *Julius Caesar* with conclusions opposed to Friche's: the plays were written by an aristocrat who favored an aristocratic republic rather than a monarchy. He explained with unabashed complacency why he believed Shakespeare had given no clear expression of his thought on the meaning of life and of man's history. Shakespeare had no faith; his guiding star (the faith of the Middle Ages) had died. Now, however, Lunacharsky rejoiced, the Communists have a clear picture of history; we know where the world is moving and what we are to do. "Our era is very much happier in this respect." In a later article for the Great Soviet Encyclopedia, Lunacharsky showed that Shakespeare's views were not so distasteful to him as to Friche; they had plebeian strength and pleased both the people and the "full-blooded" aristocracy. Lunacharsky also correctly discerned in Shakespeare's works evidence of the English national upsurge, which promoted a fuller life for the individual.

The influence of the Friche-Lunacharsky critical methods on other students during the twenties was very great. Attempts at exegesis in terms of a schematic, amateurish, over-simplified sociological background abounded. There was much native precedent for this approach to literature. Tolstoy had attacked Shakespeare's alleged anti-popular bias; Belinsky, Dobroliubov, Chernyshevsky, and others in the nineteenth century had gone to great lengths in their civic criticism of Shakespeare. Soviet writers liked to think of themselves as followers of the radical critics whom they now termed

⁶Vladimir Friche, *Shakespeare*, Moscow-Leningrad, 1926, pp. 20, 46, and *passim*.

⁷"Shakespeare i ego vek," in *Istoriya zapadnoevropeiskoy literatury* (1924 and later editions), reprinted in Lunacharsky's *Stati o teatre i dramaturgii*, Moscow-Leningrad, 1938, pp. 182-201.

"revolutionary democrats." When the ideological system of Marxism was added to and superimposed on the random comments of Dobroliubov and Chernyshevsky, supported by the might of the Soviet state and its cultural organizations, the compelling force of a literary criticism concentrating on class struggle became so great that even the veteran Marxist critic and scholar P. S. Kogan made alterations in successive editions of his *Essays on the History of Western European Literature* (originally published in 1903) in order to make them up-to-date in sociological theory and even in nomenclature. In the tenth edition of 1931 he added a preface which acknowledged that "we now know" that ideas only appear to be "general ideas" but are in reality always class ideas. Art is an ideological weapon; true representation of life must be a representation of the class struggle which raised "us," Soviet Marxists, as its pinnacle, Kogan wrote. It was no wonder that such teleological class interpretation resulted in violent distortions of Shakespeare.

It is the fate of *obiter dicta* and dogmatic statements careless of evidence that other *obiter dicta* can be opposed to them with a facility equal to that enjoyed by their original inventors. New Soviet critics arose who made statements and deductions on the same subject as Friche, based on equally little evidence, and with opposite conclusions. The most important of the theorists of this second period was A. A. Smirnov, according to whom Shakespeare loved the people "with a vital and healthy love," being a bourgeois writer critical of the greed and philistinism of the bourgeoisie and transcending bourgeois thought so greatly that the members of his own class are still unable to understand the revolutionary elements in his work. In his *The Work of Shakespeare* Smirnov opposed Friche point by point.⁸ Shakespeare used feudal imagery and subject-matter not because he was a feudalist, but because the traditional plots were suitably dramatic, he argued, substituting three new divisions of Shakespeare's plays for Friche's; whereas the earlier critic had based his categories on the fortunes of the monarchists, Smirnov followed a supposed development in the position of the individualistic bourgeoisie. We are relieved to find, however, that he did not proclaim any new burgher as the real author of Shakespeare's works, in rivalry with Friche's Rutland. It is also clear that Smirnov's interpretation could be more favorable to Shakespearean production and study than Friche's picture of the haughty

⁸*Tvorchestvo Shekspira*, Leningrad, 1934, in English translation, *Shakespeare, Marxist Interpretation*, Critics Group, New York, 1937.

aristocrat, which tended to discourage preoccupation with Shakespeare in a Marxist country.

A great controversy sprang up around the conflicting statements of Friche, Smirnov, and others. Conferences were held and polemics carried on in periodicals and even in the daily newspapers. The general principles of Leninist and Marxist literary criticism were thrashed over and variant solutions (such as Dinamov's compromise formula that Shakespeare was a spokesman for "the new nobility which was fast acquiring bourgeois trappings") were discussed. Although no definite positive solution was reached in this great Soviet Battle of the Books wherein Shakespeare played such an important part, yet it had the effect of weakening the influence of the school of "vulgar sociology," which was reprimanded and branded heretical.

There were parallels between the condemnation of "vulgar sociology" in literary criticism and that of "leftist deviationism" in politics.

In April, 1932, the organization which had been responsible for much of the pressure for using literature as a weapon in the class war, RAPP (The Russian Association of Proletarian Writers), was dissolved. In Soviet literature "socialist realism" became the accepted doctrine in theory and practice. The school of thought which gained dominance in Shakespearean studies was that which placed more stress on the humanism and on the universality of the dramas. Kemenov, for example, warned that the great minds of the past were not circumscribed by the limitations of their class and age. Shakespeare, like Tolstoy, was able to step outside of his own age; his was a universal art which to a certain extent had prepared the way for an eventual universal, classless art. Kemenov expressed the approved Soviet view of the thirties when he described Friche, Smirnov, and Dinamov as "fetishistic" sociologists and urged the people to enjoy Shakespeare's grandeur and humanity. Like Engels and Dobroliubov, Kemenov believed that all great writers, including aristocrats, were in their works basically for the people and against oppression, even if their personal opinions were reactionary, and he protested against a "class" criticism of literature which sacrificed all that is enduring and vital in works of art—all that now could be understood and appreciated by a socialistic people.⁹

⁹V. Kemenov, "The Shakespeare Decriers," in *Literature and Marxism*, ed. Angel Flores, Critics Group, New York, 1938, p. 19.

The critical controversy over Shakespeare was closely connected with stage productions. Critical views originated in reviews of theatrical performances; in turn productions were often based on the prevailing critical interpretations. After the early blossoming of the classical repertory in the first four years after the Revolution, there had been a lull in Shakespearean productions, but in 1927, *Sir John Falstaff*, composed of Falstaffian scenes from the histories, was performed; it combined formalism with the sociologism then current. Prince Hal became the villain and Falstaff the democratic hero. There were many other examples of the influence of whatever Marxist theory happened to be in power at the time. *Richard III*, produced by Radlov, was based on Smirnov's book published the previous year. Even in Stanislavsky's *Othello* the colonial situation in Cyprus and the discontent of the Turkish inhabitants were given great prominence. Akimov, who produced *Hamlet* at the Vakh-tangov Theater in 1932, concluded from current Soviet criticism that Hamlet must have resembled Erasmus, the humanist *par excellence*, and even made Erasmus speak several lines of comment on the play. As a progressive humanist, Hamlet must have had much *joie de vivre*, and hence he was represented as a gay scholar. In order to show the sociological background of the play, a struggle for the throne was described and Danish court society shown as rotten indeed; Ophelia, for example, was rendered as a corrupt young society girl, who drowned during one of her drunken sprees.

Despite intrusions of dubious theories, of which a few instances have been mentioned, however, Shakespeare fared better on the stage than on the page of printed commentary. The main interest of many producers remained in the extraction of all the universal values of Shakespeare's art. Observers who have seen performances of Shakespeare in England, the United States, and Russia have judged certain Soviet productions as the best of all three countries on the basis of the acting and stagecraft. Some of the outstanding representations were Radlov's *Othello*, his *King Lear* at the Jewish Theater, and *Romeo and Juliet* with Astangov. Just as the high technical level of the pre-revolutionary Russian stage has been largely maintained in spite of frequent excesses in interpretation, so the connection between theater and scholarship has been continued into the Soviet period. Through a governmental theatrical organization, scholars have given valuable help to various producers, who are given ready access to the fruits of Shakespearean research. In turn the scholars have benefited from the practice of the stage, which

has served as a laboratory for the verification of hypotheses on interpretation of Shakespearean lines and scenes.

Russian is not the only language in which Shakespeare has been performed. Armenia and other non-Russian regions had been acquainted with Shakespeare even under the Tsar; in Soviet Russia new translations were made into Armenian, Georgian, and other languages. One of the annual Shakespeare conferences, which have been held since 1939 (organized by the Shakespeare Section of the USSR Society for the Theater), took place in Erevan, the capital of Soviet Armenia; various Shakespearean plays were produced, including two different versions of *Hamlet* and *Othello*, each with a different interpretation and cast. This festival of 1944 was greeted in Russia as a testimonial to the domestication of Shakespeare in the non-Russian sections of the country and to the diffusion of knowledge of Shakespeare in the entire country.

Many new Russian translations were also made. Despite occasional severe condemnations in the pages of Soviet journals, some of the translations have been excellent. Their great number and frequently high quality can be explained by the awareness of the importance of correct translations and of poetic techniques (a heritage of the formalism of the twenties), by the need to replace the nineteenth century versions the language of which seemed archaic to Soviet audiences, by the Soviet program of bringing the classics into the lives of the people, and by the fact that some very good poets scarcely dared to write anything on their own. The most important translations are those of Lozinsky, Anna Radlova, Marshak, and Pasternak. Since 1940, Boris Pasternak has translated *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Anthony and Cleopatra*, *Othello*, and *King Lear*. His great merit has been freedom from conventionality; his translations are colloquial and attempt to render Shakespeare as he might have written in modern Russian, rather than to translate literally what he did say in Elizabethan English. Pasternak's translations of plays and Marshak's of the sonnets, made in collaboration with their mentor, Moscow Professor Morozov, are the most recent accomplishments of Soviet Russia, and also, after some of the stage productions, the most valuable.

Soviet Shakespearean scholarship in its beginnings followed in the footsteps of the great nineteenth-century Shakespearean, Professor Storozhenko, but it is a pity that such a great proportion of the energy of the Soviet writers on Shakespeare has been devoted to speculations about the class origins and class interpretations of his work that only few scholarly and lasting books were written. Oc-

asionally solid studies appeared, however, regardless of the vagaries of the critics. A. S. Bulgakov, for instance, wrote a thorough, well-informed book on the theatrical companies of Shakespeare's London, without any subservience to the Marxist controversies raging around him.¹⁰ Some of his other studies and those of M. Morozov were also valuable.

The partial freeing of Shakespeare from sociological distortion, which took place after 1934, was continued during World War II and immediately after. During the war there was even some hesitant use of Shakespeare as a link between Russia and the West. Morozov contributed a few brief notes on Shakespearean events in Russia to the American *Shakespeare Association Bulletin*, and in England his booklet *Shakespeare on the Soviet Stage* was published with J. Dover Wilson's introduction. Exploitation of Shakespeare for Marxist ends was absent from this book, which on the contrary carried a note of friendship for the West. Morozov's work on Shakespeare published in Russia in the same year was also a straightforward account of Shakespeare's life and dramas with no far-fetched sociological interpretation. There was the obligatory incidental praise of the exceptional Soviet understanding of Shakespeare and a statement that "Marx's and Engels' appreciation of Shakespeare was the deepest in world literature and is the key to the understanding of Shakespeare's work,"¹¹ but the bulk of the book is unprejudiced and valuable. Shakespeare was on his way to becoming a bridge of friendship, a common interest of Russia and the English-speaking countries.

More recently, however, there have been discouraging signs of a reversal of the trend. Articles published in the last three years have returned to the use of Shakespeare as a stick with which to beat sixteenth-century feudalism and twentieth-century bourgeois criticism. Attempts are again being made at explanation of the fate of Shakespeare's heroes in terms of their supposed social circumstances. The moment at which this change of direction began can be placed fairly exactly; it was indicated by a violently adverse review in *Sovetskaya Kniga* of January, 1949, of *Shekspirovsky Sbornik*, an anthology of essays on Shakespeare. Morozov had contributed an article on Shakespeare's metaphors to that collection; the reviewer criticized him severely for primitive formalism and imitation of Anglo-American methods of barren philology and attacked the entire volume very harshly.

¹⁰*Teatr i teatralnaya obshchestvennost Londona*, Academia, 1929.

¹¹*Shekspir* (n.p., 1947), p. 257.

Perhaps it was that attack, as well as the general worsening of relations between Russia and the West, which persuaded Morozov and others that it might be wise to make plain their loyalty to Soviet Marxism and its current line on Shakespeare. At any rate Morozov published two articles in 1949 in which he went out of his way to attack the West and its bourgeois critics and theatrical workers.¹² In one article he charged that the West was afraid to let the people see the connection between Shakespeare and real life. For that reason bourgeois producers perform his plays in eighteenth-century costume or in mixed unhistorical costumes, he wrote, referring to various Swedish and other productions; they call Shakespeare "timeless," by which they mean not that he is immortal, but detached from life in his age. To one western critic Shakespeare was a bard of colonial exploitation, Morozov continued with ridicule, failing to mention the numerous Soviet critics who had drawn the same conclusion from *The Tempest*. Morozov trusted that the illusionism and representationalism and other Western escapes from Shakespeare's realism, which bourgeois producers fear, would not be able to prevent the masses from an eventual awakening, and that Shakespeare would be one of the forces which would liberate the people in capitalistic countries. In another place, again reviewing a Western book on the theater, Morozov accused America of using Shakespeare as an excuse for her aggressive acts; the individualism which the Americans saw in Shakespeare and the Renaissance in general was merely a subterfuge intended to justify "subjugation of other people." Even the title of this second article by Morozov was characteristic: "Expansion of Wall Street in Dramatic Studies."

The wheel of Soviet criticism has swung a long way since the early comments of Friche and Kogan; let us hope it is not now going to swing back to its origins. In the thirties the Russians made some progress in understanding Shakespeare. Much of the earlier preposterous distortion was cleared away. In Soviet productions and translations—which were based solidly on the high accomplishments of Russian dramatic and literary art—Shakespeare has particularly flourished since the oppressive weight of Marxist theory was partially removed after 1932. It would be unfortunate but not surprising if the present hostility of Russia to the West should entail a relapse of Shakespearean criticism into the absurdities of earlier Soviet attitudes.

¹²"Falsifikatory Shekspira," *Teatr*, Jan., 1949, pp. 53-56, and "Teatrovedcheskaya ekspansiya Wall Strita," *Teatr*, May, 1949, pp. 85-88.

An American View of Bloody Sunday

BY WILLIAM C. ASKEW

THERE are many accounts of the Russian Revolution of 1905, a large number of which are contemporary,¹ but the definitive work remains to be written. More questions probably remain unanswered concerning the tragic and important events which transpired on Red Sunday, January 22, than have been answered. What actually happened on this memorable day? What was the responsibility of the Russian government for the failure to avoid bloodshed? What were the real motives of this enigmatic figure, Father Gapon?

It may never be possible to reconstruct completely what happened on Red Sunday. The popular belief, perpetuated in part by the simplified accounts of textbook writers, appears to be that Father Gapon and a large group of workers reached the Winter Palace only to meet the brutal and unprovoked fire from the Tsar's guards. As a matter of fact, Gapon and his group of workers never came close to the Winter Palace but were stopped at the Narva Gate in the southwestern part of St. Petersburg.² Workers were converging on the palace from four³ or five⁴ separate parts of the city. Each of these groups was engaged by Russian soldiers. No doubt the action by both soldiers and workers varied in each encounter. No one witness can describe what happened in all of these clashes. The number killed may never be known.

More important perhaps are the questions concerning the motives and actions of the Russian government. Lenin's explanation that the government was seeking a pretext for calling out the military forces in order to bring matters to a head is not convincing.⁵ Did the government become panicky⁶ or did it underestimate the situation

¹For the older works see R. J. Kerner, *Slavic Europe: A Selected Bibliography in the Western European Languages*, Cambridge, Mass., 1918, pp. 102-105.

²Father George Gapon, *The Story of My Life*, London, 1905, pp. 180-187.

³*Ibid.*, p. 188.

⁴V. I. Gurko, *Features and Figures of the Past*, Stanford, 1939, p. 345.

⁵V. I. Lenin, *The Revolution of 1905*, New York, 1931, p. 9.

⁶A. G. Mazour, *Russia Past and Present*, New York, 1951, p. 355.

and overestimate its ability to stop the demonstration?⁷ Did the Tsar at Tsarskoe Selo actually receive the letter which Gapon sent to him on January 21 by two messengers?⁸ In short, did the Tsar know that the march to the Winter Palace would take place next day? What decisions were reached on the evening of January 21 when Sviatopolk-Mirsky, the Minister of the Interior, Muraviev, the Minister of Justice, Kokovtsov, the Minister of Finance, Lopukhim, the Director of the Police Department, Meshetich, the Chief of Staff of the troops, and Fullon, Governor of St. Petersburg met? Did these men believe that they could prevent the demonstration by communicating the news to the workers that the Tsar was not in the Winter Palace? This information was known to Gapon. If the decision was made to arrest Gapon, why did the police fail to arrest him? Was Gapon saved from arrest by a promise which General Fullon had given to the priest or were the police unable to locate Gapon in time? What were General Fullon's intentions when he tried to reach Gapon by telephone on the morning of January 22?⁹ How is the strange lack of activity by Count Witte, the Chairman of the Committee of Ministers, to be explained? According to Kokovtsov, Count Witte said that he had heard nothing about the demonstration beforehand.¹⁰ Witte admits in his *Memoirs* that he telephoned Sviatopolk-Mirsky on the evening of January 21 after a delegation of citizens which included Gorky came to beg that the Tsar appear and receive the petition of the workers.¹¹

What were Gapon's motives? Was he simply an *agent provocateur*?¹² Granted that he started organizing the workers of St. Petersburg in close collaboration with Zubatov and the secret police,¹³ was he ever completely sincere in this collaboration? Was Gapon

⁷V. N. Kokovtsov, *Out of My Past*, Stanford, 1935, p. 36.

⁸The letter to the Tsar is reproduced in Gapon, *The Story of My Life*, pp. 163, 164. Gapon wrote that he never heard again from the two men who carried the message. A similar letter to Sviatopolk-Mirski was delivered. Gapon visited Muraviev on January 21 and gave the Minister of Justice a copy of his petition to the Tsar. According to Gapon, Muraviev already had a copy. *Ibid.*, pp. 165, 166.

⁹Gurko, *Features and Figures of the Past*, pp. 345-347; Kokovtsov, *Out of My Past*, p. 36; Gapon, *The Story of My Life*, pp. 159-171, 174, 175.

¹⁰Kokovtsev, *Out of My Past*, pp. 36, 37.

¹¹S. I. Witte, *The Memoirs of Count Witte*, New York, 1921, p. 252. Witte wrote that Kokovtsev's opposition blocked his invitation to the conference.

¹²G. Alexinsky, *Modern Russia*, London, 1913, p. 92.

¹³B. D. Wolfe, "Gapon and Zubatov: An Experiment in Police Socialism," *The Russian Review*, VII, 1948, 53-61. The argument throughout Gapon's book is that he was always on the side of the poor workers.

an unbalanced man, who for a brief moment became a maker of revolution ready to lead the workers toward certain trouble?¹⁴ What did he seek to accomplish by leading the workers to the Winter Palace? Was his aim to make the workers hostile to the Tsar,¹⁵ or was it to rescue the Tsar from his counsellors?¹⁶ What were Gapon's personal ambitions? What rôle did he plan to assign to the Social-Revolutionary and Social-Democratic parties when he agreed to collaborate with them? Did he really plan to have the Social Democrats at the back of the workers in order to keep the latter from retreating?¹⁷ If Gapon became a real leader of revolution for a brief moment, when did he decide to betray the revolution to the Russian police again? We know from Witte that he agreed to betray the fighting organization of the central revolutionary committee for 100,000 rubles. Witte also admits that he gave 500 rubles to get Gapon out of Russia after Gapon came back from several months in European countries.¹⁸ Is there any basis for the charge that Witte arranged for Gapon to receive a much larger sum of 30,000 rubles with which to compensate the workers for the closing of their meeting places and that Gapon used 23,000 rubles of this sum for his travel abroad?¹⁹ Is Gapon, the gambler at Monte Carlo, the champion of the Russian worker or merely a pleasure-mad man? Why was Gapon so stupid as to seal his own death warrant by trying to persuade Rutenberg of the Social-Revolutionary party to join him in betraying the revolutionists to the government?²⁰

The confidential report of Robert S. McCormick, the United States ambassador at St. Petersburg, which is reproduced below,²¹ does not supply definitive answers to these questions. It does throw a little light on some of them. It absolves Grand Duke Vladimir of responsibility. It presents a somewhat different picture of Gapon's

¹⁴V. Chernov, *The Great Russian Revolution*, New Haven, 1936, pp. 21, 22. For evidence that trouble was expected see Gapon, *The Story of My Life*, pp. 167-179.

¹⁵Gurko, *Features and Figures of the Past*, p. 347.

¹⁶B. Pares in *The Cambridge Modern History*, Cambridge, 1910, XII, 349.

¹⁷Gapon, *The Story of My Life*, pp. 170, 171; Gurko, *Features and Figures of the Past*, p. 345.

¹⁸Witte, *The Memoirs of Count Witte*, pp. 253, 254.

¹⁹R. Vrba, *Die Revolution in Russland*, Prague, 1906, I, 302.

²⁰Boris Savinkov, *Memoirs of a Terrorist*, New York, 1931, pp. 122-126, 171-174, 238-248. Rutenberg, according to this account, used workers who had marched on January 22 to hang Gapon at a villa in Ozerki on March 22, 1906. Savinkov never trusted Gapon.

²¹McCormick to Hay, confidential, January 31, 1905; Russian Despatches, vol. 62, in the National Archives.

motives from that usually given, even if it does not prove the point. It throws some light on the personalities and aims of Mirsky and Witte. Finally, it presents the action of part of the soldiers toward part of the workers in a much more favorable light than is usually the case. Certainly McCormick's evaluation of the true significance of Red Sunday is correct.

American Embassy,
St. Petersburg.

18/31 January, 1905.

The Honorable

John Hay,

Secretary of State,

Washington, D. C.

Sir:

The changes which have come over the internal situation in Russia since my departure early in October mark distinctly the beginning of the end of the old régime and the dawn of a new era. Unhappily, too, although only for the moment, the promise of liberal reforms granted from above which the appointment of Prince Sviatopolk-Mirski as Minister of the Interior foreshadowed, is nipped in the bud through the reactionary influences which have asserted themselves whenever "the autocrat" seemed ready to yield something of his own prerogatives and grant these reforms by imperial edict.

As you know, I have not concealed my sympathy with Russia since my appointment to this post, and resented what seemed to me a pernicious effort to sow bad blood between us and the country which gave such conspicuous proof of its friendship to the United States "even at a time when there was little confidence felt at St. Petersburg of the ultimate success of our National Cause." The Emperor appealed to me because I believed him to be conscientious and to sincerely desire the good of his people, and in spite of evidence to the contrary I continued to hope against hope that he would throw off the influences which had kept him in swaddling clothes and assert himself against such reactionaries as Pobedonostzeff,²² the Grand Duke Serge—the most malign of all—and the bureaucrats who recognize that they must fall with the autocracy. This hope found promise of realization in the appointment of Prince Mirski as Minister of the Interior and in the initial steps of the latter on assuming office. But instead of going forward boldly on the lines indicated by these steps, timidity, weakness, vacillation, one might say cowardice, has characterized every action of the man who holds, or perhaps I should say held, until Sunday before last, the destinies of this great nation in his hands. Today the reactionaries are in the saddle and hold the whip hand in the person of the Grand Duke Serge (Vladimir is in no way responsible for the present situation, having been out of favor for a year or more) backed by Pobedonostzeff, and their manifesto is to be found in the proclamation of the Holy Synod to its "dear children," translation of which is enclosed herewith.²³

However opinion might have been divided until now as to the "case shot" which was said to have been left by accident in one of the saluting guns on the oc-

²²The spelling is that used by McCormick.

²³Not reproduced.

casation of "The Blessing of the Waters," the majority of persons with whom I have spoken agree with me that it was not there by accident, and this opinion prevails generally.²⁴

Owing to the importance of the events which took place on January 22nd, which, but for the blundering of the authorities and the failure of the Emperor to prove himself equal to his position and its responsibilities, might have passed without evil consequences, I feel that I am justified in repeating in large part the contents of the memorandum note which went forward in Saturday's bag, with names and details which I could not then give for obvious reasons. My talk with Prince Mirski came about through my taking Mr. Melville Stone²⁵ to see him, the Department of the Interior having to do with the Censorship and the acquaintance therefore being mutually desired. Mr. Stone was present and joined in the conversation. It was not the same Prince Mirski with whom I had talked three months before almost to a day. Then he was hopeful and talked with some freedom of what he looked forward to accomplishing. He believed that he would be able to evolve a plan embodying measures of reform which would meet the situation and relieve the people of many of the burdens which weighed most heavily upon them and involving genuine local self-government. When I saw him after my return here, almost his first word was that he would be glad to retire. He had, as said in my memorandum despatch, secured, as is generally believed, the imperial sanction for liberal reforms which would have met a situation daily becoming more dangerous. Undoubtedly he had compromised his position and his influence by departing from old traditions in giving out his views and plans for publication. Still more compromising and unfortunate for success in his difficult task was his sending Mr. Gourko, Chief of the Department of Provincial Affairs, to Warsaw to consult with the leading Poles as to "what would satisfy their people," as was proven by the immediate result. The Poles, instead of conferring with Mr. Gourko with a view to arriving at measures which were practical and could be considered by the Minister and placed before the Emperor, proceeded to draw up a scheme involving practical autonomy—an imperium in imperio; their language and literature to be kept alive and fostered on equal footing with Russian, and other demands which, from the standpoint of the government would have promised nothing short of bedlam and the perpetuation of conditions which keep, because on a larger scale, the Austro-Hungarian Empire in a constant state of ferment. That some concession could and would have been made had the question been deferred until the end of the war there can be no doubt, but nothing now can be predicted with any certainty, beyond the chaos produced by the events of January 9/22, 1905. And what applies to Russian Poland applied to Finland and every province facing out on Europe with a proportion of population whose eyes are turned to the more prosperous and in every way better conditioned people across the frontier.

Baron d'Aehrenthal, the Austrian Ambassador here, has talked quite freely with me on this subject and on the events of Sunday before last. While expressing great admiration of Prince Sviatopolk-Mirski, he says that while he had every sympathy with his measures he could not but condemn his methods, which lost him the control of a situation which required a firmer hand to give than to withhold. He believed

²⁴On Epiphany Day, January 19, saluting guns from Vasiliévsky Island fired one or more rounds of live ammunition. They killed a policeman and broke the staff of a banner near the Tsar. See Gurko, *Features and Figures of the Past*, pp. 339-342.

²⁵Of the Associated Press.

that in time of peace certain concessions could have been made to the Poles even in the matter of language, but to allow the question to be opened at this time was in his opinion an unpardonable blunder. As to the internal situation Baron d'Aehrenthal's opinion is more valuable than that of any of his colleagues, on account of long service here—some ten years altogether as Secretary, Counsellor and Ambassador, coupled with his fine powers of observation, cool judgment and the interest which his government has in being kept fully and reliably informed as to the internal condition of its neighbor. A revolution in Russia would call forth something close akin in Austria-Hungary, and Russian conditions are a barometer to be closely watched at all times and every variation noted. When he says, therefore, that the events of January 22nd will be followed by no serious consequences in the near future, his opinion should carry great weight. He is satisfied, as are all those with whom I have talked, that the army is absolutely loyal—officers and men; and that outside of the large centres, bad as are the conditions, discontent has not reached a point that threatens outbreak of any kind. Moreover there is no organization, and no arms within reach outside of the government arsenals, and a long time will elapse before an inroad will be made upon this condition. He says the Slav is docile and will return to the traces after such punishment as was administered on Sunday. In this Baron d'Aehrenthal's wonted clearheadedness fails him, in my opinion, and accustomed as he is to see the Slav return to the traces, he cannot comprehend the breaking of the spell under which this people has hitherto bent to the lash almost uncomplainingly.

If Prince Sviatopolk-Mirski has proven himself lacking in the statesmanlike qualities of foresight, grasp, and decision, as has been demonstrated, there is a man who has all these, and to him the intelligent classes look as the one man able to deal with the problems now demanding solution, and this is the Ex-Minister of Finance, Mr. Witte. The question among those who know him best is, if placed in the position of Chancellor and clothed with the necessary powers, would he wield them unselfishly for the good of the Empire, or would he be led to sacrifice this to his personal ambition, which has already shown itself unmistakably to be an uppermost quality in him. What stands in the way of his being entrusted with the necessary powers by the Emperor is a mutual antipathy and distrust, and if the Emperor turns to him it will be in spite of these and not because of their being dispelled.

I had an opportunity to talk with Mr. Witte some days ago and his attitude was one of almost scornful aloofness and freedom of responsibility for the present situation. To an intimation that I did not wish to trespass long on his time when he must be engrossed with affairs, he pointed to his empty desk, in striking contrast with that at which I found him sitting when he held the Portfolio of Finance, and said "I have nothing to do." I then said that I naturally was much interested in the internal conditions of the Empire and asked him if he had any objection to expressing himself to me and to Mr. Stone, who accompanied me, as he did on the occasion of my visit to Prince Mirski. He replied "Not at all" and began by referring to the government departments, saying that outside of the Ministry of Finance, all was chaos. Of course the first thing necessary was a total reorganization in each and every one. Considering his former relations with the above-named ministry and his present attitude toward the government, including the possibility of his being the hand to work the desired reforms, one cannot be expected to give entire faith to this statement. It is especially interesting as clearly revealing the man and his

plans, ambitions and purposes should power ever come to his hands. His hard, cold temperament, his absolute want of tact and brutality of manner as often exhibited to those who have come in contact with him, might wreck any government over whose destinies he might be called to preside. Mr. Witte continued by saying that the domestic situation certainly is bad, but that it did not forebode revolution or anything akin to it at the present time; that the cities and manufacturing centres outside of Russia's enormous population, the vast bulk of it—the one hundred millions and upward, had not been touched with any deep longing for better things, of which their experience had taught them nothing; that the glimpse of those better conditions which had come to the industrial classes in the manufacturing centres through contact with foreign workmen and the improved conditions of life—greatly improved as compared to their former condition—aroused a desire for still better things. Nor had the peasant been deluged with socialistic literature from Germany, or been reached by the agitator, which influence had bred something more than discontent, a spirit bordering on revolt.

This visit to Mr. Witte took place before the lamentable events of Sunday the 9/22nd of January.

Normal conditions have so far established themselves that a calmer view can be taken of the events of that day, the character of which has been grossly, and I say without fear of committing a like fault, criminally exaggerated and exploited by the foreign press, especially by the London press as represented by *The Times*, *Morning Post*, *Daily Telegraph* and *Standard* which have come under my own eye. It is now clear to every impartial observer that the credulity of the workingmen had been worked upon by a group of socialists with Father Gapon, now raised by this press to the position of a demi-god—a sort of Second Savior—at its head, although he has to his record the violation of a young girl of twelve years of age. My authority for this, and he told me that he spoke with knowledge, is the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador Baron d'Aehrenthal.

The correspondent of the *Standard*, who formerly represented the Associated Press here, Mr. MacGowan, who had an interview with this renegade priest, has told me that the latter was a thorough-paced revolutionist, and that he had utterly deceived the workingmen into the belief that his sole purpose was to aid them to better their condition, and secure from their employers concessions on the lines indicated in the appeal to the Emperor, which was drawn up by him. That his own purpose went beyond the mere presentation of this appeal now seems clear, and when he, the much lauded Father Gapon, proposed to detail seven eighths of his guard to protect the Emperor, there seems little doubt that his real intention was to get possession of the person of the Emperor and hold him as a hostage.

Unfortunately the police authorities exhibited criminal weakness in dealing with this man, the Chief of Police going so far as to accompany him to the Ministry of the Interior and to Mr. Witte's residence, at least to seek their cooperation in securing an audience for Gapon. Had they put him under arrest Russia might have been spared the horrible events which have aroused the indignation of the outside world and thousands within the Empire, with possibilities which one shudders to contemplate.

I was in the street and inspected the crowd in the Admiralty Prospect as it worked its way toward the Place du Palais. They had not the look of revolutionists, and although there were doubtless some of the scum of the capital sprinkled in the crowd, it was my opinion that, guarded as every approach was to the Place, the Emperor

might have appeared and received a committee of workmen made up of men bearing a good character with their employers, and undertaken to do what his latest proclamation promises, namely to investigate their grievances. Having failed to do this, and the Chief of Police, as well as the Minister of the Interior, having proven himself unequal to the situation, and what threatened to be a dangerous crisis under the cunning leadership of Father Gapon having been allowed to develop, nothing was left but to call out the troops. Whether the situation around the Place du Palais could have been kept in hand without firing on the crowd is a matter on which opinions differ, even on the part of eye witnesses, but I have heard the assembled crowd accused of nothing worse than jeering at the troops, hustling the officers, and using language to them that will not bear repetition, although they came, it is said, armed with knives, pieces of piping, sticks, and some even with revolvers.

I do know that the commanding officer of the infantry on the Place fronting the Admiralty Prospect besought the crowd to disperse and twice warned them to disperse, adding that if they did not, he would be compelled to fire on them. This I have been told by a personal friend of the officer, to whom he deplored the tragedy in which he was compelled to play a part. Moreover, my private secretary stood for some time on the Place behind the troops and saw the officers moving along the front of the crowd and begging the people to disperse. The same thing, he says, took place at all the approaches to the Place du Palais, the officers, on foot, would go right in among the people and try to reason with them, seeming to do everything in their power to persuade the people to disperse peaceably. The troopers, too, guarding the streets leading towards the Place, were invariably polite in their admonitions to the crowd to move on and in refusing them passage through the streets. But they used judgment in this, sending back rough-looking workmen and sneering, overbearing students, while permitting those to pass who would go to them frankly and state their business and destination. As long as it was possible, the troops kept the crowd moving and dispersed them by simply riding up against them and asking them to disperse. As the crowd grew larger and bolder, this became useless, and the troops resorted to charges with drawn sabres, striking the crowds with the flat of their swords, and then, later, cutting down a few of them at each charge, the crowd always returning instantly, larger and more furious than before. My secretary adds that the mob in the centre of the Admiralty Prospect, just previous to the firing, was frantic in its demonstrations.

That the students played a certain role in the events of which Sunday, January 9/22, was a culmination, there can be no doubt. There are few who can look forward to the inheritance of fortune or position outside the bureaucracy, in which they must find posts after graduation, or who can hope for advancement without the favor of the bureaucracy and autocracy against which they raise the loudest outcries in their demonstrations from time to time. But as liberal ideas, as opposed to those which they have gleaned from the socialistic pamphlets from Germany, find an opportunity for development, more and more of them will join the ranks of the genuine reformers, to whose efforts Russia will owe her escape from the horrors of a revolution, providing that the Emperor meets the demands so justly made at this time by the *Zemstva*, and which, in an interview accorded on yesterday to two American correspondents, the Grand Duke Vladimir said would be met in so far as they could be and preserve the autocracy.

One factor which the Grand Duke does not appreciate, and probably would find it

difficult to comprehend, is that the events of Sunday January 9/22nd. weakened, if it did not shatter, that unswerving loyalty and deep seated reverence which has characterized the subject of "The Czar of All the Russias." I have had evidence of this from the highest to the lowest classes and it finds expression in a letter received this morning from Mr. Héenan, our Consul at Odessa, who writes: "Had I answered your enquiries about the situation here before the affair of Sunday last in your city had taken place, the views expressed would have been quite other than those I shall send you in a few days. In all the years (eighteen) I have spent in Russia, I never knew the Russian public to be so united as in their views in connection with the action of the authorities in ordering the soldiers to shoot the workmen, their wives, children and inoffensive spectators last Sunday in St. Petersburg. All classes condemn the authorities and more particularly the Emperor. The present ruler has lost absolutely the affection of the Russian people, and whatever the future may have in store for the dynasty, the present Czar will never again be safe in the midst of his people."

In any other country this might be true, and I am prepared to accept Mr. Heenan's view in so far as I have indicated: that the Emperor will never be able to reestablish himself in his former unique position.

One hears in official quarters that the present apparently reactionary measures are only temporary, to meet the exigencies born of the war and the attempt by its enemies to take advantage of the government's embarrassment.

Two questions stand out prominently from the situation: Will the Emperor proceed to grant reforms, and will Mr. Witte be the strong hand through which they will be dealt out?

If Mr. Witte is made Chancellor and clothed with the necessary power to bring order out of the chaos, existing in the departments other than that of Finance, will he wield this power for the good of the Empire and reform the bureaucracy into humble servants of those who pay the taxes, or will he simply remodel this machine to serve the ends of his personal ambition? This last possibility has been seriously raised by a friend whose position in and out of Russia entitles any view expressed by him to the greatest respect, thus presenting a factor not to be ignored should Mr. Witte become Chancellor, with all that that title implies at this time.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Robert S. McCormick

Ezhov's Régime*

BY R. V. IVANOV-RAZUMNIK

II

ONE more case from the sinister record: a university student (whose name I have forgotten) charged with membership in a students' counter-revolutionary organization. He came down with severe tonsillitis, was running a temperature of 104 and reported to the warden with the request to be taken to the infirmary. Half an hour later he was indeed taken away—not to the infirmary, however, but to the examiners' room where they sat him at a desk, pushed a pen into his hand and ordered him to sign an examination record containing a full "confession." He tossed the pen aside, whereupon he received a heavy blow over the head with a massive paperweight (there was a purple bump on his forehead when they returned him to the ward). He fell off the chair and lost consciousness. When he came to, he found himself sitting on the chair again and holding the pen in front of the sheet with the confession. Again he threw the pen away. Three times the performance was repeated until at last they brought him back to the ward half-conscious. Only late in the evening was he taken to the infirmary, and when he returned from there two weeks later, he was greatly perturbed in his mind: he could not recall—had he or had he not signed that accursed paper?

Vasiliok (cornflower)—his name was Vasiliev—was the affectionate nickname of another prisoner in our ward, a very likeable fellow, an army officer. There were quite a number of army men among us, charged as a rule with participation in the "Tukhachevsky affair." Vasiliok was about thirty, gentle and open-hearted, a loyal friend, and an enthralling story-teller. His specialty was "high-mountain campaigns"; many were the peaks of the Pamir he had helped to storm, and we would listen spell-bound for hours to his tales. He had faith in people and was inclined to find some redeeming feature in the blackest villain; he pitied even our sadistic examiners: such unhappy twisted human beings—not beasts, after all! One day, just back from an examination, all bruised and bleeding,

*This is another excerpt from the author's reminiscences *Tiurmy i ssylki* (Prisons and Deportations); this one was published in *Sotsialisticheskii vestnik*, N. Y., October, 1949 [Ed.].

he started talking excitedly—not of the torture he had undergone but of the inherent “generosity of the Russian character. . . .”

We gathered that when the bleeding Vasiliok was being led back to the ward after the “examination,” the guard on duty had taken pity on him and had allowed him to stop at the lavatory where he could wash the blood off his face. Vasiliok was holding his head under a faucet, shaken with sobs—crying not so much from pain as from a feeling of humiliation and degradation—while the guard was standing by, resting his cheek on his palm like an old peasant woman. Suddenly he said:

“Don’t take on so, comrade! Life’s hard on all of us, one just has to bear it. Well, he beat you up for nothing at all, maybe now his black heart aches more than your white body. You can wash off that blood, but he—where’s the water to wash clean his black soul?”

That’s why badly mauled Vasiliok was looking so serene, almost cheerful—he was heartened and comforted by the guard’s unexpected monologue.

Despite frequent beatings, Vasiliok did not “confess.” But one morning he came back from an examination in a state of deepest gloom, lay down on his bunk, covered his head with the blanket and stayed thus without speaking until dinnertime. Later, when he felt somewhat better, he told us that at last he had “confessed” and had signed whatever the examining magistrate had wanted him to sign. Ten beatings had left him unshaken—and now he had succumbed to a mere bagatelle, the examiner had knocked him down, had dragged him by the hair across the floor to the spittoon filled to the rim with spittle and pushed his face into it—“Eat that, you swine!” This “bagatelle” was the last straw—Vasiliok said: “I give up. Let me sign your paper.”

A similiar instance of “moral pressure” broke the resistance of another of our ward inmates—a young and fiery Georgian, son of the Social-Democrat member of the fourth Duma, Lordkipanidze, who together with four other members had been sentenced to hard labor in connection with the well-known affair of 1915. The father died at the deportation prison of Saratov shortly before the Revolution. The orphaned boy was treated kindly by Lenin who said to him: “The Party will take the place of your father!” He still had a mother, however, and the mother chose to marry the notorious prosecutor of the G.P.U. Katanian who adopted the boy—so that the latter now bore the foul name of Katanian instead of his father’s

honorable name. With such a high-ranking patron the young man could not fail to go far, and by the time the Yagoda-Katanian gang was broken up, he was holding the position of secretary to the People's Commissar for Light Industry. Under Ezhov the Commissar landed in Lefortovo prison where he made a complete confession; his secretary, young Katanian, was locked up at Butyrki and confessed nothing. With great courage he withstood the examinations and would often exclaim with Georgian effusiveness that no torture in the world would bring him to his knees: "Let them kill me—they're not going to get a false confession from me!" (He was charged with espionage.) But, like Vasiliok, what finally knocked him down was not a big club but a blade of straw. After having confessed, he came back to the ward in hysterical condition and for a long while was too upset to talk; at last he told us what had happened. After the usual beating and abuse the examiner made him kneel down and urinated upon his head. . . . Oriental wisdom says: the last straw breaks the back of an overloaded camel.

And sometimes they would break a man's back literally. Another fellow-prisoner, a flier, had been repeatedly subjected to "plain beatings" (by no means torture!) in the Pugachov tower; until at last they injured his spine so badly that he had to spend many months bedridden at the infirmary. When he left it to join us in our ward, he walked with great difficulty, bent in two, but found comfort in the fact that he was still able to sit upright and so might still pilot a plane some day. He proved one of the very few whom no kind of torture could break; they failed to extract a confession from him. Among the thousands of cases that passed before my eyes, I counted no more than a dozen instances of such fortitude.

But enough of this nightmare! I could add dozens of portraits to my gruesome picture gallery, but shall confine myself to two more cases. I began my sad tale with Khabarovsk and shall bring it to a close with Ashkhabad and Baku—to show that all over the vast expanse of Soviet territory the same crimes and atrocities were being committed during those terrible years.

Late in the summer of 1938 a new face appeared in our Butyrki ward No. 79—Captain Demant, brought under special convoy from Ashkhabad where he had undergone several "examinations." He had been charged with espionage and had made a "confession." Demant had been the commandant of one of the many fortresses along the Afghanistan border, and often he would tell us thrilling and colorful stories of his ten years of active fighting (the war on the Afghan

guerilla gangs—often numbering thousands of men—was being waged without interruption). Put to paper, these stories would have made up a fascinating book. In the spring of 1938 Captain Demant was summoned to Ashkhabad in his official capacity. He made the journey of 200 *verst*s on horseback and reported to his superiors. His chief gave him a look and shook his head:

"A veteran battle commander like you, and your automatic is all rusty and dirty! Now let me see!"

Utterly perplexed, Demant handed him his shining immaculate Browning; at the same moment he was seized from behind, his hands were tied and he was carried away to the Ashkhabad prison. He was brought up for interrogation the same day. The examining magistrate accused him of espionage in favor of Great Britain. When Demant indignantly denied the charge, the examiner called in four sturdy men armed with rubber clubs and together with them began applying to him the usual Ezhov methods of examination. Demant flew in a rage and as he happened to be a master of jiu-jitsu, it was not he but the examiner and his four henchmen who got the beating. One lay unconscious as a result of a blow with the palm on the throat ("I feared I had actually killed him"); another squirmed in pain on the floor—he had got a kick in the groin; the third lay prostrate after a knockout blow on the jaw; the fourth was screaming with pain—in the heat of the fight Demant had thrust his teeth into his arm above the elbow, biting off a bit of flesh, then knocked him down with a blow of the fist in the belly. After that ("all was over in half a minute") he beat the examiner unconscious with a rubber club, "turning his mug into a bloody steak."

People heard the noise and came running; Demant was overpowered and tied up with a rope; the department head appeared and a record of the incident was drawn up. It is easy to imagine how after this they beat up Demant tied hand and foot. He was carried unconscious to the infirmary together with the five victims of jiu-jitsu. When he recovered, the "examinations" were resumed with the same methods; but now his tormentors were taking special precautions, binding the prisoner beforehand. There was no torture, of course, just "plain beatings." However, when they started beating him with rubber clubs over the genitals, he could not stand it and "confessed." For months after this he lay at the infirmary with injured kidneys, discharging blood. As soon as he got better, he was transferred to Moscow and now was awaiting the verdict about his fate in our ward.

Toward the end of October, 1938, we began noticing that the wind was blowing in a new direction: beatings became less frequent; most examinations actually proceeded without beatings. In the beginning of November, Demant, after three months of imprisonment at Butyrki, was summoned for examination for the first time. The gray-haired colonel of the NKVD began with a question:

"Now tell me, comrade Demant (comrade! never had a prisoner been thus addressed by an examining magistrate!), how could you confess to espionage?"

"I confessed at the eleventh hearing," Demant replied. "If I may be allowed to say so, had they applied such methods of examination to you, you might have confessed the very first time."

The colonel showed him his file from which Demant learned that while he had been held at Butyrki—a military investigator of the NKVD had been dispatched to Ashkhabad to study his case; that the department chief who had ordered the beatings "without authorization"(!) had been reprimanded, and that the affair had caused quite a stir in military circles. We were all very happy for Demant's sake, he had been lucky; but what about the thousands (or millions) of other Demants, no more guilty than he? They are still populating the prisons and concentration camps.

"Of course, we are not going to send you back to Turkestan," concluded the colonel (one wonders—why shouldn't he return there after a full rehabilitation?) "We shall find a job for you in the Far East."

This is the only case known to me—after almost two years of prison life—where a "confession" was followed not by execution, solitary confinement, or concentration camp but by the probability of release. However, I do not know the end of the story—a few days later I left ward No. 79 myself.

Approximately at the same time, late in October or early in November, another prisoner charged with espionage (this time in favor of Turkey) was brought from Baku and placed in our ward: Karaev, an old revolutionary and later a member of the Central Executive Committee of Azerbaijan. I spent no more than a week in his company, so that I missed the sequel of his most interesting stories, but what I heard was enough. When we told him of the beatings in the prisons of Moscow, Khabarovsk, Ashkhabad, he only smiled condescendingly:

"Why, that's nothing! Now in the prison of Baku. . . ."

He too had had his ribs broken, had been beaten with rubber

clubs, had discharged blood—but all this was “child’s play” to him.

“But when they tore the nails off my toes and the examiner trampled on the bleeding toes with his heavy boots, that was really something! Not a joke at all.”

Nevertheless, he did not “confess,” spent months at the infirmary, and at last was transferred to Moscow.

But enough of this! To conclude the gruesome record, I wish to make one thing clear: not all the prisoners by far were subjected to such treatment, only a chosen few. The great majority did not need anything more than threats reinforced by a few blows on the head, by the screams coming from adjoining examination rooms, and the tales told by tortured fellow-prisoners, to break down. Such scared people, the majority, confessed without putting up a struggle, like A. N. Tupolev—“come what may, anything rather than torture!” However, as we know already, there was no such thing as torture, just “plain beatings.”

I have told a lot about life in jail, about the affairs of other people. It is time to resume my own story.

After my arrest and installation in ward No. 45, I was in very low spirits. Not only did I feel sure that imprisonment under Ezhov would be “in earnest and for long,” I was convinced that this time those in power meant to finish me off one way or another. They probably wouldn’t shoot me—just confine me to a solitary prison cell or to a concentration camp “for ten years without the right to correspond.” They had no legal grounds for such a course, but then, a charge could be easily manufactured.

From my own experience I was too well acquainted with the jurisdiction of “Auntie’s boys”¹ to have any doubts about such an outcome of my case. I felt sure that this time I wouldn’t get away with three years of exile and that I would never be a free man again. And if so, I made up my mind to put the question squarely at the very first interrogation and to demand a quick conclusion to the legal farce. In general, the legal procedure had been accelerated lately; throughout the month of October, my first month at Butyrki, I had noted that scores of people were being transferred to concentration camp after two-three perfunctory examinations, to be replaced by scores of others who were taken away as quickly. Why

¹“Auntie” was the nickname of the G.P.U. current among a small set of writers. It was inspired by the well-known lines from the poem “Komsomolia”—“My daddy is the Komsomol, and the Party is my Mom.”

shouldn't my own case be dispatched with the same speed? What was the good of dragging it out?

In this I was mistaken—they took their time with me. The law (the law, indeed!) required that an arrested person be presented with an indictment within two weeks after the arrest; but here was mid-October, more than two weeks since my arrest and still I had not been questioned nor informed of the charges against me. Meanwhile a motley procession of hundreds of prisoners questioned without delay and swiftly deported to concentration camps passed before me; others came and were quickly put through the same mill. No strong methods were used by the examiners; there was no sense in wasting energy on such small fry: article 58, paragraph 10! To the Ezhov people they represented just a "miscellany" to be quickly filtered through the examiners' strainer without application of drastic methods. The fact that millions of people innocent of any crime were doomed to be herded in remote concentration camps meant nothing to them.

However, in the constantly changing kaleidoscope of hundreds of faces, we soon began to discern a kind of immovable nucleus. Like shadows, people were passing through our ward, but this nucleus remained. Hundreds had come and gone—a few dozen of us were still there. Gradually we of the nucleus became acquainted with each other—wondering why the delay in our cases? Probably we were considered hardened criminals requiring a different approach. And indeed, while the "miscellany" were questioned and screened on the spot, at the Butyrki prison, we noticed that the one or the other member of our criminal nucleus would be taken for interrogation to Lubyanka. The prisoner would be called out "without belongings,"—which meant for examination—and would disappear for two-three-four days; then he would turn up again with some grim tale about the Lubyanka examiners and the famous "kennel." The ward was divided into "Butyrki-men" and "Lubyanka-men"; and it must be admitted that the latter envied the first—at least their fate was decided quickly and without much ado; while the outcome, after all, would be probably the same for all—concentration camp. We did not suppose that there might be candidates for the death penalty among us; and only later did we realize how naive we had been.

Be this as it may, the two weeks provided by the law passed, and after that a whole "illegal" month—and still they left me alone. My companions congratulated me on the status of a "Lubyanka-man." They proved right; soon my turn came to get a taste of the Lubyanka

"kennel." It happened on November 2, 1937—a date that has stuck in my memory, for the night of November 2-3 proved one of the culminating points of my prison career. Early in the morning of November 2, I was called out "without belongings." They took me across the yard to the "station," put me into a tiled cubicle and kept me there for three hours. After that, the routine procedure: a guard appeared and made me strip; he examined thoroughly my clothes and underwear, went through the usual ritual: "get up! Open your mouth! Show your tongue!" . . . and walked away. After another hour of waiting, they led me into the yard to the prison vehicle, the "Black Raven"; it was full, all the iron-walled single stalls were occupied, except one by the entrance whose door stood ajar; I was pushed into it, the Raven croaked, and we jogged along.

We stop. The door of the Black Raven swings open, we are in the yard of the Lubyanka inner prison. I am taken down a flight of stairs into a deep cellar flooded with electric light. The place is new to me; it is the notorious "kennel" I have heard so much about from fellow-prisoners who have preceded me here. Opposite the entrance is the commandant's office where they enter me into the list of "kennel" inmates; I fill out a short questionnaire (surname, first name, patronymic, date and place of birth, place of imprisonment). There follows a cursory search (for some reason they confiscate such a harmless object as my glasses); then I am conducted through a corridor to the kennel number assigned to me. The corridor is not long and ends in a closed wall; to the right are the four kennel wards, to the left—the lavatory and the large examiners' room.

So this is the famous kennel! A cellar about 8 paces long, 5 paces wide; about 14 feet high; a stone cage brightly lit by electric bulbs. No daylight, although there is a small window high up in the wall, under the ceiling; the windowpanes are thickly smeared with white paint to keep the daylight out. The window looks out on the street, the Bolshaya-Lubyanka; in the morning when the sunrays hit the panes and after dark when the street lamp opposite the prison is lit, one sees black shadows moving across the windowpanes projected by the legs of free men and women passing by. A stone floor, bare stone walls, neither bunks nor a table nor benches, nothing but the stinking coverless bucket in the corner; a bare empty stone cage—that's the kennel.

I was assigned to ward 4, directly opposite the lavatory. The cellar was nearly full; I was the eighteenth. Six months later I discovered from personal experience that the same room could be made

to hold three times as many people. I found a place by the wall, sat down on the floor and started getting acquainted with my neighbors.

At Butyrki, the lavatory and the bathhouse were called "post offices" No. 1 and No. 2, here at Lubyanka, the kennel was known as the local "radiotelegraph station." Inmates of all Moscow prisons were brought here together and exchanged information, news, and experiences. On that particular day one half of the prisoners were from Butyrki and the other half from the Taganka prison. The kennel population was fluid, changing all the time; during the twenty-four hours I spent there about half the prisoners were taken back to their respective prisons while several new ones were brought in. When I left, the ward contained about twelve people.

Of my fellow-prisoners only two attracted my attention. One, a professor from some technical institute and the other, a bearded engineer who in my presence was summoned for questioning and in a short while came back. An elderly man, he sobbed like a child. For the refusal to confess, they had threatened him with transfer to Lefortovo, the most dreaded of all Moscow prisons.

The professor was spending the third day in the kennel and was questioned every day, so far without application of strong methods but with many threats that they would be used. They wanted him to "confess" that in 1919, while holding a teaching job at Irkutsk, he had sympathized with Kolchak and collaborated in "white" news papers. One may ask—what if he had? After all, two decades have gone by since then. But G.P.U. justice does not recognize any statute of limitation.

The other inmates of our ward fell into two categories: "spies" and "wreckers" (the majority) or "Trotzkyists" and "terrorists" (two inoffensive young students). It is interesting to note that neither in the kennel nor in any of the Butyrki wards did I ever meet members of the former political parties (Social-Democrats or Social-Revolutionaries); the accounts with them had been settled years before.

By the time I had made myself at home in my corner, it was noon—dinner-time in the kennel. The door opened and a cart with pails of soup and gruel was wheeled in: at Lubyanka, dinner consisted of two courses. The prison cook filled bowl after bowl with soup and passed them on to us, sometimes bathing his thumb in the soup and then licking it clean before plunging it into another bowl. By the time he had dealt out the eighteenth bowl, the first was empty and he filled it with gruel in the same way. Dinner over, the bowls and

spoons were collected and the door slammed shut again; the whole procedure had lasted about a half hour. We stretched out on the bare floor and rested. We had to lie close together, but there was enough room for everyone to stretch out and even to lie on one's back—something we could only dream of at Butyrki.

I did not rest long. A guard opened the door and called out my name: "For examination!" I had not far to go—just diagonally across the corridor to the examiners' room. It was large and "comfortably furnished": a couch, a few chairs, a file cabinet, a desk with a desk lamp. By the desk stood a tall clean-shaven man of about thirty in military uniform, holding a briefcase. He said: "Lieutenant Sheptalov, your examining magistrate. Sit down!"—and sat down himself behind the desk.

After filling out the routine questionnaire (name, address, profession, family status) he asked with unconcealed irony:

"Of course, like all defendants, you do not know on what grounds you have been arrested?"

He was obviously taken aback when I replied:

"I do know."

"Is that so? Well, that simplifies matters. On what grounds?"

"For not being a Marxist."

He gave me a searching look and laughed:

"Nonsense! We do not punish for ideology. We have far more serious reasons to call you to account. Wouldn't you prefer to make a sincere and honest confession?"

"I should like to submit a written statement to you and your superiors," I replied.

For a moment he looked at me thoughtfully, without speaking; then he took a sheet of paper from his briefcase, pushed pen and ink toward me and said curtly:

"You may write."

I wrote out a statement addressed to the supreme investigating organs of the G.P.U. which were handling my case. It ran about as follows:

In 1933 I was arrested by the organs of the G.P.U. on the charge—categorically denied by me—of participation in the "ideological-organizational center of populism." I was forced to give up my literary work which had been my exclusive occupation; I spent nearly nine months in the Leningrad House of Preliminary Detention and after that, nearly three years, in exile at Novosibirsk and Saratov. After completion of my term of exile, I settled at Kashira where I

lived in complete seclusion, devoting all my attention to an extensive literary work undertaken at the request of the State Museum for Literature. I have avoided all political activities and upon my return to Moscow have consorted only with two-three writers; so there could have been no new grounds for rearresting me. Nevertheless, on September 29 of this year I was arrested; and for over a month now I have been waiting to learn what are the charges brought against me. The law requires that a prisoner be formally charged within two weeks after his arrest. Since I regard my arrest as a misunderstanding and the withholding of a charge as a violation of the law, I declare herewith: the investigating organs should either recognize their mistake and set me free without delay, or else inform me about the nature of the charges brought against me and give me the reasons for my new arrest—which, convincing as they may appear to those organs, will be easily refuted by me. Should no reply be forthcoming to this my statement, I shall begin a hungerstrike and shall keep it up until one of my two above-stated requests is fulfilled.

As can be seen, I had decided to take the bull by the horns, without the slightest hope, of course, of proving stronger than this formidable Cheka beast. But I had absolutely nothing to lose—the bull was already poking his horns into my ribs; I was sure that the end had come—if not of my life, so at any rate of my freedom, even the ephemeral freedom of Kashira. I knew that the beast would never let me go, that they intended to finish me off one way or another. I figured that my “statement” would neither aggravate nor improve my situation, yet might speed up the inevitable course. But then who knows?—it is quite possible that it achieved the opposite effect of slowing up my case, fortunately for me, as it turned out. . . . Anyway, I was in a somber mood and did not expect anything good from any source.

Lieutenant Sheptalov took the paper from me and read it through without any comment except one remark: when he came to the sentence that “the investigating organs should recognize their mistake,” he uttered emphatically:

“The NKVD never makes mistakes!”

How many times have I heard this idiotic formula from my examiners! How many thousands of times did other prisoners as innocent of guilt as myself hear the same assertion! The NKVD had appropriated to itself most of the attributes of Lord Almighty: it was in-

fallible, omniscient, omnipresent, all-powerful. Only loving kindness was completely absent from its make-up.

Lieutenant Sheptalov finished reading my statement. For a moment he sat in silence, looking thoughtfully, then said brusquely:

"All right. It will be reported. You may go. You will be called."

I liked this examining magistrate—laconic, dry, precise; but how will he behave when it comes to interrogating me? Back in the kennel, I was showered with questions: "Well, how did it go? Did they beat you?" They were surprised to learn that the examiner had been courteous throughout. The professor remarked ominously:

"Never mind, he'll show yet his true colors! They are all tarred with the same brush!"

The rest of the day passed quietly. All the time people were being called out for questioning, then brought back again, some safe and sound, others badly beaten—not with rubber clubs, however, but with the examiners' own fists. At about six supper was brought in, which I didn't touch. At nine we were taken to the lavatory and washroom. There were neither towels nor soap, one had to manage somehow. No word of command was given to lie down and go to sleep; everyone could sleep on the bare floor when and as long as he pleased.

However, I had no chance to sleep that night.

(To be Continued)

Book Reviews

HERLING, ALBERT K. *The Soviet Slave Empire*. New York, Wilfred Funk, Inc., 1951. 231 pp. \$3.75.

Mr. Herling, sometime Director of Research for the Commission of Inquiry into Forced Labor and a consultant to UNESCO, here examines one of the basic pillars of the Soviet economic system, namely: the conscious and deliberate exploitation—even the complete extermination—of large groups of the population in order to make the system work and to prove the infallibility and worth of the economic doctrines held by the Soviet rulers. The book deals with the establishment and growth of slave labor, the methods by which slaves are recruited, and the manner in which they are used in the Soviet empire. It also deals with the spread of slave labor into other areas in the Soviet sphere.

Mr. Herling has compiled a very considerable amount of trustworthy evidence—larger in quantity and wider in variety than has hitherto been seen in one volume of moderate size. Documentary evidence presented includes: depositions of former inmates of Soviet labor camps, of deportees and other victims of Soviet persecution; testimony of returned German POWs; and photostats of executive orders, instructions, and reports concerning the procedures of slave-hunting and slave-treatment both within and beyond the Soviet Union. The material is presented with a remarkable comprehensiveness and a striking objectivity which must surely impress many a reader whose gloomy conjectures concerning the true nature and the real aims of So-

viet power needed only factual verification.

The Soviet Slave Empire ought not, however, to be regarded as a novel and sensational revelation. The existence of a state-owned and state-operated system of slave labor has long been known to many in the western world. Concise and valid evidence has long been available, especially since the first occupation of the Baltic States, Eastern Poland, and other regions by Soviet armies in 1939-40. Presumably political considerations with regard to a wartime ally were powerful deterrents to publicity.

Today the situation seems to have changed. The cold war has necessitated a clear cut separation between the western norms and values of freedom, human rights, self-esteem, and government under law and the eastern patterns of force and violence, human degradation and an abject leveling of all humanity before the Kremlin's cult of brutal and extra-legal force.

Mr. Herling's book is, therefore, a valuable addition to the western arsenal. It contains truthful and documented information which can be extremely damaging to the Politbureau in the struggle for the minds of men. The book amasses the facts and uses the methods of logical deduction from observed facts in order to drive home its conclusions. Especially good are the chapters "Chains in the Baltics" and "I Was a Slave." Least persuasive of all is the chapter on Czechoslovakia ("The Slave Power Goes West"), apparently because this nation has not recovered from

the shock so unexpectedly inflicted in February, 1948, by its erstwhile friend and ally. There is a realistic account of the slave labor situation in the uranium mines which give a good picture of the economic situation in Eastern Germany.

The chapter "America Next?" is the best part of the book. It shows clearly that the author is not handicapped by conventional approaches or conclusions and that he fully realizes that the real problem is the Soviet drive for world domination. The question of slave labor is only one limited part of this problem which cannot be understood without an identification of the creator and main spring of the problem—the Soviet Power itself.

GUSTAV CELMINS

Syracuse, N. Y.

LASERSON, MAX M., *The American Impact on Russia, Diplomatic and Ideological, 1784-1917*. New York, Macmillan, 1950. pp. 441, \$5.00.

This is an excellent book, a pioneer attempt to explore a new field in the American impact on Europe. It is well written, excellently documented, and it brings much new and original material to the attention of American scholars interested in the study of Tsarist Russia and the Soviet Union. Diplomatically it begins with the appointment of Francis Dana as American representative at the court of Catherine the Great by the Continental Congress in 1781. Ideologically it begins with the election of Benjamin Franklin as an honorary member of the Imperial Russian Academy of Sciences in 1784 and with the pub-

lication of Radishchev's "Ode to Freedom" which contains a glorious tribute to the achievement of the revolutionary fathers of America. It carries the story down to the times of the ill-fated Russian Provisional Government of 1917.

This may very well be the best book on Russian-American relations which has so far appeared, for while it does not purport to tell the whole diplomatic story, it does get down to many of the deeper issues involved in the relations between these two great powers.

Wisely, Professor Laserson first traces briefly the impact of German, French, and English culture upon that of Russia. Then he notes the impact of the American Revolution on Russia. There follows an analysis of the contacts between Thomas Jefferson and Alexander I which show clearly Jefferson's early hopes for Russia under Alexander and his later almost complete disillusionment with this much misunderstood Tsar. The first really important impact of America upon Russian thought is with the Decembrists. Here, by actual reference to the writings of Pestel, Muraviev, and Ryleev and to the Transcript of the Commission of Inquiry, we see the debt of these fantastic revolutionaries of 1825 to the American Revolution and to American Constitutional practice.

There are excellent chapters on Herzen, Chernyshevsky, and other Russian intellectuals which adequately demonstrate their interests in America and their debt to America and the American Tradition. In marked contrast to the nasty and distorted accounts of early nineteenth century British travelers is the testimony of Paul Svinynin, who lived and traveled in the United

States at that time. His tribute to the "enterprising spirit of the Americans" and to their technological proficiency is certainly an astute and accurate observation. The influence of the American economists, Henry Carey and Henry George, upon different schools of Russian economic thought is fully shown.

The book closes with two excellent chapters. One shows the impact of America on the thinking of such Russian political scientists and sociologists as Chicherin, Kovalevsky, and Ostrogorsky and the other deals with the period of "Democratic Identity" at the time of the Provisional Government. Here the author convincingly demonstrates that American ignorance of the real situation in Russia led to such tactical mistakes as the sending of Elihu Root as a special representative. As Raymond Robbins pointed out, Root "occasioned about as much enthusiasm as would be aroused by an Orangeman leading a popular parade in Dublin."

The suggestion by Professor Laserson that the last Empress, Alexandra, was pro-German is not in accord with facts, but with this exception, this book represents an excellent piece of work.

KENNETH I. DAILEY

Syracuse University

MATTHEWS, W. K., *Languages of the U.S.S.R.* New York, Cambridge University Press, 1951, 160 pp. \$3.50.

As a very competent student of East-European languages, Professor Matthews has written a systematic series of brief sketches of the lan-

guage families and their constituent languages represented in the U.S.S.R. In the preface he states that he excludes from his survey those languages whose centers of dispersion and culture are found outside the borders of the Soviet Union, e.g., Polish, Rumanian, Yiddish. The main body of the book then treats in order the Paleo-Asiatic languages (a language complex rather than a family), the Uralian languages, the Altaic languages, the North Caucasian languages, the South Caucasian languages, and the Indo-European languages. Thereafter follow several appendices: 1) a tabular summary of the language families and their languages; 2) language statistics furnishing the number of native speakers of each language (unfortunately in many cases available statistics had to be 25 years old); 3) an extensive bibliography arranged according to general works, language families and individual languages; 4) an index of languages and dialects; 5) a table of alphabetic symbols of the various languages with their equivalents expressed in terms of the International Phonetic Association alphabet. Finally appears a comprehensive index. Throughout the book are several small indispensable maps, some of which, for the convenience of the reader could have been duplicated so that each chapter might be provided with its own map for ready reference. But in compensation each chapter has a diagram, consisting of a geometric figure and serving as a convenient and economic device for learning not only the approximate geographical location of the many languages but also the names of the languages themselves.

The sketches of the language fam-

ilies usually consist of a few statements relative to the investigations in the particular language field, a brief historical account of the peoples involved, a classification of the constituent languages, and the general geographical distribution of the group. The information on the individual languages generally follows a well-defined pattern—the salient or distinctive features of phonology, morphology, and syntax, supplemented in too few cases by illustrative examples.

The scope of a book of this particular type must necessarily be limited by the purpose it is to serve. In this case the type and presentation of the material render somewhat difficult the determination of that purpose. Evidently Professor Matthews was fascinated, as are many others, by the complex of nationalities and languages within the vast confines of the U.S.S.R. and was moved to analyze this material from a purely linguistic point of view. Since the book is not extremely technical in content, it could be read with profit by non-linguists, specialists in Russian studies, anthropologists, and other sufficiently sophisticated persons; and it should interest them as another approach to this complex area.

The reviewer noted with pleasure the mention of features important to studies in areal linguistics, e.g., the wide-spread influence of the superstratum, Russian; but no general conclusions are drawn about this point. Of outstanding value is the extensive bibliography, including many indispensable Soviet sources, which give some indication of what course Soviet linguistic studies are following.

LEW R. MICKLESEN
Syracuse University

ALTSCHULER, GREGORY. *Tsar i doktor*. New York, Rausen Brothers Publishing Co., 1951. 381 pp.

STRUVE, GLEB. *Russkii evropeets*. San Francisco, Delo Publishing Co., 1950, 153 pp. \$1.50.

These two books throw considerable light on two periods of Russian history, that of Peter I and Alexander I.

The Tsar in *Tsar i doktor*, a vivid and well written account, is Peter I; the doctor is Peter Postnikov, contemporary of the Tsar's and the first Russian to complete his medical studies in Europe. In spite of an earnest and sincere devotion to the medical profession, Postnikov never succeeded in putting his skill and knowledge to practical use in Russia. Due to his fluency in several European languages, acquired in the course of nine years of study abroad, he was ordered by Tsar Peter to join various diplomatic missions and to act as interpreter, observer, and translator. His life became the story of a frustrated and wasted talent, and Mr. Altschuler's narrative is thus a valuable addition to one of the central themes of Russian history and literature—the subordination, and frequently sacrifice, of individual happiness to the needs and welfare of society. A quotation from Pushkin's "Bronze Horseman" would have provided a suitable motto for Mr. Altschuler's book.

The modest, humble, and submissive figure of Postnikov is effectively contrasted with the vibrant, ebullient, and overpowering personality of Tsar Peter. Both are portrayed against a vividly drawn background of contemporary Russia, from the Streltsy riot in 1682 to the battle of Poltava. A number of facets of the Russia of those days

are particularly well illuminated. There are interesting comments on the beginnings of medical care and science in Russia, a vivid description of the German Quarter in Moscow, a lively account of the battle of Poltava; an analytical interpretation of Europe as seen by Tsar Peter's eyes during his foreign travels and of Russia as seen by Postnikov upon his return from his extensive sojourn abroad.

In spite of the voluminous literature dealing with Peter I and his times, there are a great many aspects of that phase of Russian history which still await scholarly investigation and presentation. It is for this reason that this book is particularly welcome.

As the author states in the Introduction, *Russkii evropeets* is not an exhaustive biography of Prince Piotr Borisovich Kozlovsky, the "Russian European" and contemporary of Pushkin, but rather a collection of data and information preparatory to such a biography.

In the first and longest chapter, Professor Struve outlines the life and personality of Kozlovsky, and in the following four brief chapters he sketches the political, philosophical, religious, and literary views of this extraordinarily versatile and talented personality. This part of the book, however, covers only one third of the whole. The rest is largely devoted, in the form of extensive appendices, to selected reprints from the correspondence of Kozlovsky himself and of his con-

temporaries, data which shed further light not only on Kozlovsky, but also on the social and intellectual background of his day. This organization and treatment of the material deprives the book of unity and continuity, a shortcoming which is, however, quite understandable considering the limited goal which the author sets for himself from the start.

Kozlovsky's Europeanism grew largely out of the fact that most of his adult life was spent outside of Russia, on diplomatic missions and in private travels throughout Europe, where he had the opportunity to meet and to associate with such celebrities as Chateaubriand, Madame de Stael, Joseph de Maistre, and the Marquis de Custine. His corpulent figure, subject of many a caricature, was a familiar sight at the Courts of Georges IV, Louis XVIII, Charles X, and other European rulers, where the grotesqueness of his outward appearance was more than compensated for by the display of his brilliant oratory, range of knowledge, and phenomenal memory.

This man, who combined the virtues of an English liberal with the polish of a courtier from Versailles, has been unduly neglected by students of Russian culture and society of the early Nineteenth century. This book is a valuable step toward the closing of this gap.

VALENTINE TSCHERBOTARIOFF BILL
Princeton University

BOOK NOTICES

BROWN, STUART G. (ED.) *Great Issues. The Making of Current American Policy*. New York, Harper Bros., 1951. 578 pp. \$3.00.

A collaborative work containing six chapters on the Soviet Union. Written for general readers as well as for college classes. The material on the USSR was written by W. B. Walsh.

FLORINSKY, MICHAEL T. *Towards an Understanding of the USSR*. Revised edition. New York, Macmillan, 1951. 223 pp. \$3.00.

The major differences between this new edition and the 1939 original edition are in details rather than in basic conceptions and conclusions. Professor Florinsky has brought his story up to date by the addition of new material. This has involved, because of considerations of space, the omission of the eighty-page historical survey which opened the original edition. It has also involved some shifts in emphasis and arrangement. But those who know the 1939 book will find much that is familiar in the 1951 edition.

The most extensive and successful up-dating is in the chapter on the constitutional and administrative structure, with the material on the economy running a close second. The material on the Communist Party is slightly disappointing. The new edition is, however, a welcome and useful replacement for a valuable and standard work.

GIFFORD, HENRY. *The Hero of His Time—A Theme in Russian Literature*. New York, Longmans, Green & Co.; London, Edward Arnold & Co., 1950. 224 pp. 12/6. The depiction of contemporary

heroes was a definite theme of nineteenth century literature. The Chatskys, Pechorins, Oblomovs, Rudins, Bazarovs—bear a logical inner relationship. The author of this study examines about a dozen nineteenth century heroes and traces "the process of thought and experience which lies behind them."

HILTON, RICHARD. *Military Attaché in Moscow*. Boston, The Beacon Press, 1951. 232 pp. \$2.75.

Judged within the framework of its purpose ("... to present the truth as I saw it..."), Major General Hilton's book is a success. Not everyone would see things the same way, a fact which the General recognizes, but an honestly subjective account has value. The most interesting and the most important parts of the book are personal and anecdotal. The least interesting and valuable are the expository chapters.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS. *Serial Publications of the Soviet Union, 1939-1951*. Washington, D. C., Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Printing Office, 1951. 316 pp. \$1.50.

This checklist is a very useful tool for students of the Soviet Union. It includes government and non-official serial publications appearing in the Soviet Union from 1939 to April, 1951, in Russian, Ukrainian, and Western European languages. To a certain extent it serves as a supplement to the *Union List of Serials*.

LOCKHART, R. H. BRUCE. *Jan Masaryk. A Personal Memoir*. New York, Philosophical Library, 1951. 80 pp. \$5.75.

A brief and poignant picture of Jan Masaryk, written by a long-time boon companion and political associate. Warmly sympathetic ("I find it easy to make excuses for Jan") but carefully honest ("... he made more promises than any man could fulfil."), Sir Bruce's vignette gives an unparalleled insight into the man, Jan Masaryk. The values and the limitations of this slender volume are both accurately defined by its subtitle. It is, in every sense, a personal memoir.

The book itself is a vehicle worthy of its content. It is a limited edition, very handsomely printed on fine paper, and adequately bound. The printing and binding were done in Great Britain, but the book is issued in the United States by an American publisher.

MORLEY, CHARLES. *Guide to Research in Russian History*. Syracuse, Syracuse University Press, 1951. 227 pp. \$2.50.

Professor Morley has compiled and prepared a tool which all who use it will soon find almost indispensable. In its preparation, he obviously had in mind both neophytes and specialists, teachers and students, laymen and professionals. All will find information of value. A brief introductory chapter describes the major Russian collection in American libraries. Succeeding chapters deal with the following sub-

jects, among others: biographical dictionaries, Russian bibliographies, historical sources, Russian historiography, periodicals, and newspapers. Certainly every serious library should have Morley's *Guide* on its shelves.

PAUL, LESLIE. *The Age of Terror*. Boston, The Beacon Press, 1951. 256 pp. \$3.00.

Paul diagnoses Europe's ills as being due not alone to economic and political factors but also to moral causes and failures. His conclusion is that the only possible cure is to replace the struggle for material power by "pursuit of the immortal life of the spirit." En route, as it were, to that conclusion Paul presents keen and provocative analyses of liberalism, Marxism, Communism, Fascism, and Social Democracy. Other chapters likely to be of especial interest to readers of this journal are: "The Burden of Russian Backwardness" and "Stalin and the Terror."

TROYAT, HENRI. *My Father's House*. New York, Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 1951. 692 pp. \$4.50.

This is the first of a trilogy of novels published in France under the general title of *Tant Que la Terre Durera*. The background of these novels is Imperial Russia of Alexander III and Nicholas II. The author is an émigré of Russian-Armenian parentage, who won, in 1938, the coveted Prix Goncourt and achieved an enviable reputation in contemporary French literature.

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