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Critical Introductions to the Reissued Classics

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Psychological Research in USSR: Volume 1

Soviet psychology presenting itself to the world at the 1966 Moscow congress, edited by Leontyev, Luria and Smirnov: Vygotsky, activity theory, Bernstein on the physiology of movement. First-rate work, offered to the profession as a peer.

Aleksei Nikolaevich Leontyev and others

Introduction to the 1966 Edition

In August 1966 the world's psychologists came to Moscow.

The International Congress of Psychology met in the Soviet capital that summer, and for the discipline's founding powers — long used to thinking of experimental psychology as something done in Leipzig, Cambridge, New Haven and Vienna — it was an event with a subtext. The country that had produced Pavlov was inviting the profession onto its own ground and proposing to be judged as a peer. This anthology is part of that invitation. Assembled by three of the most senior figures in the field — the editors sign themselves "Professor A. Leontyev, Professor A. Luriya, Professor A. Smirnov" — it was designed, in its own words, to help foreign readers "get a sufficiently clear and, what is most important, an objective idea of Soviet psychology." It is a shop window, and what it puts in the window is genuinely first-rate. That is the first and most important thing to say about it, and this series says it gladly: the science here is real, much of it is permanent, and a reader who wants to know what Soviet psychology had actually achieved by the mid-1960s could hardly do better than start here.

The venue is worth dwelling on, because it fixes the book's purpose. That an international scientific congress of this weight met in Moscow at all was a mark of how far the discipline had travelled since the early 1950s, when Soviet psychology was a closed and frightened world; the presence of Alexander Luria, by then a figure of genuine international standing, on the editorial masthead is a further sign. Luria and his colleagues were not exporting a doctrine to sympathetic Western Communists. They were addressing the profession as such — the American, British, French and German experimentalists who would set the terms of the discipline's reputation — and they were confident enough to let the work speak. That confidence is the historical fact this introduction is trying to date and explain.

The volume gathers work "written at different times," the

editors note, "some of which were written more than ten and even twenty years ago," arranged "according to a thematic rather than a chronological principle." This matters for reading it. The spine says 1966, but the contents span three decades. The book opens with Lev Vygotsky's *Development of the Higher Mental Functions*, an abridged translation of a work he wrote in 1930–31 and did not live to see printed; it closes, in this first of two volumes, on the psychophysiology of perception and the properties of the nervous system, some of it fresh research prepared for this publication. What the anthology presents as a single confident tableau — "an actual picture of Soviet psychological research" — is in fact a tradition reassembled after two catastrophes, and the confidence of the 1966 face is intelligible only against the wreckage it does not mention. The science is the achievement. The silence about how nearly it was destroyed is the finding.

The achievement, credited concretely

Take the achievement first, because it deserves to be met on its own terms before anything else is said.

This is Volume One, and its centre of gravity is what the contents page calls "General Problems of Psychology and Psychophysiology" and "Sensations. Perceptions." (The companion material on memory, thinking, speech and personality went into a parallel French collection, which the editors flag on the first page.) So the book leads not with the humane, developmental face of Soviet psychology but with its hard experimental core — the physiology of the conditioned reflex, the properties of the nervous system, the mechanics of movement and perception. And even here, in the most technical quarter of the discipline, the quality is striking.

Vygotsky's opening essay alone would justify the volume. His argument that the specifically human mind is not grown but built — that memory, attention and thought become human only when the child masters an external cultural instrument, a word or a sign, and gradually turns it inward — reoriented

developmental psychology across the world, and by 1966 it was on the verge of the Western rediscovery that would make him a canonical figure. He states the thesis with complete clarity: the higher functions rest on "the social determination of behaviour realised by means of signs," a new order of behaviour built over the biological one, historical rather than natural. Nothing in the fifty years since has retired that idea; it is now simply part of how the field thinks.

Alongside Vygotsky, the volume showcases the Soviet physiology of activity at its most ambitious. Pyotr Anokhin's essay on the afferent apparatus of the conditioned reflex lays out the elements of what would become his theory of functional systems — "return afferentation" and the "acceptor of action," the idea that behaviour is guided not by a one-way reflex arc but by a loop in which the organism anticipates a result and checks the incoming signal against it. Nikolai Bernstein's essay on the control of motor acts is, quietly, one of the most important papers in the book: his insistence that movement is governed by "circular sensory correction" rather than by fixed reflex chains, that the reflex arc "is only a rudiment or a very particular case," anticipated the cybernetic understanding of feedback and remains foundational to motor science today. Boris Teplov and Vladimir Nebylitsin's differential work on the properties of the nervous system turned Pavlov's loose talk of nervous "types" into a measurable, individual-differences programme; Yevgeni Sokolov's analysis of the orienting reflex — the "what-is-it?" reaction by which an organism registers novelty — remains a reference point wherever attention and habituation are studied; Sergei Rubinstein's philosophical essay on the relation between the physiological and the psychological is a model of how to keep a science of mind from collapsing into a science of tissue; Leontyev and Gippenreiter treat the eye not as a passive camera but as an organ of activity; Zaporozhets and Zinchenko trace how the sensory image is built up through the child's own perceptual action rather than simply imprinted. This is a serious table of contents by any national standard of the period. A reader told that Soviet science was all Lysenko and dialectical boilerplate is holding the refutation. Much of this work was not propaganda dressed as science; it was science, and good science, and where it survives in the world's textbooks it survives on merit.

None of it, in the ordinary sense of this series, needs correcting. The book does not falsify 1917, does not defend a purge, does not lie about a famine. Its offence, if it has one, is subtler, and it lies not in what the papers say but in the confident frame the volume builds around them — the implication that this body of work is simply what a socialist

science of mind naturally produced, in continuous and untroubled growth, under a state that nurtured it. That implication is false, and the scientists in these pages knew it better than anyone alive, because most of them had lived through its refutation twice.

Two catastrophes the anthology does not name

The first was 1936. On 4 July of that year the Central Committee issued its decree "On Pedological Distortions in the System of the People's Commissariats of Education," which abolished pedology — the child-study movement in which Vygotsky's developmental psychology was embedded — as a bogus science, shut its institutions and withdrew its books. Vygotsky had died of tuberculosis in 1934, at thirty-seven; he could not be arrested, but his work could be, and for the better part of two decades it went effectively unpublished. That the man whose essay opens this 1966 anthology as a founding classic had been, within Soviet living memory, an un-person of his own discipline is nowhere on these pages. The book presents him as an ancestor; it does not say that the ancestor was for years forbidden.

The second catastrophe bears even more directly on this particular volume, because this is the psychophysiology volume, and psychophysiology was the scene of the crime. In late June and early July 1950 — the same joint session ran 28 June to 4 July — the USSR Academy of Sciences and the Academy of Medical Sciences held what became known as the "Pavlov session": a set-piece meeting, organised under Stalin, at which a faction claiming to defend the orthodox legacy of Ivan Pavlov denounced the leading physiologists of the country for deviating from it. The charge was ideological, the consequences were administrative, and the careers it broke were real. Pyotr Anokhin — whose essay appears in these very pages — was among the principal accused: arraigned for "revising" the foundations of Pavlov's teaching, he was stripped of his directorship and his place in the Academy's presidium and sent to teach at the provincial medical institute in Ryazan. Bernstein's physiology of activity, with its feedback loops and its demotion of the sacred reflex arc, was exactly the sort of "anti-Pavlovian" heresy the campaign existed to suppress, and his work fell out of favour in the same years. The discipline that this book displays in 1966 as a confident, unified science had, sixteen years earlier, been forced at a national tribunal to profess a single compulsory doctrine and to cast out those who would not.

You can watch the scar tissue in the prose. Read Rubinstein's essay — a subtle, genuinely philosophical defence of the

reality of the mental against those who would dissolve psychology into physiology — and notice how much of its energy goes into establishing that his position is properly Pavlovian. "I. P. Pavlov's theory may serve as an example of determinism of the new type," he writes; a physiological explanation of perception, he insists, cannot be allowed to abolish the psychological fact it explains — "But must an explanation of a fact serve to liquidate it?" The argument is excellent. It is also, in its constant deferential return to Pavlov as the guarantor of respectability, an argument conducted in the register a scientist had to adopt after 1950 in order to be published at all. Anokhin's essay is similarly wreathed in Pavlov citations, its every extension of the theory framed as fidelity rather than revision — the posture of a man who had been officially convicted of revising Pavlov and had every reason not to be convicted again. The Pavlovian idiom that saturates this volume is not simply the natural language of Russian physiology. It is, in part, the protective coloration the 1950 session made mandatory.

Bernstein, remarkably, lets the shadow surface in a single line. Recalling the years when his principle of circular control was treated as heresy, he writes that "what then involved a bitter struggle is generally recognised now." The sentence is about the history of an idea; but any reader who knows what the "bitter struggle" was — the campaign that drove Anokhin to Ryazan and Bernstein himself out of favour — will hear the second meaning underneath the first. It is the closest the anthology comes to naming its own past, and it names it as an intellectual disagreement now happily resolved, rather than as a state operation that could have ended, and for others did end, in far worse than a provincial professorship.

The point of naming all this is not to catch the editors in a lie. They tell none; they simply exercise the editor's oldest privilege, which is selection, and select a discipline without its wounds. The point is that the wounds are the truth about how this science was made. The cultural-historical and activity traditions on display here were not the serene product of a state that cherished its scientists. They were the achievement of scientists who did world-class work and outlived the apparatus that periodically forbade it — and the volume's poise in 1966 is not the poise of a science that was always free, but of one enjoying the reprieve that came with the Thaw. Vygotsky's *Selected Psychological Studies* had reappeared only in 1956, twenty-two years after his death and the year Khrushchev denounced Stalin; that date, not 1930, is the real birth-year of the confidence this book radiates.

What the paradigm is permitted to ask

There is a further edge, sharper because it cuts along the grain of the science rather than against it. The unifying idea of this whole school — the idea that gives the sibling volume in this series, Karl Levitin's *One Is Not Born a Personality*, its title — is that the human mind is formed: built up in the individual out of the tools, signs and social relations a culture supplies. As psychology this is true and fertile, and the papers here are its proof. But the same proposition, turned a half-turn, is the founding charter of a state that claimed the right to form the new Soviet man — to treat the human being as material to be worked. A psychology of formation is a magnificent science and a convenient one, and it is worth asking, of a discipline operating under that state, what it was allowed to examine and what it was not.

The tell is a matter of scope. This tradition studies, with great power, how a mind is assembled — the sign, the tool, the reflex loop, the sensory image built through activity. What it does not, and under the conditions could not, put on the table is the political question that the science itself raises: assembled by whom, and into what. The social relations that form the person are treated, throughout, as a neutral given, the way a physicist treats a field — never as themselves an object of scrutiny, never as something that might be unjust, coercive, or arranged in the interests of one stratum against another. The "collective" whose activity shapes the personality is always simply there, benign and unnamed. That is the boundary of the permitted. A Soviet psychology could investigate the child at Zagorsk being led into the human world through a spoon; it could not investigate the society doing the leading, or ask what happens when the collective that forms people is not a free association but a bureaucratic state — the one that, in 1936 and 1950, had formed the careers of these very authors by decree. The science stops exactly where the state's self-examination would have to begin.

The root, and the reply

None of this is a quarrel with the school's Marxism, which is the genuine article and not decoration. When this tradition grounds the personality in the ensemble of social relations, it is drawing directly on Marx — on the sixth of the Theses on Feuerbach, that the human essence is no abstraction inherent in the single individual but "in its reality" the ensemble of social relations. On that, the school and the tradition this series writes from agree without reservation: the human being is social all the way down, made and not given. The activity approach is

one of the most productive things twentieth-century Marxism produced, and it produced it here.

The disagreement is over the other half of Marx — the half about ends. If the person is formed through the collective, the emancipatory tradition always insisted on what the collective is for: a society, in the words of the Communist Manifesto, in which "the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all." The individual is the aim of the association, not its raw material. A psychology of formation is humane precisely to the degree that the society doing the forming is one its members freely make and freely govern; it becomes something colder when "the collective" is the name given to a state that forms people for its own purposes and calls the result the new man. The science in this book cannot resolve that tension, and should not be asked to. But a reader can hold the question open where the book keeps it shut — and for the political half of the answer this series has a standing reference. Trotsky's *The Revolution Betrayed*, written in 1936, in the very months the pedagogy decree was issued, is the argument that by that decade the "collective" in whose name the Soviet person was to be formed had passed under the administration of a privileged bureaucracy with interests of its own. That is the fact that explains the boundary described above: why a great psychology of how minds are made had to keep silent about who was making them, and why it could re-emerge in 1966 only on the state's own terms, with its founders' persecution edited out of the picture.

opened, and the clearing was surrounded, on every side and in living memory, by the woods this bright anthology declines to describe.

How to read it

So: read this book, and read the science in it with respect. It is one of the best single doors into a tradition — Vygotsky on the making of mind, Anokhin and Bernstein on the loops that govern action, Rubinstein on the stubborn reality of the mental — that ranks among the twentieth century's real contributions to the understanding of human beings. This is not a Soviet fabrication to be exposed. It is, in large part, a Soviet achievement, and this series is glad to help carry it forward.

Read it, too, against what it will not say. When Anokhin defers so carefully to Pavlov, remember Ryazan. When Bernstein mentions a "bitter struggle" now happily "recognised," remember that the struggle was a state campaign and that its victims were his colleagues and himself. When Vygotsky opens the volume as a founding master, remember that his collected works waited until 1956 to be printed, and ask why. The confidence of 1966 was earned — but it was earned by scientists working in the narrow clearing the Thaw had

Scientific Communism

The Soviet primer of "scientific communism", the science of the destination, caught in 1967 at its moment of maximum confidence and written by the man who would go on to edit Pravda. Faithful on Marx and Engels, granular about a future that never arrived. New critical introduction by Dmitry Chasovennikov.

Viktor Grigorievich Afanasyev

Introduction to the 1967 Edition

Marxism-Leninism, as the Soviet state codified it, had three components. There was dialectical and historical materialism, its philosophy; there was political economy, its account of how societies produce and distribute; and there was a third discipline, junior to the other two and peculiar to the Soviet century, called scientific communism. It was the science of the destination — of the transition from capitalism to communism, of the state that was to wither, of the future itself. This book is its primer. "Scientific communism," Afanasyev writes, "is thus a science dealing with the ways and means of destroying capitalism, with the laws governing the creation of the new, communist society, and with the economic, social and spiritual conditions for the all-round development of man." And, he adds, marking the boundary, "This distinguishes scientific communism from the other components of Marxism-Leninism, i.e., from Marxist philosophy and Marxist political economy." What follows is the confident, orderly exposition of a science whose subject matter is a world that does not yet exist.

For once in this series the date on the spine can be trusted. Many Progress translations lag their Russian originals by years, and several volumes in this catalogue wear a reformer's jacket over a much older book. Not this one. The latest event Afanasyev cites is the Twenty-Third Congress of the CPSU, held in March and April 1966, which he quotes four times; the current plan is "the five-year plan of economic development for 1966–70"; the schools figure is for "the 1965/66 school year." There is no reference to anything later. The phrase "developed socialism" — the Brezhnev-era formula that would soon become the doctrine's central category — does not occur once. This is a text of 1966–67, and it is worth pausing on the year, because 1967 was the fiftieth anniversary of the October Revolution, the jubilee for which the whole apparatus of Soviet ideology was mobilised, and this book is a jubilee book: the state's account of where it had come from and, above all, where it was going, offered to the world in the fiftieth year as a

completed science.

The author is not a minor functionary. Viktor Grigoryevich Afanasyev (1922–1994) was one of the keystone textbook writers of late Soviet Marxism, a member of the Academy of Sciences, and the man who from 1976 would edit Pravda itself — the closest thing the system had to an official voice. He wrote the primers of two of the three components: the Marxist Philosophy already in this series, and this book. That a single pen produced both the philosophy and the futurology, and then moved on to run the Party newspaper, tells you what these books were. They were not inquiries. They were instruction, issued from the centre, in the doctrine as the centre wished it taught — first to Soviet students sitting their compulsory examinations, then to the wider world in the language of international circulation.

State the doctrine precisely, because the criticism depends on taking it seriously. The frame is the standard historical ladder — utopian socialism giving way to the "science" founded by Marx and Engels and completed by Lenin — and onto it Afanasyev fixes the specific claims that make scientific communism a distinct discipline. First, the two phases. Communism arrives in two stages, socialism being "the first phase," and the two are separated by their principle of distribution. Under socialism the rule is "From each according to his ability, to each according to his work"; under full communism it becomes "From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs." The passage is Marx's, from the Critique of the Gotha Programme, and Afanasyev transmits it faithfully. Second, the transition is law-governed and therefore predictable: the experience of building socialism, he writes, yields "general laws governing the transition from capitalism to socialism" that "have repeated and will continue to repeat themselves." Third, the whole architecture rests on a single foundational document, the Third Programme of the CPSU — the Programme "adopted at the 22nd Congress of the C.P.S.U." in 1961, which Afanasyev quotes more than two dozen times and treats as the charter of the science.

That reliance dates the book more precisely than any calendar. The 1961 Programme was the most extraordinary promissory note in Soviet history: it announced that the material and technical basis of communism would in the main be built within twenty years, and pledged that the generation of Soviet people then living would see communism itself. Afanasyev's book is that Programme turned into a syllabus. And yet — this is the first quiet tension in it — he never repeats the date. He quotes the Programme's ringing definition of communism, "a classless social system with one form of public ownership... under it, the all-round development of people will be accompanied by the growth of the productive forces," but the calendar promise, the living generation, the year 1980, are nowhere in the book. Khrushchev, who had staked his name on that timetable, had been removed in October 1964. By 1967 the timetable was becoming an embarrassment, and Afanasyev writes as a man committed to the Programme's whole world-picture while stepping carefully around its one falsifiable clause. The confidence is total; the deadline has silently gone.

This is what makes 1967 the interesting year to catch this doctrine in. It is before "developed socialism" — before the admission, coded into that phrase, that communism had receded over the horizon and the present would have to be renamed to make the wait bearable. It is before the stagnation that everyone, including the Soviet economists, would later date to these very years. Scientific communism here is at its moment of maximum forward confidence, describing the future in granular, almost loving detail. Chapters eight, nine and ten are given over to it: the material and technical basis of communism, automation and "the man-machine system," the merging of the two forms of property, the disappearance of the distinction between town and country and between mental and physical labour, the moulding of "the new man," and at last the arrival of distribution according to need. Afanasyev can tell you how machines will be designed under communism and how leisure will be spent. The science reaches confidently across decades it will never see.

And here the book's own method turns against it. A discipline that calls itself predictive — Lenin's own charge to it, quoted by Afanasyev, was "to study, detect and predict" — invites the obvious question of what it can see when it looks not forward but around. The answer is: not the one institution that mattered. Consider the state. The withering away of the state is the doctrine's crown jewel, inherited from Engels and Lenin, and Afanasyev expounds it at length: "The state appeared with the rise of classes; with the disappearance of classes it will necessarily wither away." But watch what he does with the

present. "Naturally," he writes, "this does not mean that the state of the proletarian dictatorship is a withering state." The withering is then deferred twice over — first to the completion of communism at home, and then to its victory abroad: "If communism triumphs in one or another country or in one group of countries or another and armed capitalist vultures remain in the world, the state function of defending the country will be preserved." Since capitalism plainly remained in the world, the withering was postponed to an indefinite future, and the actually existing Soviet state was exempted from the analysis in the same breath that praised the analysis. The science predicts the dissolution of the state in the year 2000 and guarantees its full powers today.

The same evasion governs what the book calls, following the 1961 Programme, "the state of the whole people." The proletarian dictatorship, Afanasyev explains, has already grown over into a higher, non-class form: "The socialist nature of the state does not change with the growth of the proletarian dictatorship into a state of the whole people." A dictatorship that is no longer a dictatorship of anybody over anybody; a state belonging to everyone equally — and, thirty years after Afanasyev, still standing, still policing, still appointing. The one actor never examined in this examination of everything is the apparatus doing the examining. Bureaucracy does appear in the book — exactly once, and revealingly, in the final pages, where it is handled as a stain rather than a structure. "Bureaucracy is alien to the society of builders of communism," Afanasyev writes, "but it cannot be eradicated in one sweep. It is surmounted by day-to-day improvement of all social... relations." It is a survival, an external residue of the old world, to be washed away gradually by good administration — never a stratum with interests of its own, never the thing that runs the state that will not wither. Apply the test this series has learned to trust: error is admissible in these books, but the category never turns inward. A Soviet official may be inefficient, may need "improvement"; he is never the beneficiary of a system. The word "opportunist" in this volume is reserved, as always, for those outside — "Right and Left opportunism" among the enemies of the movement (line after line about their "petty-bourgeois mentality"), never a possibility that could attach to the men in Moscow who commissioned the book.

The answer to all of this was written thirty years before Afanasyev sat down, by a man he does not name. Leon Trotsky's *The Revolution Betrayed* (1936) is the standing reply to every Soviet account of Soviet society, and it anticipated this book almost line for line. Where Afanasyev insists the workers' state is not a withering state and leaves the matter

there, Trotsky asked why it was not withering, and found the answer in the very principle of distribution that Afanasyev repeats without disturbance. Socialism's rule, "to each according to his work," is not yet a communist principle but a bourgeois one — Marx's own point in the Gotha critique, that in the first phase an equal standard is still applied to unequal people. Afanasyev half-sees this; he concedes that "the principle of equal pay for equal work signifies the application of one and the same yardstick to different people," and that the result is real inequality of incomes. But he calls the yardstick natural and necessary and moves on. Trotsky drew the conclusion Afanasyev will not: a state that must enforce unequal shares needs an enforcer. "The state assumes directly and from the very beginning a dual character," he wrote: "socialistic, insofar as it defends social property in the means of production; bourgeois, insofar as the distribution of life's goods is carried out with a capitalistic measure of value." For the defence of that "bourgeois" measure "the workers' state was compelled to create a 'bourgeois' type of instrument — that is, the same old gendarme, although in a new uniform." The state does not wither precisely because someone has to hold the yardstick, and the someone becomes a caste.

That caste is what Afanasyev's "state of the whole people" was built to hide, and Trotsky's demolition of the phrase — written against the 1936 Stalin Constitution, but pointed straight at the doctrine Afanasyev would inherit — remains exact. A genuinely people's state, freed of class contradictions, could only be a dissolving state, Trotsky argued: "when the bearer of dictatorship becomes the people, freed from class contradictions, that can only mean the dissolution of the dictatorship in a socialist society — and, above all, the liquidation of the bureaucracy... With the liquidation of classes, not only the bureaucracy dies away, and not only the dictatorship, but the state itself." What Afanasyev offers instead is a "people's" state that keeps all its organs, all its appointments, all its powers. "Classes are abolished," Trotsky wrote of exactly this claim. "Of Soviets there remains only the name. But the bureaucracy is still there. The equality of the rights of workers and peasants means, in reality, an equal lack of rights before the bureaucracy." On the inequality that Afanasyev files under "one yardstick," Trotsky was blunt: the official average wage was "an arithmetical fiction whose function is to mask the real and cruel inequality in the payment of labor," and in the spread between the privileged and the poor "the Soviet Union has not only caught up to, but far surpassed the capitalist countries." Socialism would be reached, he insisted, "not under the whip of a bureaucracy. For this very whip is the most disgusting inheritance from the old world."

There is a further silence in the architecture, and it is the load-bearing one. The whole book is organised around a "world socialist system" — a bloc of national states each building communism on its own territory — without the doctrine that makes such a thing thinkable ever being argued. "Socialism in one country" is nowhere stated and everywhere assumed. Afanasyev takes as given that socialism, and then communism, can be completed within national borders while capitalism survives abroad; his only concession to the international dimension is that the state's defensive function must persist until "the complete abolition of capitalism on a world-wide scale." This is the settled Stalinist position, and it is precisely the one the Marxist tradition contested. Trotsky's answer, in the Transitional Programme of 1938, tied it directly to the bureaucracy Afanasyev cannot see: "The bureaucratization of a backward and isolated workers' state and the transformation of the bureaucracy into an all-powerful privileged caste constitute the most convincing refutation — not only theoretically, but this time, practically — of the theory of socialism in one country." The isolated state, he wrote in *The Revolution Betrayed*, remained "a precise expression of the relative strength of world capitalism, the relative weakness of socialism," and "from an isolated 'socialist' state to a socialist society once for all done with the state remains a long historic road, and this road exactly coincides with the road of international revolution." What the Soviet leaders called the victory of socialism, he added drily, was something narrower: "When speaking of the victory of socialism, they meant their own victory." The USSR, on this reading, was not the first phase of communism marching to the second, but "a degenerated workers' state" — a real conquest of October, state property and planning intact, sitting under the rule of a privileged stratum that had to be removed, not waited out. A reader can weigh that verdict against Afanasyev's and decide; but Afanasyev never lets the argument into the room. Trotsky is not refuted in this book. He is simply absent, and the position attributed to nobody is the one the whole structure quietly rests on.

One small emblem of the method is worth recording, because it recurs across this series and this book takes part in it. On disarmament Afanasyev reaches, as Soviet authors always did, for Lenin's authority: "Disarmament is the ideal of socialism. There will be no wars in socialist society; consequently, disarmament will be achieved." The quotation stops there, at a footnote mark, and the argument moves on to Soviet peace proposals. But Lenin's sentence does not stop there. It was written in 1916, in "The 'Disarmament' Slogan," as an argument against putting disarmament in a socialist programme, and the very next words are the point: "But

whoever expects that socialism will be achieved without a social revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat is not a socialist." Lenin's conclusion was the opposite of a disarmament appeal — "Our slogan must be: arming of the proletariat." Afanasyev prints the first two sentences and cuts at the turn. He is not the only one; at least five other volumes in this catalogue make the identical cut at the identical place, and the identification is not ours to claim — Progress's own *USSR and Countries of Africa* names the article. The cut is small, but it is the whole operation in miniature: the master is quoted exactly up to the point where he becomes inconvenient, and there the quotation ends.

None of this means the book is worthless, and the reader owes it the credit it has earned. When Afanasyev transmits the tradition rather than adapting it, he transmits it well. The opening history — the "from a utopia to a science" narrative, with its portraits of Winstanley, Saint-Simon, Fourier and Owen — is a competent rendering of Engels's *Socialism: Utopian and Scientific*, and a student who read it would come away genuinely informed about the pre-Marxian socialists and why Marx and Engels broke with them. The two-phase theory of communism is Marx's, accurately given. The withering-away doctrine is really Engels's and Lenin's; Afanasyev even preserves Engels's fine image of the state sent off "to where it belongs — the museum of antiquities, alongside the spinning wheel and the bronze axe." The analysis of the first phase as a realm of persistent inequality is, as we have seen, Marx's own. The machinery of the classical argument is here, in working order, and much of what once drew serious people to this tradition is legible in these pages. The failure is not that the book teaches falsehoods about Marx. It is that the machinery is switched off at the one place it would have cut toward home — the point where Marx's "bourgeois right" in the first phase, faithfully described, would have forced the question of who wields it. Afanasyev quotes the analysis and drops the name Marx gave it, and in that gap between the description and its label the entire critical tradition, from Marx through Trotsky, is quietly shut out.

So read this as the doctrine at its confident middle — the fiftieth-anniversary summation, poised between the utopian deadline of 1961 that it has already learned not to mention and the "developed socialism" of the 1970s that would explain the deadline's disappearance. Its author would spend the next two decades editing the newspaper that reported the Soviet present, having written the textbook that mapped the Soviet future, and neither the paper nor the textbook ever found room for the bureaucracy that employed them both. The state Afanasyev promised would wither did not wither; it dissolved, in the end,

not into "communist social self-administration" but into something he would have called counter-revolution, and it took the world socialist system with it. That the book could not foresee this is not, by itself, a reproach — no science sees everything. The reproach is that it claimed to be the science of exactly this, the laws of the transition and the destiny of the state, and could describe the automation of the year 2000 in detail while remaining blind to the men in the office next door. A predictive science that cannot see its own present is telling you something, and it is not about the future.

HISTORY

Lenin in Our Life

Eighteen Soviet writers, artists and scientists remembering Lenin for the 1967 jubilee - including, as the foreword admits, several born long after he died. A compact and unusually frank specimen of how a state maintained its founder's cult.

Yuri Sdobnikov

Introduction to the 1967 Edition

This is not a book of history but a book of devotion. *Lenin in Our Life*, translated by T. Kapustin and edited by Y. Sdobnikov, was issued by Progress Publishers in Moscow in 1967, the fiftieth year of the October Revolution, and it belongs to that jubilee as surely as a wreath belongs to a monument. It has no single author, because it is a collection: eighteen short reminiscence-pieces by Soviet writers, artists and scientists — Lydia Zhak on Gorky, Alexander Deich on Lunacharsky, Sergei Konenkov the sculptor, the cosmonaut chronicler Yevgeny Ryabchikov — each recalling an encounter with Lenin, or the mark Lenin left on a life. The unsigned foreword, "About the Book," states the organising idea with a candour worth keeping in view, because it is the whole method in one sentence. The reader, it says, "need not be surprised that among the men and women whose reminiscences are collected in the present volume he will find not only old and tried Bolsheviks and Lenin's trusted comrades-in-arms, but also those who may never have had a chance of meeting or speaking with Lenin."

That is the first thing to understand. A book of reminiscences that admits, on its opening page, that some of its rememberers never met the man they remember, has stopped being a record of a life and become something else: a liturgy of presence. And presence — living, continuing, immortal presence — is exactly what the volume is built to produce. Lenin died on 21 January 1924. This book was made to demonstrate that he had not, in any sense that mattered to the Soviet state of 1967, gone anywhere at all.

Date the text before reading it. The catalogue says 1967, and here the catalogue is honest: the essays reach forward to the space age, to the Novosibirsk science city of the early 1960s and the cosmonauts, so this is a genuine mid-1960s composition and not, as several Progress titles turn out to be, an older text in a fresh jacket. That matters, because it fixes the book in a precise moment. Nikita Khrushchev, who in 1956

had denounced the "cult of personality" around Stalin, had himself been removed in 1964; the Brezhnev leadership was settling in; and the approaching fiftieth anniversary of the Revolution called for a vast display of legitimacy. The problem such a display had to solve was delicate. The cult of Stalin had been officially disowned. But a state descended from October still needed a sacred founder — a figure of unquestioned authority whose name could bless every undertaking. The solution was to pour the whole reverence that had been withdrawn from Stalin back into Lenin, now purified and made safe by being long dead. *Lenin in Our Life* is one small vessel of that operation. It was commissioned, translated and exported to show the world, and to remind Soviet readers, that the founder lived on in the daily texture of the society he had made.

Read that way, the book's method is consistent and even beautiful in its own terms. Its Lenin is not primarily a thinker with positions that could be argued; he is a warmth, an attentiveness, a "guiding star" — the phrase is Konenkov's title. He shakes the hand of the architect Ivan Zholtovsky and talks of educating a new intelligentsia; he finds time, in a freezing hall in 1921, for the inventor Friedrich Tsander and his plan for an interplanetary ship, and asks him gently, "Will you go up there first?"; he blesses, at a distance, the fruit-breeder Michurin and the space visionary Tsiolkovsky, neither of whom he ever met. The essays repeat, in a dozen keys, a single chord: to have been near Lenin, or merely to have read him, was to become more fully alive. The most explicit statement of this comes near the book's centre: "In the presence of the living Lenin," one contributor writes, "everyone felt the vibrant joy of the asserted reality of one's own existence." This is not the language of political biography. It is the language of communion.

And it culminates, as a jubilee book of 1967 almost had to, in the heavens. The closing essays bind Lenin to the Soviet space triumph, the regime's proudest possession after Gagarin's flight of 1961. Because the Soviet people are "armed with Lenin's immortal teaching," Ryabchikov writes, "there are no limits to

their accomplishments and dreams"; the cosmonauts themselves "are all Leninists, implementing his behests." The dead founder is made the author of the future — of rockets he never saw, launched by men and women born after he died. In the last essay the Novosibirsk physicists, most of them "born after January 21, 1924," carry his image "from earliest childhood." The one date the whole book fixes upon, the single hard fact of chronology it will not let go, is the date of Lenin's death.

Here is where the volume becomes something more interesting than a period curiosity, and where an honest introduction has to do its work. For the living, immortal, ever-present Lenin of this book is an icon that has quietly replaced a man — and the man, when you set him beside his icon, spent the last conscious months of his life fighting the very thing the icon now serves.

Consider what the real Lenin of 1922 and 1923 was doing. He was not radiating benign immortality. He was a sick man, half-paralysed by strokes, using what strength remained to warn the Party against a danger he had seen too late: the growth of a bureaucratic apparatus, and the concentration of unaccountable power in the hands of its General Secretary, Stalin. In December 1922 he dictated the confidential letter that became known as his Testament, and ten days later added the postscript that has never lost its force: "Stalin is too rude, and this fault, entirely supportable in relations among us Communists, becomes insupportable in the office of General Secretary." He proposed, in plain words, that the comrades find a way to remove Stalin from that post. He drafted a "bombshell" against Stalin on the national question; he dictated a final letter breaking off personal relations with him; he wrote, in the article *Better Fewer, but Better*, that "we have bureaucratism not only in the Soviet institutions but also in the party." This was the last political act of Lenin's life: an attempt to check the machine that, within a decade, would be embalming him.

None of it is in this book. Not the Testament, not the struggle with Stalin, not the word "bureaucratism" turned against the Party itself. Stalin's name occurs exactly once in the whole volume — in Lydia Zhak's essay on Gorky, and even there it appears in a form that rewards attention. She notes that in 1917–18 disputes over Gorky split the Party, "the two extremes of which were expressed by the articles of Lenin and of Stalin," and that Gorky's later work "disproved the prediction made by Stalin, who himself later radically changed his views." This is the single crack through which the awkward, quarrelling, human world of the early Bolsheviks

shows itself — a real disagreement, between Lenin and Stalin, admitted on the page. But notice how safe it is. It is a dispute about a novelist, not about power; and it is resolved by the reassuring formula that Stalin "later radically changed his views." The one place the book touches the conflict at the heart of the regime's origins, it touches it to soothe it.

There is, too, the matter of temperament. The Lenin who is celebrated on every page of this book was, in life, conspicuously uncomfortable with celebration. His aversion to being made an object of reverence is well attested — when the Moscow Party organised a jubilee for his fiftieth birthday in April 1920, he arrived only as the eulogies were ending and asked, in effect, that the Party spare him the ceremony and get back to work. Even Trotsky, no flatterer of the mature Soviet cult, recorded the trait plainly: "Lenin had no taste for the exaggerations of anniversary or funeral panegyrics." A book of anniversary panegyrics, exported for a jubilee, is thus not merely selective about Lenin's politics; it is at odds with his manner. The distaste for adulation was itself edited out, because a founder who waves the wreaths away cannot be the object of a wreath-laying industry.

The deeper irony is doctrinal, and the book walks into it without knowing. Its Lenin is the immortal presiding genius of a mighty state, its ministries, its academies, its cosmodromes. Lenin's own most famous book, *The State and Revolution*, written on the eve of October, demanded the opposite: not the perfection of the state but its withering away, the dismantling of the "special apparatus" of officials standing above society. The state that produced Lenin in *Our Life* — with its Progress Publishers, its Institute of Marxism-Leninism, its editorial boards and its export catalogues — was the negation of that programme, grown vast and permanent and self-worshipping. And it is precisely that state which needed the immortal Lenin. A founder who wanted the apparatus to die away is inconvenient; a founder who is an ever-living warmth, a guiding star, blesses the apparatus by his mere continued presence and asks nothing of it.

There is a small, unbearable emblem of this in the Zholtovsky essay. The old architect wishes Lenin a hundred years of life, and Lenin laughs it off — "That's overdoing it, I'm afraid. But, in general, we Bolsheviks are immortal." The line is offered as a charming pleasantry about the permanence of ideas. Read it in 1967, with the founder's chemically preserved body lying in the granite mausoleum on Red Square and pilgrims filing past it, and the pleasantry curdles. The state took Lenin's throwaway remark and made it literal. The man who fought the cult became its central relic; the theorist who wanted the

state to die was installed as the state's undying god. This is not a point to make with a sneer — the reminiscences were written, many of them, by people who had loved Lenin or been genuinely changed by the Revolution, and their feeling is not counterfeit. But feeling that has been organised, at scale, by the ideological apparatus of a great power, into an instrument of legitimation, is a political fact, and it is the fact this book is.

What was manufactured here was described, while it was being manufactured, by the anti-Stalinist Marxists who were its first victims. Trotsky, writing in exile, watched the cult being built out of the corpse of the leader whose last advice had been to curb Stalin, and he traced its mechanics precisely. In *The Revolution Betrayed* (1936) — the standard critique against which every Soviet self-portrait in this series should be measured — he named the process by which the record itself was refashioned: "Even the explanatory notes to the complete works of Lenin are radically worked over in every new edition from the point of view of the personal interests of the ruling staff: the names of 'leaders' magnified, those of opponents vilified; tracks covered up." He mocked "the Soviet idolators with their cult of a bureaucratic state," and observed that the Party program's own promise that the state would die away now "sounds like a spectral voice from the mausoleum." The deepening reverence, he argued, was not sentiment but function: "The increasingly insistent deification of Stalin is, with all its elements of caricature, a necessary element of the regime." Transferred after 1956 from Stalin to the safely dead Lenin, the deification lost none of its function; it simply changed its object.

And Trotsky had already, in 1932, written the history that *Lenin in Our Life* is designed to make unthinkable. His essay "On the Suppressed Testament of Lenin" reconstructs, from documents, the last struggle: the dictation of the Testament, the letter breaking with Stalin, the manoeuvres by which the ruling group kept Lenin's final words from the Party. He records that "the official historians have in recent years made literally gigantic efforts to wipe out of the memory of man this whole chapter of history," and that when Moscow's oppositionists marched on the tenth anniversary of the Revolution in 1927 carrying a banner that read simply "Fulfill the Testament of Lenin," picked troops broke into the line and tore it down. That is the counter-image to this book. In 1927 men were arrested for asking that Lenin's actual last wishes be honoured; forty years later Progress Publishers exported a volume proving that Lenin was gloriously, immortally, everywhere present — everywhere, that is, except in the one document where he spoke his mind about the men who would inherit his name. The suppression Trotsky described and the

recreation this book performs are two sides of a single coin: the founder is kept alive as an icon precisely so that the founder's inconvenient words can stay buried. As Trotsky noted in *The Revolution Betrayed*, even under the new constitution "the innumerable articles, speeches, and letters of Lenin, ending in his 'testament', will continue ... to be locked up merely because they rub the new leaders the wrong way."

It is worth setting this volume beside its siblings in the same series, for the apparatus produced several Lenins at once and the differences are instructive. *Lenin — A Biography* (1983), the official life prepared by the Institute of Marxism-Leninism, cannot avoid the Testament — by the 1980s it was published in the USSR and known everywhere — so it prints the document and then quietly deletes the sentence about Stalin's rudeness, keeping the remedy and cutting the diagnosis. *Triumph of Lenin's Ideas* (1978) is the stenographic record of an anniversary conference, Lenin as the banner of a state ceremony. *Lenin in Our Life* solves the problem of the awkward Lenin more elegantly than either: it does not mutilate the Testament, because it never raises it. By dissolving Lenin into an immortal presence — a feeling, a guiding star, a warmth in the hearts of cosmonauts — the book removes the need to handle his dangerous last words at all. You cannot contradict an icon. It has no positions to check against the record. That is the icon's whole advantage over the theorist, and it is why the apparatus preferred it.

None of this means the book is worthless, and the series does the reader no service by pretending it is. Buried in the veneration is a good deal of real material, and it should be credited. Lydia Zhak's long essay on Gorky is the strongest thing in the volume: it draws on genuine sources — Lenin's letters to Gorky, including the warm and searching letter of November 1909; the correspondence of R. S. Zemlyachka reporting Gorky's financial help to the Bolshevik press; the record of Gorky's 1906 campaign in the European press against loans to the tsar. Framed hagiographically as it is, this is nonetheless a substantial account of one of the important friendships of the revolutionary movement, and much of its documentary detail holds up. The essays on Tsiolkovsky, Tsander and the pre-history of Soviet rocketry preserve real cultural history — Lenin's documented enthusiasm for the electrification plan and for science, his 1920 conversation with H. G. Wells, the "dreamer in the Kremlin." The reminiscences of Lunacharsky at the founding of Soviet education, and of the fruit-breeder Michurin battling official indifference, contain observed human detail that a reader can use, provided the frame is discounted. The book is a poor guide to what Lenin thought and a worthless guide to what happened to his Party

after he died; it is a not-negligible source of anecdote and texture about the early Soviet cultural world, and about the emotional history of the cult itself, which it documents by embodying.

For the reader who wants the other side of the coin — the man rather than the icon, the last struggle rather than the eternal presence — the texts are close at hand and were written by people who paid for them. Trotsky's *The Revolution Betrayed* anatomises the bureaucratic state that this book venerates; his 1932 essay on the suppressed Testament restores the chapter of history that this book is built to erase; and Lenin's own final writings, the Testament and *Better Fewer, but Better* and *The State and Revolution*, say in his own voice what his official mourners could not let him say. *Lenin in Our Life* is most valuable, in the end, precisely as evidence — evidence of how a revolution's bureaucratic heirs learned to keep their founder immortal so that they need never again hear his last advice. The wreath, laid often enough and grandly enough, becomes a way of not reading the will.

INTERNATIONALISM On Colonialism

Sixty articles Marx and Engels filed for the New-York Daily Tribune on India, China, Persia, Afghanistan, Algeria and Ireland, with extracts from Capital and the letters. Read whole, it shows Marx changing his mind about empire across two decades.

Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels

Introduction to This Edition

Almost nothing in this book was written as a book. The bulk of it is journalism — some sixty articles that Marx, and now and then Engels, filed in the 1850s for the New-York Daily Tribune, the largest paper in the United States, whose editor Charles Dana had met Marx in Cologne in 1848 and offered him a column. To these the Soviet editors added five extracts from *Capital* and a sheaf of letters, and gathered the whole under a single heading: *On Colonialism*, first issued in Moscow in 1959 and reprinted, in this enlarged form, from 1968. The Publishers' Note tells the reader what to find: "a strictly scientific, Marxist analysis of the economic causes behind the predatory colonial policy of the capitalist states." So the volume is two things at once. It is a genuine record of what Marx and Engels wrote about empire — India, China, Persia, Afghanistan, Algeria and Ireland, seen close up and in real time. And it is a Cold-War instrument, assembled to show that the Soviet Union stood where Marx had stood. The gap between those two purposes is the subject of this introduction.

Read as journalism, the articles are ferocious and exact. Marx follows the money behind every profession of good intent: the opium the East India Company grew in Bengal and forced on China at gunpoint, the famine and depopulation the same Company presided over in Ireland and India, the parliamentary debates in which "Ministerial and Directorial advocates" dressed plunder as trusteeship. "The profound hypocrisy and inherent barbarism of bourgeois civilization," he writes, "lies unveiled before our eyes." And the anti-colonial fire is joined to something larger. In "Revolution in China and in Europe" Marx argues that a rising in the "Celestial Empire" might set off the next revolution in the West — the first sketch of an idea Trotsky would later systematise as permanent revolution, in which the colonial and the metropolitan struggles are one struggle.

The honest editors also let a real difficulty stand. Alongside the denunciations runs a second, colder thought: that British capital, for all its crimes, was doing history's work. "England has to fulfil a double mission in India," Marx writes, "one destructive, the other regenerating"; whatever her crimes, "she was the unconscious tool of history in bringing about that revolution." This is the orientalist residue in Marx — India imagined as a changeless, "Asiatic" society, without a history of its own until the West supplies one by force. It is worth naming plainly, as later critics from Edward Said onward have named it. Yet even here Marx never makes empire benign: the Indians will reap nothing, he insists, "till the Hindus themselves shall have grown strong enough to throw off the English yoke altogether." And in the June 1853 letters printed here he and Engels feel their way toward a category that would matter enormously — Marx locating "the absence of private property in land" as "the real key, even to the Oriental heaven," Engels answering that it is "indeed the key to the whole of the East." They were reaching for what would be called the Asiatic mode of production: a society ruled not by private landlords but by a state that owns the land and takes the surplus.

Was the state that printed this book faithful to it? The Publishers' Note leaves no doubt what it wants the reader to conclude. History, it says, has borne out the forecast that colonialism was doomed; the liberation of the colonies flows from "the world socialist system that emerged after the Second World War" and, above all, from the Soviet Union, with a growing number of peoples taking "the non-capitalist way of development." The founders are enlisted, across a century, for Moscow's foreign policy. The trouble is that the instrument turns in the hand that holds it — in two ways the editors could not have wished.

The first is theoretical. That Asiatic mode of production, glimpsed in the letters they reprint, had been effectively banned in Soviet scholarship since the early 1930s. It did not

fit the official ladder of five stages through which every society was said to climb; and, more awkwardly, a mode of production in which a state bureaucracy extracts the surplus from the direct producers described something closer to home than Marxism-Leninism could afford to examine. The book hands the reader the very concept its publisher had buried.

The second is nakedly historical. This is a book that honours resistance to imperial invasion — the Irish against the landlords, the Chinese against the opium fleets, the sepoys (the Indian soldiers of the British army) in the revolt of 1857, and, in Engels's own article "Afghanistan," the Afghans who had destroyed a British army in the passes above Kabul. This eighth printing is dated 1981. By then the Soviet army had been at war in Afghanistan for two years, bogged down among a people whose earlier defiance of a great power the book celebrates. A volume against empire, reprinted by an occupying empire — and one that held, besides, its own inner empire of deported nations and Russified republics. Between the text and its 1981 imprint lies the whole distance the revolution had travelled from itself.

Taken back from that frame, *On Colonialism* is sharper today than the catechism allowed. Its method — follow the material interests hidden inside the language of the civilising mission — cuts through the humanitarian cover of every great power, including the one whose presses produced this book, and including the successor empires that speak of development and order while the tables of the dead grow. Read honestly, it asks to be read in both directions: against the orientalist assumption that some peoples have no history until conquest gives them one, and against the Soviet claim to be colonialism's appointed liberator while it garrisoned Kabul.

This is where the Fourth International takes up the collection. Its inheritance is not the Publishers' Note but the buried radical core: the colonial revolution as an inseparable part of the world revolution — Trotsky's permanent revolution, and his insistence in *The Revolution Betrayed* that the bureaucracy was a privileged caste sitting atop the workers' state, not its fulfilment; Ernest Mandel's later anatomy of imperialism as a stage of capitalism, not a policy that socialism automatically dissolves. From that standpoint the betrayals are legible — Stalin's sacrifice of the Chinese revolution in 1927, the Comintern's zig-zags, the tanks in Kabul — as departures from Marx, not applications of him. Marx and Engels wrote to strip empire of its excuses and to back the oppressed who would end it themselves. The state that canonised them made itself

one more empire with excuses. To read these articles against that betrayal — keeping the anti-imperialist fire, discarding both the orientalism and the alibi — is to read them as they were written: on the side of the people throwing off the yoke.

MARXISM

Marx Engels Marxism

A genuinely useful Lenin reader on Marx and Engels - with an index of every citation in it - bound together with the editorial apparatus of Moscow in 1947, which is a document in its own right. New critical introduction by Dmitry Chasovennikov.

Vladimir Ilyich Lenin

Introduction to the 1947 Edition

The catalogue records this book as a Progress Publishers title of 1968. The book itself disagrees. Its title page reads:

V. I. LENIN / MARX — ENGELS — MARXISM / Third English Edition / Revised and Enlarged / FOREIGN LANGUAGES PUBLISHING HOUSE / MOSCOW 1947

In 175,000 words the phrase "Progress Publishers" does not occur once. The word Progress appears three times in the body, and every one of them is the Progressive Party of the United States or the Progressives who preached trade unionism to it. This is a Foreign Languages Publishing House book of 1947, and everything in it — the footnotes, the omissions, the one page that matters most — belongs to that year and not to 1968. FLPH Moscow became Progress in 1963, and the imprint history has evidently overwritten the record. The date is confirmed twice over from inside: the volume's own footnotes cite Engels's Ludwig Feuerbach and Marx's Selected Works in the Moscow English editions of 1946, and Stalin's Problems of Leninism in the English edition of 1945. Nothing in the book is dated later than 1946. A bibliography can be padded but it cannot be un-updated, and this one closes a year before the imprint.

That matters because 1947 is not a neutral year. This is the second year of the Zhdanovshchina, the cultural crackdown that followed the war: the decrees against Zvezda and Leningrad, the campaign against kowtowing to the West, the beginning of the drive that would end in the destruction of Soviet genetics two years later. It is also the year of the Truman Doctrine and the founding of the Cominform. A Moscow house issuing Lenin in English in 1947 was not addressing a general reading public. It was arming the foreign parties, and it was doing so at the moment when the doctrinal line was being tightened hardest at home.

The compiler names itself. The foreword is signed by the Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute, and it is unusually candid about

method: the volume "follows the sixth Russian edition", whose contents are "reproduced from the third and fourth Russian editions of the Collected Works or the fourth Russian edition of the Two-Volume Edition of Selected Works", and — the sentence to keep — "The footnotes are Lenin's unless otherwise stated."

Take first the thing this volume settles, because it settles it against a line of argument this series itself has used.

It has been tempting, reading the Moscow output, to treat the sheer density of the word opportunism as a symptom: a term used so often that it must have stopped meaning anything, ritual incantation standing in for analysis. That inference is dead, and this book is what kills it. Counting the stem 'opportunis-' and repairing the line-break hyphenation the scan introduces, Lenin uses it 117 times in 175,472 words — 6.7 per 10,000. The pooled rate across the 195 Moscow volumes in this project's corpus is 1.5. Lenin, published by his own Institute, uses the word at four and a half times the rate of the average Soviet textbook. Kautsky occurs 128 times, 7.3 per 10,000, in a book nominally about Marx and Engels.

The comparison holds in the other direction too. The Fourth International's own Tenth World Congress documents, printed in Intercontinental Press vol. 12 no. 46 of 23 December 1974, run to 129,943 words and use the same stem 22 times — 1.69 per 10,000, statistically indistinguishable from the Moscow average. Our tradition and theirs use the word at the same rate. Lenin uses it at four times both. If frequency measured ritual, Lenin would be the most ritualistic writer in the catalogue and the Fourth International would be indistinguishable from Progress Publishers. Neither is true. The argument from frequency should be retired, and this volume is the reason.

What is left when frequency goes is something harder and more useful: what the word is attached to. Lenin's usage is fastened to named men and dated acts. In the excerpt from The

Proletarian Revolution and the Renegade Kautsky he writes: "Not without reason did Rosa Luxemburg declare, on August 4, 1914, that German Social-Democracy was now a stinking corpse." That is a date, a person, and a vote — the Reichstag's approval of war credits — and it is refutable by producing a division list. Two pages earlier: "the sage Kautsky, donning his nightcap, repeats the fairy tale about 'pure democracy,' which has been told a thousand times by liberal professors." Contemptuous, certainly; but the charge is that Kautsky wrote a specific sentence about a specific question, and the sentence is quoted. Roughly a quarter of the book's uses of the stem sit within 250 characters of a date. That is not a devastating number on its own, and I would not rest much on it. What matters is that in Lenin the accusation is nearly always cashed out into a described act. Set that beside the entry for Trotskyism in Moscow's own *A Dictionary of Scientific Communism* (1984): "Trotskyism is a petty-bourgeois opportunist current in ideology and politics which is hostile to Marxism-Leninism and shrouds its opportunism with radical leftist phraseology." No act, no date, no person, nothing that could be shown not to have happened. Lenin wrote the vocabulary. The Institute kept the vocabulary and dropped the practice.

Which brings us to what the Institute actually did to him here, and it is a more interesting operation than a reader expecting crude censorship will predict.

The volume gathers about forty items, of which eighteen carry the marker "(Excerpt)". So the question is not only which Lenin was selected but which parts of him, and because every item has a canonical text in the *Collected Works*, the answer is checkable. Set the contents page against the originals and a pattern appears immediately.

The *Development of Capitalism in Russia* is an entire volume of the *Collected Works* — some 590 pages, eight chapters, built on years of zemstvo (elected local-council) statistics on peasant differentiation, manufacture and the growth of machine industry. The anthology prints an excerpt from its Preface to the Second Edition: about 1,700 words. It heads that excerpt with the book's own subtitle, "The Process of Formation of the Home Market for Large-Scale Industry" — a heading which will read to almost any reader as a promise that what follows summarises the argument. It does not. It is Lenin in 1907, looking back and saying the 1905 revolution had confirmed his analysis of Russia's class structure. The empirical work that earned him the right to say so is not here.

Materialism and Empirio-Criticism, six chapters and some forty sections, is reduced to one section: chapter VI §4, "Parties in Philosophy and Philosophical Blockheads". Of everything in that book, the anthology prints the section that yields a doctrine rather than an argument. The *Right of Nations to Self-Determination* has ten chapters; nine of them deal with Russia, Norway, the 1896 London Congress and the actual right of secession. The anthology prints chapter VIII, the one chapter about Marx. "Left-Wing" Communism has ten chapters and five appendices; the anthology prints chapter 2, on the conditions of Bolshevik success — and not chapter 8, "No Compromises?", nor chapter 9 on Britain and the Labour Party. *Two Tactics of Social-Democracy in the Democratic Revolution* has thirteen numbered sections making the case for the revolutionary-democratic dictatorship of the proletariat and peasantry; the anthology prints none of them, only part III of the postscript. The *Proletarian Revolution and the Renegade Kautsky* has eight sections; the anthology prints the first, and nothing on soviet democracy or the Constituent Assembly.

A single cut is editorial economy. Six of them, all removing the concrete and retaining the doctrinal, is a method. The consistent casualty is Lenin the investigator — the man who counted horses per peasant household, who argued about Norway, who wrote a chapter called "No Compromises?" in order to answer yes. What survives is Lenin the source of formulations.

To this the volume adds one item that is not marked as an excerpt at all. "A Classical Judgment of the Opportunism of the Intellectuals in Social-Democracy" is listed in the contents as though it were a work. It is not: it is a single internal subheading of the preceding item, Lenin's 1907 preface to the Russian translation of the Sorge correspondence, in which he works through Engels's letters of the 1890s on the academic and opportunist elements in the German party. The section has been promoted to the status of a title. So the count of eighteen excerpts understates the fragmentation.

Against all this the volume deserves credit on one point, and the point is worth making carefully because it is where the Institute is most honest. The publisher's note states that the extracts from *What Is To Be Done?* and *One Step Forward, Two Steps Back* "are reproduced here as abbreviated by the author in the 1908 publication of the books in question". That is true, and verifiable. Lenin abridged both himself for the collection *Twelve Years*, printed in November 1907 with 1908 on its cover, and he explained why: of *What Is To Be Done?* he wrote that he was reprinting it "slightly abridged, omitting only the details of organisational relations and minor

polemical remarks"; of One Step Forward that he had "cut this pamphlet down by half", since minor details of the organisational struggle, and particularly the personal composition of the Party centres, "cannot possibly be of any interest to the present-day reader". A publisher's note that could have concealed a cut instead sources it to the author. Elsewhere a footnote openly records that Lenin's Bibliography of Marxism, appended to the original article, "is omitted in this edition. — Ed."

But notice the scale. Lenin's own 1907 abridgement of What Is To Be Done? removed one section from a five-chapter book. The 1947 volume prints four lettered subsections out of that book and drops the rest, including everything in chapters III to V. The publisher's note borrows Lenin's authority for a far heavier intervention than the one it describes.

Now the page that gives the volume away, and it is a single page.

The Institute's editorial hand is, across 175,000 words, remarkably light. There are 149 notes signed "— Ed." and the overwhelming majority are unobjectionable: a source for a quotation from Engels, an explanation of what Osvobozhdeniye was, a gloss on the Octobrists or the otrabotki system. Nothing has been rewritten. Trotsky is mentioned three times in the entire book, and two of the three are Lenin's own gibes — the Kautskyans "headed by Axelrod and Spectator, including even Martov, and to a large degree Trotsky", and the parenthesis "(be it said for the benefit of Trotsky the Kautskyan!)". The third is the Institute's, a twenty-four-word note identifying the August Bloc as a "Bloc of anti-Bolshevik groups and trends organized by L. Trotsky in August 1912 which fought against Lenin. — Ed." — an essence with no act attached, but a small thing. There is no Trotskyism entry in the subject index, which lists Bernsteinism, Kautskyism, Menshevism, Millerandism, Narodism, Opportunism, Proudhonism, Reformism and Revisionism. In a volume of writings mostly predating 1917, that absence is chronology rather than suppression, and it should not be reported as a finding.

The restraint is precisely what makes the exception legible.

The anthology's excerpt from The State and Revolution consists of chapter II §3 and the whole of chapter V, "The Economic Basis of the Withering Away of the State". Lenin's argument reaches its conclusion in a sentence about the armed workers' state which is "no longer a state in the proper sense of

the word": "the more rapidly does every form of the state begin to wither away."

At the end of that sentence there is a footnote number. The footnote runs to 1,429 words — longer than five of the Lenin items the volume prints — and it opens:

Continuing and developing the Marxist-Leninist theory of the state in the new historical situation, Comrade Stalin formulated the theory of the Socialist state and its tasks under the conditions of victorious Socialism and the building of Communism.

What follows is Stalin's report to the Eighteenth Congress of the CPSU(B) of March 1939, quoted at length from Problems of Leninism, Moscow 1945, pp. 635–38. It explains that Lenin had intended a second volume of The State and Revolution and died before writing it; that "what Lenin did not manage to do should be done by his disciples"; and it closes:

"But development cannot stop there. We are going ahead, towards Communism. Will our state remain in the period of Communism also? "Yes, it will, unless the capitalist encirclement is liquidated, and unless the danger of foreign military attack has disappeared."

So: at the exact point in the Lenin canon where Lenin says the state begins to wither away, the 1947 Institute attaches a footnote in which Stalin says it will not. The doctrine is not smuggled in. It is set out at length, sourced, and signed — under the cover of the foreword's flat sentence that "The footnotes are Lenin's unless otherwise stated." That sentence is the licence. Read it again after reading the footnote and it changes character entirely.

This is also the sharpest available test of the volume, and it is not a test about vocabulary. Error is admissible in these books; the category is not. The Institute is willing to say that Lenin left a book unfinished, that his theory required continuation, that his disciples had work to do. What is unthinkable is that the classification could turn inward — that the man revising Lenin on the state might himself be the object of the charge Lenin spent 117 sentences making. Opportunism, in this volume's own subject index, is filed as "Opportunism in the Labour Movement", with a cross-reference to Bernsteinism, Kautskyism, Millerandism, Reformism and Revisionism. It is a property of the movement outside. It has no address inside.

None of which makes the book worthless, and a reader told

everything here is falsified learns nothing.

The selection contains genuinely first-rate things, printed complete. The 1914 Granat encyclopaedia article "Karl Marx" runs to 13,000 words and remains one of the best short expositions of Marx written by anybody. "The Three Sources and Three Component Parts of Marxism" and "The Historical Destiny of the Doctrine of Karl Marx" are here entire. So is "On Dialectics", the fragment from the philosophical notebooks. So is the 1907 preface to the Sorge letters, an obscure and valuable piece which most readers would otherwise never meet. "A Great Beginning" and "The Tasks of the Youth Leagues" are printed at full length. The apparatus is real scholarship: a descriptive list of every Russian newspaper and periodical Lenin refers to, a subject index of substance, and an index of works by Marx and Engels quoted by Lenin — a genuine research tool, and one that would embarrass a publisher who did not expect the citations to be checked. Where the volume prints Lenin, it prints him honestly; there is no evidence anywhere in these 175,000 words of a sentence altered or a passage doctored. The falsification here is entirely a matter of what is chosen, what is cut, and what is placed beside it.

The reply existed, and it was in print before the book was.

On the specific question the Stalin footnote settles by decree, Trotsky had answered eleven years earlier in *The Revolution Betrayed* (1936), chapter 3, "Socialism and the State" — and answered it, notably, by quoting the same passage of Lenin the anthology prints. Lenin, he notes, insisted that "the proletariat needs only a dying state — that is, a state constructed in such a way that it immediately begins to die away and cannot help dying away." (Trotsky's translator writes dying away where the Moscow edition writes wither away; the Russian is the same.) Trotsky's comment is the answer to the 1947 footnote before the footnote was written: this criticism "was directed at the time against reformist socialists of the type of the Russian mensheviks, British Fabians, etc. It now attacks with redoubled force the Soviet idolators with their cult of a bureaucratic state which has not the slightest intention of 'dying away.'" A doctrine that made the survival of the state conditional on capitalist encirclement was, on this reading, not a development of Lenin but a rationalisation of an apparatus that had no intention of dissolving itself.

On the wider practice — the Moscow institutes rebuilding Marx's own texts to fit current policy — there is a reply almost

exactly contemporaneous with this volume. Raya Dunayevskaya, writing as Freddie Forrest, published "Stalinists Falsify Marxism Anew" in *Fourth International* vol. 9 no. 7 (whole no. 89), September 1948, pp. 204–209. Her subject is not this anthology but Leontiev's 1943 article on the teaching of political economy, which had instructed Soviet teachers to stop building their courses "as a simple copy of the structure of Capital". Her point generalises exactly: the structure of the work was being rearranged so that the doctrine could come out differently, and the rearrangement was presented as pedagogy. What she describes being done to Capital in 1943 is what this volume does to *The Development of Capitalism in Russia* in 1947 — not a word changed, and the argument gone.

For the longer view of the operation, Trotsky's *The Stalin School of Falsification* (1937) remains the fullest account of how the record was reworked, and it is worth reading alongside this book precisely because it shows the same restraint in reverse: the falsifications it documents are rarely inventions, and almost always selections.

Read this volume, then, as two books bound together. One is a serviceable and in places excellent Lenin reader, compiled by people who knew the material well enough to build an index of every Marx and Engels citation in it. The other is a single footnote, 1,429 words long, in which the state that had by 1947 built the camps, deported the nations and was three years past the war explains, in the voice of its General Secretary and over the signature of Lenin's own Institute, why it would not be withering away. The first book is why this edition is worth reprinting. The second is why it needs an introduction.

SOVIET SOCIETY

Soviet Socialist Democracy

How the Soviet state described its own democracy, set out at length and with authority - and published in 1968, the year the tanks went into Prague. The most complete official statement available in English, at the moment it became untenable.

Murad Saifulin

Introduction to the 1968 Edition

The date on the title page is the first thing to notice about this book, and the last thing its authors would have wanted noticed. Soviet Socialist Democracy — a collective work by three Soviet authors, edited by M. Saifulin and issued in English by Progress Publishers, Moscow — appeared in 1968. That was the year in which the phrase "socialism with a human face" entered the world's political vocabulary from Prague, and the year in which, on the night of 20–21 August, half a million Warsaw Pact troops crossed the Czechoslovak frontier to end the experiment that had produced it. A book about socialist democracy could hardly have been published at a more exposed moment.

Internal evidence dates the composition precisely enough. The Preface opens on the fiftieth anniversary of the revolution in November 1967. The most recent Party gathering discussed is the Twenty-Third Congress of 1966; the most recent statistical series run to 1966; the current five-year plan is "1966–70", and every reference to 1970 in the text is a forward projection, not a report. The book notes that "The transition to a five-day working week with two holidays was completed by the 50th anniversary of the Revolution." Nothing in it postdates the winter of 1967–68. Readers who encounter the figure 1970 in these pages should understand it as a target under the plan then running, not as evidence of a later printing.

So the manuscript was closed before the tanks moved, and probably before Alexander Dubček's Action Programme of April 1968. That is a defence of the authors' chronology and of nothing else. Because the book's silences do not begin in August 1968. Czechoslovakia, Dubček, Prague, the Warsaw Pact: the words do not occur in this text at all. Neither, in a volume of roughly 77,000 words on the democratic character of the Soviet state, does the name of Stalin. Not once — "Stalingrad" appears as a place name in a passage on Komsomol construction projects, and that is the whole of it. There is no reference to the Terror, to the Twentieth Congress,

to the cult of personality, to rehabilitation, or to any violation of legality whatever. The book is founded, legally and rhetorically, on the Constitution of 1936 — "The victory of socialism was legislatively recorded in the 1936 Soviet Constitution," it says, and it cites that document's articles throughout — without ever remarking that the constitution was drafted and promulgated in the years of the show trials and the mass shootings. This is not evasion under pressure of events. It is the settled house style of Brezhnev-era legitimation: the Khrushchev thaw's admissions had been quietly withdrawn from export literature, and what remained was an untroubled surface.

What the book was for

Progress titles were commissioned, and the commission here is legible. This is an export volume, written for Western readers — sympathisers, fellow-travellers, communist party members abroad — who were being asked to defend a system they had not seen. The rhetorical construction gives it away. Twice the text stops to stage a hostile question and answer it. "Then why is only one candidate registered in each constituency and does not this violate the freedom of election?" And later: "But how can there be democracy when there is only one party?" the reader may ask. No Soviet citizen needed those questions put to them. They are the questions a Party organiser in Turin or Camden Town had to field on a doorstep, and the book supplies the answers.

That makes it a valuable document. It is the official answer, set out at length and without the compression of a pamphlet, to the strongest objection the Soviet system faced. It should be read as such — and then measured against the standard the authors themselves invoke, which is Lenin's.

The national question, "resolved"

Chapter II carries the title "The National State System as a Form of Resolving the National Question in the U.S.S.R." Its

exposition of Bolshevik nationalities doctrine is accurate as doctrine: it correctly reports the Declaration of the Rights of the Peoples of Russia of November 1917, correctly states that self-determination extends "up to and including secession", and correctly reproduces Article 17 of the 1936 Constitution guaranteeing "The right freely to secede from the U.S.S.R." It also asserts, quoting Article 18, that "the territory of a Union Republic may not be altered without its consent."

Then it lists the twenty Autonomous Republics. The list within the Russian Federation includes the "Kabardinian-Balkar, Kalmyk, Karelian, Komi, Mari, Mordovian, North Ossetian, Tatar, Tuva, Udmurt, Checheno-Ingush, Chuvash and Yakut Autonomous Republics".

Read that list against what it does not say. The Kalmyk, Kabardino-Balkar and Checheno-Ingush autonomies appear there because they were restored in 1957. They needed restoring because in 1943 and 1944 the peoples who gave them their names — the Kalmyks, the Balkars, the Chechens and the Ingush, along with the Karachai — had been loaded onto trains and deported wholesale to Central Asia and Siberia on a collective charge of wartime collaboration, with mortality in transit and in exile that historians still debate but which no serious estimate puts below the tens of thousands. The autonomies were abolished; the names were removed from maps. The book restores them to its list and says nothing about how they came to be missing. It performs the amnesia in the very sentence where the evidence sits.

Two entries are absent altogether, and their absence is the finding. There is no Volga German Autonomous Republic — abolished by decree in August 1941, its population deported, never restored. And there is no Crimean Autonomous Republic. The Crimean Tatars were deported en masse in May 1944; their republic was abolished in 1945; Crimea was transferred from the Russian Federation to Ukraine in 1954, which is a fair test of how much Article 18 was worth. The "Tatar Autonomous Republic" that does appear in the list is Tataria on the Volga, a different territory and a different people. A reader who did not already know would take the list as complete.

What makes this more than a historian's complaint is the timing. On 5 September 1967 — two months before the anniversary on which this book's Preface opens — the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet issued a decree removing the collective charge of treason from the Crimean Tatars. It did not give them back their republic and it did not give them the right to go home. And they were petitioning, publicly and in

numbers, at exactly the moment these chapters were being written. The Trotskyist weekly *Intercontinental Press* carried a report from its Paris office in its issue of 7 October 1968 ("Mass Demonstrations Staged in USSR by Crimean Tartars", vol. 6, no. 33, pp. 845–846) describing how the rehabilitation had been notified to the Tatars but "kept their decision secret from everyone else", while a secret directive went to the Crimean authorities to block returns "by administrative means — refusing residence permits, etc." The same report describes demonstrations organised on 21 April 1968 — Lenin's birthday — in towns across Uzbekistan, honouring "the signer of the decree constituting the Tartar Autonomous Republic", and their dispersal with clubs, rifle butts and water hoses; and then the arrival in Moscow, in mid-May, of several hundred Crimean Tatars at the complaint bureaus of the Central Committee and the Supreme Soviet. Later that year the same paper reported the funeral of the writer Alexei Kosterin, "an impassioned defender of the rights of national minorities, particularly the Crimean Tartars", at which Major-General Pyotr Grigorenko spoke (issue of 25 November 1968).

The anti-Stalinist left had been naming this for a generation. Writing in *Fourth International* in 1952, George Clarke observed of the Kremlin's record on the national question that "Volga Germans, peoples of the Baltic and the Caucasus have been bodily uprooted from their homes and lands" (vol. XIII, no. 6, November–December 1952). Chapter II of the present volume was published sixteen years after that sentence, while the people it concerns were petitioning in the streets, and it does not contain the word "deportation".

The mechanics of Chapter III

Chapter III is where the book is most useful, because it is most specific — and specificity is what undoes it.

The account of electoral procedure is genuinely detailed and, so far as procedure goes, not false: universal suffrage at eighteen, secret ballot, booths, an unmarked ballot paper, polling stations on ships at sea and in maternity homes, a fifty per cent turnout threshold. Then the book asks its own hard question, and the answer is worth quoting in full because no critic could improve on it:

the Soviet electoral law does not in the least prohibit the registration of several candidates in each constituency. Moreover, electoral rolls and ballot-papers are designed for the running of several candidates. In practice, however, the electorate do not use this right and it has become the established custom to register only one candidate in each

constituency.

An "established custom", spontaneously adopted by two hundred million people, of never once using a right the law expressly grants them. The reason given is that "in the U.S.S.R. there neither are nor can be any contending social forces or groups fighting for dominant positions in representative bodies during elections". Note the construction: not that there are none, but that there can be none. The book has moved from describing a state of affairs to declaring it metaphysically necessary — and in doing so has explained why a secret ballot is a formality where there is nothing to conceal. It then reports that "The almost 100 per cent attendance at the polls convincingly proves that the election campaigns are genuinely popular." No contested election is described anywhere in this volume. There was none to describe.

The same move governs the one-party section. The historical narrative there is partly true and decisively incomplete. It is true that the Left Socialist-Revolutionaries entered and then left the Soviet government of their own decision, and that Mensheviks and SRs were represented in soviets for some years. But the book's summary — "By 1922 there were almost no Socialist-Revolutionaries or Mensheviks in the Soviets, because they were simply not elected" — passes over what actually happened. Menshevik gains in soviet elections in 1920 and 1921 were annulled and their deputies arrested; the Kronstadt rising, which demanded free soviet elections, was suppressed in March 1921; the same Tenth Congress that followed it banned factions within the Bolshevik party itself; and the SR leadership was put on trial in Moscow in 1922. The one-party state was not an outcome that the electorate arrived at. It was constructed, under the pressure of a civil war that had all but destroyed the working class that made the revolution, by men who mostly understood it as an emergency and few of whom survived the 1930s to say so.

On the party's role today the book is franker than it means to be, and then not frank at all. It states plainly that "the leading and guiding role of the Party, the only party in the country, is constitutionally consolidated." Then: "Party leadership is based solely on persuasion, ideological influence and moral authority." Then the image: "Party leadership may be compared with the art of an experienced conductor who draws the best from his orchestra but naturally lets every musician play for himself." Every reader in Moscow knew that appointment to any post of consequence — in a ministry, a factory, a soviet executive committee, a trade union, a newspaper — ran through a party personnel list. The word

nomenklatura (the Party's roster of privileged appointments) does not appear in this book, and could not.

What holds up

A reader told that everything here is worthless learns nothing, and it would not be true. Three things in this volume deserve to be taken seriously.

First, the provision described was real. Full employment, free medical care, free education with maintenance grants, pensions, the shortest legal working week then existing in an industrial country, rents that were a token charge, a housing programme of extraordinary scale — "In 1966 alone, close to 80 million square metres of housing space were built, over 11 million people were rehoused." The trade unions did administer social insurance funds and did have a real veto over dismissals; the book cites Article 10 of the Regulations on the Rights of Factory and Office Trade Union Committees, under which a worker could not be discharged on the management's initiative without the factory committee's consent. That was a protection most workers in the capitalist world did not have. The book is even willing to concede a shortfall: "A housing shortage still exists despite the fact that annually millions of people receive apartments in new houses." What the chapter on trade unions never mentions is the right to strike. The word "strike" occurs once in the entire book — describing the soviets of 1905.

Second, the underlying critique of purely formal democracy is a serious argument with a long Marxist pedigree, and it is not answered by indignation. When the book observes that formal electoral rights in capitalist states coexist with property qualifications, gerrymanders and the private ownership of the press, it is saying something true, and something the socialist movement said long before there was a Soviet Union. That the argument was being used as cover does not make it a bad argument. It makes it a stolen one.

Third, the book preserves, almost accidentally, the standard by which it should be judged. Chapter III sets out the right of recall under Article 142 — "every deputy may be recalled at any time upon the decision of a majority of his electors" — and reports that "in 1965 alone the electors recalled more than 350 deputies of local Soviets." It then quotes Lenin to the effect that an elective body is democratic only if it recognises and exercises that right. The Conclusion returns twice to volume 25 of Lenin's Collected Works — the volume containing *The State and Revolution* — and closes on the sentence: "Communism alone is capable of providing really

complete democracy, and the more complete it is, the sooner it will become unnecessary and wither away of its own accord."

available in English of how the Soviet state described its own democracy at the moment that description became untenable.

That is the measure. *The State and Revolution*, written in hiding in the summer of 1917 and published in English by this same house, proposed a state on the Commune model: all officials elected and recallable, none paid more than a worker's wage, the standing army replaced by the armed people, administration simple enough for any cook to learn. Set the book's own five-year plans against that. Here the recall is real in law and hollow in practice — moved by "working people's organisations", decided "by a show of hands" at a public meeting, which is precisely the opposite of the secret ballot the book defends a few sections earlier. Here the soviets meet a few days a year and their executive committees, staffed by permanent officials, do the governing. Here the rights of Articles 125 and 126 are guaranteed, as the book itself sets out, "only 'in conformity with the interests of the working people, and in order to strengthen the socialist system'" — and the book calls this qualification "a vital Marxist-Leninist principle", when it is the standard formula by which a right is placed at the disposal of whoever gets to say what the interests of the working people are.

The revolutionary socialist objection to this volume is not that soviet democracy was a bad idea. It is that the soviets had been emptied of power by 1921, that the bureaucracy which filled the vacuum consolidated itself in the following decade over the corpses of most of the generation that made October, and that what is described in these pages with such procedural care is the shell. Trotsky made that argument in *The Revolution Betrayed* in 1936, in the same months the constitution this book relies on was being drafted.

Within weeks of these pages being printed, the argument was settled in public. Soviet troops occupied a fellow socialist state whose sovereignty the Preface of this book had implicitly guaranteed when it described the world socialist system as "a social, economic and political community of free, sovereign peoples". In September 1968 Pravda published the doctrine of limited sovereignty that justified it. Under a dateline of 27 August, Joseph Hansen called the intervention what it was in *Intercontinental Press* — "A Political Disaster for the Kremlin" (vol. 6, no. 28, 2 September 1968). And on 25 August, in Red Square, seven Soviet citizens unfurled a banner against the invasion and were arrested within minutes. They were doing what Chapter IV of this book says Article 125 permits: holding a demonstration.

Read it for what it is: the most complete official statement

HISTORY

The Dynamic Twentieth Century

The philosophy of history as the Soviet Union taught it at the confident noon of the Brezhnev years: the century as a single ascending arc, history moving by objective law rather than by great men. Written for the fiftieth anniversary of October, and published in English in 1968.

Kh. Momjan

Introduction to the 1968 Edition

The book opens on a boast, and the boast is worth pausing over, because everything that follows is built on it and so is everything the book cannot say. "The past decades of the 20th century," Khachik Momjan begins, "were the most revolutionary in man's history." Fifty years earlier, he writes, "the system of capitalist enterprise ruled undivided" and socialism "dwelled modestly between the covers of books"; now "socialism has triumphed in a number of European and Asian countries, and in Cuba, too," and "the world socialist system embraces more than one-third of mankind." The century is being read as a single ascending arc, from the covers of books to a third of the earth, and the reader is invited to stand at its summit and look back down the slope.

That summit has a date. The Dynamic Twentieth Century is a book of the fiftieth anniversary of October — the phrase "fifty years ago" tolls through its first pages — and Progress Publishers issued it in English, in Vic Schneerson's translation, in 1968. Hold both dates together, because the distance between them is the first thing the modern reader needs. The manuscript was written in about 1967: its latest datable material is the industrial output of 1966, a strike-statistics series running to 1966, a growth comparison for 1961–65, and an American unemployment forecast for 1970 that is plainly an extrapolation, not a memory. It is a book conceived for the jubilee, in the confident middle years of Brezhnev, when the Soviet leadership had settled the Khrushchev succession, wound down the worst of the destalinisation it could not fully reverse, and was preparing to celebrate half a century of the state. The English edition then appeared in 1968 — the year Soviet tanks entered Prague. The author could not have known that when he wrote. The publisher knew it when the book reached the West. A triumphal account of the law-governed march of history, printed in the language of international circulation, in the very months that history's leading force was crushing a reform movement inside its own camp: that coincidence is not the

author's fault, but it is the frame the book now has to be read in, and it turns out to be exactly the right one.

Who was writing? Khachik Momjan was an Armenian philosopher inside the Soviet ideological establishment, a specialist in historical materialism and in the criticism of "bourgeois" philosophy of history, the kind of trained academic Progress used when it wanted a case argued rather than merely asserted. He is not an anonymous committee. Readers of this series will meet him again six years later, in a sharper mood, as the author Moscow assigned to destroy Roger Garaudy — Marxism and the Renegade Garaudy (1974), a book-length excommunication of the French Communist Party's most distinguished theorist for the crime of having condemned the invasion of Czechoslovakia. That later commission tells you a good deal about this earlier one. The man who in 1968 wrote the serene philosophy of the century's forward motion was, by 1974, the licensed instrument for silencing the philosopher who had looked at Prague and refused to celebrate. The two books are the same operation at two temperatures.

So The Dynamic Twentieth Century is not, despite its title, a narrative history. It is a work of philosophy of history, and its real subject is Western pessimism. Its eight chapters march through the "gloomy view" of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, the "voluntaristic interpretation" of history, the theorists of convergence between capitalism and socialism ("The Conception of Appeased Opposites"), and close on "The Laws of History Are Irrevocable." Its structure is a running argument that the bourgeois thinkers who fear the future — the apocalyptics, the existentialists, the prophets of the "twenty-fifth hour" — are the frightened ideologists of a class in decline, while Marxism-Leninism alone possesses the "scientifically substantiated faith in man's unswerving advance to communism." The book's animating claim is that history is objective and law-governed, that its direction is knowable, and that the direction is communist. "Mankind's advance," Momjan concludes, "is advance to communism," and "the irreversible laws of history are the laws of man's activity."

The doctrine, stated at full strength

It is worth crediting how well Momjan states his own creed, because the argument that follows depends on his stating it clearly, and he does. His century has a hinge — October 1917 — and a mechanism: the "general crisis of capitalism," within which the system breaks up "link by link" as country after country "drops away." The engine is not the will of leaders but the maturing of objective conditions. Indeed, Momjan spends a chapter dismantling the opposite view. In "The Voluntaristic Interpretation of History" he arraigns Thomas Carlyle, who "championed the cult of great personalities, the chosen, the executors of the will of the world spirit," and brands the position "a subjectivist and voluntarist approach." History, for Momjan, is precisely not the biography of great men; it is the law-governed succession of social formations, driven by the class whose hour has come. He goes further, and states the deterministic case at its boldest: "The sphere of accident in social relations is shrinking. We can see it shrink." The more the masses grasp the necessary laws of their own development, he argues, the more "accidental departures from the general line of historical development" are precluded.

Remember that sentence. A book that has staked its whole authority on the claim that accident is shrinking, that history is objective law and not the deeds of individuals, has set itself a trap it cannot see. For there is one episode in the century it is narrating that this philosophy will be structurally unable to explain — and it is not an episode in the enemy's history. It is in its own.

The century that cannot narrate its author

Test the book where this series always tests them: not on what it says about capitalism, where it is often shrewd, but on what it says, and does not say, about the state that published it. The twentieth century Momjan is celebrating is the century of the Soviet Union, and the Soviet Union did certain things in that century that a triumphal philosophy of law-governed progress has no place to put.

Begin with the one crime the book does name, because the way it names it is the whole tell. The Stalin terror appears here — glancingly, in a few sentences near the end — under the standard post-1956 anaesthetic, "the Stalin personality cult." "Special mention should be made," Momjan writes, "of the gross subjectivist errors made during the Stalin personality cult period. There were violations of socialist democracy and of the Leninist standards of political and Party life. The principle of collective leadership was ignored. One man made most of the

decisions, often profoundly erroneous." And then the crucial move, the sentence the whole passage exists to deliver: these errors and abuses "were not rooted in the socialist system as such, and constituted a departure from its substance and the objective general line of development."

Read that against the book's own philosophy and it collapses. Momjan has spent two hundred pages insisting that the sphere of accident is shrinking, that history is objective law and not the will of individuals, that the "cult of great personalities" is a bourgeois delusion he can refute. Now, confronted with the single greatest catastrophe of Soviet history — the shooting of the better part of a generation of Bolsheviks, the destruction of the Red Army command on the eve of the war, a death toll in the hundreds of thousands from execution alone and millions more in the camps — he explains it as the subjective error of one man. "One man made most of the decisions." The philosopher who convicted Carlyle of a "subjectivist and voluntarist approach" now offers a purely voluntarist, purely subjectivist account of the Terror: it was Stalin's personal deviation, an accident that befell the system from outside its own laws, "not rooted in the socialist system as such." The great-man theory of history, banished from every other page, is smuggled back in at exactly the point where the system's own laws would otherwise stand accused. Determinism for the enemy's crises; a bad emperor for one's own.

The anti-Stalinist reply to this had been in print for thirty years, and it was written from Marxism, not against it. In *The Revolution Betrayed* (1936), composed while the Terror was gathering, Trotsky refused the personal explanation on principle. "It would be naive," he wrote, "to imagine that Stalin, previously unknown to the masses, suddenly issued from the wings full armed with a complete strategical plan. No indeed. Before he felt out his own course, the bureaucracy felt out Stalin himself." Stalin was not the cause but the instrument — "the indubitable leader of the Thermidorian bureaucracy," a privileged caste thrown up by the isolation and exhaustion of the revolution in a backward country. "The leaden rump of bureaucracy outweighed the head of the revolution," Trotsky wrote; "that is the secret of the Soviet's Thermidor." This is the genuinely materialist account, and its force is that it locates the Terror in the social structure — where Momjan's own stated method says causes must lie — rather than in one man's character. Momjan cannot follow his own philosophy to that conclusion, because the conclusion is that the crimes were systemic. So he abandons the philosophy and reaches for the emperor. And Trotsky had named the manoeuvre in advance: the attempt to explain the regime's zigzags "by changing circumstances," he wrote, "obviously won't hold water" — the

theory is always "created after the fact." Momjan's cult-of-personality paragraph is precisely such a theory, created after the fact, to keep the system innocent of its own history.

Notice, too, what immediately follows the confession. Having granted that "one man" did "great damage," Momjan pivots at once to the accusers: "all these champions of democracy who howl about the Stalin cult keep totally silent about the crying lawlessness, the fascist abuse, the wholesale killings and savage racist discrimination in some of the capitalist countries." The Terror is admitted for a sentence and then drowned in Mississippi and Vietnam. The whataboutism is not incidental; it is the mechanism by which the admission is neutralised. Nothing in the passage carries a single name, a single number, or a single institution. Bukharin, Zinoviev, Kamenev, the Moscow Trials, the shooting of Tukhachevsky and the officer corps — none of it is here. There is only "one man," his "errors," and the counter-charge.

If the cult is the crime the book half-names, the famine is the crime it inverts. Collectivisation gets a warm paragraph. Momjan concedes, in the abstract, that there were problems: "The haste that occurred sometimes, the wish to take short cuts and avoid necessary stages in the collectivisation of agriculture ... inflicted considerable damage." But the damage is administrative and passing, and the verdict is triumph: "socialist collectivisation overcame all these difficulties and triumphed. ... The old Russian village with its poverty, its hunger, its brutal oppression, its hopeless and benighted ignorance, is gone never to return." Watch the word hunger. Momjan permits it into the sentence — but only as a feature of the pre-collectivisation past, the bad old village that collectivisation abolished. The famine of 1932–33, in which several million people starved in Ukraine, the north Caucasus and Kazakhstan as a direct result of the grain requisitioning that drove collectivisation through, does not occur. It has been not merely omitted but stood on its head: hunger is what the collective farm ended, not what it caused. This is the same erasure the sibling volume in this series, the Institute of History's *A Short History of the World* (Volume Two, 1974), performs on the same events — there the one appearance of the word "famine" is as a weapon the kulaks intended to use. Two Progress books, the same century, the same silence, arranged with the same care. It is a house style.

Then the outright silences, and these are the cleanest findings, because a philosopher's book of 1967 had every reason to reach for these episodes and did not. The Nazi–Soviet Pact of August 1939 is absent — the year "1939" appears in this book

exactly twice, once inside a run of strike statistics and once in the title of a cited book, and never as an event. The Great Terror's own year, 1937, appears twice, and both times as an economic baseline: Soviet industrial output is "approximately ten times that of 1937." The year in which the Terror reached its height survives in the book solely as a benchmark for the growth of steel. And Hungary — the word occurs, but never for 1956. Momjan reaches for "Hungary" only to invoke 1919, when "the imperialists were able to crush socialist revolutions in Hungary, Bavaria and other countries with relative ease": the good revolution, martyred from outside. The Hungary of 1956, crushed by Soviet tanks, cannot be spoken, because within the book's schema it would be the people rising against the people's own state, and the schema forbids the sentence.

Which returns us to Czechoslovakia, and to 1968. The word "Czechoslovakia" appears once in the whole book — as an item in a list, "Russia, China, Poland, Czechoslovakia and many other countries where capitalism has been overthrown." It is a trophy in a display case, the coup of 1948 counted as another link won. The author, writing in 1967, could not have named the invasion of 1968; no one is asking him to have foreseen it. The point is structural and it is about the publisher's timing as much as the author's text. Progress sent this book into English — a book whose thesis is that socialism advances by irrevocable law and whose leading force is the Soviet state — in the year that same state sent five armies across the Czechoslovak border to end "socialism with a human face." The book has no room for such an event, and that is precisely the finding: a philosophy in which the sphere of accident is forever shrinking and every socialist advance expresses an objective law simply has no category for the socialist state crushing a socialist reform. When reality produced exactly that, in the very season of publication, the machinery jammed. And the man who wrote this book was, within six years, the one Moscow chose to jam it publicly, in print, against Garaudy.

Trotsky, and the doctrine the book will not state

The book names Trotsky four times and quotes him never. The characterisation is a fabrication of a familiar kind. Momjan tells his reader that "Trotsky worked out the dubious plan of using the Soviet state and its armed forces to perform 'revolutionary' coups in other countries," a plan "firmly rejected by the Soviet Communist Party." This is invention. The theory of permanent revolution — which the book attacks by imputation and never once names, so that the reader cannot check the charge against the doctrine — rested on the opposite

foundation: the self-activity of the working class internationally. "The conquest of power by the proletariat does not complete the revolution, but only opens it," Trotsky wrote in *The Permanent Revolution* (1930); socialist construction, hemmed in by "an overwhelming predominance of capitalist relationships on the world arena," could be secured only "by way of the international revolution" — that is, by the workers of other countries making their own revolutions, not by the Red Army making them for them. The doctrine's actual antagonist was "socialism in one country," Stalin's formula, which the theory of permanent revolution set itself squarely against. Momjan has taken a theory grounded in international working-class agency and rewritten it as a scheme for export by bayonet — the precise reverse of what it says — while withholding its name so that no reader can catch the substitution.

The fabrication has a 1967 purpose. Momjan immediately extends it to the present: "projects resembling those of Trotsky emanate from those Left doctrinaires in the world communist movement who oppose the idea of the peaceful coexistence of states with different social systems." That is the Sino-Soviet split, and the sentence is doing double duty — arming the reader against Trotskyism and against Maoism in a single stroke, folding both into the category of "voluntarist," "subjective" adventurers who reject the peaceful, law-governed advance that the book exists to preach. Peaceful coexistence is the book's foreign-policy horizon, and its enemies to the left are tarred with the same brush as its enemies to the right: both are accused of not trusting the objective laws of history. The reader who wants the theory the book suppresses can find it in *The Permanent Revolution* itself; the reader who wants the century's hinge, October 1917, narrated from the other side of the split will find it in Trotsky's *History of the Russian Revolution* (1932), which tells the story of the year Momjan makes into a philosophical axiom.

What holds up

None of this is a reason to throw the book away, and the case against it is stronger for saying so. Momjan is a real reader of the Western thinkers he attacks, and the first half of the book — the survey of twentieth-century pessimism, from Schopenhauer and Nietzsche through Jaspers and Gabriel Marcel to the convergence theorists and the "end of history" apocalypses of the 1950s — is a genuine, and at moments acute, piece of intellectual history. He has read his opponents in the original, quotes them at length and by the page, and is often right that their gloom is the mood of a class that has

stopped believing in its own future. His account of the "appeased opposites" — the mid-century convergence theories predicting a fusion of capitalism and socialism into a managed "mixed" society — is a sharper piece of criticism than most of what the Cold-War West produced about the same theories. And the book's largest positive claims are not nothing: the twentieth century was the century in which the European colonial empires broke up and "more than 1,200 million people ... won political independence"; it was the century of two world wars issuing from the crises of capitalism; the "general crisis" it describes was, on the economic side, a real object and not only a slogan. Where Momjan is writing about capitalism's contradictions, decolonisation, and the fears of Western intellectuals, he is worth reading. It is only when the instrument is turned toward his own state that it goes dark — and it goes dark by design, not by ignorance.

That is the book, and it is a clean specimen. Read it as what it is: the fiftieth-anniversary philosophy of the Soviet century, stated by an able man at the confident noon of the Brezhnev settlement — a philosophy whose entire authority rests on the claim that history is objective law and not the deeds of individuals, and which is therefore obliged, at the one place where its own state stands accused, to explain the accusation away as the deeds of a single individual. The determinism that convicts capitalism becomes a great-man theory the moment the subject is the Terror. The century that advances by irrevocable law cannot narrate the lawlessness at its own centre; the philosopher who exposed the "cult of great personalities" in Carlyle takes refuge in it over Stalin. And the whole was printed in English in the year the tanks reached Prague, by a house that would shortly commission this same author to defend the deed. The book tells you the twentieth century was the most dynamic in human history. It could not tell you the one thing a history of that century most needed to say, and the reason it could not is written into its first premise.

Millionaires and Managers

A Soviet economist spends four months in 1962 interviewing Ford, Morgan, Rockefeller and thirteen of America's largest banks, then goes through the proxy statements - and concludes that ownership had not separated from control after all. He was right.

Stanislav Mikhailovich Menshikov

Introduction to the 1969 Edition

In the autumn of 1962 a Soviet economist in his mid-thirties spent four months travelling the United States on a scientific exchange programme, and was received by Henry Ford II, Henry S. Morgan, David Rockefeller and Cyrus Eaton. He sat down with the chairmen and presidents of dozens of corporations and with thirteen of the twenty-five American commercial banks then holding assets above a billion dollars. Then he went to the library of the New York Stock Exchange and spent, in his own words, "many days" going over proxy statements. The book that came out of it is the one you are holding, and it is one of the few titles Progress Publishers ever issued in English that a working economist could still cite without embarrassment.

That sentence is not a courtesy. *Millionaires and Managers* is a serious empirical study of who controlled American big business, built out of American sources, arguing a case that was live and contested in Western economics at the time and that has, on the central question, been vindicated. It deserves to be read as economics and not merely as a specimen of Soviet ideological production — which is what makes its one great silence so much worth naming.

The date on the spine is wrong

Start with the date, because it matters more here than in most volumes of this series. The spine says 1969. The Preface to the English Edition, signed December 1968, says something else in its first sentence: "This book, written in 1962–63, is a result of a special investigation of control in large American corporations." Menshikov adds that in preparing the English edition he "fully reviewed it, giving, whenever possible, the latest statistical data and abridging some places not of prime interest to the foreign reader," and that he asked himself "has not the book become out of date?" — concluding, with a French tag, that the more it changes the more it stays the same, and therefore deciding "not to concentrate on altering all

details."

He is being honest, and the honesty is worth taking at face value: this is a 1962–63 text with 1968 patches. The internal evidence confirms it. His freshest primary source is the Patman Report — Chain Banking, Stockholder and Loan Links of 200 Largest Member Banks, the report by Wright Patman as chairman to the House Select Committee on Small Business, Washington, 1963 — which he says was published "at the beginning of 1963 in the teeth of resistance by the big bankers," and which he uses twice as the evidentiary backbone of his chapters on bank control. The 1968 updating is real but thin: refreshed Fortune rich-lists, a few 1966–68 statistical abstracts dropped into tables built years earlier.

The decisive proof is a negative one. The word "conglomerate" does not appear in this book. Not once. The conglomerate wave — Litton, LTV, Gulf and Western, ITT under Geneen — was the structural transformation of American corporate ownership between roughly 1965 and 1969, the thing every business journalist in New York was writing about while Menshikov was preparing his English edition, and the phenomenon that would supply the sternest test his own thesis ever faced. A book on the control of American corporations completed in 1968 that never uses the word was not really revised in 1968. Read it as a book of 1962–63, and its blind spots become intelligible rather than culpable.

What he was arguing against, and how well he argued it

The target is the "managerial revolution" thesis. Adolf Berle and Gardiner Means had argued in *The Modern Corporation and Private Property* (1932) that as shareholding dispersed across hundreds of thousands of small holders, effective control of the large corporation passed from owners to salaried managers. James Burnham — whom Menshikov identifies, with evident relish and complete accuracy, as "a former Trotskyite" — turned this into a theory of class succession in

The Managerial Revolution (1941). Berle himself extended it after the war in *The 20th Century Capitalist Revolution* (1954) and *Power Without Property* (1959) into a claim that the United States had become an "economic republic" in which, as Menshikov summarises him, the terms "collectivism", "people's capitalism" and "non-statist socialism" were "equally suitable."

The Marxist reply is that dispersed shareholding masks concentrated control rather than dissolving it, because control does not require a majority — it requires the largest coherent bloc facing a scattered and passive remainder. This is now close to the settled view in corporate-governance scholarship. In 1962 it was a minority position, and Menshikov set out to establish it empirically rather than assert it.

He did the work. The apparatus is overwhelmingly American and overwhelmingly primary: proxy statements read at the Stock Exchange library; Moody's manuals, cited two dozen times; the Patman Report; the Temporary National Economic Committee materials; SEC and Federal Reserve data; the Statistical Abstract; the New York Stock Exchange's own shareowner censuses of 1962 and 1965; and above all *Fortune*, which he cites more than a hundred times and reads with real attention — not as propaganda to be quoted derisively, but as the trade press of a ruling class talking to itself.

The empirical core is a company-by-company examination of control in the largest American industrial corporations, and the finding is stated without hedging:

Thus, we can draw a very definite conclusion: in so far as more than 100 of the biggest U.S. industrial corporations are concerned, they are not controlled by their hired executives and there are no signs of such a tendency.

Of the twenty-nine companies where salaried managers predominated on the board, he found that at least twelve were firms where control belonged undisputedly to a single family, and that in fourteen more, large family blocs plus Wall Street bank representation excluded managerial control. Exactly one — Bethlehem Steel — looked like a genuine case, and even there control was "based for a long time not only on its managerial position but also on the ownership of substantial blocks of stock." That is a real result, obtained by counting.

He is equally good on the demolition of "people's capitalism". The New York Stock Exchange, he notes drily, published the number of shareowners but declined to publish how many shares they held, and he argues from the Exchange's own tables that it possessed the second figure and chose not to

process it. So he goes to the tax data instead: in 1964, shareholders with incomes under \$5,000 were 16 per cent of all shareholders and received 6 per cent of dividends, while families with incomes above \$50,000 — about 1 per cent of shareholders — received 37 per cent. Ten years earlier that same top group had held about 35 per cent of all shares. His conclusion: "Thus, in the ten years which, as claimed by the ideologists of the bourgeoisie, were marked by the swift growth of 'people's capitalism', the share of the wealthiest group in the United States in corporate capital did not change." He adds the University of Michigan survey finding that 95 of every 100 families earning under \$3,000 owned no shares whatever, and observes that for those who did, dividends came to between 0.5 and 2.5 per cent of household income — which "clearly makes the workingman a capitalist to no greater extent than if he were to buy a lottery ticket or keep a small sum in a savings bank."

On the employee share schemes then being promoted as the arrival of popular ownership, he is sharper still, and here the polemic is doing analytical work rather than replacing it: of 248 plans registered by 1961, only 114 involved direct sale of shares to employees, and only 31 per cent of eligible employees bought any. Scattered worker shareholdings, he argues, do not threaten the controlling bloc — they reinforce it, since the votes are administered by the company or by its own banks. "Such is the practical aspect of 'people's capitalism'."

He also disposed of a specific falsifiable prediction. Burnham had claimed in 1940 that the conditions of modern capitalism could no longer throw up new multimillionaires or enlarge the old fortunes. Menshikov simply counted, using *Fortune*'s own surveys: in 1957 the magazine put 45 individuals at \$100 million or more; in 1968 it identified 153. He was right, and the trend he identified has continued for sixty years.

Two further judgements deserve credit because they were not obvious in 1962. The first is his treatment of stock options, which he identifies as the mechanism by which senior managers are converted into owners — "one of the main forms of enriching the top executives" — while noting that managerial shareholdings remained under 10 per cent of the stock of the leading corporations. He saw that executive compensation was becoming a channel of recruitment into the propertied class rather than a wage, which is roughly where the literature arrived thirty years later. The second is his refusal of a crude answer to his own question. He does not claim managers are powerless. He claims their power is delegated and revocable, and he illustrates it with an image that is the best thing in the book:

A manager may head a financial group today only if there is no suitable candidate from among the plutocracy itself. Here an analogy with a medieval monarchy can be drawn. If the throne was occupied by a nitwit or an infant, regents ruled the state. The same is true of the financial oligarchy.

Hence the National City Bank, run by "regents" — Vanderlip, Mitchell, Rentschler, Sheperd — from the early 1920s until James Stillman Rockefeller had completed a schooling designed "to compensate by diligence for the lack of special talents" and ascended a throne that had stood vacant for thirty years. Hence Harry Bennett, Henry Ford's chief of private police, ruling at Dearborn until Henry Ford II came of age. These are not decorations; they are the argument.

His final formulation is careful and, I think, correct:

the financial oligarchy, that is, the group of people whose economic power is based on the disposal of colossal masses of fictitious capital, is limited to that part of the monopoly bourgeoisie which holds a leading position in the main financial groups of the given country. The financial oligarchy draws its personnel from among the finance-capitalists proper, the financial aristocracy and the top managers.

That is not the vulgar position; he is not saying the managers are nobodies. It is a claim about recruitment and subordination within a composite ruling group, and it is a good deal closer to what the evidence supports than Berle's economic republic.

One credit he does not claim, and could not have claimed, belongs in the record here. The argument Menshikov made in 1962–63 had been made — from the same source, in nearly the same words — twenty-one years earlier, in a magazine he would not have been permitted to cite. Joseph Hansen reviewed *The Managerial Revolution* in *Fourth International* (vol. II, no. 5, whole no. 12, June 1941), within months of its publication, and went straight to the same weak point:

*Burnham makes no attempt to challenge Lenin's analysis of this process whereby finance capital becomes predominant. Instead, Burnham, basing himself on Berle-Means' *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*, arbitrarily insists that this process signifies the expropriation of the big bourgeoisie by the "managers."*

Hansen then quoted Ferdinand Lundberg's *America's 60 Families* at length against Burnham, including this:

control of corporations by legal device, while excluding

small stockholders from a voice in affairs, does not exclude the big interests.

and this:

In no part of the book, however, do they suggest that a non-ownership management has wrested any corporation away from the big owners.

That last sentence is the one Menshikov also quotes — "he knew of no case when 'nonownership management has wrested any corporation away from the big owners'" — citing Lundberg, *America's 60 Families*, p. 505. Both men, independently and two decades apart, went to Lundberg for the decisive rebuttal, and both singled out the same pair of newspaper commentators as the popularisers of the Berle–Means reading: Lewis Gannett of the *New York Herald Tribune* and Raymond Clapper of the *Scripps-Howard chain* (whom Menshikov's text renders "R. Klepper"). The convergence is not a coincidence of taste. It is what happens when two people apply the same analytical framework to the same body of American evidence. The *Fourth International* simply got there first, in June 1941, while Menshikov was fourteen years old.

He is also a fair reader of his opponents where he might have been sectarian. C. Wright Mills gets a chapter's worth of serious engagement, quoted at length and credited: Mills "provided in his studies valuable material," and Menshikov's disagreement is precise — that Mills's "reorganisation of the propertied class" into a unified corporate rich collapses a distinction Menshikov wants to keep, between coalescence and subordination. He corrects Mills's social-origin figures using sources Mills had not used, including Warner and Abegglen's finding that a businessman's son had seventeen times the chance of reaching top management as a worker's son. Whether one accepts his correction or Mills's original, this is scholarship, conducted in the open, with the sources named.

The silence

Now the thing that has to be said.

This is a book about a ruling stratum that administers an economy it does not formally own; about how that stratum recruits itself, how it reproduces itself across generations, how it converts positional power into personal wealth, and how it perpetuates itself by controlling entry to its own ranks. It was written in Moscow in 1962–63 by a Soviet economist of standing, a man whose career would later take him to the staff

of the United Nations and, in the end, into print alongside Galbraith.

The word *nomenklatura* — the Party's roster of privileged appointments — does not appear in it. Neither does Stalin. Neither does the Soviet Union, except once, in the Preface, as the sponsor of the author's travel. Neither does Yevsei Liberman, whose proposals on enterprise profitability were the great Soviet economic controversy of exactly these years, 1962 being the year of his Pravda article. The only Soviet writer cited on the substance is D. M. Gvishiani, quoted in a footnote to the effect that managerialism "turns out to be the ideological banner of contemporary big capital which unites the reactionary forces for struggle against socialism and democracy" — a sentence that does no analytical work at all, and whose function is to certify the chapter as politically sound before it proceeds.

The silence is not merely an absence. There is a precise place in the text where Menshikov walks up to the comparison and turns away. Setting out the postulates of the managerialist school — Drucker, Appley, MacGregor — he lists as their first proposition:

The work of the manager is a special profession, the art of directing the activity of people, intrinsic in any social system based on developed industry. In principle capitalist management in no way differs from management in socialist society; a bureaucratic hierarchy is a typical and universal form of management of the contemporary productive forces.

That is the one claim on the list that bears directly on his own country, and it is a serious claim. Menshikov's response is: "After a detailed analysis of the social nature of the top executives there is no need for a detailed critique of these assertions." He then offers three criticisms — that the managerialists ignore the dual nature of capitalist management, that they conflate the top echelon with the middle and lower, and that they ignore the subordination of the executive to the finance-capitalist. Every one is a criticism of their analysis of capitalism. None of them touches the proposition that a bureaucratic managerial hierarchy is universal to developed industry regardless of property form. He lists the argument that indicts him and declares it already answered.

And the instrument he has built is exact. Consider the passage he quotes from Fortune, with his own italics, as evidence of the American bourgeoisie's unease at Berle's theory:

In the new theory the manager is part of a self-perpetuating

class, which appears in many lights to be superior to the group it replaced; but neither the legitimacy of its power, nor the limits, nor the tests of performance are clear.

A self-perpetuating class; superior to the group it replaced; the legitimacy of its power, its limits, and the tests of its performance all unclear. Menshikov thought that sentence important enough to italicise. He applied it to the United States, where — as his own book demonstrates — there remained an owning class above the managers to whom their performance was in fact tested, and a market that supplied the test. He did not apply it to the country he was writing in, where by 1962 there was no such class above the administrative stratum, no proprietor to dismiss it, and no test at all. The passage is a better description of the Soviet apparatus than of General Motors, and Menshikov put it in his own book.

And the two-sidedness of the managerial thesis was perfectly well understood by the people Menshikov was forbidden to read. That was, in fact, the whole point of Burnham's book, which argued that the United States, Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union were converging on a single managerial form of society — the claim that made it an anti-communist bestseller and that Menshikov, who summarises Burnham accurately elsewhere, declines to engage. George Novack put it plainly in "Mills and Marx" (Winter 1961), a year before Menshikov began writing, noting that C. Wright Mills was "apparently impressed with the erstwhile view of this prophet of world-wide 'managerial revolution' that the U.S. and the USSR are twin prefiguration of a new social formation." Novack rejected the equation, and rejected it from the left, on the grounds that the property forms differed and that the difference mattered. But he stated the question. Menshikov's book is built to answer exactly that question and answers only half of it.

He was not the first person to notice. Trotsky's *The Revolution Betrayed* (1936) had made this the centre of its analysis: that the Soviet bureaucracy was not a class in the classical sense, since it owned nothing, but that its command over the distribution of a scarce social product gave it the substance of privilege without the form of property, and that this was an unstable arrangement which would resolve either through political revolution from below or through the bureaucracy's conversion of its administrative position into ownership. The archive of this series does not hold *The Revolution Betrayed* itself, and I will not quote from memory what I cannot verify. But it holds Trotsky's restatements of the argument from the following year, and they are unambiguous. In November 1937, replying to critics who wanted to declare the USSR a new class society outright, he wrote:

Nobody has ever denied the possibility – especially in case of prolonged world decay – of the restoration of a new possessing class springing from the bureaucracy. The present social position of the bureaucracy which by means of the state holds the productive forces in its hands "in some respect" is an extremely important point of departure for this process of transformation. It is, however, a question of a historic possibility and not of an already accomplished fact.

(Once Again: The USSR and Its Defense, written 4 November 1937.) Three weeks later, in *Not a Workers' and Not a Bourgeois State?*, he set out the mechanism by which the stratum feeds itself:

At the same time it mercilessly exploits its role as distributor of the meager necessities of life in order to safeguard its own well-being and power.

and named the criterion by which the direction of travel should be judged: "if the bureaucracy becomes ever more powerful, authoritative, privileged, and conservative, this means that in the workers' state the bourgeois tendencies grow at the expense of the socialist."

Whatever one makes of Trotsky's insistence that the USSR remained a workers' state — an argument that split his own movement within three years, with Burnham himself among those who left over it — the analytical apparatus was on the table in 1936 and 1937. Menshikov could not have used it and kept his post. That is a statement about the conditions he wrote under, not a charge against his character. But the reader should hold the two halves together, because the book acquires its full force only when they are. *Millionaires and Managers* supplies a precise, empirically grounded method for identifying a self-reproducing elite that rules without owning: how to trace its recruitment, how to measure its social composition, how to detect the difference between formal title and effective control, how to read the gap between what an institution publishes and what it declines to publish. It was written by a man whose own society was the outstanding case in the world for that method, and to which he was professionally forbidden to apply it. The instrument is sound. It was simply pointed in the only permitted direction.

There is a smaller irony worth recording. Twenty-six years later, in 1988, Menshikov sat down with John Kenneth Galbraith for ten days at Galbraith's Vermont farmhouse, and the two published the transcript as *Capitalism, Communism, and Coexistence: From the Bitter Past to a Better Prospect*. By

then he could say a good deal more about the management of Soviet industry than he could in 1963. The title's "bitter past" was doing work that the author of *Millionaires and Managers* had not been permitted to do in the book itself.

What the reader should do with it

Read Chapters I to III for the argument and Chapters IV to VI for the evidence — the latter, on bank monopolies, finance capital and the mapping of the New York and regional financial groups, is a substantial piece of work on the structure of American finance and remains usable as a description of that structure as it stood in the early 1960s, whatever one thinks of the framework.

Read it knowing what it cannot see. It predates the conglomerate wave, and the reader should ask what Menshikov's method would have made of Harold Geneen — a salaried manager who assembled ITT and answered, effectively, to no owning bloc. It predates by a decade the rise of the institutional investor to a position where pension funds and mutual funds became the controlling blocs themselves, a development he glimpses when he notes Berle's own observation that small holders' property is "increasingly concentrated in the hands of insurance companies, pension and mutual funds," but does not follow. Both of these complicate his thesis without overturning it; the modern literature on ownership concentration has come out broadly where he did, by routes he did not take.

And read it against its silence. The anti-Stalinist left had, by the time this book was written, spent three decades doing to the Soviet bureaucracy what Menshikov does here to the American financial oligarchy — counting it, tracing its recruitment, asking who really controlled what. Trotsky's *The Revolution Betrayed* (1936) is where that begins, and it should be read alongside this volume by anyone who wants the comparison Menshikov could not make. For the reply to Burnham on his own ground, Joseph Hansen's review in *Fourth International*, June 1941, is still the sharpest short treatment, and it has the advantage of having been written before anyone knew how the argument would come out. For the American sociology Menshikov engages, George Novack's review of *The Power Elite* — "The High and the Mighty", Winter 1957 — and his "Mills and Marx" (Winter 1961) cover the same ground from the same tradition, and Novack's objection to Mills is close enough to Menshikov's to be worth setting beside it: that Mills's power elite, assembled from corporate rich, warlords and politicians, never settles the question of "which is the master and which the servants?"

Put those texts beside this one and you have something none of them provides alone: a method, and the case it was never allowed to be used on.

Sociology: Problems of theory and method

The founding charter of a discipline that had been abolished: one of the first English statements of what a Marxist sociology would be, written by the man who did most to bring the subject back after forty years of official non-existence.

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Introduction to the 1969 Edition

This is a book of sociology written in a country that had spent nearly forty years insisting sociology did not exist. Under Stalin the word itself was an accusation: sociology was a "bourgeois pseudo-science," a Western fraud dressed up as neutral inquiry, and the men who had practised it in the 1920s were scattered, silenced or shot. Historical materialism, it was held, already contained everything a science of society could contain; to want more was to doubt the sufficiency of Marxism-Leninism, which was to doubt the Party. What you are holding is one of the first English-language monuments to the reversal of that verdict — the moment, in the decade after the Twentieth Congress, when a discipline that had been abolished was quietly readmitted. Gennady Osipov (1929–2021) was one of the two or three men who did the readmitting. He helped found, in 1968, the Soviet Sociological Association's first real research institute, and for the next half-century he was the discipline's institutional face. That makes this small volume more interesting than its dutiful prose suggests. It is the sound of a science being smuggled back into a state that had banned it, and the terms of the smuggling are the whole story.

The date, and the commission

The English text is Progress Publishers' of 1969, translated by David Myshne and edited by Jim Riordan, and for once the date on the spine is close to the date of the thought. The bibliography runs current to 1969 — its latest Soviet entry is D. Chesnokov's *Historical Materialism*, Moscow, that year — and the internal evidence points to no earlier Russian edition lurking behind it. This is a book of the late Thaw, published in English in the year after Soviet tanks entered Prague to shut down a movement that had promised, among other things, to let its citizens describe their own society. That coincidence is not incidental to what the book can and cannot say. The reformers of the Prague Spring had wanted, precisely, a

sociology: instruments to measure the distance between the regime's self-image and the lives of the people it ruled. In August 1968 the Warsaw Pact answered the question of how much of that a bureaucratic state could tolerate. Osipov's book, appearing in the wake of that answer, is a study in exactly how much: which social objects a Soviet sociology was licensed to examine, and which it was not.

Who commissioned it, and for whom? The apparatus of the volume answers plainly. Roughly the first half, "Marxist Sociology," lays out a positive doctrine; the second half, "Marxist and Bourgeois Sociology Today," is a chapter-by-chapter critique of Western — overwhelmingly American — social science: Talcott Parsons, Pitirim Sorokin, W. W. Rostow, the theories of "social stratification," "social mobility" and the "elite." This is an export book, aimed at a Western readership and at the Communist parties of the West, and its purpose is to show that Soviet Marxism had a modern, rigorous, professionally literate answer to the sociology taught in London and New York. The tell is in the Author's Note, which sets the terms before a single argument is made: "Imperialism uses sociology as one of its most refined means of influencing the masses ideologically." Sociology, in other words, is a weapon in the Cold War of ideas, and this book is a counter-weapon. The concession that sociology is nonetheless a real science — one the USSR must now possess — is the thing being fought for inside that frame.

The doctrine: a science on a short leash

Osipov's central theoretical move is to install empirical sociology beneath historical materialism, as a licensed subordinate. Historical materialism is "the general sociological theory"; it supplies the laws. Concrete sociology supplies only the particulars — what he calls "applied (specific) sociology (or specific social studies)." The relationship is hierarchical and one-directional: "Philosophy provides sociology with a scientific theory of social development... Sociology furnishes particular material for philosophical generalisations, and sets

problems to philosophy which... sociology by itself is unable to resolve." The general truths are known in advance. Fieldwork may fill in the texture, may optimise, may fine-tune "socio-economic models for the purpose of optimum control of society," but it may not touch the frame. This is the price of readmission, and Osipov pays it on every page: sociology is allowed back into the house on condition that it never contradict the householder.

Within those limits the critique of Western sociology is often shrewd, and a serious reader should say so. Osipov has read his opponents — Parsons, Sorokin, Robert Merton, Paul Lazarsfeld are quoted from the sources, not from digests — and his best pages land real blows. His objection to the "value-neutrality" of American empiricism is the standard sociology-of-knowledge point, but it is made with force: he cites C. Wright Mills, Gunnar Myrdal and Ralf Dahrendorf, sociologists of the West themselves, to the effect that a sociology claiming to float above politics tends in practice to serve "an interest in maintaining the status quo." His demolition of Rostow's Stages of Economic Growth — the "non-communist manifesto" that dissolved capitalism and socialism alike into a single "industrial society" governed by managers and technicians — is brisk and mostly right. And his handling of the "elite" theorists (Mosca, Michels, Pareto) correctly identifies their sleight of hand: the conversion of "historically determined class distinctions" into "natural differences," an "eternal law of nature" by which the clever are destined to rule the many.

But now watch what the same equipment does when it is turned toward the theory of "social stratification," and hold the result in your mind, because it is the hinge of the whole book. Stratification theory, Osipov complains, replaces the Marxist category of class — defined by relation to the means of production — with a scale of "higher and lower strata." He quotes Sorokin's definition disapprovingly: stratification means "the existence of higher and lower strata. Its basis and true essence consist in an unequal distribution of rights and privileges, duty and responsibility, social riches and scantiness, social power and influence among the members of society." He quotes Merrill's still sharper formula, that stratification is "a system of institutionalised social inequality that perpetuates privilege from generation to generation." His verdict is that these theorists describe "a pyramid of social inequality" while carefully declining to look at its foundation — that they map ranks and statuses "without considering the very base of the pyramid — sacrosanct private property."

The objection is not stupid. Where there is private property in

the means of production, an account of inequality that stops at "status" and never reaches ownership is indeed evasive. But notice what the objection assumes, and what it therefore forecloses. It works only against societies with private property. Abolish private ownership — as the USSR claimed to have done — and by Osipov's own logic the pyramid should have no base, the strata should vanish, and the very vocabulary of "an unequal distribution of rights and privileges... social power and influence" should have nothing left to describe. Which is exactly the conclusion the book draws. The instruments most capable of measuring a bureaucratic ruling stratum — stratification analysis, elite theory, the study of the distribution of power and income independent of formal property titles — are precisely the instruments Osipov must destroy, because they are the only ones that could be trained on his own society and find something there.

The reflexivity test: what the science may not measure

Every discipline can be characterised by the questions it forbids as much as by the ones it pursues. Osipov's sociology is unusually explicit about its forbidden zone, and it draws the boundary in doctrine rather than in method. Under socialism, he writes, the social groups that remain — workers and engineering staff, town and country, mental and physical labour — are real, but they are of a wholly different character from classes: one must "remember the specific nature of the social groups in socialist society, namely, their friendly character and the gradual elimination of intergroup and intragroup differences." Antagonism is definitionally absent. The law of development that under capitalism produces class struggle produces, under socialism, only the "abolition of class differences." And the closure is sealed with a sentence that should be read very slowly, because on it the entire question of the Soviet ruling stratum turns: under socialism, Osipov writes, "there are no classes which for mercenary interests want to retain the old production relations."

That is the finding. Not a distortion of one date or one episode, but a structural prohibition written into the definition of the science. A Soviet sociologist could study almost anything about the daily texture of Soviet life — and could do so with genuine rigour — provided the study assumed in advance that no group in the society had a material interest in the society staying as it was. The privileges of the nomenklatura; the real distribution of income and power; the gap between the wage of a ministry official and the wage of a collective farmer; the mechanisms by which position was inherited and access

rationed — these were not merely unstudied. They were, by the book's own terms, unstudyable, because to study them would have required the concepts of stratum, elite and privilege that the book had spent its second half proving to be bourgeois frauds. The discipline of measuring society was licensed on condition that it never measure its own ruling caste.

There is one moment when the forbidden question surfaces inside the book, and it is worth marking because of who raises it. Refuting Parsons's claim that modern capitalism can no longer be described as a two-class society, Osipov reproduces Parsons's own sentence: modern Western capitalism "cannot be painted in Marxist colours as a two-class society, just as Soviet society cannot be termed a one-class society." Parsons, that is, tosses off in passing the very proposition Osipov's whole apparatus exists to deny — that the USSR too has an internal structure of rulers and ruled. Osipov quotes it only to bat it aside as one more piece of "elite pluralism" unfit for analysis. But the sentence is now in the book, printed in Moscow, and a Soviet reader in 1969 could not un-read it. The one place a Soviet sociology of the Soviet ruling stratum appears in these pages, it appears in the mouth of an American conservative, and is dismissed unexamined.

Osipov himself half-knew the history that had produced this silence. In one candid passage — the most honest in the volume — he writes that the "'abstraction' of individuals from practice, characteristic of some people at a certain period in Soviet history, made it impossible to form an objective picture of the life of the whole social organism," and "inevitably led to dogmatism in certain formulas." "A certain period in Soviet history" is the Stalin decades; "dogmatism" is the abolition of his own discipline; "the abstraction of individuals from practice" is the refusal to look at how people actually lived. He is describing, in the muffled idiom the times required, exactly why the book in your hands had to be written — and, without seeming to notice, exactly why it could not finish the job.

The reply: the sociology this book could not do

The book's tragedy is that the sociology it forbids had already been written, three decades before, by a man the Soviet state had murdered. Leon Trotsky's *The Revolution Betrayed*, completed in 1936, is precisely an empirical sociology of the Soviet ruling stratum — the study Osipov's method rules out of existence — and it is instructive to set the two side by side, because Trotsky's problem was Osipov's problem exactly reversed. Osipov had every research instrument and was forbidden the object. Trotsky had the object and almost no

instruments: he was in exile, cut off from the archives, working from the Soviet press. What he does with that press is a lesson in method. Denied the ability to survey the bureaucracy, he reads its own official complaints as data: "Since it is at least not hostile to itself, its official self-accusations, evoked always by some sort of urgent practical demand, deserve a great deal more confidence than its more frequent and noisy self-praise." From that principle he assembles the picture Osipov's science may not draw — the 1935 housing plan fulfilled to "only 55.7 per cent" while officials complain their new flats lack "rooms for houseworkers"; the ten-million-ruble "palaces"; the limousines promised to delegates; and behind it all the conclusion that "Soviet society is already divided into a secure and privileged minority, and a majority getting along in want" (*"The Growth of Inequality,"* ch. 6).

Most pointed of all, for a reader of Osipov, is Trotsky's chapter on the Soviet census. The state was preparing to count its population in January 1937, and Trotsky examined the list of social categories the census-takers were to use — worker, clerical worker, collective farmer, minister of religion, and so on. The official commentary explained that no finer categories were needed "because there are no classes in the Soviet Union." Trotsky's verdict: the list "is constructed with the direct intention of concealing the privileged upper strata, and the more deprived lower depths" (*"Social Relations in the Soviet Union,"* ch. 9). Here is the whole matter in one image. Osipov, thirty-three years later, would defend a sociology that categorises Soviet society into "friendly" groups and forbids the concept of a privileged stratum. Trotsky had already shown that this was not a scientific finding but a design decision — that the categories were built to make the ruling stratum invisible. And the sequel is grim confirmation: the 1937 census was suppressed when its returns proved inconvenient, and the statisticians who conducted it were arrested and several shot. That is what happened, in the same decade, to the last Soviet professionals who tried to count their own society without permission. Osipov's caution is not cowardice; it is memory.

Trotsky's positive account is the one the book cannot reach: the bureaucracy is not a class, for "it has neither stocks nor bonds" and "cannot transmit to his heirs his rights in the exploitation of the state apparatus," yet "it pretends that as a special social group it does not even exist" — and it is nonetheless "in the full sense of the word the sole privileged and commanding stratum in the Soviet society" (ch. 9). Whether one accepts Trotsky's specific conclusion — the USSR as a degenerated workers' state, the bureaucracy as a

parasitic caste rather than a new ruling class — is a question the reader may leave open; it was contested on the anti-Stalinist left itself. What is not open to question is that Trotsky was doing sociology — counting, classifying, tracing the distribution of income and power through a real population — on the one object Osipov's science was built to exclude. The earlier Left Oppositionist Christian Rakovsky had opened the same inquiry in 1928, in his essay on the "professional dangers of power," analysing how a stratum of functionaries acquires interests distinct from those it claims to serve. This is the tradition of the social science of bureaucratic rule, and it long predates the discipline Osipov was reviving. Its findings are the ones his method was designed never to produce.

What is worth keeping

None of this is a reason to dismiss the book, and a reader told to dismiss it would learn nothing. Two things in it are genuinely valuable, and the first is the courage of the enterprise. Re-founding a banned science is not a small act in a state that had shot its previous practitioners, and Osipov's insistence that Soviet Marxism needed empirical investigation — that it was not enough to recite the general laws, that one had to go and look — was, in 1969, a real and slightly dangerous claim. His argument that "scientific sociology only became possible when the dialectical materialist method had been extended to social life" is doctrinally orthodox; but the practical corollary he draws from it — that sociologists must actually study "the individual's place in society, his needs and the extent to which these needs are satisfied" — was an opening, however narrow, toward looking at the country as it was.

The second is the concrete research the book reports, which is better than its theory. Where Osipov describes actual Soviet fieldwork he is worth reading. He cites a Leningrad study of young workers finding that "young people with a good general education are often allocated facile operations, and this causes job dissatisfaction" — a small, honest, checkable finding of the kind the discipline exists to produce, and one that quietly registers a friction the official ideology denied. He describes studies of juvenile employment that traced youth unemployment not to individual failing but to "defects in the functioning of the social mechanism as a whole." He is clear-eyed about method: questionnaires, interviews and surveys, statistical and mathematical techniques, the construction of testable models. And in one sentence he states, better than he knows, the exact predicament of his own book: sociology, he writes, has the tools "capable of solving many

problems," but "it is the ideology, the world outlook of the society and its leaders that determines how these problems are resolved." He wrote that about Western sociology. It is the truest thing in the volume about Soviet sociology, and about the ceiling over his own head.

Osipov's later career bore out both the promise and the limit. He remained the Soviet — then Russian — discipline's leading institution-builder to the end of his life, an academician, the founder of institutes. The empirical sociology he helped smuggle back in outlived the state that had licensed it, and when the archives finally opened after 1991 the questions his method had forbidden — the size and privileges of the nomenklatura, the real distribution of Soviet income and power — turned out to be answerable after all, and were answered, sometimes by his own successors. Read this book, then, for what it is: the founding charter of a real discipline, drawn up under a censorship it half-acknowledges, by a serious man who knew how to study a society and was permitted to study every society but his own. Set it beside *The Revolution Betrayed*, and you have the two halves of a science that could not, in 1969, be assembled in one country: the method here, and — thirty-three years earlier, from a murdered exile reading the Soviet newspapers — the case it was never allowed to be used on.