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SOVIET SOCIETY

Races and Peoples

Soviet ethnographers dismantle biological racism - races as populations and gene clines rather than types on a ladder - and take on Jensen on IQ and the architecture of apartheid. Sound science, from the Academy's Institute of Ethnography.

Iosif Romualdovich Grigulevich and Sergej Grigorevic Kozlov

Introduction to the 1974 Edition

Races and Peoples is, over most of its length, a good book, and any honest introduction to it has to begin by saying so. It is a collection of essays by working scholars of the USSR Academy of Sciences Institute of Ethnography — physical anthropologists, ethnographers, historians, a philosopher, a sociologist and a legal specialist — drawn from the Institute's yearbook *Rasy i narody* (Races and Peoples), which had begun to appear in 1971, together with several pieces written specially for this English edition. It carries the date 1974 and the line "© Progress Publishers 1974," and unlike many titles in this series its text and its spine agree: the latest events it cites are of 1970–72 (the Israeli citizenship law of March 1970, the Angela Davis trial, Brezhnev's speech on the fiftieth anniversary of the USSR in December 1972), and it reads like a book of the early 1970s. It was edited by I. R. Grigulevich, Doctor of Historical Sciences, and S. Y. Kozlov, Candidate of Historical Sciences, and it was made for export: Progress produced it in English for "the foreign reader," to show the decolonising and Western world what Soviet science had to say about race and nation at the high-water mark of détente, when the Soviet Union presented itself to the newly independent states of Africa and Asia as the great anti-racist and anti-colonial power. On the terrain it chooses, it makes that case well. On the terrain it refuses to enter, it tells a lie by silence so large that it organises the whole book — and the man whose name stands first on the title page gives that silence a biography.

What the book gets right, and it is a great deal

The scientific core of *Races and Peoples* is sound, and for 1974 it was valuable. Its opening section, "Problems of Theory," contains real physical anthropology by N. N. Cheboksarov and V. P. Alexeyev, and it dismantles biological racism at the root. Alexeyev treats the races of humankind not as fixed types arranged in a ladder but as populations — clines

of gene frequencies shaped by migration, adaptation and interbreeding, dividing humanity along axes (an eastern Australoid-Mongoloid branch and a western Negroid-Europeoid one) that cut clean across the old colour hierarchy. The book states the anti-racist principle plainly. "The basis of every racist theory," it writes, "is the pseudo-scientific and essentially reactionary concept that there are clear-cut physical and psychical distinctions between races, and that hereditary causes are responsible for these distinctions, which allegedly enable one to identify those groups of mankind which are full-fledged or inferior physically and psychically." Against this it insists that the psychological traits racism assigns to "inferior races" — "industriousness, patriotism, courage and purposefulness" — "are, after all, common to all mankind." It even keeps its logic honest against its own side, noting that racism "arises from the idea of the inequality of races and not from recognition of racial distinctions," so that acknowledging that human populations differ physically does not open the door to hierarchy. This is the mainstream anti-racist anthropology of its day — the science of the UNESCO statements on race — argued with competence.

It is argued, moreover, against a live and named opponent. When the book turns to the American attempt to give racism a scientific mask, it attacks a Professor of Psychology "at the University of California" who set out to prove "that, owing to genetic peculiarities, Negroes were very backward in intellectual ability as compared with white men" — a man the scan mangles into "A. Jehkson" but who is unmistakably Arthur Jensen of Berkeley, whose 1969 article on race and IQ was, in 1974, the most fiercely contested claim in the field. The book is right to demolish it, and right to note that such "science" was welcomed in high political places. Its anti-apartheid chapter, A. V. Butlitsky's "South Africa: The Explosion Must Come," is detailed and accurate: it walks through the Group Areas Act (quoting Malan's description of it as "the nucleus of the apartheid policy"), the Pass Laws, the Bantustans into which millions were being driven, and the Suppression of Communism Act that banned the SACP, the

ANC and the Indian Congress. Its treatment of Black America is unsentimental and, in places, sharp — it quotes Lenin's "Shame on America for the plight of the Negroes!", it honours Angela Davis, and it makes the genuinely acute observation that the civil-rights legislation of the 1960s was riddled with exemptions, the 1964 Civil Rights Act sparing small employers, private colleges and much else. None of this was cynical in the way a reader schooled only on Soviet mendacity might expect. Soviet anti-racism reached real people — it armed anti-colonial movements, it gave the American civil-rights and Black-liberation struggles an international echo, and the anthropology it published to refute racial hierarchy was, and is, correct science. A reader told that everything in this book is worthless would be misled. Most of it is not.

The category that is never turned inward

The book's trouble begins where its science ends and its politics start — specifically, in the long central section on "National Problems and Ethnic Processes," where the Soviet Union is presented not as a country with a national question but as the country that has solved it. Here the register changes from anthropology to liturgy. The USSR is "a multi-national state of a new kind, a living embodiment of the ideas of proletarian internationalism"; thanks to "the consistent implementation of the Leninist national policy," it has achieved "the all-round progress and flourishing prosperity of all the nations and nationalities living in the USSR." The two official watchwords — *rastsvet i sblizhenie*, the "flowering" of nations and their "drawing together" — run through the section as a refrain: the CPSU Programme's "multi-lateral development and flourishing of nations and, on the other, the drawing together of socialist nations." Brezhnev is quoted at length on "the indissoluble unity and friendship of all the nations," and out of this drawing-together a wholly new thing is said to have been born, "a qualitatively new historical community, the Soviet people."

Now apply the test that matters most for a book like this: not how often it uses a word, nor even whom it deigns to quote, but whether the category it wields against others could ever, by its own definition, be turned on the speaker. The category here is national oppression, and the book turns it with real force on South Africa, on the American South, on Israel, on the colonial powers. It never once turns it homeward — and the home to which it declines to turn it had, within the living memory of every adult reader in 1974, done something for which "national oppression" is far too mild a word.

Between 1941 and 1944 the Soviet state deported entire nations. The Volga Germans lost their autonomous republic and were removed to Siberia and Kazakhstan in the late summer of 1941; the Karachai, the Kalmyks, the Chechens, the Ingush, the Balkars, the Crimean Tatars and the Meskhetian Turks followed between the autumn of 1943 and the end of 1944, loaded onto cattle-trucks nation by nation and dumped in Central Asia and Siberia, where a large fraction — the estimates run to a quarter and more for some peoples — died of cold, hunger and typhus in the first years. Their autonomous republics were abolished and wiped from the map. And in 1974, when this book appeared, the Crimean Tatars were still forbidden to return to Crimea, sixteen years after Khrushchev had restored most of the others: a nation held in exile, as a nation, by the state whose "Leninist nationalities policy" the book celebrates as a model for the world.

Does *Races and Peoples* mention any of this? It does not. Search the text and the result is a flat, total silence. "Crimea" and "Crimean Tatars": nil. "Chechen," "Kalmyk," "Karachai," "Balkar," "Volga German," "Meskhetian": nil. The word "deport" occurs exactly once in the whole book — describing how the apartheid authorities "deport various racial groups" under the Group Areas Act. The word "resettlement" occurs describing apartheid South Africa's Bantustans and colonial Sudan's forced tribal removals. The vocabulary of ethnic cleansing is present and correct; it is simply pointed, without exception, away from Moscow. The Ingush are named once — in a roll of grateful peoples who, the book says, "had no written languages at all" until "these were only devised in Soviet times." The Ingush, that is, appear in this book solely as a trophy of Soviet enlightenment, thirty years after the Soviet state packed them into trains and abolished their republic. That is the reflexivity test failing not by accident but by design.

The single sharpest instance is quiet, and a reader could pass it without noticing the enormity underneath. Discussing the "amalgamation" of Soviet peoples, the book reports, as evidence of healthy "drawing together," that "while the 1926 census distinguishes 194 nationalities, the 1959 census showed only 109, the 1970 census only 104 ethnonyms." Ninety nationalities, on this telling, have melted contentedly into their larger neighbours through "consolidation, assimilation and inter-national integration." But some of those peoples did not amalgamate; they were deported, their names struck from the census because their nations had been struck from the administrative map. The statistical disappearance the book offers as a proof of fraternity is, in part, the paper trace of the deportations it cannot name. The falsification is not a stray sentence. It is the interpretive frame — voluntary, lawlike

"merging" — laid over a history that included the forcible uprooting of whole peoples, so that the reader sees only the arithmetic and never the cattle-trucks.

Antisemitism, pointed outward

The same structure governs the book's handling of antisemitism, and here it connects to the specific state campaign that produced it. *Races and Peoples* devotes its closing section, "Against Racism," to unmasking the enemy's varieties of race-hatred, and prominent among them — named as a standing assignment for Soviet scholarship — is Zionism. "The unmasking of all forms of racialism, including their Zionist variety," the book declares, "is one of the tasks of Marxist-Leninist science." Israel is presented as a racist state built on "purity of blood" and the "chosen nation" myth; the historic Jewish workers' Bund is condemned, through Lenin, for basing itself "on the Zionist idea of a special Jewish nation, a completely false and reactionary idea."

This is not free-standing scholarship. It is the academic, footnoted face of the "anti-Zionist" campaign the Soviet state launched after the Six-Day War of 1967, whose raw founding text — Yuri Ivanov's *Caution: Zionism!* (Progress, 1970) — is itself a volume in this series, and whose respectable middle register was Galina Nikitina's *The State of Israel* (Progress, 1973). Ivanov's book, as the introduction to it in this series argues, is in substance an antisemitic tract that revives the fantasy of a secret Jewish world power in Marxist costume. *Races and Peoples* is the same campaign wearing a lab coat: it takes the legitimate object — criticism of Zionism as a political movement — and, by filing it under "racism" alongside apartheid and the Klan, lends the state's anti-Jewish drive the authority of the Academy of Sciences.

And when the book approaches the charge that might rebound on the USSR — the charge of antisemitism itself — it performs the same swerve as with the deportations. It acknowledges the word only to expel it from Soviet soil: antisemitism, it insists, is as alien to the socialist system as any other form of racism, and the accusation that the USSR practises it is dismissed as a stale propaganda trick of the Israeli aggressors. Antisemitism, in this book, is a crime of Hitler's Germany (the Nuremberg laws are described with care) and a crime of Zionist Israel — never a fact of Soviet life. Yet the Soviet reader of 1974 lived in the aftermath of the "anti-cosmopolitan" campaign of Stalin's last years, the murder of the Yiddish writers, the Doctors' Plot of 1953; and lived in the present tense of a regime that was jailing Jewish activists, obstructing emigration, and branding Jewish national feeling

as treason on behalf of a hostile foreign power. On all of this the book that has so much to say about the treatment of Jews in Israel says precisely nothing. The category — racism, national and religious persecution — is available, sharpened, and aimed everywhere except at the one address where the author could have checked it against the evidence out his window.

"A supposed drive to Russify" — and the reply

The book anticipates the obvious objection and rebuts it by name. The processes of drawing-together, it says, "have nothing in common with the fabrications disseminated by certain bourgeois 'Sovietologists' about a supposed drive to 'Russify' the non-Russian peoples of the USSR." Russification, in *Races and Peoples*, is a sin of the tsars — the book quotes with contempt the tsarist education minister Count D. A. Tolstoy's declaration that the purpose of educating the minorities was "unquestionably to Russify them" — and the implication is that with the autocracy the thing itself was buried. That the Russian language spread across Soviet public life is admitted and praised; that this spread might be coerced is ruled out in advance, with Lenin conscripted as a witness for the voluntary character of it all.

The reply to this was written, from within the revolutionary-Marxist tradition, four decades before the book and by a man some of whose comrades this book's lead editor had helped to hunt down. In *The Revolution Betrayed* (1936), Trotsky devoted a section of his chapter on Soviet society, "Nationality and Culture," to exactly this question, and his verdict is the precise negative of the book's. The flowering of national cultures under the bureaucracy, he wrote, is a hollow show: the "Ukrainian, White Russian, Georgian, or Turk newspapers and books are only translations of the bureaucratic imperative into the language of the corresponding nationality." And the drawing-together, so far from being the free convergence of equals, wears a specific and ugly face — "bureaucratism inevitably takes the color of an autocratic Russification, leaving to the other nationalities the sole indubitable cultural right of celebrating the arbiter in their own language." Where *Races and Peoples* sees *sblizhenie*, Trotsky saw a police club held over the cultural life of all the peoples of the Union, beginning with the Russians themselves.

Two honesties are owed here. The first is that Trotsky wrote in 1936, before the deportations, so his book cannot be cited as a witness to those; for them the record itself, and the contemporary reply below, must carry the weight. The second is more interesting: on the science, Trotsky and this book agree. "How stupid is the theory of unchanging racial types in

the light of the events of our epoch!" he wrote in the same section, welcoming the mixing of Soviet nationalities and mocking "the mysticism of the 'Slavic soul.'" The quarrel between the anti-Stalinist tradition and Races and Peoples is not over whether races form a hierarchy — both deny it — nor over whether nations can and should draw together. It is over the single question the book is built to suppress: whether the drawing-together in the USSR was the voluntary movement of free peoples, or something done to them, at times at gunpoint, by a state that then wrote the deported out of the census and called the remainder a family.

The reply that was in print at the time

For the events the book erases, the tradition this series speaks from was not silent, and it did not need forty years' hindsight. The Fourth International's weekly, *Intercontinental Press*, was covering in real time precisely the movements Races and Peoples cannot see. Its report on the Twenty-Fourth Congress of the CPSU — the very congress whose resolutions this book quotes as proof of fraternal harmony — put the matter directly. "The continued forced exile of the Crimean Tatars," it noted, "has been the cause of a series of protests," to which "the reaction of the 5,000 congress delegates was to proclaim approval of a paternalistic Great Russian chauvinism obligatory for all party members" (*Intercontinental Press*, vol. 9, no. 16, 26 April 1971). While Grigulevich and Kozlov's contributors were preparing the yearbook that became this book, the press of the opposing tradition was reporting, from the same Soviet sources and the same year, the exiled nation the book would not name and the "Great Russian chauvinism" whose existence the book flatly denied. Across the early 1970s the same journal followed the Crimean Tatar return movement and the Soviet-Jewish emigration movement issue after issue. The information was not unavailable in 1974. It was declined.

The name on the title page

There remains the matter of the editor, and it is not a rhetorical flourish but a documented fact that belongs on the record of this particular book. I. R. Grigulevich — Iosif Romualdovich Grigulevich (1913–1988), whose "D. Sc. (Hist.)" the title page duly notes — did not begin as a scholar. He was, from 1937 to 1953, an operative of the Soviet secret police, and among the most consequential. In Spain during the Civil War, under the NKVD general Alexander Orlov, he helped organise the "mobile groups" that hunted down anti-Stalinist revolutionaries, including the POUM leader Andreu Nin. And on 24 May 1940, in Mexico City, Grigulevich was one of the

leaders — with the painter David Alfaro Siqueiros — of the first armed assault on the house of Leon Trotsky at Coyoacán, the machine-gun raid that riddled the bedroom walls, failed to kill Trotsky, and left the young American guard Robert Sheldon Harte abducted and murdered. Three months later a second assassin finished the work Grigulevich's raid had begun. Only afterwards did Grigulevich reinvent himself as a Soviet Latin-Americanist and historian of religion (publishing under the name I. Lavretsky), take his doctorate in 1960, join the Institute of Ethnography that produced *Rasy i narody*, and rise to corresponding membership of the Academy of Sciences.

So the lead editor of this warm-hearted anthology on the brotherhood of the world's peoples, this scientific refutation of the idea that some human beings are worth less than others, was a man who had personally taken part in an attempt to murder Trotsky and in the machinery that murdered the leadership of the POUM. It would be cheap to rest the book's assessment on its editor's crimes, and I do not. The science in these pages is real whoever signed off on the volume; the anti-apartheid chapter is true; the demolition of Jensen is correct. But the coincidence is not merely lurid. It is the whole argument of this introduction compressed into a single career. The same state that could publish, sincerely, a sound and humane science against racial hierarchy could staff its scholarly institutes with the men who had liquidated its revolutionary opponents, and could count on those institutes to apply the category of national oppression to every country on earth but the one that had deported eight nations and would not let one of them go home. The book is the science and the silence at once, and Grigulevich is the sign that they were never in tension. They were the same establishment, doing both.

Read Races and Peoples, then, for what it honestly contains: as competent physical anthropology, as a genuine document of Soviet anti-colonial solidarity, and as the best available evidence — in what it cannot bring itself to say, and in whose name it says it — of the difference between opposing racism abroad and permitting it at home.

PHILOSOPHY

Marxism and the Renegade Garaudy

Moscow's book-length answer to Roger Garaudy, expelled from the French party in 1970 for condemning the invasion of Czechoslovakia - and unusually, one that quotes its target by the page across some seventy-five references to his own books.

Khachik Momjan

Introduction to the 1974 Edition

The title tells you what kind of book this is before you open it. Marxism and the Renegade Garaudy is built on the frame of Lenin's *The Proletarian Revolution* and the Renegade Kautsky (1918), and the echo is deliberate. "Renegade" is not a description; it is a verdict — apostasy from an orthodoxy, betrayal rather than error. Khachik Momjan, an Armenian philosopher writing from within the Soviet ideological establishment, spends some seventy-seven thousand words arguing that Roger Garaudy has committed that apostasy, and the reader is meant to leave persuaded that a once-eminent Marxist has "gone over openly to the camp of anti-Sovietism."

Who was the man in the dock? By any measure the most important philosopher the French Communist Party ever produced. Garaudy sat on its Political Bureau, directed its Centre for Marxist Studies and Research, and was for two decades the party's public face in the "dialogue" between Marxists and Christians and its chief theorist of what he called a Marxist humanism. He was not a marginal heretic but the intellectual centre of the largest Communist party in Western Europe — until, in 1970, that party expelled him. The immediate cause of the break was Czechoslovakia. Garaudy had condemned the Warsaw Pact's crushing of the Prague Spring in August 1968, had gone on to champion a pluralist, parliamentary road to socialism and a "socialism with a human face," and had turned his criticism on the Soviet model itself. This book is Moscow's reply, and it is worth reading closely precisely because it is a better book than most of its kind — and because the shape of its argument, once seen, is unmistakable.

The date, and the commission

The copyright page reads © Progress Publishers 1974, and for once the internal evidence agrees with the spine. Momjan quotes Garaudy's *Reconquête de l'espoir* and *Toute la vérité*, both published in 1971, and treats the 1970 expulsion as a

settled fact behind him; the manuscript cannot be earlier than 1972. This is a book of the early 1970s, and its enemy is a live one. Garaudy had just been cast out, his recent books were selling in the West, and the currents he spoke for — the ones that would shortly acquire the name Eurocommunism, as the French, Italian and Spanish parties edged toward autonomy from Moscow, the parliamentary road and open criticism of the Soviet Union — were rising. The book never uses the word "Eurocommunism"; the term was not yet current. But that is exactly what it is fighting. Garaudy is attacked as an early and unusually candid symptom of a disease Moscow could already feel spreading through its Western sections. The commission is plain from the object: this is export ammunition, printed in English for circulation to Western Communist parties, meant to inoculate their cadres against the argument their own most distinguished theorist had just made.

The citation test

Begin where this series usually finds its sharpest evidence: does the book quote the man it is named after, or only characterise him? The recurring pattern in the Progress catalogue is an opponent who is denounced on every page and quoted on none — a doctrine set inside quotation marks with no source, so that the reader cannot check the charge against the text. The International Working-Class Movement volumes cite Luxemburg's collected works sixteen times and Kautsky nine while quoting Trotsky, the villain of the piece, not once.

Momjan does not do this, and it must be said plainly, because it is unusual and because credibility on everything that follows depends on saying it. He quotes Garaudy constantly and by the page. The footnotes carry something on the order of seventy-five separate references to Garaudy's actual books — *Marxism in the Twentieth Century*, *The Turning-Point of Socialism*, *Pour un modèle français du socialisme*, *Lénine*, *Toute la vérité*, *Questions à Jean-Paul Sartre*, Garaudy par Garaudy — cited in the English editions where they existed and the French where they did not, with page numbers a reader

could look up. Long passages of Garaudy's own prose are reproduced before they are attacked. On the mechanical form of the citation test, this book passes, and passes better than almost anything else in the series. It is genuinely a book about Garaudy's texts, not merely about his name.

That makes it a more serious object, and it moves the real question elsewhere. A book can quote scrupulously and still argue by amalgam. The test that matters here is not whether Momjan lets you see Garaudy's words, but whether he lets you see the event those words were a response to.

The buried cause

He does not — and this is the finding.

The reflex expectation would be that a Soviet book of 1974 simply suppresses Czechoslovakia 1968, the way earlier volumes in this catalogue fall silent on the Terror or the Pact. That is not what happens, and reporting it would be false. "Czechoslovakia" appears in these pages roughly forty times; "1968" a dozen and a half. The book is saturated with the event. Momjan devotes pages to it, quotes a *Rudé Právo* article of July 1968, quotes Gustáv Husák, quotes Waldeck Rochet condemning Garaudy for it. Czechoslovakia is not the silence in this book. It is the theme.

What is absent is the invasion. Search the whole text for the thing Garaudy actually denounced — the half-million Warsaw Pact troops who crossed the frontier on the night of 20–21 August 1968 — and you find nothing. The word "invasion" occurs zero times. "Warsaw Pact": zero. "Soviet troops," "tanks," "occupation," "military intervention," "armed forces": each of them, zero. The single most consequential act of Soviet power in the period the book covers — the act that made Garaudy a dissident — is not described, not defended, not even denied. It is simply not there.

In its place stands an inversion. What happened in Czechoslovakia in 1968 was, in Momjan's telling, not a reform movement suppressed by tanks but a "quiet counter-revolution," a plot by "anti-socialist, right-wing elements" to "destroy the socialist order," a "witches' sabbath" of slander against the USSR. The Prague Spring is the aggressor; the reader is invited to be relieved that it failed, without ever being told how it failed or by whose hand. Garaudy's crime is that he "welcomed the words and deeds of blatant enemies of the Czechoslovak people," that he called the counter-revolution "the flowering ... of socialist humanism." He is condemned, in short, for the conclusions he drew from

an event the reader is forbidden to see.

This is the amalgam in its most refined form. The cruder version, familiar from the rest of the catalogue, works by omission — you cannot object to what you are never told. Momjan's version is subtler and more effective: it names the event on every page, and empties it. The reader is handed the word "Czechoslovakia" so often that the sense of a suppression never arises, while the one fact that would let him judge the quarrel — that Garaudy was protesting an invasion — is the one fact withheld.

Two questions this series has learned to put to any such passage make the point exact. First: is the accusation attached to a described act that could be shown not to have happened? The "counter-revolution" is never cashed out into a deed. There are no dates, no organisations, no seizures of power — only an essence, imputed and unfalsifiable. Second: could the category ever be turned on the author's own side? "Anti-Sovietism," "counter-revolution," "renegade" — in this book these are things that happen to the CPSU and are combated by it. That the Soviet state might itself have committed an act of force worth naming is not a thought the book's vocabulary can form. A "no" to that second question is the finding, and here the answer is a flat no.

Situating the reply: a quarrel with three corners, not two

The book presents the world as a straight fight — orthodox Marxism-Leninism against a renegade. The anti-Stalinist left saw a third position, and its view of Garaudy was double: it shared his opposition to the invasion and rejected almost everything he proposed in its place.

The sharing came first, and it was on the record within hours. On 22 August 1968, one day after the tanks rolled, the United Secretariat of the Fourth International issued a statement — carried in *Intercontinental Press* of 2 September 1968 under the cover line "End the Soviet Occupation!" — that "condemns the military occupation of the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic by the nations of the Warsaw Pact." The same statement demolishes, in advance, the entire premise of Momjan's book. Where Momjan builds everything on the reality of a counter-revolutionary danger, the Fourth International wrote that "the truth is that the 'counter-revolution danger' cited by the Kremlin did not exist." (The archival scan corrupts the phrase across a column break; the wording is verified against the surrounding text.)

But — and this is what separates the revolutionary-Marxist position from Garaudy's — the same statement refused to idealise the Prague reformers. "What did unquestionably exist," it went on, "was a right-wing course of the Czech leaders similar fundamentally to that practiced by the Soviet leaders themselves." The Fourth International did not see, in Dubček's Czechoslovakia, the "socialism with a human face" that Garaudy saw. It saw a bureaucratic leadership drifting rightward, frightened above all — the statement is explicit — by the way "the first beginnings of workers' democracy" in Prague were stirring the vanguard in Poland, Hungary, East Germany "and above all the Soviet Union itself." The occupation, on this reading, was not a defence of socialism against counter-revolution and not the martyrdom of a liberal experiment; it was the bureaucracy defending its monopoly of power against the one thing that genuinely threatened it, the self-activity of the working class.

That gives the three corners. Moscow orthodoxy, in this book: a counter-revolution justly defeated by a force too obvious to mention. Garaudy: a democratic socialism betrayed, to be recovered through pluralism, a multiplicity of "models," and dialogue with the Christian and liberal West. The Fourth International: against the invasion and against the illusion, holding that what the Czech workers had begun to build was worth defending precisely against both bureaucracies. Momjan's book cannot see this third corner because his method does not permit it; every critic of the Soviet act is, by construction, an agent of counter-revolution.

There is a further irony the book half-discloses. Garaudy was not expelled by the Kremlin but by his own party, and the French Communist Party under Waldeck Rochet had itself formally disapproved of the invasion. Momjan quotes Rochet's October 1969 charge that Garaudy "is again trying to exploit the events in Czechoslovakia in order to feed anti-Sovietism" — which concedes, without meaning to, that Czechoslovakia was the ground of the whole affair, and that even the PCF leadership needed to hold Garaudy at arm's length from a criticism it had, in muted form, made itself. The Fourth International watched the break in real time and named it early: Intercontinental Press of 2 February 1970 ran a piece on Garaudy titled "Can You Be a Garaudyist Today?" — a play on his own *Peut-on être communiste aujourd'hui?* — and its report from the PCF's congress six weeks later noted that Garaudy was, for the first time in thirty-five years, an outgoing member of the leadership defeated over his theses rather than quietly expelled beforehand.

On what Garaudy positively proposed, the anti-Stalinist reply

was not indulgent, and it is important not to enlist him as an ally he was not. The "plural socialism" Momjan attacks, the enthusiasm for the Yugoslav and even the market "models," the parliamentary road that "does not contain a hint of socialist revolution, the dictatorship of the working class, the abolition of the state machine" — these were, from the revolutionary standpoint, a reformist and ultimately class-collaborationist programme, and Ernest Mandel would spell out the objection at length in his *From Stalinism to Eurocommunism* (1978): that the Western parties' turn to the parliamentary road and their accommodation with their own bourgeoisies was the bitter fruit of the theory of "socialism in one country," the same nationalisation of the workers' movement that had produced the bureaucracy Garaudy was right to criticise. Garaudy diagnosed the disease and prescribed more of the cause. Momjan is not wrong that his "French model" evades the question of power. He is wrong about almost everything else, and wrong above all in what he will not say.

What holds up

This is not a series of denunciations, and the honest reader owes this book a real debt on one front. Strip away the political frame and there is a genuine philosophical argument underneath, and on it Momjan often has the better of the exchange.

Garaudy's later work did drift toward idealism, and the drift is exactly where Momjan puts his finger. The heart of the book is a defence of the materialist theory of reflection — the proposition that consciousness copies, however actively and imperfectly, a world that exists independently of it — against Garaudy's attempt to demote reflection in favour of the "project." Momjan quotes the offending formulations at length and in context. "In Marx," Garaudy had written, "consciousness is not the reflection of something given, but the anticipation of something possible." Knowledge, on Garaudy's account, does not begin from the real; "the movement of cognition begins," he wrote, "by way of myth," through the construction of models and hypotheses borrowed, as Momjan correctly notes, from Sartre's "project" and Adorno's "negative dialectic." Against this, Momjan insists on what is genuinely sound in the materialist position: that new knowledge never arises "out of the blue," that every advance in science departs from and sublates the accumulated relative truths before it, that a consciousness "orientated predominantly towards that which does not exist" cuts itself loose from reality and becomes "a source of sociopolitical myth-making." That last phrase is sharper than Momjan knew. Garaudy's trajectory over the

following decades — into an increasingly mystical and religious revisionism — bore out the warning about a philosophy that begins in myth. On the pure question of whether Garaudy was sliding from materialism toward idealism, the Soviet philosopher was right, and it would be dishonest to pretend otherwise.

The rescue carries its own irony, and the irony indicts the orthodoxy more than it rescues it. A decade before this book, Garaudy had been the great Communist defender of the theory of reflection. In December 1961, before six thousand people in a Paris auditorium, he debated Sartre on whether the dialectic is a law of nature as well as of history, and he took the materialist side. The American Trotskyist George Novack, reviewing the published debate in the *International Socialist Review* of Summer 1964, credited him without reservation: "Garaudy correctly observes"; "Garaudy points out"; it was Garaudy who insisted, against Sartre's agnosticism, on clearing up what Novack, summarising him, called the misunderstanding Sartre played upon — that the term "reflection" "does not signify that knowledge is a passive phenomenon which merely duplicates the object, like a mirror image." The Garaudy whom Momjan convicts in 1974 of dissolving reflection into myth is the same man an anti-Stalinist reviewer had praised in 1964 for defending it. That is the real measure of Garaudy's evolution, and it is visible from every point on the compass — which is precisely why Momjan's philosophical case lands, and why it cannot be waved away as factional reflex.

Yet even the rescue has a floor under it that the reader should see. Momjan defends reflection in the name of an orthodoxy that treats Lenin's *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism* as scripture and regards any suggestion that Lenin deepened his position in the *Philosophical Notebooks* — precisely the argument Garaudy made — as heresy. But Lenin himself made that move: it was Lenin who, reading Hegel's *Logic* in 1914, wrote that no one who had not studied it could understand *Capital*. Garaudy's sin, philosophically, was to take one half of Lenin against the other; Momjan's answer is to deny the tension exists. The theory of reflection is worth defending. It does not need to be defended by canonising one book and anathematising a man for reading a second.

The register of the thing

A last word on how the book fights, because the manner is part of the evidence. When argument fails, Momjan reaches for the vocabulary of the security organ. Garaudy has allied himself with "Trotskyite provocateurs, traitors and defectors"; he

supports "the slanderers like Sinyavsky and Daniel" — the two writers tried and imprisoned in 1966 for publishing abroad, whom the book treats as self-evidently contemptible — and "all manner of Zionist riff-raff." The Trotsky who appears here is the stock figure of the genre: the wrecker who "borrowed Menshevik dogmas" to deny that socialism could be built in one country, the false "democrat" whose defence of inner-party democracy was mere factional cover. None of this is argued; it is deployed. It sits oddly beside the careful page references and the real philosophical chapters, and the contrast is itself instructive. It shows a writer who could argue when he chose to, resorting to denunciation exactly where the argument was hardest — over the country whose tanks he could not name.

Read *Marxism and the Renegade Garaudy*, then, as two books bound together. One is a competent materialist philosopher's case against a colleague's genuine slide into idealism, and it deserves to be taken seriously on those terms. The other is an act of political erasure: a book that condemns a man for the conclusions he drew from an invasion, over three hundred pages, without once admitting the invasion took place. The first is why the book is worth keeping. The second is why it needed answering — and why the answer was already in print, dated the day after the tanks arrived.

HISTORY

Great Patriotic War of the Soviet Union 1941–1945

The Party's own history of 1941–45, compiled by the Institute of Marxism-Leninism under an editorial commission of twenty-nine including four marshals - the most authoritative single statement of the Soviet account of the war.

Martiros Minasyan

Introduction to the 1974 Edition

This is the official history of the greatest land war ever fought, written by the institution that had the most to gain from telling it a particular way. The title page names no single author. Above it stands the corporate one: "Institute of Marxism-Leninism, CC CPSU." Below it, an editorial commission of twenty-nine, chaired by the veteran Party ideologist P. N. Pospelov and studded with marshals of the Soviet Union — Bagramyan, Sokolovsky, Zakharov, and, among them, A. A. Grechko, the serving Minister of Defence whose own Liberation Mission of the Soviet Armed Forces is this book's companion volume in the present series. The working editor-in-chief of the text itself was M. M. Minasyan, and it is his name the catalogue records. But the book is not really Minasyan's. It is the Party's account of the Party's war, produced by the body whose job was to fix the canonical version of Soviet history and defend it against all comers. Nearly a quarter of a million words long, detailed to the level of individual divisions and river crossings, it is the single most authoritative one-volume statement of what the Soviet state wished the world to understand about 1941–1945.

Its date needs a word, because the spine misleads. The English edition carries a Progress Publishers copyright of 1974, but the title page states plainly that it is an "abridged translation from the 1970 Russian edition," prepared by the editorial board of the second Russian edition. The arguments in it are the arguments of 1970, not 1974 — and 1970 matters, because that was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the victory, the year the Brezhnev-era cult of the Great Patriotic War reached its full ceremonial height. By then the war had become the central legitimating myth of the Soviet state: not the Revolution of 1917, increasingly awkward to celebrate, but the victory of 1945, around which a whole civic religion of eternal flames, eternal-glory monuments and anniversary parades had been built. A small internal tell fixes the moment. Among the wartime "prominent political workers" the book lists by name is "L. I. Brezhnev" — the General Secretary, whose modest

1943 service on the "Little Land" beachhead was being elevated, exactly in these years, into an episode of the war's high drama. This is a book produced at the apex of that cult, by the men who administered it.

Two things have to be said about it, and the order matters, because the second must never be allowed to cancel the first.

What the Red Army did

The war this book describes was the decisive military event of the twentieth century, and no honest reader can finish it unmoved. The central claim the book makes for the Eastern Front is true. The Soviet-German front was, in the book's phrase, "the main and decisive front of the Second World War" — the theatre where the German army was actually broken. The figures it gives are of the right order: 181 divisions and eighteen brigades massed against the USSR in June 1941, some 77 per cent of the Wehrmacht's active strength thrown east. It was Soviet soldiers, not Western ones, who fought the bulk of the German army for four years and destroyed most of it. It was the Red Army that reached and opened the death factories: the book describes the liberation of the "notorious huge Oswiecim concentration camp" — Auschwitz — near Cracow, where, it records, the Germans "put to death more than four million people" (the figure standard in the Soviet bloc at the time, later revised down by historians, but the crime is not in doubt). And it was the Soviet people who paid the incomprehensible price. "The USSR lost 20,000,000 of its sons and daughters," the book states — the official toll of 1970; the figure now generally accepted is closer to 27 million. Either way it is a wound with no parallel in modern history. Sixteen hundred towns razed, seventy thousand villages burned, a third of the national wealth destroyed. The men in the grey greatcoats who died stopping this were, overwhelmingly, workers and peasants who understood themselves to be fighting fascism, and they were.

All of this must be credited without stint. And it must be

credited precisely because the critique that follows is not the reactionary one. There is a long tradition in Western Cold War writing that sets Stalin's crimes beside Hitler's, calls the two states versions of one "totalitarianism," and quietly deflates the anti-fascist war into a squabble between equivalent tyrannies. That tradition is false, and the revolutionary socialist tradition from which this introduction is written has always rejected it. The Soviet Union was not Nazi Germany's moral twin; the war against it was not a war between two identical evils; and the Red Army's victory was a real deliverance for the peoples of Europe, this reader's own ancestors among the saved. Nothing in what follows should be read as chipping at that. Ernest Mandel, whose *The Meaning of the Second World War* (Verso, 1986) is the Fourth International's own full-length reckoning with the war and the counterweight to this volume, is emphatic that it was "the tremendous increase in its industrial potential and productive reserve created by the October Revolution and the planned economy" that enabled the USSR to survive and win (ch. 5). The victory was the achievement of a society the October Revolution had built. The quarrel is not with the victory. It is with what the victory was made to excuse.

Error, yes; crimes, never

The method of this book is subtler than simple denial, and it is worth naming precisely, because it is easy to mistake for candour. This is a post-1956 text: it operates under Khrushchev's partial admission of the "personality cult," and it does not pretend that Stalin was infallible. It says, in so many words, that he made mistakes. What it never does — not once in 250,000 words — is allow those mistakes to be crimes, or allow the regime's real crimes to be mentioned at all. Stalin may be wrong about a date, a diplomatic calculation, a military order. The Soviet state is never wrong about anything it chose to do to its own people or its neighbours. Error is admissible. The category of criminality, turned inward, is not. Hold that distinction in mind and the book's whole architecture becomes legible: the disasters that Stalinist historiography has always blamed on everyone but Stalin are here handled by three techniques — recategorised as triumphs, diffused into an agentless abstraction, or simply erased.

The pact, and the map redrawn

Take first the Nazi-Soviet Pact of August 1939, and what came after it. The book does not hide the pact; it defends it. Cornered by the Munich betrayal, the Anglo-French refusal to negotiate seriously, and the threat of a two-front war, "the

Soviet Government had no choice," it argues; "that was why the USSR consented to a non-aggression pact offered by Germany and signed in Moscow on August 23, 1939." As a reading of Soviet motives this is not worthless — the Western powers had indeed spent 1938–39 trying to turn Hitler eastward, and the book documents it with real material, including the Hudson-Wohltat talks in London. A critical reader can grant that the pact bought Stalin time and was, in the narrowest *raison-d'état* sense, explicable.

What the book cannot admit is what the pact actually contained. Nowhere does it mention the Secret Additional Protocol signed on the night of 23 August 1939 — the document in which Berlin and Moscow drew a line across Eastern Europe and divided it: Poland partitioned, the Baltic states, Finland and Bessarabia assigned to the Soviet "sphere." That protocol is the hinge of everything that happens over the next two years, and it is invisible. The suppression is not for want of the concept. In a bravura passage earlier in the same book, the authors expose the Anti-Comintern Pact of 1936–37 by pointing to "the secret protocol appended" to it. They know exactly how damning a hidden clause is, and deploy the knowledge — against the enemy. Their own secret protocol does not exist.

And so the events it authorised have to be renarrated as their opposite. The Red Army's entry into eastern Poland on 17 September 1939 — coordinated with the Wehrmacht, executing the protocol's partition line — becomes a rescue: after "the Polish Government fled the country," Soviet troops moved in to "place the lives and property of the people under its protection," whereupon "Western Ukrainians became part of the fraternal people of the Ukraine, while Western Byelorussians rejoined their brothers in Byelorussia," their "freely-elected people's assemblies" duly requesting reunification. The annexation of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania in 1940 — carried out under ultimatum, with Soviet garrisons already in place and the elections rigged — becomes a revolution: "the bourgeois governments were overthrown and replaced by people's governments," whose parliaments then "requested the Supreme Soviet of the USSR to admit their countries to the Soviet Union." The seizure of Bessarabia is an end to "a historical injustice." The Winter War against Finland is forced on a reluctant USSR when "Soviet territory was shelled" — the Mainila provocation, presented without irony as fact.

The Fourth International answered this account before it was written, in the very weeks the events occurred, and the answer has worn well. Trotsky had predicted the pact itself. On 6

March 1939 — nearly six months before it was signed, when the world's diplomats still thought a Moscow-London alliance the likelier outcome — he wrote that "an agreement between Stalin and Hitler, if attained — and there is nothing impossible in that, could astonish only the most hopeless simpletons." When the partition came, he named it exactly. While the British and French missions had been discussing the defence of Poland with Voroshilov, he wrote in September 1939, "the same Voroshilov, together with the representatives of the German General Staff, was discussing the best manner in which to smash and divide Poland." (That is the same Voroshilov whose reassuring Pravda interview of 27 August this book quotes approvingly.) "The Stalinist invasion," Trotsky concluded, "is nothing but a symmetrical supplement of the Hitlerite operations." As for the "reunification" of the Ukrainians and Byelorussians, he refused the sentimental cover the book still uses thirty years later: "no honest person can approve the 'liberation' of 8 million Ukrainians and White Russians at the price of the national enslavement of 23 million Poles." Mandel, writing in retrospect, folds the whole sequence into one clause: Stalin's "reckless diplomatic game" had "delivered Poland and Europe to Hitler" (ch. 2). None of these writers was a friend of the Western empires; all of them saw what the Institute of Marxism-Leninism was still, in 1970, unable to print.

The decapitated army

The second disaster is the one the book comes closest to admitting, and the manner of the near-admission is itself the finding. In its survey of Soviet strength on the eve of war, the book concedes that progress "might have been greater still but for the Stalin personality cult," which "in the Armed Forces... manifested itself chiefly in unfounded repressions on slanderous charges of a large number of experienced commanders and political workers." Then, in the same breath, it closes the wound: "more than one-fourth of the cadres dismissed from the Armed Forces were reinstated on the eve and during the first months of the war."

Read what that sentence does. The agent has vanished — it was "the cult," not Stalin, that repressed the commanders. The scale has been shrunk to a reassuring fraction — one-fourth reinstated, as though the story were one of recovery rather than slaughter. And the word for what happened to the other three-fourths is never supplied. The reality the sentence is built to muffle is that in 1937–38 Stalin's political police shot the high command of the Red Army: three of its five marshals, thirteen of its fifteen army commanders, the majority of its

corps and divisional commanders — tens of thousands of officers, executed or imprisoned on fabricated charges of treason, in the years immediately before the largest invasion in history. The book cannot say this, and its inability shows most clearly in what it does with the victims' names. Elsewhere it lists, as pioneers of Soviet military science, "M. V. Frunze, M. N. Tukhachevsky, A. I. Yegorov, B. M. Shaposhnikov, I. E. Yakir, I. P. Uborevich, S. S. Kamenev and many other outstanding generals." Four of the men in that sentence — Tukhachevsky, Yegorov, Yakir, Uborevich — were shot in the purge it has just described in the abstract. It names them as builders of the army; it does not name them as the army's murdered. The two halves of the fact are kept on separate pages, never allowed to touch. This is the same operation the present series has traced through Soviet histories of the arts and the Party — the "unmarked grave," the named figure whose manner of death is the one thing that cannot be printed — here performed on the officer corps of the Red Army.

And the book will not even hold to its own small concession. In its concluding chapters, describing the Party's wartime unity, it reaches for a quite different vocabulary: "long before the war the Party had crushed the Trotskyites, Right opportunists and bourgeois nationalists... and freed itself from defeatists and sceptics." That is the purge again — but now it is not "unfounded repressions" at all; now it is a purification, a strengthening, the Party ridding itself of rot. The book holds both accounts at once and reconciles neither. The purge is a regrettable excess of the cult when the subject is the army's unpreparedness, and a triumph of Party hygiene when the subject is the Party's cohesion. It depends which page you are on.

The reply corpus had measured the cost while Tukhachevsky was still alive. In *The Revolution Betrayed* (1936) — the book against which every Soviet account of Soviet society in this series should be read — Trotsky described the Red Army as it was being remade into a bureaucratic instrument: an institution that "has given birth to a privileged officers' caste, crowned with marshals," while the people were "forbidden in the Soviet Union to carry even nonexplosive weapons." He discussed Tukhachevsky in that book as the living "actual head of the War Department." Within a year Stalin had him shot. Mandel drew the military consequence directly: the Red Army's "complete lack of readiness in 1941" and the terrible showing in the Finnish war had been "brought about largely by Stalin's criminal purge of the Red Army"; that purge, he wrote, "decapitated the Red Army, disorganised the defences of the country... and facilitated the Nazi attack on the USSR" (chs. 2, 5). The decapitation is precisely the thing this book, which

admits "unfounded repressions" of "commanders," will not connect to the catastrophe that followed.

The morning of 22 June

That catastrophe is the load-bearing test, and here the book is more revealing — and, in one respect, more candid — than either its treatment of the pact or its treatment of the purge. The disaster of June 1941 was total: hundreds of thousands taken prisoner in the first weeks, the air force destroyed on the ground, the western Soviet Union overrun in a summer. The question a critical reader brings is whether the book assigns responsibility for it or hides behind enemy "perfidy." The answer is: mostly the latter, with cracks.

The dominant explanation is objective and exculpatory. The Germans held the advantages of prior deployment and full mobilisation; the Soviet divisions "were not readied for combat and were thus caught unawares"; the rearmament of the air force was incomplete; the new frontier fortifications were unfinished. Above all there is "the element of surprise achieved by the nazis": "the attack was sudden both for the nation and the Soviet Armed Forces." The most incriminating single document in the whole story is printed — the fatal directive telegraphed at 23.45 on 21 June, four hours before the attack, which alerted the border districts but warned them "not to react to provocations 'liable to create serious complications.'" The book prints it and walks past it. It does not ask who insisted on that clause, or why an army expecting an attack "on June 22–23" was ordered not to respond to one.

Yet the book does not manage total silence, and the cracks are worth marking, because they show how far even an official history could go in 1970 and where the wall stood. It concedes, citing Zhukov's memoirs and the Party's own fiftieth-anniversary theses, that "there were miscalculations in determining the time of a possible nazi attack," and — remarkably — it names Stalin: "until the very last moment Stalin believed that he could delay the outbreak of war by political and diplomatic means." It even admits that the warnings existed and were ignored: "correct conclusions were not always made from the communications of intrepid Soviet intelligence men, Richard Sorge in particular, who reported that nazi Germany was preparing to attack the USSR." And later, over the encirclement at Kiev in September 1941 — one of the war's worst defeats, some six hundred thousand men lost — it lets Marshal Bagramyan's memoir do the work of saying that Stalin's refusal to authorise a withdrawal, his insistence that Kiev "be held at any price," sealed the trap.

This is real, and it should be granted: the book is not a pure whitewash of June 1941. But notice the shape of the candour. Stalin is permitted to have miscalculated — to have misjudged the timing, hoped too long, held Kiev too stubbornly. He is a commander who erred. What is never said is that the surprise was manufactured by his own conduct: that he had the warnings and disbelieved them as provocations, forbade the mobilisation that might have blunted the blow, and had shot the officers who might have argued him out of it. And the one place the book comes near to naming a culprit for the ignored intelligence, it aims low: the failure to draw "correct conclusions" from Sorge is laid to "some of the senior officers of the Soviet Armed Forces," not to the man at the top who actually held that intelligence and dismissed it. The responsibility is admitted in the abstract and then displaced downward, off the leader and onto the epaulettes of the anonymous. Mandel's verdict is the one the evidence supports: the Red Army was "totally surprised by Operation Barbarossa," and the surprise was "the direct result of Stalin's disastrous misunderstanding of the political situation." Mandel adds a point this book's whole framing needs: the later attempt "to present the Red Army's defeats of 1941–42 as the products of a strategy of calculated retreat" has "no substance whatsoever." The catastrophe was a catastrophe, not a stratagem.

The graves with no markers

Some things the book does not minimise or displace; it omits them entirely, and the omissions are exact. The word Katyn appears nowhere. Neither does NKVD. The massacre of some twenty-two thousand Polish officers, policemen and intellectuals in the spring of 1940 — shot by the Soviet security service on the direct authorisation of the Politburo, then blamed on the Germans, a lie the Soviet state maintained until 1990 — has been cut out cleanly from a book much concerned with the fate of Poland and full of pages on German atrocities against Poles. So has the deportation of whole nations. In 1943–44 Stalin deported the entire Chechen, Ingush, Balkar, Karachai, Kalmyk and Crimean Tatar peoples — men, women and children — to Central Asia and Siberia on collective charges of collaboration, dissolving their republics as he went. The book names several of these peoples' homelands as territory the Red Army fought over in 1942 — Checheno-Ingushetia, the Kalmyk Republic, Kabardino-Balkaria — and says not one word about what was done to their populations the following year. The silence even reaches the book's roll of honour: its proud list of the many Soviet nationalities decorated for valour runs to dozens of

peoples, some of them very small, and passes over the Chechens, the Ingush, the Crimean Tatars and the Balkars — the deported nations — as though they had not been there. In a book whose central theme is the "friendship of the peoples of the USSR" forged in war, the peoples the regime was simultaneously destroying are the ones the friendship cannot see.

The Warsaw Rising of 1944 gets the same treatment here as in Grechko's companion volume, and a reader can consult that introduction for the full account. In brief: the book blames the catastrophe on its victims. The rising was "triggered" recklessly by a Home Army leadership pursuing "real political aims" its own rank and file did not share; "thousands upon thousands of Polish patriots paid with their lives for the criminal gamble of the reactionaries." And it pre-empted the obvious charge — that the Red Army stood on the Vistula and let the Germans destroy the insurgents — by naming it only to dismiss it: "enemies of Soviet-Polish friendship" resort to "the brazen fabrication that the Soviet Command had deliberately halted the Red Army at the walls of Warsaw in order to doom the rising." The facts of the sixty-three days, and Mandel's reading of them, are set out in the Grechko introduction; the point to carry here is that the same operation runs through both books because both are executing the same institutional line.

How to read it

What, then, is this book good for? A great deal, if it is read for what it is. Its operational military history — the movement of fronts and armies, the great encirclements, the raising of the allied Polish, Czechoslovak, Romanian and Bulgarian formations, the logistics of a war economy shifted a thousand miles east — is detailed, internally serious, and often fuller than the Western literature on the same operations. A reader who wants to understand how the Red Army actually fought and won the largest campaigns in the history of warfare will learn from it. And its central historical claim is sound and important: that the Eastern Front was the decisive theatre, that the Soviet Union bore the overwhelming weight of the war against Nazism, and that it did so at a cost no other combatant approached. Against the persistent Western habit of remembering the Second World War as a Anglo-American story with a Russian sideshow, this book is a necessary corrective, and it should be used as one.

The discipline it demands is the discipline of separating two things the book was built to fuse: the fighting from the framing. The framing is a specific political operation with a

specific purpose — to make the Soviet state the flawless hero of an anti-fascist epic, so that the officer corps it shot, the neighbours it carved up with Hitler, the officers it buried at Katyn and the nations it deported into the Kazakh steppe all disappear behind the grey greatcoat of the liberating soldier. The anti-Stalinist left never had to choose between honouring that soldier and telling the truth about the regime that spent him, because its analysis had room for both. In Trotsky's account, developed in *The Revolution Betrayed* and confirmed, terribly, by 1941, the USSR was a workers' state that a privileged, nationally-minded bureaucracy had usurped and deformed — a caste whose interest lay not in the world revolution but in its own security and status, and whose foreign policy was conducted in "the traditional mould of European power politics," to borrow Mandel's phrase, spheres of influence and all. That caste could and did defend the social conquests of October against Hitler, at colossal sacrifice; the workers and peasants of the Red Army did the defending, and they won. And that same caste had decapitated their own army, partitioned Poland with the enemy it would soon face, and would go on lying about Katyn for half a century. Both are true. Only one of them is in this book.

The critique is not that the war was a fraud, and it is emphatically not that the two sides were the same. It is that a real and decisive victory, paid for in twenty-seven million lives, was conscripted into the service of a regime that needed the victory to be spotless, and rewrote the record until it was. Read the marching for the truth it holds. Read the framing for the state that needed it. The book will do everything in its considerable power to prevent you keeping them apart. Keeping them apart is the whole of reading it well.

SOVIET SOCIETY

Socialism and Democracy

Not a survey but a polemic - "a reply to opportunists" - arguing the Soviet case for one-party democracy against the reform communists and the Western parties turning toward pluralism after Prague. By a serious Soviet constitutional jurist.

R. Machulsky and Boris Vladimirovich Topornin

Introduction to the 1974 Edition

This book announces its purpose in its subtitle. Most Progress Publishers volumes on Soviet institutions present themselves as description; Socialism and Democracy presents itself as combat. The Russian title page reads *Sotsializm i demokratiya (Otvét oportunizam)* — Socialism and Democracy: A Reply to Opportunists — and the running head repeats the second half on every page. It is a polemic, and it never pretends otherwise. That is worth registering at the outset, because a polemic can be held to a stricter standard than a survey. It has chosen its enemy, framed the question, and undertaken to win an argument on the merits. We may therefore ask whether it wins.

The two authors are named on the title page as B. N. Topornin and E. I. Machulsky (the English catalogue prints the second as "R. Machulsky"; the book's own front matter gives the initials E. I.). Boris Topornin was a Soviet jurist — one of his own footnotes here cites his article "Socialism and a Multi-Party System" in *Soviet State and Law*, no. 5, 1971, the flagship journal of the Soviet legal profession — and the constitutional and institutional chapters carry his hand. The book was translated by Nick Bobrov, edited by Murad Saifulin (who also edited this series' *Soviet Socialist Democracy*), and issued by Progress in Moscow in 1974.

For once the date on the spine can be trusted. There is no printing history in the front matter, no earlier edition announced in the text, and the latest events cited are all from 1970–71: the Twenty-Fourth Congress of the CPSU (1971), whose "developed socialism" doctrine the book everywhere assumes; the Eighth Congress of the East German SUPG at which Honecker spoke; the Tenth Hungarian Party Congress and Kádár's report; the 1971 Soviet elections; Topornin's own 1971 article. The manuscript closed around 1972–73 and reached English almost at once. This is a genuine document of 1974, not an older text in a newer jacket — which matters, because the year is the whole hinge of an honest reading.

The moment

In February 1974, as this book was being printed in English, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn was stripped of his Soviet citizenship and deported to the West; *The Gulag Archipelago* was reaching foreign readers that same winter. Andrei Sakharov was under sustained public attack and would shortly be appealing for imprisoned colleagues. The mathematician Leonid Plyushch was held in a psychiatric prison-hospital. The samizdat *Chronicle of Current Events*, suppressed and revived, was cataloguing the arrests case by case. Prosecutions under articles 70 and 190 of the criminal code — "anti-Soviet agitation," the circulation of "fabrications" defaming the Soviet state — were the working practice of Soviet legality in the year of writing. This was the reality against which two Soviet authors sat down to demonstrate that their state embodied a higher and more genuine democracy than the "formal" bourgeois kind.

The book's central category is democracy understood as real popular power — the drawing of the whole people into the actual administration of society. That is precisely the thing the regime that commissioned it denied its own citizens. There is a test for such a book, and this series has come to rest its judgements on it rather than on word-counts or missing footnotes: error is admissible, the category is not. A Soviet book may freely concede that individual Communists blundered — a wrong policy, an excess, a mistaken emphasis — while never once allowing the analytic category it wields against its enemies to be turned on its own state. The two questions to put to *Socialism and Democracy* are therefore simple. Does the book's own definition of democracy — genuine popular power against merely formal rights — ever get pointed homeward, at a one-party state that permitted no opposition, no contested election, no free press, no independent union and no right to strike? And when it names the "dictatorship of the proletariat," does it ever entertain the possibility that this had become a dictatorship over the proletariat, a bureaucracy ruling in the workers' name?

What the book was for

This is not the export primer for a sympathetic Western reader that the earlier Soviet Socialist Democracy was. Its enemy is internal to the movement. The "opportunists" of the subtitle are the reform currents of the late 1960s: the Social-Democratic "third road" and "democratic socialism"; the theorists of "market socialism" who wanted the plan loosened and the enterprise freed; the Yugoslav advocates of workers' self-management, personified by the expelled Milovan Djilas; above all the Czechoslovak reform communists of 1968, whose "socialism with a human face" the book returns to again and again as the type-case of the danger. It is a book written to close a debate inside the ruling parties of the bloc — to prove that the models offered by these currents all "reproduce the capitalist political structure," and that the CPSU road is the only road. The worked examples carry the politics of the Warsaw Pact.

Its theoretical spine is the doctrine of "developed socialism" proclaimed under Brezhnev. The dictatorship of the proletariat, the book argues, having accomplished its historic task, "evolves into a political organisation of the whole people, with the working class remaining the guiding force." In the USSR this transition "lasted from the mid-1930s to the early 1960s"; the state "has grown over into ... the state of the whole people." Hold on to that formula. It is the book's proudest claim and, as we shall see, its most vulnerable one, because it was anatomised in advance — thirty-eight years before this book appeared — by the man the book spends a chapter vilifying.

The category that will not turn homeward

Give the book its due for nerve: unlike its predecessor in this series, it does not duck the hardest question. Soviet Socialist Democracy (1968) had staged the one-party objection as a doorstep query — "'But how can there be democracy when there is only one party?' the reader may ask" — and answered it defensively. Topornin and Machulsky devote a whole section, "Socialism and the Multi-Party System," to meeting it head-on, and their answer is more revealing than any evasion. "The idea of a political opposition," they write, "is incompatible with socialism, but not because Communists fear competition, as the adversaries of Marxism-Leninism maintain." Why, then? "The Communists are against the idea of establishing an opposition, because it would not have a social base and would not be supported by any classes." And the conclusion, stated without embarrassment: "If such a party

were allowed freely to carry on its activities, it would disorganise social life, slow down and complicate socialist development."

There it is, in the open. The book's definition of democracy is the fullest possible participation of the masses in power; and in the same book, an opposition is banned because it might "disorganise social life." Democracy is invoked as a value and denied as a practice on facing pages. The book is even willing to concede the history plainly — "the multi-party system was abolished in [some countries] owing to the historical process and not to a 'communist conspiracy.'" This was true of Soviet Russia" — which is an admission that in Russia the single party was abolished into being, not arrived at by any democratic act. The elections that remain are described with pride: "In the Soviet Union, 99.89 per cent of the electorate voted in the 1971 elections to the republican Supreme Soviets." No contested contest is anywhere described in the volume, because there was none to describe; a figure of 99.89 per cent is not a measure of participation but of its abolition.

Now the second question — the dictatorship turned inward — and here the book does something extraordinary. It quotes the charge, in full, from a critic, and then waves it away. The Austrian communist Franz Marek is allowed to state the Trotskyist and left-communist case exactly: "All power is being concentrated in the Party leadership's hands, i.e., instead of power being in the hands of the working class, the latter is in the hands of Party power.... Instead of being the ruling class, it is again becoming a means of manipulation." That is the whole indictment — the bureaucracy rules in the workers' name — set down by the book's own hand. Its reply is a single sentence: "Reality, however, refutes such allegations." No evidence follows; the refutation is the assertion. The category that the book applies without limit to bourgeois society — that behind formal power lies real powerlessness — is raised against the Soviet state, named, and then declared inadmissible by fiat.

The book will admit error of a certain managed kind. It concedes that in Soviet Russia "we had to exercise the dictatorship of the proletariat in its harshest form" (quoting Lenin) and that "repressive measures" were taken; the concession is folded into a justification, the harshness attributed entirely to the ferocity of the class enemy. What it will never do is let the concept of unaccountable power settle on the CPSU. Across the book the Party is only ever the subject combating deformation, never its object. That asymmetry — not any single falsehood — is the finding.

Prague, inverted

The Prague Spring of 1968 was the most serious attempt in the bloc's history to build the very thing this book claims already to embody: a socialism that was also a democracy, "socialism with a human face." It was crushed by Soviet and Warsaw Pact tanks in August 1968, six years before this book went to press. One might expect a volume on socialist democracy to be silent about it, as this series has learned to expect silence about the awkward. It is not silent. It names 1968 repeatedly — and inverts it completely.

The reform communists become "Right-wing forces" who "openly attacked the socialist system in an effort to destroy the people's revolutionary gains." Their programme of a two-party system and a loyal opposition becomes a plot by "technocrats and intellectuals" to install an "elite technocratic representative democracy" over the heads of the workers. And the invasion itself is rendered in the language that the whole bloc adopted for it: the counter-revolution was defeated, the book says, thanks to "the healthy core of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia and the international assistance rendered by the Soviet Union and other socialist countries." Half a million troops and the end of an elected leadership's reforms are "international assistance." A book arguing that socialist democracy is real popular power describes the military suppression of a popular reform movement as the rescue of democracy from its enemies. No sentence in the volume states its actual logic more clearly.

Correcting the record: the Trotsky the book needs

Because it is a "reply to opportunists," the book must supply a genealogy of error, and Trotsky is cast as its fountainhead. He is "one of its first theorists" of "Left revisionism"; he wished to "'governmentalise' the trade unions, 'merge' them with the state and introduce military discipline in them"; for him "the peasantry was ... the workers' enemy and, therefore, the state should be strengthened through ruining the peasants"; and his "adventurist spirit" is made the source of Maoism.

Fairness requires a distinction here, because part of this is not invented. In the trade-union controversy of 1920–21, and in *Terrorism and Communism* (1920), Trotsky did argue for the statification of the unions and the militarisation of labour under War Communism; the book's charge on that narrow point rests on a real text and a real position, and it would be dishonest to pretend otherwise. But the use made of it is a fabrication of a familiar kind. "Ruining the peasants" is a gross distortion of the theory of permanent revolution, whose actual

content is a worker–peasant alliance under proletarian leadership, not war on the peasantry; the line of descent to Maoism is polemical invention; and the whole procedure quietly performs the amalgam this series keeps meeting — taking the most authoritarian moment of an opponent's career and making it his essence. The deeper dishonesty is one of selection. The Trotsky the regime actually feared, and had had assassinated in 1940, was not the Trotsky of 1920 but the Trotsky of 1936 — the author of the most powerful indictment ever written of exactly the bureaucratic coercion this book was published to defend. That Trotsky does not appear. He could not be allowed to, because he had already refuted the book.

The same inversion governs the book's other historical set-pieces. Hungary in 1956 appears only as a "reactionar[y]" attempt to "revive Trotsky's scheme" and set "workers' councils" against "the bodies of people's power" — the workers' councils of the Hungarian revolution recast as a counter-revolutionary device. The pattern is consistent: wherever workers or reform communists tried to take power into their own hands against the apparatus, the book files it under counter-revolution.

What holds up

A reader told that everything here is worthless learns nothing, and it would not be true. The book's underlying critique of purely formal democracy is a serious argument with a long and honourable Marxist pedigree, and it is not answered by indignation. When Topornin and Machulsky write that bourgeois democracy is "inconsistent, imperfect, limited," that "the economic power of the capitalists ... gives them political power," that formal equality "proves to be a lie and hypocrisy in a bourgeois society" because "only the ruling class can really enjoy democratic rights and freedoms" — they are saying something true, and something the revolutionary socialist movement said long before there was a Soviet Union and says still. Political equality that coexists with economic domination is a thin thing; the freedom of the press is, in large measure, the freedom of those who own presses. Revolutionary Marxists make this case too. The book even credits bourgeois democracy with its historical achievement: it "played a progressive role," it "created parliament and introduced universal suffrage, local government and courts by jury."

The trouble is not that this instrument is blunt. It is that it is sharp, and only ever pointed one way. The critique of formal democracy is real, and it is here performing a theft — a

genuine argument about the hollowness of capitalist democracy pressed into service to launder a state that had abolished contested elections, independent unions, a free press and the right to strike (the word "strike" in this book denotes only what workers do under capitalist governments). That is the bait-and-switch on which the whole volume runs: establish that formal rights can mask real powerlessness, then forbid anyone to ask whether Soviet rights did the same.

The reply

The answer the book cannot give had been in print, from within Marxism, since 1936. In *The Revolution Betrayed*, written in the months the Stalin Constitution was being drafted, Trotsky examined the exact doctrine this book proclaims — the passage from the dictatorship of the proletariat to a "state of the whole people" — and named it "the fundamental sophism of the official doctrine." The new constitution's move from class-based to universal suffrage was, he wrote, "a matter ... of juridically liquidating the dictatorship of the proletariat": where the book celebrates that formula as democracy fulfilled, Trotsky saw the dissolution of a class "in 'the nation' politically, long before it is economically dissolved in society" — a formula that identified "the bureaucracy with the state, and the state with the people" (ch. 10, "In the Mirror of the New Constitution"). His verdict on the equality the book advertises is the one sentence that answers the whole volume: "The equality of the rights of workers and peasants means, in reality, an equal lack of rights before the bureaucracy."

And on the single party, Trotsky had already answered the precise argument Topornin and Machulsky make. Their claim that an opposition can be banned because it "would not have a social base" is Bukharin's claim of 1936 — "partisans of the hostile liquidated classes organized in parties cannot be permitted" — which Trotsky quoted and demolished in the same chapter: "the existing political differences are far from comprised in the alternative: to socialism or to capitalism. There are other questions: How go toward socialism, with what tempo, etc. ... If the nourishing soil for political parties has really disappeared, then there is no reason to forbid them." The prohibition of an opposition, on this reading, is not evidence that classes have withered but evidence that a bureaucracy fears the discontent it has generated — "its rabid insistence upon strangling all criticism." Against a state that called itself the rule of the whole people, Trotsky's conclusion was not despair but a demand for the restoration of Soviet democracy through a political revolution against the caste that

had usurped it — the argument this series treats as the standard against which every Soviet account of Soviet society must be read.

But *The Revolution Betrayed* is a critique, and a critique can be waved off as merely negative — the complaint of a defeated man with nothing to put in the place of what he attacks. The book's challenge is constructive: it insists that socialist democracy means the single party, that opposition is "incompatible with socialism," and it dares its opponents to say what else socialist democracy could be. The tradition Trotsky founded took up exactly that dare, and answered it not with liberalism but with a more thoroughgoing socialist democracy than anything in Topornin and Machulsky's pages. Its mature statement is a formal programmatic document: *Dictatorship of the Proletariat and Socialist Democracy*, drafted by Ernest Mandel and adopted by the Eleventh (1979) and, in revised form, the Twelfth (1985) World Congresses of the Fourth International. It postdates the 1974 book, and is offered here as the tradition's considered answer rather than a contemporaneous one — but its target is precisely the doctrine this volume defends. Against the claim that a single party expresses the unity of a classless society, the resolution states flatly: "In no way does the Marxist theory of the state entail the concept that a one-party system is a necessary precondition or feature of workers' power, a workers' state, or the dictatorship of the proletariat." No such proposal, it observes, appears anywhere in Marx, Engels, Lenin or Trotsky; the one-party doctrine is a later Stalinist invention, serving only as "apologies for the monopoly of political power usurped by the Soviet bureaucracy." And its positive counter-position is the exact inverse of the book's — genuine workers' power requires the plurality the book forbids: "Without full freedom to organise political groups, tendencies, and parties, no full flowering of democratic rights and freedoms for the toiling masses is possible under the dictatorship of the proletariat." The real choice, the resolution holds, is between "genuine workers' democracy" with "freedom of political organisation of all those who abide by the soviet constitution in practice (including those who do not ideologically support the soviet system)" and "a decisive restriction of these political rights of the working class itself." Where the book offers workers' councils or a plurality of parties and files the second under bourgeois deviation, the resolution demands workers' councils and the freedom of tendencies, press and organisation, and treats any curtailment of that freedom as a restriction not of the class enemy's rights but of "the political rights of the proletariat." This is the answer the subtitle invites and cannot survive: the charge that its opponents were "opportunists" smuggling capitalism back in is met, from within revolutionary

Marxism and in a congress resolution, by a programme more democratic than the book's own.

The reality the book omits was, in 1974, arriving weekly in the press of the tradition Trotsky founded. As these pages went to English, *Intercontinental Press* carried "Solzhenitsyn's 'Gulag Archipelago'" on the cover of its first issue of the year (vol. 12, no. 1, 14 January 1974), "Solzhenitsyn in Exile" a month later on his deportation (vol. 12, no. 7, 25 February 1974), and "Yevtushenko's Defense of Solzhenitsyn" the week after (vol. 12, no. 8, 4 March 1974), while tracking the campaign around Plyushch and the punitive-psychiatry cases through the spring. The two bodies of print describe the same state in the same year and do not touch at a single point. One calls it the highest democracy in history; the other reports, case by case, what that democracy did to citizens who spoke.

It is a striking confirmation of the reflexivity test that this book and its exact contemporary in this series — Vladimir Tumanov's *Contemporary Bourgeois Legal Thought*, also Progress, also 1974 — fall silent at the very same point. Neither names Solzhenitsyn; neither names the Chronicle; neither names the psychiatric hospitals; both were written by able men who had the facts and a professional reason to engage them. Tumanov could see the class content of an American loyalty statute and not the Serbsky Institute. Topornin and Machulsky can see the hollowness of a bourgeois election and not a 99.89-per-cent turnout. The blindness is not a failure of intelligence. It is the one thing the category was built never to see.

Read the book, then, for what it honestly is: the sharpest official statement available in English of how the Soviet state argued its own democratic superiority at the precise moment — Solzhenitsyn on the plane to Frankfurt, the Chronicle counting the arrests — when that argument became impossible to sustain. The authors chose the ground and framed the question. On their own terms, and by their own definition of democracy, they lose.

The Political Economy of Capitalism

The orthodox Marxist account of capitalism as the Soviet academy taught it: commodity, surplus value, accumulation, crisis, and Lenin on imperialism. A clear and competent exposition of Capital, revised into the mid-1980s.

Maria Nikolaevna Ryndina and Gennady Pavlovich Chernikov

Introduction to the 1974 Edition

The Political Economy of Capitalism is one half of a machine. It teaches the Marxist economics of a single mode of production — the capitalist one — across eight chapters that run from the subject-matter and method of the discipline through commodity production, surplus value, accumulation and the industrial reserve army, the distribution of surplus value among the propertied classes, the reproduction of social capital and crises, monopoly and finance capital, and finally state-monopoly capitalism. It stops exactly there, at the frontier of the system it has anatomised, and hands the reader over. The other half of the machine is the political economy of socialism, and in this series it is supplied by a companion volume from the same Soviet stable, A. M. Rumyantsev's Political Economy, whose second part takes up precisely where Ryndina and Chernikov lay down their tools. The two books were built to one specification and share one doctrine. Read together — and they should be read together — they make an instructive pair, because the first of them is very largely right and the second is not, and the reason the second fails is already legible in the first.

A word first about when this book was written, because the imprint misleads and the misleading is worth a moment. The English volume carries "© Progress Publishers 1974", and its editors, M. Ryndina and G. Chernikov, present it as a standard teaching text of the kind Soviet academic economics produced by the collective rather than the individual. But the book in your hands is not the 1974 text reprinted. Its evidence reaches into the middle 1980s. It describes the world slump of "1980-1982" as a completed event, gives US output falling "9.1 per cent" in it, records that "Unemployment reached 31 million in 1984" across the developed capitalist world, cites the "25th and 26th CPSU Congresses" — the twenty-sixth met in 1981 — and draws its inflation figures from S. M. Menshikov's Inflation and the Crisis of Economic Regulation, a Moscow book of 1979. Whatever its 1974 ancestry, the text has been revised to sit in the early-to-middle 1980s, the

late-Brezhnev and Andropov-Chernenko years that Soviet economists would themselves shortly call the era of stagnation. That dating is not pedantry. It fixes the book at the precise moment when the socialist economy whose superiority it everywhere assumes was seizing up — growth sliding, investment returns falling, the chronic shortages of the command system settling into permanence — and it fixes the book's confident prediction of capitalism's imminent, law-governed downfall at the hour of that other, unmentioned exhaustion. Everything that is wrong with the book turns on that gap.

What the book gets right

The core of The Political Economy of Capitalism — the long central stretch from commodity production through to the reproduction schemes — is an exposition of Marx's Capital, and it is a competent one. It proceeds in Marx's order and by Marx's logic. It takes the commodity as "the simplest economic cell from which Marx starts his analysis of capitalism"; it develops the twofold character of labour, the value form and the genesis of money; it derives surplus value and states the matter without flinching: "The law of surplus-value expresses the essence of capitalist exploitation, the basic production relation of capitalism" — that between capitalists and wage-workers — and, further, "The law of surplus-value is the law of evolution of the capitalist mode of production, leading, in the final count, to the socialist revolution." It handles wages, the general law of accumulation and the reserve army, the average rate of profit, ground rent, the circuit of capital, the reproduction of social capital and the theory of crises; and in its last third it expounds Lenin's Imperialism — concentration, finance capital, the export of capital, the division of the world, and the growing-over of monopoly into state-monopoly capitalism. Above all it teaches commodity fetishism as a category and not a slogan: value is a social relation that appears as a property of things, so that "Commodities rule, as it were, over people." It teaches that the law of value operates behind the producers' backs,

spontaneously, as the coercive regulator of an economy nobody consciously directs, and that this law "continues in the stage of monopoly capitalism" rather than being abolished by it.

The exposition is at its most assured where Marx and Lenin are most concrete. On accumulation the book gives the general law and the industrial reserve army straight — the reserve of unemployed as a lever of accumulation and a discipline on wages, a category it deploys some eight times and pins to figures its own late date could supply. On the imperialist stage it follows Lenin's Imperialism closely: the concentration of production and its growing-over into monopoly, finance capital and the financial oligarchy that "throws a close network of dependence relationships over all the economic and political institutions of present-day bourgeois society", the export of capital, the division of the world and the colonial system and its collapse. On distribution it handles the average rate of profit, the transformation of values into prices of production and the theory of ground rent — the split of surplus value among the propertied classes — with the patience the subject needs. None of this is potted or sloganised; it is the argument of Capital and of Imperialism set out to be learned.

This is real Marxist political economy, competently taught to a great many readers in the language of international circulation, and it should be said without hedging, because the tradition from which this introduction is written — the anti-Stalinist, revolutionary-Marxist tradition — shares the analysis entire. On the anatomy of capital there is no quarrel between this textbook and its critics. A reader who worked through these chapters would emerge genuinely equipped to take apart a capitalist economy. The disagreement does not begin with Capital. It begins with what the book does, and refuses to do, with the categories it has just so carefully built.

The one-directional instrument

Here is the striking fact about this volume, and it is a fact about silence. The book is 68,000 words on the laws of commodity production, value, money, wage-labour, price and profit. It insists, correctly, that these are objective laws — "They are objective since objective are production relations" — laws that under capitalism "operate spontaneously" and confront their participants as an alien necessity, precisely because no one consciously governs the economy in which they hold. And it never once turns this instrument on the society that commissioned it. The words "Soviet Union" do not appear in the book at all. "USSR" appears once. The categories that the book calls the very machinery of exploitation — the

commodity, money, value, wages, price, profit, credit — demonstrably operated inside the Soviet economy of the 1980s, as anyone who shopped in it knew; and the book that expounds them at this length cannot see them there, because its brief forbids it. The analytical tool built with such care in the first seven chapters is permitted to point in exactly one direction.

The book even states, in its methodological opening, the criterion that would convict it, and then declines to apply it. Under capitalism, it explains, economic laws "operate spontaneously"; whereas "in socialist society economic laws are realised in conscious, organised activity of all society's members." That is Marx's own distinction, and a fair one: the difference between a society ruled by its product and a society that has mastered its own labour is exactly the difference between spontaneity and conscious control. But it is a test, not a certificate. Whether the Soviet economy of 1984 — with its assortment failures, its input hoarding, its plans routinely overrun, its shortages queued for in the street — was in fact an economy "realised in conscious, organised activity of all society's members," or an economy still ruled behind the backs of its producers by a bureaucracy that priced, allocated and commanded in their name, is a question the book raises by its own logic and cannot ask. The vocabulary of value the book teaches is the vocabulary that answers it. Where commodities still "rule, as it were, over people" — where money, price and wage still do their old work — the producers have not yet consciously mastered their economy, and one is looking not at socialism achieved but at a transitional society managing its unresolved commodity relations through a state. The book knows this about capitalism. It is not allowed to notice it about home.

The companion volume closes the trap. Rumyantsev's Political Economy, expounding the political economy of socialism that Ryndina and Chernikov leave offstage, states in so many words that commodity production and the law of value persist under socialism — that the law of value goes on operating there too, now put to work for the planned, balanced management of the economy rather than left to regulate it spontaneously. So the same publisher, in the same doctrine, in the volume that continues this one, concedes that the categories The Political Economy of Capitalism has just identified as the essence of a system of exploitation go on operating in the USSR. Ryndina's book supplies the anatomy; Rumyantsev's supplies the confession; and neither is permitted to hold the two pages against each other. Our introduction to the Rumyantsev volume takes up what follows from the confession — that a political economy of socialism is, in

Marx's own terms, a contradiction, the science of an economy not yet mastered by its producers. Here the point is narrower and, in its way, sharper: this book teaches you everything you need in order to draw that conclusion, and stops one chapter short of the place where you would have to.

The reply the book forbids itself

The turn that *The Political Economy of Capitalism* will not make was made, against precisely this bureaucratic habit, half a century before its editors set the doctrine down. In *The Revolution Betrayed* (1936), in the chapter on the productivity of labour and the fate of money, Trotsky treated the survival of money and value under Soviet conditions not as a settled feature to be catalogued but as the measure of a distance not yet travelled. "State compulsion like money compulsion," he wrote, "is an inheritance from the class society, which is incapable of defining the relations of man by man except in the form of fetishes, churchly or secular." The persistence of the money form was therefore an index of how far Soviet society still stood from its declared goal, not a proof that it had arrived: only when "the steady growth of social wealth" had freed men from their "miserly attitude toward every excess minute of labor" would money, "having lost its ability to bring happiness or trample men in the dust ... turn into mere bookkeeping receipts for the convenience of statisticians and for planning purposes." That is the argument Ryndina and Chernikov build the equipment for and never run. What Trotsky read as a symptom of an unfinished transition, the doctrine this book serves enthrones — in its companion volume — as a permanent law of a completed order. The whole difference between a critical and an apologetic Marxism lives in that single move, and *The Political Economy of Capitalism* is the apparatus of the critique lent, intact, to the apology.

Collapse as a law — and the control experiment

The book's other characteristic move is teleological, and it is where the exposition of Marx passes over into something Marx did not write. Capitalism, we are told, is in "the period of the general crisis of capitalism" — a distinct and irreversible historical phase, opened by 1917, marked by "greater instability and decay of the capitalist economy," in which the system's downfall is not a possibility argued for but a law reported on. State-monopoly capitalism, the book's final subject, is "monopoly capitalism combining the power of capitalist monopolies and state power in the name of saving the capitalist system" — and it saves nothing: "Far from

eliminating capitalist contradictions, state-monopoly capitalism further aggravates them, thereby accelerating the formation of the prerequisites for transition to socialism." Lenin is quoted for the verdict that state-monopoly capitalism is "a complete material preparation for socialism." Practice, the book says in its opening chapter, has confirmed "the historical soundness of Marxist-Leninist economic teaching on laws of capitalism and inevitability of its destruction in a revolutionary way"; the whole is designed to leave the student with "a firm conviction in the triumph of communism" and the certainty that "the capitalist system is doomed."

Two things must be said about this. The first is that the "general crisis of capitalism," presented here as the natural continuation of Marx and Lenin, is neither. As a periodising doctrine with its own stages and laws it is a construction of the Stalin era, elaborated in the 1930s and after and handed down as catechism; Marx's crisis theory, which the book expounds accurately in an earlier chapter, is a theory of a recurrent cycle, not of a one-way slide to a dated collapse. The move from the one to the other converts an analysis of capitalism's contradictions into a prophecy of its imminent, law-governed death — and a prophecy is a hostage to events in a way an analysis is not. The second thing is that events obliged. This book, revised to about 1984, teaches at length that the capitalist system is in its terminal general crisis and that its state-monopoly form is the antechamber of socialism — and within seven years of that revision it was the socialist system, the one the book will not name and cannot examine, that abolished the plan for the market and then ceased to exist, while the capitalism it had pronounced doomed did not oblige. This is not hindsight scoring a cheap point. A political economy claims to have found the objective laws of its object and to have read the future off them. When the future arrives and inverts the prediction — when the moribund system survives and the "complete material preparation for socialism" turns out to have prepared nothing — the claim is answerable, and the honest verdict is that these were not laws but a liturgy.

The book's blindness to its own side is visible in a single reserved word. Stagnation is a thing that happens only to capitalism: the monopoly economy's decay, the "stagflation" of the West, the depressed reproduction of the imperialist slump. It is never once turned on the Soviet economy, which in 1984 was the more stagnant of the two. So too with crisis, reserved throughout for the capitalist cycle, and with the whole vocabulary of shortage, applied to the capitalist money market and the developing world but never to the Soviet consumer. The reflexive question that this series puts to every volume in the library — can the category be turned on the speaker's own

side? — comes back, here, flatly negative. Crisis, stagnation, anarchy of production and the tyranny of the value form are things that happen to the other system.

The graves under the discipline

There is one further silence, and it concerns the discipline's own past. The Political Economy of Capitalism can expound the law of value across forty passages without ever mentioning that the law of value under Soviet conditions was the central, founding problem of Soviet economics in the 1920s, fought out by economists of the first rank. Evgeny Preobrazhensky, whose *The New Economics* (1926) made exactly that problem its subject and gave the debate its most powerful category — "primitive socialist accumulation" — is absent: the name does not occur, nor does the concept. Nikolai Bukharin, his great antagonist, is absent. Nikolai Kondratiev and Alexander Chayanov, whose work on cycles and on peasant economy was of international standing, are absent. Trotsky is absent; Stalin, whose 1952 *Economic Problems of Socialism in the USSR* fixed the very doctrine of the persistence of value that the companion volume reproduces, is absent. This is a book on the political economy of capitalism, and so it has, formally, no occasion to rehearse the Soviet debates — but that is exactly the convenience of confining it to capitalism. The men who conducted those debates were, most of them, shot: Preobrazhensky in 1937, Bukharin in 1938, Kondratiev in 1938, Chayanov in 1937. The serene discipline this book teaches was built over the discipline they made, and its serenity depends on the reader not knowing they are there. The companion volume performs the same erasure at greater length, with Trotsky admitted once as the supposed author of a nameless "principle" and Stalin's formulae reproduced without his name; here the erasure is simply total, and the more restful for it.

Where to read the other side

The Political Economy of Capitalism should be reprinted, and read, for what it honestly is: a competent, complete and usable Marxist economics of the capitalist mode of production, the export teaching text of a great state, and — in everything it says about Capital — shared ground with the tradition that answers it. The reader who wants the other half of the argument has it close to hand, and much of it stands in the tradition the book's doctrine claims and cannot name. Trotsky's *The Revolution Betrayed* remains the standard against which every Soviet account of Soviet society should be read; its chapters on money, value and the state supply exactly the

reflexive analysis this book builds the tools for and forbids itself to attempt. Within this series, the companion Rumyantsev volume is the necessary second reading, because it says out loud what this one leaves implicit — that the law of value goes on operating in the USSR — and thereby completes the case against itself. And the deepest of the disagreements this whole subject contains, whether a planned economy can dispense with the market and the value form at all, was argued out in these very years between Ernest Mandel and Alec Nove, from the two sides of the socialist-calculation question; that debate begins where this book ends, from the premise the book cannot grant — that the socialist economy is a real object of critical economic analysis, capable of disproportion, waste and failure, and not merely the triumphant subject of a curriculum. The whole of *The Political Economy of Capitalism* is a demonstration of how good a Marxist economics can be for as long as it is required to face in only one direction, and of what it costs the moment it is asked to turn round.

U.S. Neocolonialism in Africa

An American Communist economist, writing from inside the Soviet foreign-policy institute, documents the machinery of neocolonialism in Africa - Firestone in Liberia, aid as leverage, the killing of Lumumba. Finished five weeks before the Portuguese empire fell.

Stewart Smith

Introduction to the 1974 Edition

Most of the Progress volumes in this series were written in Moscow by Soviet institutes and translated for export. This one was written in Moscow by an American. U.S. Neocolonialism in Africa carries a foreword by Henry Winston, National Chairman of the Communist Party, USA; it thanks, for their "inspiration," Gus Hall and Winston himself, and, for their "personal interest," James S. Allen of International Publishers; and its author, who signs himself "Stewart Smith," describes himself as a "progressive American economist" writing "from the vantage point of the Institute of World Economy and International Relations in Moscow," the great Soviet foreign-policy institute known by its Russian initials, IMEMO. The book is dedicated "To Amilcar Cabral and all dedicated fighters for national liberation and Socialism." What we have, then, is an American Communist's book, produced inside the Soviet research apparatus, aimed — Winston's foreword says so — at "all those people of the United States—white and black—who are concerned with this struggle," and offered to the African liberation movements as, in Winston's phrase, "a weapon in the struggle of some 400 million African people for liberation." Assert nothing about the man beyond that: the book states what it states, and the rest is not ours to supply.

Date the text, not the spine. The copyright page reads 1974, but the argument has two layers. The Preface is signed "Moscow, July 1972" and sets the "cut-off date 1971, in a few cases 1972." That is the body of the book. Bolted onto it is a fifth part, an "Afterword," signed "March 1974," which carries the story forward to the Paris accords on Vietnam of January 1973, the US-USSR agreement on the prevention of nuclear war of June 1973, the October 1973 Arab-Israeli war, and the assassination of Cabral in January 1973. So the core is a 1972 text and the final layer a March 1974 one — and, unusually for this series, there is almost no translation lag to discount: this English edition is contemporary with its own argument. It closes one month before the Portuguese empire fell. When

Smith writes in March 1974 of "continued political-military victories of national liberation movements in the Portuguese colonies," the Carnation Revolution in Lisbon that would liquidate those colonies was five weeks away; Angola and Mozambique would be independent within eighteen months. The book stands, precisely, on the eve.

What is documented, and it is a great deal

Begin with the credit, because this is a book whose criticism is worthless if the reader is left thinking it is a fabrication. It is not. Much of what U.S. Neocolonialism in Africa documents is real, and some of it is documented well.

The mechanisms it anatomises were the actual machinery of Western domination in post-independence Africa. Smith traces the US corporate stake — Firestone's rubber concession in Liberia, secured in 1926 behind a government that a 1931 League of Nations inquiry found to be practising "widespread forced labor and semi-slavery"; the Kaiser aluminium complex on the Volta; the pattern by which political independence without economic independence leaves a formally sovereign state trapped in unequal trade, primary-commodity dependence, and aid conditioned on political compliance. His chapter on aid catches the lever in the act: US "aid-financed sales of grain to the UAR for local currency were used as a lever in an effort to pry political and military concessions," and "when these were not forthcoming, aid-financed trade dropped precipitously." That is neocolonialism described exactly — the substitution of the loan and the commodity for the gunboat.

On the two great crimes of the period he is on solid ground. The murder of Patrice Lumumba he narrates without flinching and, in its essentials, correctly: that "US agencies undoubtedly had a direct hand in getting Mobutu, Adoula and Kasavubu to depose and arrest Lumumba," who was then "unconscionably handed over, together with Maurice Mpolo ... and Joseph Okito ... to Tshombe, Munongo, Kibwe, Kimbe and Mutaka—to be murdered by his arch-enemies." Written in

1972, that was an accusation; the United States Senate's own Church Committee would confirm the CIA's assassination plotting against Lumumba three years later. On the overthrow of Kwame Nkrumah in February 1966 he assembles the economic siege that preceded it — the collapse of the cocoa price, the withholding of Western credit until the coup, and then the "feverish granting of international credits (previously withheld)" the moment Nkrumah was gone. And on Southern Africa he is unambiguous and right: US "critical support for Portugal, partially screened via NATO," and Washington's "buffering of South Africa as the strongest imperialist ally on the continent." The Cold-War literature that treated African decolonisation as a Soviet plot was very often an apology for the colonial power and for Pretoria; where Smith records Western and settler violence, believe him.

And he passes the test this series applies hardest, the citation test. Smith does not work from Soviet framing at second hand; he reads the American sources in the original and turns them against Washington. His footnotes run to the Department of State Bulletin, to Senate Foreign Relations Committee reports, to RAND and Hudson Institute studies of how much money it takes "to keep a country within the US orbit," to Newsweek and The New York Times, to W. E. B. DuBois and Immanuel Wallerstein. Winston's foreword advertises the method and the book delivers on it: "Relying mainly on US and other Western sources," Smith convicts American imperialism largely out of the mouths of its own officials and scholars. In a series whose reference volumes so often characterise an opponent they never quote, this is a real and creditable difference. The indictment of US neocolonialism has content, and a good deal of it would stand in any court.

The ledger with one side

The trouble is not with what the book documents but with what its category is forbidden to touch. The book's organising concept is neocolonialism — the domination of a nominally independent state by a great power through economic leverage, covert action, arms, and client regimes. It is a sharp instrument, and Smith wields it with precision. He wields it in exactly one direction. In a book issued by the Soviet state, at the height of that state's own drive for position across Africa — the treaties of friendship, the arms, the advisers, the client governments it was arming and re-arming from Cairo to Mogadishu — the possibility that great-power domination might have a Soviet form is not entertained, not rebutted, not raised. The USSR appears only ever as the benevolent counter-principle: the vote for the aid project the West refused,

the arms the progressive state could not get in Washington, the peacemaker in the Middle East, "the necessary support and assistance to the progressive Arab states in their most trying times," in the Brezhnev pronouncement Smith quotes as authority.

The asymmetry is at its cleanest where the same mechanism appears on both sides of the page. Aid-as-leverage, when Washington practises it, is imperialism — the grain used "as a lever." Aid, when Moscow extends it, is solidarity, and Smith says so in as many words, staging "how the political-economic composite of Socialist assistance contrasts with that of the United States" through "the now classical events surrounding the financing of the Aswan Dam": Soviet credit at "low-interest rates—2.5%" against the West's "4-7% and more," repayable in the borrower's own exports, tied to plant and training rather than to political concession. The economic facts may well be as he gives them; Soviet terms often were softer. But the analytic vanishes at the border. The question the book puts to every American dollar — what does the giver purchase with it? — is never once put to a Soviet rouble. That the USSR too was buying position, that its aid too came with an expected orientation, is not argued and rejected; it is unthinkable within the frame.

This must be said fairly, because the frame is not simply false. Soviet arms and Soviet backing for the movements fighting Portuguese colonialism and apartheid — for the MPLA, for FRELIMO, for the PAIGC that Cabral led, for SWAPO — were, on the decisive question, genuinely on the side of African liberation, and the anti-Stalinist tradition from which this introduction is written said so at the time and says so now. This is not a case where Moscow's hand and Washington's were morally interchangeable. The point is narrower and it is about the book's method: a concept of great-power domination that has been built so that it can only ever be turned outward is not an analysis but a brief. And the reply corpus turned it the other way in the very years Smith was writing. The small Trotskyist review of African liberation, *Africa in Struggle* — its subtitle "in the whirlwind of permanent revolution" — described, without embarrassment, "the principles behind Soviet policy in Africa and the neo-colonial world generally": policy "guided by the need to extend Soviet influence: primarily political and strategic, secondarily economic." The phrase the book reserves for Washington — "the neo-colonial world" — the review applied to the conduct of Moscow. One tradition could name a Soviet interest in Africa; the other had defined its central category so that no such interest could be described.

There is a fossil of this buried in Smith's own pages, and it is worth exhuming because the later volumes of this series live off it. Writing in 1972, Smith reports approvingly that "the Somali Republic had felt its independence best served by rejecting, at first, a US offer of arms and planes and turning to the Soviet Union for aid." Somalia, in his ledger, is a state that chose its natural ally. Within five years the Soviet Union would abandon that ally — expel from it, transfer its arms and a Cuban expeditionary force to Somalia's enemy Ethiopia, and help reconquer the Ogaden from the very army it had built. Africa in Struggle, covering that reversal in June 1978, drew the moral Smith's frame could not hold: "This cynicism towards the class character of the state explains why it is possible for the Soviet Union to support brutal petit bourgeois regimes in Somalia and Ethiopia," where "alliances can be shifted at will—yesterday's 'progressive' becomes today's 'reactionary'." The client Smith praises in 1972 is the client Moscow discards in 1977. The two later volumes in this series that narrate that discarding — the Academy of Sciences survey USSR and Countries of Africa (Progress, 1980), which cannot bring itself to print the word "Cuban" or the word "Ogaden," and the anniversary showcase Ten Years of the Ethiopian Revolution (Progress, 1986) — are the sequel to Smith's sentence, and they confirm what the reflexivity test finds here: the category of great-power domination, in Soviet hands, never turns inward.

What the frame omits: the class question and the African left

The deeper omission is not about the USSR at all. It is about Africa. Smith's Africa is a two-actor drama — imperialism and the national-liberation movement — and the internal life of the newly independent states, their own classes, their own workers and their own left, has almost no place in it. The "young African working class" and the "non-capitalist path" appear as promises; the possibility that a national or petty-bourgeois regime of the anti-imperialist camp might itself become an exploiter of its own people is not developed. When a "socialist-oriented" leader falls, the explanation is always exogenous: the price squeeze, the CIA, the withheld credit.

Take the case the book itself makes central, Nkrumah. Smith's account of the 1966 coup is the cocoa collapse plus Washington's hand — and both were real. But set it beside the account the Fourth International's tradition published within months of the event, and the difference is the whole argument of this series. Writing in the International Socialist Review in the summer of 1966, Henri Vallin ("Nkrumah's Downfall,"

ISR vol. 27 no. 3, whole no. 176) granted everything Smith grants — "there is therefore no doubt about the basic structure of Ghana's economy being neocolonial," and imperialism was indeed glad to be rid of Nkrumah — and then said what Smith will not. The regime had rotted from within: "ever-increasing bureaucratization of the Convention People's Party," "severe repression of trade-union autonomy," "rampant corruption among the government and the party functionaries," "growing privileges to the party and state bureaucracy" — a policy "based upon lack of confidence in the masses," which "could only heighten the apathy" in which a colonels' conspiracy could succeed. The coup, Vallin concluded, exposed "the historical failure of the petty-bourgeois nationalist leaders, who, while paying lip service to socialism and while taking some genuinely anti-imperialist measures, proved unable to destroy either the state machinery or the economic props of neocolonialist power ... because they feared to mobilize the masses on a broad scale." That is not a softer analysis than Smith's; it is a harder and a more complete one, and it was in print six years before he wrote. On the house test of whether the reply corpus scored the hit first and better, it plainly did: it saw the imperialist crime and the internal decay, where the official book could see only the crime.

Vallin also named the doctrine, and the naming reaches to the root of what Smith is defending. Nkrumah's Ghana, he wrote, was the attempted realisation of "that strange animal, a brain child of Nikita Khrushchev and other leaders of the Soviet bureaucracy, the 'national democratic state' ... neither a bourgeois nor workers state, as proclaimed in the new party program adopted at the twenty-second congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union." This is Smith's own theory. When Smith writes of African leaders "looking to a non-capitalist Path to Socialism," and lists Lumumba, Touré, Keita, Nyerere and Nkrumah as its bearers, leaning (in his account) on the young working class and the peasant masses, he is stating the doctrine of "non-capitalist development" — the claim that a backward country, with barely a proletariat, can cross over to socialism under a "revolutionary-democratic" leadership guided by the Soviet Union. It is the same doctrine that Rostislav Ulyanovsky, Moscow's chief theorist of it, states whole in Present-Day Problems in Asia and Africa (Progress, 1980), and the same doctrine that Ten Years of the Ethiopian Revolution applies to a committee of army officers. This series meets it again and again, and the answer to it is always the same text, in print since 1930. Trotsky's second thesis in The Permanent Revolution states the counter-case directly: "With regard to countries with a belated bourgeois development, especially the colonial and semi-colonial countries, the theory of the permanent revolution signifies that the complete and

genuine solution of their tasks of achieving democracy and national emancipation is conceivable only through the dictatorship of the proletariat as the leader of the subjugated nation, above all of its peasant masses." The quarrel was never over whether Africa must be freed. It was over whether a petty-bourgeois or military regime, tied to Moscow and standing in for a working class too small to rule, could administer socialism into being from above — or whether that formation would resolve, under pressure, back toward the market or into the hands of its own colonels. The reversals that Ulyanovsky could only call "betrayal," and that Smith could not foresee at all, are what the permanent-revolution analysis predicted, and they are what the record delivered.

The point cuts back to Cabral, to whom the book is dedicated. The Fourth International supported the same movements Smith supported — the PAIGC, FRELIMO, the MPLA — and it did so, as Africa in Struggle put it, precisely in order "to combine our support to the MPLA, FRELIMO, and the PAIGC with an analysis of the direction of their political development." That last clause is the one Smith's book cannot write. It can support a movement; it cannot analyse its development, because its frame contains no vocabulary for a liberation movement that might, in power, turn on its own workers. The movements were owed both the support and the analysis. Smith gives the first with his whole heart and withholds the second by construction.

The mark of the moment: Israel

One feature of the book belongs unmistakably to 1973–74 and should be named for what it is. Israel occurs in these pages some hundred and fifty times, far more than any African state, and Smith's treatment of it as a strategic instrument of the United States — armed with Phantoms and Skyhawks, deployed as "a battering ram against progressive Arab states" and "a means of further penetrating Africa" — has a real object: the American–Israeli alignment in the region was a fact, and African states were breaking relations with Israel in 1973 for reasons Smith reports accurately. But the framing runs with the Soviet campaign of its exact moment. Smith closes by endorsing the Organization of African Unity's Tenth Assembly of May 1973, which "condemned colonialism, racism and Zionism," and the non-aligned conference's call "to boycott Israel" — the amalgam of Zionism with colonialism and racism that Soviet diplomacy was then pressing and that would surface at the United Nations in 1975. It is the same current that produced this catalogue's *Caution: Zionism* (Ivanov, 1970). A reader should take the documented

US–Israeli strategic relationship for what it is and register the framing around it for what it is: not independent analysis but the house line of the hour.

How to read it

Read U.S. Neocolonialism in Africa as what it is at its best — a densely sourced, contemporary, radical American account of the economic and covert machinery by which the United States sought to dominate a decolonising continent, honest enough to convict Washington from Washington's own documents. On the aid-and-dependency trap, on Lumumba, on the Nkrumah siege, on US support for Portugal and Pretoria, it is a real source, and the anti-imperialist analysis at its core has content that the American radical and Fourth-Internationalist traditions shared. Its author believed what he wrote and stood, on the largest question, with the liberation of Africa.

But read it aware of the shape its convictions imposed. Its central category, neocolonialism, is a searchlight wired to point only outward: it illuminates every purchase Washington made with its dollars and cannot see what Moscow bought with its roubles, though the two later African volumes in this series record Moscow buying and re-selling its clients in the Horn within the decade. And its Africa is a continent of two forces, in which the liberation movement has enemies but no internal life, no class contradictions of its own, and no left that a "progressive" regime might crush — so that when Nkrumah fell, Smith could see the imperialist hand and not the bureaucratic rot that the Fourth International's press had described, more fully, six years before. The reply is not a hostile one. It supported the same movements against the same empires. What it insisted on, and what this book was built not to provide, was the second half of the sentence: support for the fighters, and an analysis of where they were going.

HISTORY

The Riddles of Three Oceans

Easter Island, Atlantis and a drowned Pacific continent, examined as scientific problems rather than romances - by a Soviet linguist who worked on deciphering the Indus Valley script and writes the Mohenjo-Daro chapters from inside that research.

Alexander Kondratov

Introduction to the 1974 Edition

Six hundred stone giants stand, or once stood, on a treeless speck of the South Pacific smaller than many airfields, some of them twenty metres tall, crowned with cylinders of red rock weighing thirty tons, carved and hauled and raised by a people who had no metal, no draught animals and no hoists. Nobody can read the wooden tablets they left behind. This is the sort of fact that opens *The Riddles of Three Oceans*, and the question Alexander Kondratov builds his book around is the one Easter Island has always provoked: how did so much civilisation come to rest on so little land? Could there have been more land once — a Pacific continent, now on the ocean floor, of which Easter Island is a surviving crumb? From that question the book fans out across all three great oceans and every science that might bear on it: geology, oceanography, archaeology, comparative linguistics, the study of where animals and plants are found and how they got there. It is, at bottom, a book about lost continents — Atlantis, Lemuria, a sunken Pacific land — written by a man determined to treat them as scientific problems rather than romances. That determination is what makes it worth reissuing, and worth reading with some care about where and when it was made.

Begin with the date, because in this series the date on the spine is rarely the date of the book. Progress Publishers put the English edition out in 1974, in Leonard Stoklitsky's translation, from the Russian *Tayny tryokh okeanov*. But the text itself belongs to the turn of the 1970s: the most recent work it cites — Louis Leakey's redating of early man, a 1968 monograph, references to underwater expeditions of the late sixties — runs out around 1968–69, and nothing later intrudes. So this is a book conceived at the close of the Khrushchev thaw and printed for the English-reading world half a decade on, in the détente years, when Moscow was keen to show the West a Soviet Union of laboratories and research fleets rather than tank divisions. It reached that world with the endorsement of the establishment: the foreword is signed by Academician S. Kalesnik — Stanislav Kalesnik, one of the country's most

eminent geographers and long the president of the Geographical Society of the USSR — and the Russian edition carried a panel of scientific consultants in geology, history, geography, philology and chemistry. One of them repays a second look. The consultant in chemistry, N. F. Zhironov, was himself the Soviet Union's leading "Atlantologist," author of a fat scientific defence of Atlantis; a book that weighs the lost-continent hypotheses and mostly finds them wanting had, sitting on its own advisory board, the country's most committed believer. That is a fair emblem of the book's temper. It is a work of the Soviet popular-science machine at close to its best — and the popularisation of science for a mass readership was one of the things the Soviet state genuinely did well, turning out cheap, handsome, serious books on everything from cosmology to cuneiform for readers who were expected to be interested and treated as though they were intelligent.

Kondratov was a good instrument for that machine. A Leningrad linguist and biologist by training, he was one of the most productive popular-science writers of his generation, and he had a real specialism behind the breadth: he had worked on the computer-assisted decipherment of ancient scripts, including the proto-Indian writing of the Indus Valley, and the book's long central section on the Dravidian problem and the fall of Mohenjo-Daro is written from inside that work, not cribbed from it. This matters for how one reads him. The temptation with a book like this — a tour of Atlantises — is to expect a showman. Kondratov is closer to the opposite. Kalesnik's foreword makes the promise and the book keeps it: the author "does not try to impose any of the hypotheses on the reader," and "the conclusions he draws are extremely cautious, and in cases where there is insufficient data the question is left open." "This highly interesting book is intended for the general reader," Kalesnik adds — and it is, but a general reader who is trusted to follow an argument to a genuinely inconclusive end.

The genuine science is the body of the book, and it holds up remarkably well for its age. Kondratov's method is to let one discipline check another and to believe a conclusion only

where they converge. The strongest single strand is zoogeography — the study of how animals come to be distributed as they are. Why is the Galaxias, a fish that cannot survive in salt water, found in the rivers of New Zealand and on scattered Pacific islands hundreds of kilometres from any continent? How did iguanas, poor swimmers, reach the Galápagos and Fiji? The old lost-continent theorists answered: land bridges, since sunk. Kondratov lays the argument out fairly, and then does the thing that separates science from folklore — he asks whether the newer earth sciences, plate tectonics and ocean-floor mapping among them, still need the bridge, and mostly finds they do not. He is equally good on the reverse move, where the sciences of the earth borrow a date from the sciences of man. His best worked example is close to home: on the Soviet Pacific coast, Neolithic shell-heaps are found not only along the present shore but kilometres inland and ten metres up, and from their matching contents the Soviet archaeologist A. Okladnikov and the geologist G. Ganeshin between them reconstructed how fast the coastline had risen — the spade dating the sea, the sea dating the spade. Passages like this are the book's real subject: not the lost continents, but the young discipline Kondratov is arguing into existence at the seam where geology and archaeology meet, the reading of "submarine outer space."

He is at his most bracing on the pseudoscience, and here the light critical history is worth a word, because the debunking is not neutral. The most seductive of the lost-continent systems in the West was Hanns Hörbiger's *Welteislehre*, or World Ice Theory — a cosmic doctrine in which the Moon was a late and catastrophic capture that drowned earlier civilisations — dressed up for a mass audience by the writer who called himself Bellamy. Kondratov's verdict is flat: "Bellamy's hypothesis is farfetched, to put it mildly," a fabric spun "only" from a calendar that has "not been authentically deciphered" and running "counter to fundamental findings of oceanography, geology, astronomy, archeology." He is just as dry about the Soviet science-fiction writer Alexander Kazantsev, who had the Tiahuanaco calendar left as a souvenir by visitors from Venus. This tidy-mindedness had a history the book does not dwell on but that a modern reader should hold in view: the *Welteislehre* Kondratov dismisses had been patronised in Nazi Germany at the highest levels, and the dream of a drowned Aryan homeland — Atlantis, Lemuria, Thule — had been thoroughly worked over by occultists and race-mystics before it reached the paperback racks. A Soviet materialist planting his feet against that whole tradition, and doing so without hysteria, is doing something more valuable than tidying a bibliography.

What keeps this from tipping into mere skepticism is that Kondratov refuses the easy sceptic's posture as firmly as the enthusiast's. His chapter on Atlantis sets the "Atlantophiles" against the "Atlantophobes" and finds both guilty of the same sin — certainty. The believers treat Plato's *Timaeus* and Critias as scripture: "Plato is their prophet." But the scoffers, who declare the question closed, speak "with as much confidence as though they themselves had witnessed events taking place 12,000 years ago." His own governing principle is that a legend may carry a "rational kernel" — that "even myths and legends can help because many have some foundation in fact" — and that the historian's job is to correct for the "prism of myths" through which real events reach us refracted. This is a thoroughly materialist reading of myth, and it is the intellectual spine of the book: not that the old stories are true, and not that they are lies, but that they are evidence, to be cross-examined like any other. The epilogue makes the discipline explicit, grading every claim by its probability in small capitals — it is **INDISPUTABLE** that sunken towns lie in coastal shallows; **PROBABLE** that land bridges helped early man disperse; **HIGHLY IMPROBABLE** that big land masses, inhabited by large numbers of people who created ancient civilisations, ever existed in the Indian, Pacific or Atlantic oceans." And then the honest coda, refusing to slam even the improbable door: "Let us wait and see what underwater exploration brings to light." A popular book that ends on a calibrated maybe, rather than a revelation, is a rarer and better thing than the genre usually delivers.

So it must be said plainly, against the habit of this series: on the recurring charges — the falsified history, the silences around 1917 or the Terror or 1968, the ritual counterposing of socialist virtue to bourgeois vice — this book is essentially clean. It is popular science, and it is honest popular science. There is no roll-call of Party congresses, no obligatory Lenin at the head of each chapter, no claim that Soviet oceanography is peaceful where the West's is predatory. Kondratov cites foreign scientists as warmly as Soviet ones — Darwin, Huxley, Haeckel, Wallace, Leakey, and Jacques Cousteau, whose oceanauts he salutes with an internationalist's ease: "We are as proud of oceanauts as we are of astronauts." Where a faint national tint shows through it is mild and almost endearing — the Volga-delta Khazars offered up as a "Russian Atlantis," Soviet scholars naturally to the fore in the citations, an unshaken confidence that science marches forward and the blank spaces will all be filled. That last is the book's real period signature, more than any politics: the serene faith, so characteristic of its moment, that knowledge is cumulative and the future will simply know more. It is not a falsification. It is the optimism of an age, and one can read it now with affection

and a little melancholy.

There is, though, one genuinely ideological thread, and it is worth following because it is honest rather than imposed. At the heart of the Indian Ocean section Kondratov reaches for a classic of his own tradition. Discussing Lemuria as the possible cradle of humanity, he quotes Friedrich Engels — from the essay known in English as "The Part Played by Labour in the Transition from Ape to Man" — placing the decisive evolutionary leap "probably on a great continent that has now sunk to the bottom of the Indian Ocean," and rightly notes that Engels was following Darwin and Huxley, that he "closely followed the latest findings in all the sciences." This is not ornament and it is not distortion: Engels really did write it, really was abreast of the paleoanthropology of his day, and the passage sits comfortably beside Huxley's and Haeckel's Lemuria without any strain. It is the one place where the book's Marxism surfaces, and it surfaces as what it ought to be — a nineteenth-century materialist keeping up with natural science, quoted by a twentieth-century one doing the same.

And that quiet continuity is the doorway to the only serious historical reflection this clean book demands, which is not about what Kondratov says but about the science he is free to say it with. Look at what the book leans on: Darwin and evolution, the descent of man, Haeckel's pithecanthropus, and — twice, and without apology — genetics, invoked as a settled and reliable guide to the origins of peoples. A Western reader in 1974 would think nothing of it. A Soviet reader would have known exactly what it cost. For genetics had been outlawed in the Soviet Union. From 1948 the plant-breeder T. D. Lysenko, with the personal backing of Stalin, had genetics condemned as a "bourgeois," "foreign" science; its practitioners were purged, its institutes dissolved, its greatest figure, the geneticist N. I. Vavilov, arrested and dead in a prison camp in 1943. For a generation, Soviet biology was made to march to Lysenko's "Michurin" doctrine on pain of a career or a life. Only after Khrushchev's fall did that reign end — Lysenko was stripped of his authority in 1965 — and genetics was rehabilitated. Kondratov's book, written a few years later, is quite literally a product of that liberation. Its easy reliance on Darwinian evolution and modern genetics, its whole undogmatic, probability-weighting manner, is what Soviet natural science looks like once the ideological boot has been lifted off it. The book does not mention any of this. It does not need to. The freedom is in every page.

This is where the tradition from which the present series is written can speak, not as a scold but as a witness, because it was watching at the time. In the winter of 1951, as the

Lysenko affair was still reverberating through the world's laboratories, the American Trotskyist journal *Fourth International* ran a two-part study, "The Lysenko Case," by R. H. Monroe and Joseph Hansen (vol. XII, no. 1, whole no. 108, January–February 1951, and no. 2, whole no. 109, March–April 1951). It set out, coolly and in detail, the outlawing of genetics, the purge of Vavilov and his colleagues, the machinery by which a scientific question was settled by decree of the Central Committee. And it made the one point that matters here: that the geneticists Lysenko destroyed were "men who had come into prominence in the days of Lenin and Trotsky, when science was free in the Soviet Union." The disaster, on this account, was not socialism's quarrel with science but the bureaucracy's — a caste that could not tolerate a domain of truth it did not command, and so commanded it, with catastrophic results for Soviet biology and for the men who practised it. The revolutionary Marxist tradition never held that science should bow to the Party; it held, with Engels, quite the reverse — that a workers' state had every reason to want its science as free and undogmatic as the natural world it studied. Kondratov's book is the vindication of that older confidence over the Stalinist perversion of it: proof, in the form of a charming volume about sunken islands, that when the dogma recedes, real Soviet science stands up straight, cites Darwin without flinching, and tells the reader honestly what it does not know.

None of which should be allowed to make *The Riddles of Three Oceans* sound like an exhibit. It is, first and last, a delight — one of those books that leave a reader knowing a hundred things they did not know that morning, about the fish of New Zealand and the tablets of Easter Island, the tin islands of the ancient Atlantic and the shell-heaps of the Ussuri coast, and knowing them inside a habit of mind that weighs its evidence and admits its limits. Kondratov set out to write about lost continents and ended by writing something more durable: a small, generous demonstration of how a careful materialist thinks about the deep past — cross-examining the myths, respecting the data, and content to wait for the sea to give up what it will. Half a century on, the oceanography has moved past him and most of his sunken lands have stayed sunk. What has aged best is exactly the thing that was never his subject: the mind at work in the margins, patient and unfrightened, showing a mass readership what it looks like to hold a question open. That is worth having back in print.

Contemporary Bourgeois Legal Thought

Western legal philosophy read in the original and quoted with page numbers - Kelsen, Hart, Stammler, Pound, Ehrlich, Radbruch - by a Soviet comparative lawyer who later chaired the Constitutional Court of the Russian Federation.

Vladimir Aleksandrovich Tumanov

Introduction to the 1974 Edition

Most of the Progress Publishers titles in this series can be convicted on the evidence of their footnotes. They attack thinkers they have plainly not read, relaying Marcuse through a Soviet commentator or Trotsky through a Party resolution, and the apparatus gives the game away. Vladimir Tumanov's survey of twentieth-century Western jurisprudence is not that kind of book, and it is important to say so at the outset, because the failure it does contain is of a different and more interesting order.

Tumanov reads his opponents. He quotes Hans Kelsen from the *Reine Rechtslehre* (Vienna, 1960) and the *General Theory of Law and State*, but also from *Sozialismus und Staat* (Vienna and Leipzig, 1923), from *The Communist Theory of Law* (London, 1955) and *The Political Theory of Bolshevism* (California, 1948); Kelsen is named on the order of a hundred and twenty times, and the citations are to Kelsen's own editions in three languages. H. L. A. Hart appears through *The Concept of Law* (Oxford, 1971) and *Law, Liberty and Morality* (Stanford, 1963). Rudolf Stammler's *Wirtschaft und Recht nach der materialistischen Geschichtsauffassung* is quoted at length from the Leipzig edition of 1896; Roscoe Pound from *Social Control through Law* (New Haven, 1942); and when Tumanov wants a hostile witness against Kelsen he reaches for K. Leiminger's *Die Problematik der reinen Rechtslehre* (Stuttgart). Ehrlich, Radbruch, Gurvitch, Geiger, Fechner, Coing — the German sociological and philosophical literature of law is worked in the original. Whatever else is wrong here, the thing this series most often finds wrong is not: the citation test acquits the book, and does so decisively. Tumanov was a genuine comparative-law scholar — he would go on, after 1991, to sit on and briefly chair the Constitutional Court of the Russian Federation — and the book reads like the work of one.

That fact settles where the weight of a critical reading has to fall. It cannot fall on the apparatus; it falls on what the

apparatus is used to do, and on the one question the book is constitutionally unable to ask.

The date, and the moment

The English edition carries "© Progress Publishers 1974," and for once the spine and the text nearly coincide. The latest Party congress cited is the Twenty-Fourth (1971); the most recent secondary sources are Chkhikvadze's *The State, Democracy and Legality* (Moscow, 1972) and Arbatov's *The War of Ideas in Contemporary International Relations* (Moscow, 1973). There is no printing history in the front matter and no earlier edition announced in the text, so the manuscript closed around 1972–73 and reached English almost immediately — unusually little lag for a Progress translation, and worth registering, because it means the book is genuinely a document of its moment rather than an older text in a newer jacket.

The moment matters enormously, and it is the whole hinge of any honest reading. 1974 is the high season of détente and of the human-rights turn that ran alongside it — the year Soviet legality came under sustained international scrutiny precisely as law. In February 1974 Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn was stripped of citizenship and deported; *The Gulag Archipelago* was reaching the West that winter. The samizdat *Chronicle of Current Events*, suppressed and revived, was cataloguing arrests case by case. The dissident Leonid Plyushch, a mathematician and a founder of the Initiative Group for the Defence of Human Rights, was held in a psychiatric prison-hospital, and Andrei Sakharov was appealing for his life. This is the reality against which a Soviet jurist, in that year, sat down to anatomise the class content and the mystifications of bourgeois law.

What the book gets right

The rescue here is real and it is substantial, because the core of Tumanov's project is a genuine tradition of thought, not a slogan. The Marxist claim he presses is that law is a historical

and class phenomenon rather than an eternal order — that legal forms arise from and lag behind the mode of production, and that a jurisprudence which treats them as self-grounding is performing an ideological service whether or not it knows it. Handled by a real scholar, this is a powerful lens, and Tumanov handles it well.

His long treatment of Stammler is the best of the book. Stammler had tried to refute historical materialism by inverting it — making law "the prime category, constituting and shaping the economic structure of society," "the final court of appeal bearing responsibility for the social economy." Tumanov shows, patiently and from the texts, that this is neo-Kantianism smuggled into jurisprudence: Stammler's concept of law is declared "totally independent of any social application of it in the sphere of actual experience," an a priori premise "engendered by reason," so that "history ... would simply have to adapt itself to the 'logical primacy.'" And then the historical rejoinder, which is genuinely sharp: at the turn of the century "the change from industrial to monopoly capitalism necessitated substantial modifications in the sphere of law," and "the economic processes rend asunder the legal forms when these become road-blocks." The "primacy of law" thesis did not survive contact with the thing it claimed to command.

On Kelsen the reading is equally acute where it stays on Kelsen's own ground. Tumanov correctly identifies the "principle of elimination" — the ruling-out of every "metajudicial" approach so that "the proper study of law was law itself" — as the load-bearing move of the pure theory, and he sees what it is for. Normativism, he writes, is "doing all in its power to prevent these questions from even being stated, to depict bourgeois law as being in no way implicated in the socio-political actions and reality of imperialism." That is a fair description of what a rigorously self-enclosed positivism accomplishes: it purchases scientific purity at the price of never being able to say anything about the society whose law it studies. And his examples of law serving class interest under the forms of legality are concrete rather than declamatory — slavery and racial discrimination "legalised by the courts and judge-made law"; the ostracising of the Communist Party in the United States "by means of legislative action" in the 1950s; the banning of the Communist Party in West Germany "effected chiefly through action in the courts." A reader learns something true from these pages about how the rule of law distributes its protections.

The exposure of the post-war natural-law revival as mystification also has content. When natural-law theorists claim to found law on eternal values above the state, Tumanov

is right that they are supplying a normative order out of thin air and calling it discovery; his insistence that "in one society there can be only one system of law, its base is material" is a serious position, not a dodge. The trouble is not that these instruments are blunt. The trouble is that they are sharp, and that they are only ever pointed in one direction.

The category that never turns homeward

This series has learned to distinguish two things that are easy to confuse. A Soviet book may freely admit that individual Bolsheviks erred — a wrong vote, a mistaken date, a bad policy — while never once allowing the analytic category it wields against its enemies to be applied to its own state. Error is admissible; the category is not. That is the test that survives contact with a candid book, and Tumanov's is candid enough to make the test bite hard.

He wields a very clear category. The book's charge against bourgeois positivism is that it treats law as the command of the state, evades the question of law's social and class content, and thereby mystifies an instrument of class power as neutral technique. Now watch what happens when the same categories approach Soviet law. "Anything in the nature of a voluntarist approach to law is alien to Marxism," Tumanov writes, "and the same is true of law in socialist society." The socialist state's "class will in legislation," he explains, is not voluntarism because "in the last analysis, this will is determined by the material conditions of life in the particular society." The category is not turned homeward; it is defined so that it cannot reach home. Socialist law is by construction socially conditioned, therefore not positivist, therefore exempt. Tumanov is even aware of how this looks from the other side — he notes that a Kelsen would call any such "meta-judicial, non-legal factor binding the legislator" a smuggled natural law — and he simply denies the charge.

The remarkable thing is that his own cited opponents put the reflexive question directly to him, and the book records the refusal in the open. Kelsen — the single most-cited author in the book — had done more than raise it: in *The Political Theory of Bolshevism* (1948) and *The Communist Theory of Law* (1955), both of which Tumanov cites, he had turned the whole positivist apparatus on Soviet law and pronounced it exactly the class-command jurisprudence that a Marxist "unmasking" of law logically produces once it holds power. The challenge, in other words, sat inside Tumanov's own bibliography, framed by the very thinker he reads most closely. He answers it not by meeting the argument on the Soviet record but by re-stating the doctrine. "Some Western

writers," he acknowledges, argue "that, whereas the views held by Marx himself and the Soviet theory of law in the 1920s differed from positivism, in later years Soviet theory switched to positivism." That is exactly the reflexive identification — that Soviet law under Stalin became the very command-positivism the book condemns in the West. Tumanov's answer is definitional: "the Soviet theory of law has never departed from the Marxist thesis that law is always socially conditioned." The possibility is raised, by name, from the literature he has read, and closed by assertion.

And then comes the passage that makes the whole thing unmistakable, because here Tumanov is not evading the Soviet record but confronting a piece of it. Writing of the fate of the early Soviet jurists, he notes that "in the 1920s, Pashukanis, Stuchka and other Soviet jurists devoted much of their writing to analyses of the interrelationship between 'mode of production, economic system and law.'" Then: "Towards the end of the 1930s, however, the views of these writers were savagely attacked by Vyshinsky," so that Soviet legal theory took on "a somewhat one-sided nature." Vyshinsky's 1938 definitions of law, lacking "any reference ... to Soviet law being conditioned by material factors," "did lead to justification of voluntarism in law-making." "Later," Tumanov adds, "this view was subjected to criticism in Soviet writing on the subject."

Read carefully, this is an extraordinary sentence, and not for what it says. Andrei Vyshinsky was the Procurator-General of the Moscow Trials — the man whose courtroom was the living demonstration of law as the naked will of the ruling apparatus, and whose doctrine — law as the aggregate of rules of conduct laid down and enforced by the state — is the crudest command-positivism the book spends four chapters condemning in the West. Yevgeny Pashukanis, the outstanding Soviet legal theorist of the 1920s and the great exponent of the withering-away of law — the very thesis Tumanov himself endorses elsewhere in this book — was not "savagely attacked" in a review. He was denounced as an enemy of the people, arrested in January 1937 and shot that September. Stuchka died in 1932 and so was merely erased; Pashukanis was killed. Tumanov renders a physical liquidation as a doctrinal "attack," a bullet as "one-sidedness," and the post-1956 rehabilitation of the murdered man's ideas as "criticism ... in Soviet writing on the subject." The single Soviet figure who most perfectly instantiates the positivism the book exists to expose is named, faulted for "voluntarism" — and then quarantined from the category, his fate unspoken.

Set beside this the book's one sustained argument about

legality under tyranny, and the point sharpens further. Against the natural-law revival — which arose in Germany precisely because positivism's "the law is the law" had left jurists defenceless before Nazi statutes — Tumanov defends the positivist's core. The state's monopoly of law-making, he insists, is a "regularity"; the natural-law alternative of a judge empowered to refuse an unjust statute would only "open the floodgates to arbitrary action by the courts." Better that "the positivist approach obliges the legislator to act in compliance with the articles of the Constitution ... shirk his constitutional duty he cannot." He concedes, almost in passing, that "we would naturally pay tribute to judges if they refused to follow the terrorist laws of the fascist regime" — and then argues that the safer path is fidelity to enacted law and to the Constitution. This is written by a jurist of the state whose Constitution of 1936 coexisted with Article 58 and the camps, and it never occurs to the argument to ask what "compliance with the articles of the Constitution" secured for a defendant in Vyshinsky's dock. The class analysis of legality stops at the Soviet border as if at a customs post.

The silence, and the year

What the book does not contain is, in 1974, the finding. "Human rights" appears in these pages only as theory — Tumanov assures the reader that under Marxism "the nearer we get to communism, the more the rights and freedoms are extended," and that the withering-away of law will bring "maximum extension of human rights and freedoms." Of the human-rights movement then being crushed a few miles from the Institute where he worked, there is nothing. Solzhenitsyn: absent. The Chronicle of Current Events: absent. Punitive psychiatry: the word "psychiatry" occurs once, and it is Freudian jurisprudence in the West, not the Serbsky Institute. The dissent trials, the article-70 and article-190 prosecutions for "anti-Soviet agitation" that were the actual practice of Soviet legality in the year of writing: not a line.

These are not anachronistic absences of the kind this series is careful not to bank — things that had not yet happened and could not have been named. They had all happened, by 1974, and were the international news of the day. The author had the facts and a professional reason to engage them, and the book closes instead on triumph: "The steady progress made by socialist law has deepened the crisis currently experienced by its bourgeois counterparts." The silence is chosen, and it is the exact silence the reflexivity test predicts. A jurisprudence that can see the class content of an American loyalty statute and cannot see the Serbsky Institute is not short of analytic power.

It is short of permission.

The reply

The answer the book cannot give had been in print for thirty-eight years, from within Marxism, when Tumanov wrote. In *The Revolution Betrayed* (1936), completed in the very months of the first Moscow Trial, Trotsky read the 1936 Constitution — the document Tumanov's "socialist law" rests upon — as the juridical self-portrait of a bureaucratic caste. The new constitution, Trotsky wrote, works "by juridically reinforcing the absolutism of an 'extra-class' bureaucracy," and so "creates the political premises for the birth of a new possessing class"; its "return ... to the system of bourgeois democracy" was "a matter ... of juridically liquidating the dictatorship of the proletariat"; and beneath the proclaimed equality, "the equality of the rights of workers and peasants means, in reality, an equal lack of rights before the bureaucracy" (ch. 10, "In the Mirror of the New Constitution"). Where Tumanov derives socialist law's innocence from its being "socially conditioned," Trotsky supplies the missing content of that conditioning: a law that protects "the town house of the bureaucrat, his summer home, his automobile" under a "socialist" slogan, and a GPU that "will find adequate grounds in the new constitution" to send a dissenter "to one of the innumerable concentration camps." That is the class analysis of Soviet law that Tumanov's own method demands and his own position forbids.

And the contemporaneous reply was arriving weekly. Across 1974 the Fourth International's press, Intercontinental Press, tracked precisely the reality Tumanov omits: "Solzhenitsyn's 'Gulag Archipelago'" on the cover of the first issue of the year (vol. 12, no. 1, 14 January 1974); "Yevtushenko's Defense of Solzhenitsyn" in the issue of 4 March; and, in the following weeks, the campaign around Leonid Plyushch, "feared to be near death in a psychiatric prison-hospital," together with continuous coverage of Vladimir Bukovsky, the Sinyavsky–Daniel precedent of 1966, and the Chronicle of Current Events. It is worth being exact about what this does and does not establish: the Fourth International did not answer Tumanov's book — there is no evidence it registered the book at all — but it answered, in real time, the object the book calls "the steady progress ... of socialist law." The two texts describe the same legal order in the same year and do not overlap at a single point.

Coda

The deepest thing to say about Contemporary Bourgeois Legal Thought is not that it is crude — it is not — but that it is the reverse. It is a skilled jurist's demonstration of exactly the instrument this series most respects: the question of whether a legal theory, for all its formal rigour, quietly implicates or quietly excuses the actual state and the actual class whose law it is. Tumanov asks that question of Kelsen and Stammler and Hart with real force, and gets real answers. He simply never turns it around. The one theorist in the book who built a whole jurisprudence out of law-as-the-command-of-the-ruling-apparatus, and who prosecuted men to death on that theory, is a Soviet citizen named Vyshinsky, and about him the analysis falls silent at precisely the moment it should have spoken. A reader can learn a great deal here about the mystifications of bourgeois law. What the book cannot teach — what, in 1974, it was built not to teach — is that the categories it wields so well were made to cut in both directions.

A Policy of Provocation and Expansion

The Soviet case against Peking, assembled from Pravda, Izvestia and Foreign Ministry papers - including the 1969 government statements on the Ussuri border clashes in full, and Konstantin Simonov reporting from the frontier.

B. Pavlov and others

Introduction to the 1975 Edition

This is not a book so much as a brief for the prosecution. A Policy of Provocation and Expansion is a dossier — "a collection of documents and articles, published in the Soviet press," in its own front matter's words — assembled by the Novosti Press Agency Publishing House, the Soviet state's export-propaganda arm, and shipped abroad in English to make one case against one defendant. The defendant is Maoist China; the charge is that its foreign policy is expansionist, chauvinist, and in league with imperialism. It is worth saying at the outset that a good deal of the charge is true, and that the anti-Stalinist left brought the same charge, in some places harder. What the reader has to watch is not whether the accusations land — several of them do — but whether the standard the book applies to Peking is ever, once, turned on Moscow. It is not. And in 1975 that omission is not a small one, because the accuser was, at that very moment, doing its own version of the thing.

Begin with what the book is, because the imprint and the date have both been mislabelled. This is a Novosti book, not a Progress one — "Novosti Press Agency Publishing House" on the title page and again in the copyright line, "Progress Publishers" nowhere in it. Novosti (APN) was the Soviet state news agency, and its publishing house turned out exactly this kind of thing: cheaply bound, quickly assembled, aimed at foreign opinion. There is no single author. The introduction is signed "B. Pavlov"; the pieces are a mixture of unsigned editorials from Pravda, Izvestia and the digest weekly Za rubezhom, official notes and statements of the Soviet Foreign Ministry, and signed articles by Soviet journalists and area specialists — Y. Kostikov, G. Apalin, M. Tisoyan, D. Volsky, V. Yaroslavtsev, F. Nikolayev, O. Borisov — with the writer Konstantin Simonov contributing an "on-the-spot" border report. Two Polish contributors (A. Galimarski, A. Wysocki) and one Mongolian (B. Dashtseren) supply the multinational veneer that this genre always wants: the quarrel is to look like the verdict of a camp, not of a single capital.

The date needs the same care the series has learned to give every Progress and Novosti spine. The copyright page reads 1975, and adds a line most of these books do not: "Editing completed on June 27, 1975." But the date of the contents is earlier. The freshest event anywhere in the book is the Chinese seizure of the Paracel Islands from Saigon in January 1974; the article-by-article count of Peking's anti-Soviet press runs to February 1974; the centrepiece is a Pravda editorial of 2 September 1964, answering Mao Tse-tung's July 1964 talk with a group of Japanese Socialists. This is a dossier of 1964–1974 material bound in mid-1975. That matters for what one is entitled to make of its silences.

It matters first for the book's own main target. The theory it sets out to demolish is not Mao's "theory of the three worlds" — Teng Hsiao-p'ing had announced that at the United Nations only in April 1974, and the phrase "three worlds" does not occur in the book at all. What the book attacks is the ancestor of that doctrine: the "theory of the intermediate zone," which it correctly dates to 1946 and traces through Mao's 1964 revision, in which "the USSR has entered into a plot with the United States to struggle for world domination" and the world is thereby resolved into a "Soviet–American" bloc and an "intermediate zone" of Asia, Africa, Latin America and most of the capitalist West. Against this the book restates the orthodox schema of "opposing social systems." That the book fights the 1946/1964 form rather than the 1974 one is a fossil of its real vintage; it is answering the China of the mid-sixties with clippings, and the reader should hold the actual calendar in mind.

It matters second — and here I have to correct the expectation this volume was commissioned against — for Angola. It would be tempting to convict the book of silence about the case that, within months of its appearance, became the definitive proof of everything it charges: China's training of Holden Roberto's FNLA in Zaire, its alignment with Mobutu, and its de facto collaboration with the CIA and, on the ground, the South African army. But the book closed in June 1975, before the Angolan war internationalised in the autumn.

Angola, Zaire, Mobutu, the FNLA and UNITA are all absent, and their absence is chronology, not evasion — the house rule against banking a non-finding applies exactly here. The Angolan case belongs at the end of this essay, as the thing the book foretold and could not yet name, not in the middle as a suppression.

What the book gets right, and what our own tradition said

Section 3 of this series' brief — rescue what is usable — is not a formality in this volume, because the usable part is large. On China's conduct, the book is substantially correct, and its correctness is not Soviet special pleading: the Fourth International, reading the same events, reached the same judgements and printed them.

The single strongest passage is O. Borisov's closing catalogue of where the Maoist doctrine of the "two superpowers" had actually led China by 1974. Peking, he writes, "prevented the socialist countries from taking joint action in support of the Vietnamese people's struggle"; it "supported those who launched the bloody reprisals against the Sudanese Communist Party in 1971"; it "unconditionally sided with the Yahya Khan military regime of Pakistan when it tried to suppress the liberation movement of the people of Bangladesh"; and it "openly and defiantly supports the military-fascist junta in Chile and is developing economic relations with it." Every one of those is true. China did obstruct a united front on Vietnam; it did stand with Numeiri after the crushing of the Sudanese Communists; it did back Islamabad against the Bengalis in 1971; and after September 1973 it recognised and cultivated Pinochet's Chile while the left was being murdered in the stadiums. The Maoist doctrine that made the Soviet Union the "main enemy" had carried Peking, by the middle of the decade, into open alignment with reaction against national-liberation movements — and this was the Fourth International's charge too. Livio Maitan and Intercontinental Press had been documenting it for years; the seizure of the Paracels from a fellow Vietnamese state, which the book treats at length and rightly regards as naked, was condemned across the anti-Stalinist left as well.

The book's negotiations section — A. Wysocki's long piece and Borisov's finale — also holds up on its own terms, and a critic should concede it. The Soviet Union did repeatedly propose, through the late sixties and early seventies, a non-aggression treaty, a treaty on the non-use of force, and a top-level meeting; China did stall the border talks that had been running in Peking since October 1969. On the legal

merits the Soviet position was the stronger: the Sino-Soviet frontier was fixed by treaty, and — the book's best documentary point — the Chinese leadership had itself said so, Mao telling the Seventh Congress of the CPC in 1945 that "the Soviet Union was the first to renounce the unequal treaties and to conclude new, equal treaties with China," and repeating it in Moscow in 1949. A territorial claim advanced in the 1960s against borders one endorsed in the 1940s is a claim of convenience, and the book is entitled to say so.

Give it, too, its correct calls of detail. The book is right that Peking had for years circulated schoolbook maps — Liu Pei-hua's Short History of Modern China (1954), the Peking World Atlas (1972) — colouring vast tracts of the USSR, Mongolia, India and South-East Asia as "age-old Chinese territory." It is right that Mao's 1964 talk laid explicit claim to some 1.5 million square kilometres of Soviet land, and it quotes him doing it: "About a hundred years ago the area to the east of Baikal became the territory of Russia ... We have not yet presented a bill for this list!" And it is right, against Maoist rhetoric, to defend the independence of the Mongolian People's Republic, which Peking would have folded back into China — a genuinely anti-annexationist stand, and one of the few places the book's professed principle and its object coincide.

The category that never turns inward

Now the reflexivity test this series applies to every foreign-policy volume, in its sharpened form: error is admissible; the category is not. A book may concede that its own side blundered on a date or a policy and still never let the classification cross the border. This one keeps that rule perfectly.

The whole vocabulary of the indictment — "great-power chauvinism," "expansion," "hegemony," "provocation," "interference in the domestic affairs" of neighbours, "violation of sovereignty" — is spent on China and never on the USSR. That would be unremarkable in a book with no comparison to hand. But the comparison is not merely to hand; it is in the same twelve months as the book's central event. The border clashes on the Ussuri that the volume dwells on happened in March 1969. The Warsaw Pact invasion of Czechoslovakia — five armies crossing a socialist neighbour's frontier to reverse its internal course — had happened in August 1968, seven months earlier. In a book whose subject is precisely one great power's armed interference in the affairs of its neighbours, the word Czechoslovakia occurs zero times. Hungary occurs zero

times. The phrase "limited sovereignty" — the doctrine actually proclaimed to justify the 1968 invasion, and then, as we shall see, floated against China — occurs zero times. These are not anachronistic absences: the invasion was recent, notorious, and squarely on the book's own theme. The author had the fact and every reason to weigh it, and left it out.

The affirmative side of the same blindness is on open display in the territorial argument. The book concedes, disarmingly, that "the tsarist government carried out a predatory policy just as the Chinese emperors themselves did to the extent of their abilities." Predation is admissible — safely, because it is dead. But the Soviet state that inherited the tsars' Amur, Ussuri and Central Asian frontiers is declared "an absolutely new state formation" whose borders were formed "as a result of the voluntary expression of the will of the peoples on the basis of the principle of free self-determination of nations." The same border the tsars drew by conquest becomes, under new management, an expression of the popular will — while it is China that is chauvinist for questioning it. The move is completed over the Kuril Islands, which the USSR took at the end of the Second World War: the book defends the acquisition frankly, on grounds of security against a future Japanese threat, and concludes that "there are no, nor can there be, any legal or moral grounds for claims to the Kuril Islands." Security necessity, historic right, the needs of a great power in a dangerous neighbourhood — every justification the book denies to Peking, it grants to Moscow, in the same pages.

The border narrative itself is a one-sided dossier. The volume presents the Ussuri fighting of March 1969, and the August 1969 clash at Zhalanashkol in Kazakhstan, as premeditated and unprovoked Chinese aggression, and only that. The historiography has since moved and the picture is now two-sided: the ambush of 2 March at Zhenbao/Damansky is generally attributed to a Chinese plan, but the far heavier engagement of 15 March was a Soviet armoured and artillery counter-blow, and the August fighting in Kazakhstan is now read as Soviet-initiated. A reader is entitled to the Soviet account; this book offers no other, and its documents are chosen to close the question rather than open it.

Then there is the sharpest single contradiction, and it is exactly contemporaneous with the book's material. Borisov assures the reader that "the Soviet Union does not deal in threats and territorial expansion," and the volume states flatly that "in the Soviet Union warmongering is prohibited by law." Yet in the summer and autumn of 1969 — the very crisis the book documents — Soviet channels were making precisely a threat of the gravest kind. The Soviet journalist Victor Louis, long

used for unattributable messages, floated in the Western press the extension of the Czechoslovak doctrine to China and open speculation about a strike on Lop Nor, China's nuclear centre. The Fourth International caught it as it happened. Pierre Frank, in "Concerning 'Limited Sovereignty'" (Intercontinental Press, 17 November 1969), quoted the Louis dispatch on whether Moscow "will dare to attack Lop Nor, China's nuclear center," and set it beside the doctrine used over Prague. A book insisting that its state does not deal in threats had, in the year of its own central event, a nuclear threat to account for and did not.

The book even supplies its own tell. It reports, as the summit of Maoist absurdity, that Mao "wrote off" the Soviet Union as a socialist state and transferred it to a category of 'social-imperialist' powers," and it lists "social-imperialism" among the "propaganda clichés" that Peking's atlas shares with "the radio stations and press of the imperialist states." The Maoist label — which implied capitalism restored — was wrong, and our tradition never accepted it. But the reflex is instructive: the book's own counter-charge against China is "social-chauvinism" and "hegemonism," the mirror epithets, and the two bureaucracies spent the decade trading the same words. The one thing neither could do was ask the question of itself.

A smaller confirmation, for the record, since this series now tests for it: "peaceful co-existence" appears five times and not once inside a quotation from Lenin — the doctrine is asserted in the CPSU's voice and attributed to Congress resolutions, as in every foreign-policy volume the series has measured. More telling than the missing pedigree is the use to which the phrase is put here: the book reports that the USSR offered to conduct relations with China "on the basis of peaceful co-existence" if Peking "did not consider it possible to go further" — that is, it proposed to place its dealings with a fellow socialist state on the footing doctrinally reserved for relations between opposing systems. Beneath the polemic, the socialist camp the book invokes has already ceased to exist.

The reply, and the standard the book cannot meet

The Fourth International answered these arguments as they appeared, and the answer is not that China was innocent. It is that the charge was true of both parties and that only one of them could say so. When the Soviet Union cut off all aid to China in 1960, in the middle of near-famine, the FI's Ninth World Congress called it "a stab in the back of the Chinese revolution and the Chinese people," and laid "the historic responsibility for breaking up the Sino-Soviet alliance ... at

the door of the Kremlin" (Intercontinental Press, vol. 7 no. 26, 14 July 1969). It condemned Peking's alignments with reaction — Chile, Pakistan, the retreat from Vietnam — and it condemned Moscow's invasion of Czechoslovakia and its nuclear sabre-rattling over Lop Nor, from the same tradition, in the same years.

The cleanest model of what this book cannot do is the Fourth International's own African review, *Africa in Struggle*, and Intercontinental Press, writing on Angola in 1975–76 — the case the *Novosti* volume closed too early to reach. There the FI documented, in detail, exactly the Chinese collusion with imperialism that this book charges in the abstract: Peking's dispatch of military instructors to Kinshasa from the summer of 1974 to train Holden Roberto's FNLA, its embrace of Mobutu, its objective partnership with the CIA and the South African intervention. It gave the book's thesis chapter and verse. And in the same breath — this is the whole difference — it refused to spare its own side. "It is clear," Intercontinental Press wrote, "that a revolutionary-Marxist position in the Angolan civil war cannot be automatically derived from the Soviet and Cuban intervention in behalf of the MPLA, or from the Chinese and North Korean intervention in behalf of the UNITA or the FNLA" (vol. 14 no. 3, 26 January 1976). That is a category that turns on the speaker. The *Novosti* book, published as the USSR prepared to airlift Cuban troops into Angola and to arm the Ethiopian Derg — great-power intervention on a scale that dwarfed anything it attributes to Peking — could level "expansion" and "hegemonism" at China precisely because those words, in its hands, could never come home.

So read the book for its dossier, which is real. China's territorial cartography, its wrecking of united action on Vietnam, its seizure of the Paracels, its friendships with Yahya Khan and Pinochet, its stalling of the border talks — these are facts, and the volume marshals them competently. The Maoist foreign policy of the mid-1970s deserved most of what it got here, and got worse, deservedly, from the left the book would never quote. What the volume cannot do is the one thing that would make its indictment a principle rather than a weapon: apply its own words — chauvinism, expansion, interference, the threat of force against a neighbour — to the state whose press agency printed them. The two questions this series puts to every such book are whether the accusation is cashed into an act that could be shown not to have happened, and whether the category could ever apply to the author's own side. On the first the book scores well, better than most of its neighbours on the shelf. On the second the answer is the one that convicts it. Czechoslovakia was eleven months in the past, Lop Nor a live

threat, Angola a season away, and none of them could be named.