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LOOK

BASKETBALL ALL AMERICA THE TRIALS OF RED SKELTON

15¢ APRIL 2, 1957



NEW AND COMPLETE

INSIDE RUSSIA

BY JOHN GUNTHER

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INSIDE RUSSIA

Fur-capped against the Russian winter, John Gunther and his wife, Jane, walk through Red Square after nearly two months of travel through the U.S.S.R.



BY JOHN GUNTHER

*Turn the page for the big story of our time, told by
one of the world's great reporters*

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INSIDE RUSSIA, BY JOHN GUNTHER

*There are taxis, champagne
and perambulators in the new U.S.S.R.,
but the regime still has no heart*

RECENTLY, I returned from a visit to that menacing and somber giant, the Soviet Union. This was the fourth time I had been there and, once more, I found it harder to grasp, harder to write about, than any country I have ever seen. Russia is exhilarating in some respects and, at the same time, utterly closed and stifling; both alight and drab beyond expression; and baffling all the time.

The other evening in New York, a friend asked me why I found it so "interesting," and I was taken aback for a moment because, having just emerged from this challenging sealed fortress, I took its interestingness for granted. Where else can the ordinary tourist freely see an atomic pile in operation? Where else will a pair of fleece-lined boots cost \$210 (calculating the ruble at the official rate of four to a dollar) and still have buyers? Where else does a panel of physicians, including one who tests the reflexes in the soles of your feet, pass on you before you can get a driving license? Where else are university students, instead of paying tuition, *paid* to go to school? (The Soviet Union turns out every year seven times the number of physicians turned out by the United States.)

I had not been in the Soviet Union since 1939, and the changes are considerable. For instance, there is no customs examination of any kind for the foreign visitor, either going in or out. The bags are not even taken off the plane for inspection at the frontier. Passport examination is cursory, provided your visa is in order. Twice, we did not even have to surrender our passports when registering at a

hotel, something that would not happen in France or Italy. But, on first arrival in Moscow, your passport is likely to be held for a couple of days, and it must be visaed for every Russian city you visit.

Moscow looks better than it did in 1939. Queues in front of shops are rare, and there appears to be plenty of food, though the quality may be poor, prices high and variety limited. Taxis are numerous. A lot of people have money, although there is little to spend it on. People drink a great deal, though few bars exist. One statistic that impressed me was that a champagne factory which we visited in the Caucasus (and which is one of a dozen similar factories in the country) sold nine million bottles of champagne last year, at \$9 retail (official rate) a bottle.

Most citizens are still wretchedly, appallingly dressed, but clothes are better than before the war. Children are almost always well and warmly dressed nowadays. Perambulators exist; so do sleds and skis. And I found a good deal of relaxation in several areas. You can stroll around the Kremlin, which was forbidden in Stalin's day, and take photographs almost anywhere.

But, although superficial changes may be recorded, the bedrock of the system is still the same. This is still a country in deadly earnest, wearing statistics like armor and obsessed by planning. It is still without freedom in our sense and without justice in our sense and with precious little joy. Arbitrary political arrests have stopped, and the forced-labor camps for political prisoners are slowly be-

ing disbanded. Even so, this is a regime without a heart. Human values—except in the case of children—are at the absolute minimum. Why are children so favored? They are favored, not merely for their own sake, but because they mean the future.

We, my wife and I, spent 51 days in Russia. That is not a long time. But it is long enough. We traveled something like 12,000 miles, and, aside from Moscow, we visited Leningrad, Kiev, Odessa, Yalta in the Crimea, several Black Sea ports, Tiflis (now known as Tbilisi) in the Caucasus and some of the antique, romantic cities of Central Asia, like Alma-Ata, Bukhara, Tashkent and Samarkand. It is my duty to report that one mosque in Bukhara has been converted into a poolroom and that Samarkand, the pivot of the old Silk Road to China, has traffic lights like those on Fifth Avenue.

Before we left the United States, friends told us, "Oh, but you will never meet any Russians." We met hundreds of Russians and had long talks with 60 or 70, including some important people. True, we almost never met a Russian official *alone*. Somebody else was almost always present, to keep tab, in addition to the interpreter. And only twice did we see the inside of a Russian home.

Before we left the United States, friends told us, "Oh, but they will only show you what they want to show you." This is certainly true to some extent. About 40 per cent of the Soviet Union, including most frontier areas, is closed to almost all Western visitors. (Most Russian citizens are, incidentally, completely un-

aware of this and do not believe it when you tell them.) Even so, if you keep your eyes and ears open, and use your legs in Moscow and elsewhere, you can see a lot.

The Russians are a terrific, a tremendous, a magnificent *people*. In some respects, they closely resemble Americans—in good humor, robustness, curiosity, gregariousness, capacity for organization, inventiveness, aptitude for technical skills and so on. In 51 days, I never saw an unfriendly face or—with one possible exception—encountered the slightest rudeness of any kind. This is particularly remarkable considering that a cold war is going on.

On the other hand, the Russian government is, in most respects, an appallingly unpleasant government from our point of view. But it would be most short-sighted to ignore or minimize the power and potentiality of the Soviet Union. Obviously, if the regime did not have *something*, it would not be a menace. With the future of the world, no less, at stake, we Americans at least owe it to ourselves to be informed, and without false optimism either.

THE tight little knot of 11 men that runs Russia represents the sharpest, densest concentration of political power known in the world. They are also, among other things, the hardest men in the world to meet—and the easiest.

Formal interviews across a desk are extremely rare. But—

I have a friend in Moscow.

I met him on Monday morning, October 29, 1956, the day after we continued

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INSIDE RUSSIA continued

Good man in a tough post

For the past four years, the U. S. Ambassador to Moscow has been Charles E. Bohlen, a Russian expert and veteran diplomat whom Gunther calls "extraordinarily able." Part of his job is to keep the State Department informed about developments in one of the most secretive nations in the world.



At parties, he talks in Russian to Soviet boss Khrushchev.



For recreation, the Ambassador and Mrs. Bohlen play tennis with other diplomats.

arrived, and then I happened to see him again 24 hours later.

"How did your first day go?" he asked.

"Moderately well," I replied.

"What do you mean, moderately?"

"Well," said I, pausing for effect, "I met, shook hands with and had brief exchanges of conversation with Khrushchev, Bulganin, Zhukov, Molotov and Shepilov. That's all."

My friend, who is Russian, came near to fainting.

Later, I met Kliment E. Voroshilov, Lazar M. Kaganovich, Anastas I. Mikoyan, Mikhail G. Pervukhin (the new planning boss), Yekaterina A. Furtseva (only woman in these top ranks) and others on what, in Moscow, is called "the Team."

This did not happen because my wife and I were given red-carpet treatment. We weren't. For instance, I was never once permitted even to enter the massive, ornate skyscraper that houses the Foreign Office, and I never once met officially the chief of the Press Department, whose business it presumably is to take care of visiting journalists.

We met these towering stars because we had friends in the diplomatic corps and went to parties. As a matter of fact, all the newspapermen resident in Moscow are invited to diplomatic receptions, or simply crash the gates. These parties were to me, an innocent outsider, an unforgettable experience. Your car skids down an icy boulevard and, if you have timed it right, you arrive at whatever embassy it happens to be just before two—or three or even four—long, shiny Kremlin limousines

sweep up. Along the streets, curious passers-by make lines like black worms against the snow.

The Kremlin despots step out alertly and are greeted by host and hostess inside. Overhead, giant candelabra may be burning, and in one room will be a luxurious buffet. Champagne bubbles; uniforms sparkle; conversation sings. Then—like as not—you find yourself in a secluded corner with Nikita S. Khrushchev, Nikolai A. Bulganin, Georgi Zhukov, and Vyacheslav M. Molotov not three feet away, talking to people as if they did not have a care in the world.

And how do they look? My first thought was that they must be actors. It seemed inconceivable that almost the entire ruling body of the Soviet Union should be on such public display, so intimately and informally. Security precautions, if any, were inconspicuous, and although there probably were detectives in the crowd, I never spotted one. There was no check of any kind at the door.

My second thought was that, though real, these presiding chieftains of more than one seventh of the land surface of the globe were actors. They all looked healthily sunburned to the same ocher tone, as if they were using theatrical make-up. All wore dark business suits, white shirts and pale gray ties (except Zhukov, who never appears except in uniform), like Wall Street lawyers. The Hungarian crisis was in full flow at this particular time, and they had just made decisions about which there had probably been acrid disagreement—yet they stood there calm, bland and united.

Charles E. Bohlen, the extraordinarily able American Ambassador to the Soviet Union, who is universally respected for his swift intelligence, bluntness, perfect knowledge of Russian and uncompromising Americanism, took me up to Premier Bulganin at the Turkish Embassy.

People were packed as tight as caviar in a can, and conversation was not easy. Bulganin asked me if I knew Russian, and I replied that I only knew two words.

"One is enough," Bulganin said. Bohlen, who misses nothing and likes to give a twist to a lion's tail on occasion, said with a laugh, "And that word is 'No.'" He was referring to the well-known fact that Russians customarily say "No" to things rather than "Yes."

Bulganin grinned: "No. Yes." (Meaning that "Yes" rather than "No," was the word I ought to know.)

Toasts were flowing, and Bulganin offered one to good relations between the United States and the Soviet Union. (Every time I met a Russian official, this toast was offered.) I didn't have a glass in my hand. Bulganin lifted his. Instantly, a well-trained servant wriggled through the solid mass of guests, like a hard-pressed quarterback severing a scrimmage line, and managed to get a full glass in my hand, without spilling, before Bulganin started to drink. It would have been a bad mark against me if I hadn't had a drink ready too!

Bohlen introduced me to Khrushchev, the Communist party boss, who was standing close by, and said that I was a journalist.

Khrushchev gave it as his opinion, vividly stated, that journalists were an extremely low breed of cat.

At that instant, I saw Dmitri T. Shepilov, then Foreign Minister, a few feet away, giving a sort of press conference. Shepilov had been until recently editor of *Pravda*.

I said to Khrushchev, "If you have such a low opinion of journalists, why did you make a journalist your Foreign Minister?"

Khrushchev replied with a naughty, dark wink, "He's the only good journalist in Russia, and so we had to give him a job!"

No one is ever sure what members of the Presidium, or Team, will show up at a foreign embassy. The suspense can be agonizing. The Belgians, who are members of NATO, which is not exactly popular in Moscow, got only two ministers—Lazar M. Kaganovich and Shepilov—at their party this year. Turkey is also a member of NATO, but the Turks got five. The Afghans got almost everybody. So, of course, did the Poles. Two or three members of the Presidium are seldom seen at parties—like A. I. Kirichenko, boss of the Ukraine, who is usually in Kiev, and M. A. Suslov, the chief party theoretician, who is supposed to be too loftily intellectual for such frivolous pursuits. The rest of the leaders go day after day. It is a wonder that anybody ever gets any work done.

But, it should be explained, a lot of business is done at these parties. They are the only easy mechanism for exchange between the government and the diplomatic corps, i.e., the world outside. Diplomats don't

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Walking home from school, two young Russians pause on a bridge to watch the Moskva River and suddenly notice a stranger taking pictures.

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“Alight—and drab—beyond expression.”

With this phrase, Gunther expresses the reaction of most Westerners to their first glimpse of the Soviet Union. No one can escape the jarring jumble of old and new; it is everywhere. Sometimes, the color that strikes the stranger's eye is part of the new Russia—the red flags, the bunting, the propaganda posters. But more often, it is the remnants of yesterday's Russia, gleaming in the sun like the candy-striped turrets of St. Basil's, that provide welcome color to relieve the drabness of a nation under Communist rule.



A Moscow landmark, St. Basil's Cathedral was built in the

An ancient church stands silhouetted against the Stalinist spires of Moscow University.



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16th century, is now a state museum.



Noon hour in the park:
Two women read
while Lenin, father of
Russian communism,
squints in the sun.



have much access to members of the Presidium otherwise. Sometimes, the interchange is on the highest level.

K. P. S. Menon, the Indian Ambassador, received an urgent message from Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru for transmission to Premier Bulganin during the double crisis over Hungary and Suez. There happened to be a party at the Kremlin that night, for the Syrians, and Menon, to save time, took the message with him and delivered it to Bulganin at the party.

Bulganin at once beckoned to Khrushchev and Shepilov and called them into a corner. All three read it. Menon suggested that the message, urging a peaceful solution, was of such importance that it should be disseminated by the Soviet press and radio at once. And the decision to do so was taken — by Bulganin, Khrushchev and Shepilov — without further ado there and then. A strange way to run a government!

WHAT runs the Soviet Union is, of course, the Communist party, which, in addition, has formidable international power because it is affiliated with

Communist parties elsewhere in the world. Within Russia, its rule goes right through the structure of society, in a vast and intricately enmeshed web or network, all the way down to the party secretaries and local bosses in the smallest town. At the top are 11 men—the members of the Presidium—together with six subordinate or “candidate” members, who may be promoted to full membership at any time.

The main thing to say about the Presidium at present is that collective leadership, despite rumors to the contrary, works. Khrushchev, as first secretary of the party, is probably its most important member, but this does not mean that he takes decisions alone. Nobody wants to revive “the cult of personality,” which entrenched Stalin’s supreme and merciless dictatorial powers. There is a right wing in the Presidium, led by die-hards like Molotov and Kaganovich, and a left wing, led by the so-called “liberals”—Georgi M. Malenkov, for example. But it is not always easy to determine what is “right” and “left”; positions change according to the issue.

Certainly there have been tiffs and

disagreements in the Presidium, but the idea, held in some Western circles, that its members are perpetually at each other’s throats is hard to substantiate. Nobody knows for certain if decisions of the Presidium are taken by an actual vote or show of hands. (Nor does this need to be particularly important; the British cabinet almost never votes.) What is known is that discussion is encouraged, dissent permitted and minority opinions duly registered. The members meet; they argue; they come to some sort of decision; they function as a multiple-headed whole.

I should perhaps interpolate a brief word about the term “Presidium.” It is nothing more or less than the old Political Bureau (Politburo) of the Communist party, which has existed since Lenin’s day. Stalin, about six months before his death, enlarged the Politburo from a membership of 11 to 25 and changed the name; his motive in expanding it was to reduce the power of the old members for fear that they might unite against him. After Stalin’s death, the leadership cut the membership back to 11, for the same reason in reverse—its members wanted to keep power close

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to their own chests, without diffusion.

The question may well be asked: Can collective leadership last indefinitely under a totalitarian system? To put it another way, can there be a dictatorship without a dictator? Can 11 "little Stalins" permanently maintain collective rule? History does not afford many examples of enduring collective dictatorships. Of course, in Russia, it is the party that is the real dictator. But may not the party throw up some future Stalin, particularly if disagreements in the present leadership should be intensified? And, of course, even in the immediate present, a reshuffle may occur. One report is that Voroshilov will retire soon, to be replaced by Bulganin as head of state, and with Khrushchev—or maybe somebody else—succeeding Bulganin as Premier.

Be this as it may, watching the Presidium now is almost like watching a mutual-aid society. At a reception, you can see one member pass on the responsibility for a toast to another, with a gesture clearly meaning, "I'm tired of this—you catch the next one." You can see Voroshilov, say, looking in a somewhat befuddled manner to Molotov for enlightenment, and then Molotov will come up close to him, very close, and whisper comfortingly in his ear.

It is all very cozy. One is tempted on occasion to forget that this group of men is not only probably the most powerful but also the most cynical, sinister and extravagantly ruthless in the world, and that its chief aim is the conquest of our world.

I will never forget the expression on Kaganovich's face one afternoon when Khrushchev was making a rough, tough, off-the-cuff speech. This was at the Polish Embassy during Premier Gomulka's visit on November 18. The speech was so rough and tough that the outraged Western diplomats withdrew in protest.

But I was watching Kaganovich. Kaganovich is a heavy-set man with a large head, hands like trowels and fingers (if I may mix metaphors) hanging down like carrots. He was listening to Khrushchev with an air compounded of satisfaction, consternation, amusement, approval and dismay. He put out his hands, palms up, with his head wagging, and you could almost see the words form on his lips, as Khrushchev kept blasting away. "What can you do with a man like that? But what a man!"

Sometimes, lively—even sharp—interchanges take place between members of the Presidium in public. At one recent reception, Mikoyan kept interrupting Khrushchev, who did not seem pleased. Khrushchev said that the Western powers had done something "idiotic." Mikoyan muttered aloud, "Too strong, too

strong!" Khrushchev quoted Lenin to the effect that, if a man was utterly convinced that he was right, not wrong, he should proceed to the limit in executing his views. Mikoyan interrupted, "But how do you know that you are not wrong?"

Astonishingly little is known about the secret, inner relationships between these men. The Soviet censorship is stricter and more sensitive about speculation in this field than on any other in Russia. As a matter of fact, very little is known about anything personal about them. For instance, nobody knows what their salaries are. Probably, for senior members of the government, these range between 10,000 and 18,000 rubles a month—which means, calculating the ruble at the official rate of four to the dollar, \$2,500 to \$4,500. Even at the prevailing unofficial rate (10 rubles to the dollar), the sums are tidy.

Not much is known about the Team's family life, and their wives are seldom seen. This is a subject about which almost all Russians clam up, even if you are discussing a minor personality. The whole subject of family relationships is taboo, not because of security, but because the Russians take the line that this is none of the outsider's business and, anyway, is of no importance.

No one even knows for sure, in Moscow, where leading members of the Team live. But there are five sizable houses, with copper roofs, behind a long, solid fence interrupted with iron-scrolled gates, out near the University of Moscow in the Lenin Hills district, between the embankment of the Moskva River and a broad highway. Sometimes, traffic on the near side of the highway is cut off or diverted, sometimes not. Uniformed militiamen, who guard every important building in Moscow, are not in evidence; but a few plain-clothes men are usually strolling about. The idea is that the neighborhood should not be too conspicuous; if uniformed police were present, the rank and file of the population, which is in absolute ignorance of such matters as this, would catch on to the fact that something important was hidden there. Here several ministers live. But no one knows which are in which house, or how they are paired up. Nobody has a house to himself.

KHRUSHCHEV will be 63 in April. The name is pronounced "Crew-shoff." His nickname in early days was "The Football"—no matter how hard you kicked him, he came up bouncing all over the place. His major sources of power are three: first, the unquenchable, irrepressible force of his own personality; second, his control of the party apparatus, which controls

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Girls outnumber boys in Victor's high-school class—but they all seem equally



Kremlin's towers loom behind two tenth graders.

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attentive and industrious.

Moscow teen-agers

By American standards, the life of the 16-year-old boy shown on these pages is a regimented one. Victor Kustov's daily routine and long-range plans are geared to the demands of the Soviet Union. The government wants him to be a radio engineer and counts on him to study hard in school. He does as he is told. Victor's

recreation centers around school: basketball, volleyball, organized dances and Sunday excursions to museums and concerts. He plans to marry a classmate who lives next door, "at the proper time." Like most Russian teen-agers, Victor is serious. But behind a shield of conformity lies a burning curiosity about the world.



On Sunday tour of a Moscow art gallery, Victor absorbs approved culture.



A radio ham, Victor won't be allowed to transmit until he is 18. But he listens to other hams as far away as Yugoslavia and has become an authority on American jazz.

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Parks and jazz offer some fun

Young people in Moscow do have a little fun. Jazz is no longer taboo, as in Stalin's time, and every Moscow neighborhood now has its group of devotees. They get together to exchange records, listen to American broadcasts, discuss favorite musicians and dance. They take it seriously. For jazz, in this closed Soviet society, is music from the outside.



On a heavy date, a student takes his girl dinner-dancing at an elegant restaurant and toasts her in Caucasian wine.



For everyday fun, Moscow teen-agers can ride the big swings at the Gorki Park of Culture and Rest.

Crew cut and bow tie identify this Russian youth as a real cool cat. But there is still more formality than exuberance at Soviet parties.



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a brother living in Israel. Mme. Molotov had a busy career as a business woman—first in the cosmetics industry—but she came into disfavor and was exiled to Central Asia in the last days of Stalin. Personal items of this kind make astonishingly little difference in the Soviet Union. The fact that his wife got into trouble did not, so far as anybody knows, damage Molotov's prestige with Stalin, nor did it even faintly tempt Molotov himself to leave the government. This is a regime, as I have said, almost totally devoid of the normal human values. A cabinet minister can still hold his job after his brother has been shot. (This happened.) A man can still work for the secret police after the secret police has executed his own father. (This happened too.)

No one knows much about the present position of one of the most interesting and capable of all the Soviet leaders, Georgi Maximilianovich Malenkov. He was, as everybody knows, Premier for a brief period after Stalin's death in 1953; there is occasional talk of a shake-up that might make him Premier again. He holds the relatively inconspicuous job of Minister of Electric Power Stations, which means that much of his work takes place out in the new industrial complexes being built in Siberia. I never saw him at a Moscow party.

Khrushchev, I heard it put, is a checkers player; Malenkov is a chess player. Khrushchev leads with a fist; Malenkov leads with his mind and sees moves far ahead. He is regarded as the most sophisticated member of the Team, and probably the cleverest; people say that he is the only leading Russian with whom Europeans can talk on European terms: he comprehends the Western point of view, even if he disagrees with it.

Malenkov likes to wear a Russian blouse instead of conventional Western dress, and is fattish, black-haired and abstemious. He was educated to be an electrical engineer, and his wife, whom he met as a student, is an electrical engineer; in fact, she is a director of the largest electronics-research institute in Moscow. Malenkov is, of all things, very fond of the poetry of Robert Burns—who, incidentally, appears on some Soviet postage stamps.

Malenkov, when he took over power after Stalin's death, wanted to give the people more, and sought to stimulate the production of consumers' goods—pots and pans and so forth. Then, Khrushchev put the emphasis back on heavy industry. But Malenkov is too subtle-minded a politician to let himself be boxed into a position where he stands *only* for the small consumer. Also, Malenkov, to an extent, engineered the downfall

of Lavrenti P. Beria, the sinister boss of the secret police, who had been invulnerable in Stalin's time; more than anybody, Malenkov is author of the evolution whereby Russia is no longer overtly ruled by terror, though terror certainly still exists.

Marshal Georgi K. Zhukov, aged 60 and young for his years, is sometimes called the "best" man in Russia. One diplomat told me, "Zhukov is the only man high up who tells the truth. He may evade a question, but he will not lie." Zhukov is not—as of the moment—a full member of the Presidium, but is one of the six "candidate" members. The normal practice in the Soviet press is to list full members and candidates alphabetically, but Zhukov is invariably given first place among the candidates, even though his name begins with "Z." Small things like this count in the Soviet Union. Zhukov became a candidate member at the 20th Congress, in February, 1956. Before this, no professional service officer had ever been given a party post of such prominence (Voroshilov and Bulganin are not military men by career), and he may soon be promoted to full membership. Also, Zhukov is Minister of Defense.

How important is the army in running Russia? Has Zhukov a veto in the Presidium? The first thing to say is that the Red Army is composed mostly of citizens who have had a thorough Soviet education, and is, of course, permeated with communism. The Red Army is part and parcel of the state. It is not an independent source of power. There is no officers' corps like that in the old German Army, which played politics on its own—maybe against the government. That could not happen in Russia unless there should be an actual revolution, something almost inconceivable.

But the stout marshal is a member of the Team, and, certainly, his views are listened to carefully, particularly in the realms of foreign affairs and national defense. It is unlikely that he has a veto. But it is also unlikely that the Presidium would adopt measures which he strongly opposed, for at least three reasons. First, Zhukov is probably the most popular man in Russia, and the other leaders seek naturally to capitalize on this. Second, the Presidium knows full well how Stalin, a military amateur, needlessly sacrificed hundreds of thousands of Russian lives, and nowadays it pays strict attention to professional military advice. Third, Zhukov is liked and respected as a man.

Moscow is not at all uncomfortable, particularly if you travel under the amiable and efficient auspices of Intourist,

continued

Critic at bay seems stunned when young artist tells him, "You've done enough"



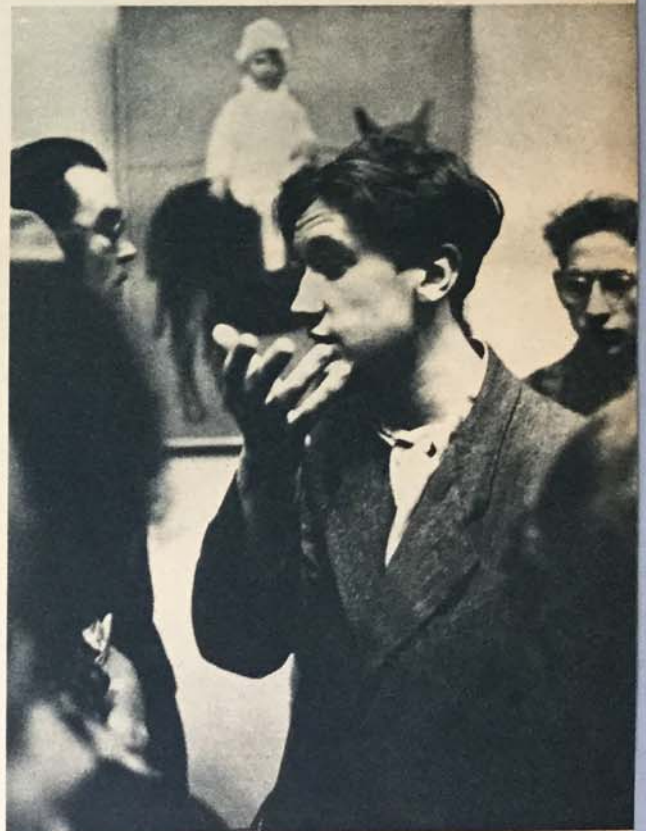
"So you think we're disrespectful? You say we're corrupted by Western influences? Coming from you, that's a compliment."

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Russian row over Picasso

Soviet art students jammed Moscow's Fine Arts Museum last fall to admire the first authorized exhibit of Picasso's paintings. When a die-hard Stalinist art critic tried to speak up for "Socialist realism," they swarmed around and drowned him out with a barrage of long-pent-up questions and complaints.



"For forty years, we were isolated from the world while you denounced everything that was healthy and fresh as anti-Marxist."

"How can you still babble about Socialist realism? What did it ever produce but thousands of glorified portraits of Stalin?"



damage. The likes of you drove the best Soviet painters to suicide."

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the official tourist agency. As a matter of fact, it is almost impossible for the ordinary citizen to visit Russia except through Intourist.

At the moment, the Russians are a good deal more liberal about granting visas to Americans than vice versa. About 2,500 Americans visited the Soviet Union last year, and many more are expected in 1957.

You can go in by train from Berlin or elsewhere, or fly by several routes. SAS, the Scandinavian airline, has good services to Moscow and Leningrad several times a week, and Aeroflot, the Russian line, which is said to be the biggest airline in the world from the criterion of miles covered on domestic routes, flies out to Prague, Warsaw and 19 other European and Asian cities, mostly in the satellites. Aeroflot is, incidentally, the only air company in the world flying jets on scheduled passenger runs (since the British grounded their *Comets*), and the speed of these services is staggering. The Moscow-Prague flight takes less than two hours, and you can fly from Moscow all the way to Peking in about ten. But, to date, the Russian jets are only used on a few international services, and we were never able to get on one.

Flying within Russia is apt to be pretty rough. This is an understatement. It is extremely rough. It is also fun, and comparatively safe. Accidents are not—unless foreigners are involved—announced or reported, but the safety rate is good.

Most travelers know by this time that Russian planes do not (as a general rule) have seat belts. The Russians don't believe in them. Sometimes, a plane will have one seat with a seat belt, presumably for somebody who is sick or for some old-fashioned crank who demands one. And something that mystified and bewildered me more than anything in the entire Soviet Union was that seats in some airplanes have half a seat belt. The buckle end is there, but not the strap that fits into it. Don't ask me what it's good for.

Your Intourist tickets cost \$30 per day per person, exclusive of transportation, for the de luxe class. Thirty dollars a day may seem expensive, but, actually, it is quite cheap. For \$30, you get (a) the best available room in the best hotel; (b) four meals a day; (c) a limousine and chauffeur for a certain number of hours a day, which meant, in our case, since we each had a ticket, practically unlimited service; (d) an interpreter; (e) free entrance to museums and the like; and (f) a kickback of 25 rubles a day cash. This is \$6.25 at the official rate and, in theory, is supposed to pay for laundry, tips, theater tickets and so on. (Tobacco and alcohol are not included in the \$30.)

The hotel we stayed in, the National, one of the four Intourist hotels in Moscow, has an enthralling view of St. Basil's and the crimson walls and omelet-yellow palaces of the Kremlin. Not every newcomer

knows that Red Square, on which one side of the Kremlin faces, is really an oblong (paved with bricks the size of large loaves of bread) and is called "Red," not out of any political association, but because the root of the Russian words for "red" and "beautiful" is the same and the square was first named Red, centuries ago, because it was so beautiful.

I liked the National. It is shabby and antique and worn-out in spots, much as is my favorite hotel in New York, but it is clean and well-serviced. Our sitting room was so huge that the grand piano, no less, in one corner was inconspicuous. The hotel has one-day laundry service, and mineral water—the admirable *narzan*—is free. The food becomes monotonous after a while, and we yearned for fresh fruit and vegetables. But the soups were almost always good, and so was the ice cream (Russians are crazy about ice cream), and good caviar is plentiful. Vodka is served by weight, and the normal ration for two people, non-Russians, before dinner is 200 grams—about half a pint. Price—14.80 rubles, or \$3.70.

Not till later, when we had visited the provinces, did I appreciate another characteristic—the extraordinary uniformity of things. I took the state menu in the Moscow hotel for granted; and the deep glass ashtrays; and the cut-glass wine and water glasses; and the blue and gold state china; and the stout black brush in every *armoire*, for dusting your shoes or clothes; and the shower gadget with its elastic metal pipe in every tub; and the toilet with its box on top. In every hotel in the Soviet Union, all these articles are exactly the same! I don't know quite why it should be, but the experience is a bit paralyzing. Of course, similar phenomena may be observed in hotels and motels in the United States.

There are still people who can't quite believe that Russians, even today's Russians, are good at making things like automobiles—also driving them. All I can say is that the Zis, which resembles a Packard or big Buick of about five years back, and the Zim, which is slightly smaller, seemed to me very good cars indeed. We must have had two or three hundred rides in them, all over Russia, and I never knew one to snort, cough, snarl, stall or have a flat. Most are black, and have small Oriental rugs laid on the floor. All carry a small fire extinguisher, and all have big clocks—which work. It is surprising, but Russia is very time-conscious these days, and I never saw a Soviet automobile with its clock more than a minute off.

One question we have always been asked since our return is, "Were you followed?" The answer is, "Probably not," but this needs qualification. If we left the hotel on foot in Moscow or elsewhere to go shopping or to look around, I do not think that we were followed. Actually, there was no need to follow us (or any-

body traveling with Intourist) because the authorities know pretty well what a person is doing all the time. First, we went out usually in Intourist cars, and thus the chauffeur automatically knew our destination. Second, an Intourist interpreter accompanied us as a rule.

Surveillance is a mixed and thorny subject. Letters are certainly opened—the clumsy ripple of new paste on envelopes we received was ample evidence—and telephone calls are certainly monitored. Whether our hotel rooms were wired or not, I do not know. It is possible. Restaurant tables are, I am inclined to think, not wired, because nobody knows where you are going to sit and the mechanical arrangements would be onerous. I am not sure whether our rooms were searched when, for instance, the hotel police knew for certain that we were going out for a long lunch or were spending an evening at the theater. Probably yes.

Several other aspects of Moscow come to mind sharply. It is an exceptionally clean city—much cleaner, in terms of street sweeping and the like, than many in America. Street sweepers are mostly women, who even clean up the snow. And it is an extraordinarily silent city. Automobile horns are forbidden, and the carpet of snow seems to muffle traffic noises (of course, there is comparatively little traffic); the trolley buses, operating from overhead wires, are almost soundless, and, since the airport is a long distance away, airplanes are seldom heard overhead. Hardly ever in Moscow does one hear a loud-speaker, an ambulance siren, a fire engine or even a police whistle.



Moscow: Clean, quiet—and so secretive you can't even find a telephone book.

THIS is the strangest, most forbidding, most depressing and, at the same time, most exciting city I have ever seen—exciting if only because it is so utterly different from any other.

Moscow has 4.8 million people, and I never saw a man with a briefcase or encountered a Russian who had a cigarette lighter. In Moscow, no local citizen has ever shopped by mail, looked at a comic strip, read a gossip column, played canasta, heard

about diaper service or visited a motel. No one has even seen a supermarket or paid a bill by check. (There are, however, saving banks in Moscow which pay higher interest than ours do.) There are probably not more than 10,000 privately or semi-privately owned automobiles in the whole city, and perhaps 25,000 movie seats. (But legitimate theaters outnumber those in New York.) Nobody has ever seen a hamburger in a drugstore in Moscow, a copy of *Look* on a newsstand or a dry martini (except in the homes of foreigners). The city has not a single golf course. In fact, there isn't one anywhere in the Soviet Union's 8,590,000 square miles.

The prime essence of life in Moscow is secrecy. Everybody, even the most innocent visitor, knows that this is going to be a tough city to crack, but the grim reality exceeds the expectation.

Item: No maps of the city exist publicly, except small simplified maps showing the subway routes.

Item: No city directory or telephone book exists, available to the ordinary person. A phone book, somewhat out of date, does exist, but extremely few people have ever seen it. If you want to telephone somebody from your hotel, you give the name to the Intourist Service Bureau, and the connection will be produced, in time. But you cannot look up a number yourself. Nor does the Intourist staff itself have access to a book. Lists of numbers frequently called, such as those for hotels, embassies and so on, are on hand, and the friendly, hard-working man in charge of the Service Bureau has a little notebook stuffed with important numbers, but that is all.

And I must have a word about Moscow's terrific closedness. It is closed as Tibet used to be closed. In practically every world capital, the existence of a foreign colony is taken for granted; Americans living in homes or working in offices scattered throughout the city are a commonplace. But not in Moscow. The total American population in the entire Soviet Union, which means Moscow because Americans are not allowed to reside outside Moscow, numbers only about 150, of whom some 40 are children. And all but a few of these 150, the diplomats and their wives and families, live in an almost completely isolated compound—a double structure holding both offices and living quarters.

The real point to make about closedness is how closed off the Russians are, not the Americans. Our interpreter was an exceptionally intelligent, well-informed and well-educated girl. But never in her life, until I happened to show her one, had she even so much as seen a copy of the most celebrated of American news magazines. Things in the realm of communications that we take utterly for granted in the United States simply do not exist in Russia. Even such

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an item as that Galina Ulanova, the most sublime of modern ballerinas, collapsed at the ballet one night (we were there) is not likely to be printed in the Russian press. She is a national heroine, but such an event is simply not considered news.

Both the Voice of America and the BBC get through to a good many Russians, even though these services are jammed. The Russians know a lot about American jazz and are wild about it, and they know names like Hemingway and Disney. But their own press and radio tell them almost nothing about things abroad. Certain fields are rigorously screened off. I never met a Russian who had ever heard of Klaus Fuchs, Alger Hiss or even the Soviet lady athlete who got arrested in London for pilfering some hats.

Not many Americans or Western Europeans are to be seen in Moscow except perhaps in the tourist season; but all year round, the Soviet Union swarms with Asians, particularly Chinese. Delegations pump in and out—not only of Chinese, but of Burmese, Indonesians, Balinese, North Vietnamese and Indians of every category. The most unexpected—because spontaneous—demonstration I saw in Moscow was one for an Indian movie star, Raj Kapoor. One night in Kiev, we could not go to the ballet because the opera house had been pre-empted for a mass meeting in honor of some visiting North Koreans. In Tiflis, we met young Indian technicians studying the machine-tool industry, and I do not think I ever went to a restaurant, theater, hotel or other public place in Moscow without seeing Chinese. The Soviet Union is hotly courting the neutralist or uncommitted countries of Asia, as well as those in Africa and the Middle East. We might well heed its example.

Housing is the worst thing in Moscow, and, after that, people's clothes. These have improved, as I have already mentioned, since the war, and especially in the last few years, but they are still terrible—revolting, with the exception of children's clothes. The shabby manginess, the dreariness and the lack of color of the clothes of most adults beggar description. The Russians are perfectly capable of producing colorful clothes, as is proved by the uniforms of gymnasts and athletes at public displays, but the ordinary citizen does not get them. You can have a suit or coat in any color, provided it is black. And Russians are violently conscious of the clothes foreigners wear, particularly of their shoes. Moscow is the city where, if Marilyn Monroe should walk down the street with nothing on but shoes, people would stare at her shoes first.

This brings up the point that the Russian government does its utmost to keep its people from being jealous of Western standards. In order to justify the hardships it imposes on its own citizens, it tells them that we,

the Americans, only achieve luxuries by "exploiting" our American workers. So, if a tourist has good clothes, this does not necessarily arouse envy in a dedicated Communist; on the contrary, the Communist may despise the tourist for being bourgeois. Many Russians are actually proud of their own poverty.

Prices are fantastic if you calculate them at the official rate of four rubles to \$1. But even at the unofficial rate of ten to one—which more accurately reflects purchasing power—the average Russian must find it impossible to buy certain articles that we regard as necessities. Here, at random, are some things we priced: a chocolate bar that would cost a dime in America, 14.80 rubles (\$1.48); a dowdy nylon blouse, 320 rubles (\$32); a man's felt hat, 160 rubles (\$16); a new novel, 28 rubles (\$2.80); a dozen colored postcards of the Kremlin, 15 rubles (\$1.50); a lithograph of Khrushchev, 120 rubles (\$12); a package of cardboard-tipped cigarettes, 3.50 rubles (35 cents); an imitation-leather traveling case, 450 rubles (\$45); a can of salmon, 5.80 rubles (58 cents). But bread and potatoes are exceedingly cheap. Some discrepancies among values are astounding. An American jazz record can fetch 400 rubles on the black market, and this is also the price of a pretty good radio. An automobile does not cost more than about 20 times the price of a pair of sound boots. Crazy! Of course, very few automobiles are available.

How do people live? The answer is that the great majority live very poorly. It is true that a limited class—for instance, writers and composers who receive royalties, or scientists and technicians—get a lot of money. A sprinkling of men and women exist in Russia with incomes of several hundred thousand rubles—perhaps even a million rubles or more—per year. And salaries among professional people are substantial. A university professor gets at least 3,000 rubles (\$300) per month, and a good interpreter, 2,500 (\$250). But a garage mechanic or minor official will be lucky with 800 (\$80). There is precious little socialism left in Russia, and the system has certainly not produced a classless society, though it is close to being classless in some ways.

Two points must, in fairness, be made on the other side. People with average incomes are somewhat better off than figures indicate because (a) almost all women in Russia work, and hence most families have two earners; (b) Russians pay almost nothing for rent—say \$8 to \$10 per month—and astoundingly little income tax, only five per cent for most people. Also, medical care is free, and so is education for children. As to children, one could write about them and their position in the Soviet Union at great length. Mostly, students are very hard-working and serious. They have to be. But some

teen-agers like to cut capers, and juvenile delinquency is—as in the United States—an increasingly irksome problem.



A pretty girl is a rare sight, but one with lipstick is rarer still.

I was astonished one evening in a non-tourist restaurant, where a good meal for four will cost about \$40, to see a pretty girl. These are rare in Moscow. What is more, she was well dressed, in a chic little gray suit, and, something very unusual indeed, she was wearing jewelry. Then, I was more than astonished, I was dumfounded, because I saw that, in addition to being pretty and well dressed, she wore make-up.

Now, this is almost unheard of among women in the Soviet Union. It is not that lipsticks and so on are forbidden or hard to get; the fact is that, even if crude, they are quite cheap and easily obtainable. Some women use nail polish nowadays, but lipstick is still rare. Mostly, this is because conspicuous cosmetics are symbolic of the condemned external world, the bourgeoisie; also, the sternly hard-working Russian women want to be like men.

But this girl had tinted eyebrows, mascara, purple eye shadow and a great rose of a mouth heavily painted on. And her blonde hair was done in a pretty, delicate puff, which, again, is something almost unheard-of in Moscow, where most women wear heavy buns or braids. And she was very pretty. And I kept on watching her. And then she opened her mouth to smile, and I saw that all her upper teeth were made of stainless steel.

Porcelain teeth are unobtainable in the Soviet Union, and when you need a complete dental job, steel teeth are cheaper than gold, lighter and less sensitive to heat and cold.

One morning in Tiflis, it was cold, cold, cold. A chill rain, that would become snow at any moment, froze the bones. It was very early—about 6 a.m.—and still quite dark. We were driving to the airport, shivering, and suddenly, near a factory or a school, I do not know which, we saw a line of about 200 young men, running through the icy gloom and doing complicated, vigorous calisthenics as they ran. This was their routine drill before showing up at their desks or

machines. And they were naked to the waist.

This is Sparta, I thought.

And indeed, a few moments later, I knew that it was Sparta, because I saw some helots—old women with clumsy brushes, sweeping dirt and refuse off the cold, grim streets.

WHAT, in view of some of the foregoing characteristics, has the Soviet Union got? Why should it be so formidable a power and a menace? We can assemble quite a tidy list of items, some obvious, some not:

1. Geography. The point does not need to be stressed that this is the largest country in the world, almost three times the size of the United States and situated with a telling capacity for strategic force. Its vast monolithic bulk dominates not merely one continent, but two.

2. Population. This is a bit over 200,000,000 now, considering Russia alone; with all the satellites, including China, 925,000,000 or almost one third the total population of the world. And Russians, not to mention Chinese, have a lively birth rate. (Of course, China, correctly speaking, is not a satellite—in that it does not take orders from Moscow—nor is Yugoslavia. The case might even be made that Poland can hardly be called a true satellite any longer. But they all are Communist.)

3. The hydrogen bomb.
4. The bomb aside, an extremely substantial military power. It is generally conceded that the U. S. S. R. is already ahead of the United States in certain types of military aircraft, and possibly in guided missiles as well. To mention only one other detail in this field, the Russians have greater strength in airborne troops (both glider troops and parachutists) than the armies of all the rest of the world combined.

5. Vitality. Energy. Durability. Toughness.

6. But toughness alone does not make a people strong. The Russians are tough, but also, in spite of their poverty, they have a peculiar kind of spirit, an *elan*. I do not mean merely that avowed Communists have faith in their goal, are fantastically disciplined and share the grim comforts that may come to people of utterly fixed dogma. It is something atop all this, and it is difficult to determine whether it is an expression of Russian or Communist characteristics. Probably it is a combination of both. People are taught (and a great many really believe it) that Russia, the country, is their country—they own it. And this gives them a peculiar feeling of euphoria, of emotional superiority. Then, practically all Russians are patriotic and have a distinct national pride in the new position of their country as one of the two supreme powers in the world. Finally, people gain spirit because the believers believe devoutly that the whole world will, sooner or later,

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INSIDE RUSSIA continued

become collectivist and be one world run on Soviet lines; that ineluctable social and economic forces determine the fate of nations; that, in short, history is on their side.

7. Planning. The concept that the entire energies of a nation should be focused to and controlled by an overall systematized plan is, we all know, the chief contribution that the Soviet Union has made to social science since the revolution. And this has proved to be one of the most seminal concepts ever invented. There is scarcely a country in Asia or Africa, or in Eastern Europe, without its three-, five-, six- or ten-year plan.

8. Russia is today the second industrial power in the world, surpassed only by the United States. (But, of course, there are weak and highly vulnerable areas in the Soviet economy, particularly in fuel and power production and in agriculture.)

9. The case might almost be made that poverty, especially among the peasants, is an asset to the Russian regime as well as a demerit. The struggle to make ends meet, on the land and in the factories, all but extinguishes interest in anything else. By keeping the people poor, the government also keeps them submissive. Starvation equals apathy.

10. The totalitarian one-party system. No expression of political opposition is permitted. Also, one should remember that Russia, before World War I, had little experience in the democratic, liberal political tradition and that it was a largely illiterate country in which the old intelligentsia was virtually wiped out or exiled. Today's educated class has been taught above all things to conform.

11. This is an executive government par excellence. The cabinet does not have to argue with a Congress, and nothing faintly like our Supreme Court exists, with a power to invalidate legislation. The executive, making its own decisions, writes its own ticket. If, today, it decides to give Afghanistan \$100,000,000, all it has to do is do so. Nothing need be justified or explained.

In turn, this means that important political decisions, particularly in foreign policy, can be taken much more swiftly than is possible under any Western government. Also, policy can be shifted quickly, and tactics are more elastic. The cold war can be turned off or on, at will.

12. Skill in propaganda. The step-by-step methods by which the Russians took advantage of the Suez fiasco are a classic example of this. And the fact that the Soviet government will lie on any occasion — will utter the most brazen and black-faced lies without a tremor — strengthens its hand.

13. Prodigious emphasis on education, literacy, science, research and technology. Pages could be written about this, and some startling statistics could be brought to light. For instance, there are 11,000 teachers of

English in the Soviet Union today. (How many teachers of Russian are there in the United States?) Children get, in theory, 10 years of free education, and the theory is rapidly becoming a universal fact. Intellectuals are greatly respected — no contempt for eggheads in this country! — and the appetite for reading matter is voracious. Practically all Russians, or so it seems, are reading books practically all the time. The library of one factory, an automobile plant near Moscow, contains 150,000 books.

About two thirds of all Russian university students become scientists and technicians, with mathematics and physics the favorite subjects. I asked one Russian statistician what the country did with so many physicists, for example. "Ah!" he replied, "we calculate that, say, in April, 1960, we will need 11,762 trained scientists, with advanced degrees, in certain branches of industry. So we work out today what schools they will go to, what special subjects they will study. They come out like oil in one of your pipelines. If we have made a miscalculation, we simply tighten up the pipe and cut off some of the oil. Or we can expand our production of physicists at any time."

14. The Russians grasp better than we do some basic realities about Asia and, as I have already mentioned, are in careful pursuit of Asia and the Middle East. One factor favoring them is that they are partly Asian themselves and have little, if any, color prejudice.

15. Our mistakes. And what have the Russians not got? Liberty, which is the most vital and indispensable thing of all.



De-Stalinization really began when Marshal Zhukov was brought back to Moscow.

To find out what's going on in Russia today, we must go back a bit.

There were, it would seem, at least three main reasons why Khrushchev broke loose at the meeting of the 20th Party Congress in February, 1956, and started the sensational process known as de-Stalinization, which is still the key to most of what is going on.

First, as I heard it put by a somewhat cynical Englishman, "commu-

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nism had to be made safe for the leading Communists." That is, rule by police power had to be modified, because, otherwise, the point might have been reached whereby "everybody would be killing everybody off." Not only did the terror have to be stopped, but some explanation had to be made as to why it had gone on for so long, with such nightmarish results. The easiest way to achieve this latter aim was to pin the blame on Stalin himself and discredit him.

Second, the major Soviet ambition is to push industrialization ever harder and so, eventually, to pass the United States as the world's first power. It became clear to the Soviet leadership that this aim could never be fulfilled, in a period where mass education was also being pushed to the utmost, without a greater measure of assent from the people. Hence, some loosening up was imperative.

One of the wisest men in Moscow told me, "Stalin himself made de-Stalinization inevitable." By this epigram, which contains much truth, he meant that the enormous educational process now operating in the Soviet Union, by which millions of people are being turned into literate citizens (within circumscriptions) and for which Stalin himself was partly responsible, must necessarily in the long run give citizens more consciousness of their role in the state, more influence, more curiosity. So, to prepare the way for this, various relaxations were decreed. And, in order to convince people that the new policy (such as it was) was on the level, Stalin had to be repudiated.

Third, particularly in foreign policy, the new directorate wanted to be able to say that various frightful errors made by Stalin, like the loss of Yugoslavia, were his fault, not an inherent fault of communism. This was particularly necessary vis-à-vis the Chinese. So, again, if only to emphasize and dramatize the point, Stalin himself had to be trampled on.

Now, several qualifications are necessary to all this. Nothing is ever simple in the Soviet Union. For instance, the Khrushchev speech was not, as is often thought, the opening note in the de-Stalinization campaign, but its climax. In fact, de-Stalinization began within half an hour of Stalin's death, when Marshal Zhukov, who had been "exiled" by Stalin to a minor post in Odessa, was brought back to Moscow.

Again: Much is still obscure about the actual course of events at the 20th Congress and about subordinate motivations of Khrushchev's behavior. Many in Moscow think that Khrushchev had not meant to say all that he did say, but was carried away by honest rancor and by the bluntness and explosiveness of his own character.

Again: Even today, the speech has never been actually published in full in Russia. But it was read aloud at party meetings, factories, universities and the like to chosen party members, who then disseminated it

further by word of mouth.

And, it is important to mention, Stalin was never completely de-Stalinized. There were a good Stalin and a bad Stalin. He was never criticized or condemned for liquidating Trotsky in the old days or for the assassination of millions of kulaks (rich peasants) or for industrialization. This perhaps helps to explain why, from time to time, Khrushchev still praises Stalin, at least as a "fighter against imperialism."

There was no single picture of Stalin in evidence at the last national celebration in Moscow on November 7, and the last anniversary of his birth passed completely unnoticed in the Soviet press. But there are still countless pictures of him in hotels and even in government offices and countless dreary silver-painted statues of him in the parks and gardens, and he still lies next to Lenin in the gaunt mausoleum on Red Square. The names of cities like Stalingrad, Stalinabad and so on have not been changed. Many factories, institutes and the like have, however, been renamed with Stalin omitted.

During our trip, we asked several party members what their own opinion had been when they first heard Khrushchev's speech, and they replied in virtually identical terms, which might be paraphrased as follows: "We felt a mixture of shock and relief. The fact that the leadership was courageous enough to make severe criticism of what had gone before shows our strength. The speech has relaxed the atmosphere and helped speed the way to socialism."

At any rate, a change has come, though it may be doubted that it will "speed the way to socialism." A cautious, tentative experiment in liberalization is proceeding, albeit slowly. Instances may be cited on almost every level, and some of those most trivial are particularly interesting. At Kremlin receptions, men like Voroshilov and Malenkov dance. Can one imagine Stalin dancing in the Kremlin?

There have been some cultural exchanges with a number of Western countries, one result of which is that people have a chance to see foreign films. Gina Lollobrigida is a favorite among female stars. Permission has finally been given for the publication of sheet music from *Oklahoma!* Hemingway is being translated again after 20 years of blackout. Recently, exhibitions of Picasso in Moscow and Leningrad gave Soviet citizens almost their first glimpse of something that had hitherto been absolutely taboo—abstract art.

Domestically, too, in such fields as art and even science, things are stirring. Freud has been under the strictest of bans for a generation, but, immediately after Khrushchev's speech, one medical journal published an article titled *Why Should We Be Afraid of Psychotherapy?*

Musicians like Shostakovich have been rehabilitated, and the wraps

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have been taken off Soviet plays that have not been performed since the 1920's—satires critical of government. Kissing on the stage (and in movies), which was considered indecent under Stalin, is allowed again. And new plays are breaking new ground to an extent. Artistically speaking, the Soviet theater, once so magnificent, ceased to exist from roughly 1934 to 1953, because dramatists did not dare express themselves freely and were confined to dismal themes within the field of "Socialist realism." But now, Russian audiences can see plays like *Wings*, by a well-known Ukrainian playwright, which actually dares to attack the secret police.

In books, too, horizons are becoming wider. Dostoevski was under a ban for many years, but you can buy all of his books now except *The Possessed*. Contemporary novels show lively symptoms of release.

All this is, however, relatively minor. What counts is the lightening up, such as it is, in political and allied fields. A diplomat told me, "Yesterday, a functionary in the Ministry of Foreign Trade got a phone call, while he was out to lunch, from a member of the Central Committee of the party. He did not bother to return the call for two hours. That is the most important thing that has happened in Russia since 1934!"

The main result of de-Stalinization is that the *overt* terror has stopped, at least for the time being. As of the moment anyway, your doorbell is not going to ring at 3 a.m., with the secret police outside the door. Your wife is not going to wonder, when you leave your dwelling to go to an official banquet, whether she will ever see you again. What a grim, grisly terror it was! Important officials were arrested at banquets, without warning, and were never seen again. And there was no recourse. As to little people, for whom there was no recourse either, sometimes the police went into an apartment building and arrested six or seven people—utterly innocent people—purely at random, simply ringing one doorbell here, one doorbell there, with no object whatever except to terrorize the neighborhood.

Citizens still feel a hang-over from all this—no wonder—and most are still cautious and frightened. But—

1. There have been, so far as is known, no political arrests in Russia for about 13 months. (Of course, if you sailed into Red Square and called out that Khrushchev was a criminal or an idiot, you would be arrested promptly enough.)

2. Nobody is likely to get into trouble through unsubstantiated private denunciation, and an attempt is being made to make judicial processes more judicial. (Even if you did call Khrushchev a criminal or an idiot, you would probably get a trial, though it might not be public.)

Another item—people were taught to believe in Stalin with fanatic,

idolrous devotion. And now, Stalin has been removed from them, cut down. How can they ever trust or believe in anything again?

Actually, Soviet citizens, by and large, have had their minds so bent, so twisted, so distorted and positively deformed by 39 years of relentlessly didactic dictatorship that they have become automata—most believe in anything they are told. Hence, questions of "faith" and "trust" have little practical importance, or simply do not arise. The instinct to conform is not only imposed from the top, but rises from the bottom.

On the other hand, the Khrushchev revelations did, beyond doubt, produce a profound stirring in the upper levels—and so did events in Hungary and Poland—which has already filtered down to the masses. Sharp proof of this is that there has been so much recent discontent among students. If students, an elite class, are troubled, others are troubled too. One should not exaggerate the amount of emotional and intellectual unrest in the Soviet Union today or overestimate its possible effect. There can be discontent in a jail, but it does not follow that a jail break is likely or imminent. Even so, the mere fact that a modicum of discontent is discernible and is being expressed is a pregnant development. Perhaps in time, a true public opinion may arise. If so, that will show the real and lasting importance of de-Stalinization, even if the leaders did not anticipate this result.



The Russian people are genuinely afraid that America might start a war.

AND now, to conclude, we must face the knottiest questions of all. Does the Soviet Union want war? Certainly not. The Russians know full well that a nuclear war, even if it did not actually destroy them, would set them back untold years. Nor does the United States want war. But is coexistence with the Soviet Union possible, and on what terms? We have to coexist, since the alternative is nuclear war, but how?

First, a word about the general Soviet attitude to the United States. This is a peculiar amalgam. Russians by and large are colossally ignorant about us, and they may vigorously

dislike some individual Americans, but they are not unfriendly. They scorn and even pity Americans for being "prisoners" of commercial values, and for other reasons, but they are curious about us and respect us too, if only because they know our power. To some degree—it is very striking—they crave our approval. And they genuinely do fear that we might make a war.

It was interesting, during the American election campaign in 1956, to try to estimate some Russian opinions. So far as I could tell, the Kremlin bosses were enthusiastically pro-Eisenhower, although cool to Nixon. They liked Eisenhower better than Stevenson for several reasons. He was a known commodity; Stevenson was unknown. Eisenhower had a friendly association with Marshal Zhukov and other Soviet leaders during the war. Above all, his reputation was that of a man who stood for peace, whereas Stevenson was the inheritor of the Truman-Acheson "warmongering" combination that carried out the Marshall Plan, created NATO and fought the Korean War. Eisenhower, on the other hand, was the man who made peace in Korea, assisted in the liquidation of the French position in Indochina, went to Geneva to meet Bulganin and Khrushchev and pursued a generally conciliatory policy.

The key to almost everything in Russian foreign policy is that the Russians want peace, but they do not think of "peace" as we do and they want peace on *their own terms*. Their definition of coexistence is altogether different from ours; they mean by peace and coexistence *absence of a shooting war*. Their major long-range political aim is still what it once was—to win the world without a war—and they stand to gain by anything, in any field, that leaves them free to pursue their own devices without interference.

Another exacerbating factor is the paradoxical one that, as coexistence proceeds, the Russians will tend to be more—rather than less—on guard against "corruption" by Western influences. They feel that they must strengthen their "ideological" de-

In the next issue . . .

INSIDE
RED CHINA

The real story, in words and pictures, of what is going on in this forbidden country of 600,000,000 people . . . told for the first time by American reporters.



fenses as relations with the West improve—if they do. This, plus the beginnings of crack-up in the satellite empire, is why they have recently decreed intensified vigilance against Western penetration.

Can the United States, or any democratic country, coexist with a country that has no freedom? Perhaps. We have coexisted before with dictatorships. In fact, we coexist with several at this minute, and even have cordial relations with them. Can we coexist with a country that lies wantonly and blatantly as an instrument of national policy? Perhaps. There are plenty of liars in the chancelleries of the world, and even some at home. But can we coexist with a country that uses its own special fraudulent concept of "peace" as a cloak for international penetration and aggression? Difficult! But we have to try.

The United States should be strong; it should be patient; it should be more adroit and farseeing than it is; and it should attempt by all means to woo and court the great mass of Soviet citizens and to take advantage, if possible, of the signal new fermentations going on in Russia and, in particular, the genuine desire for peace held indisputably by the rank and file of the Russian people. Anything that lets air into the Soviet dungeon is to the good.

One hopeful sign is that more and more Russians are getting education all the time, and this, even if circumscribed by the Soviet system, is bound to broaden some horizons. It will surprise many Russians that we also have very advanced social aims and accomplishments. Few Russians know about the spectacular, unexampled American record in such realms as education, social welfare and security for all. We, in our way, also seek the betterment of man, and our success far exceeds theirs.

The situation between the United States and Russia is serious enough in all conscience, but there is hope.

Above all, the United States should not be afraid. The Russians are tough, yes, and so can we be tough, though peace should rest on understanding and lack of fear as well as on strength and toughness. END

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Picasso AH

NEW YORK N.Y.
NEW YORK, N.Y. (1980) N.Y.
10¢
1980 NEW YORK, N.Y. (1980) N.Y.

The Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53 Street
New York, N.Y. 10019

A.H.Barr PICASSO FILE

Contents: Look, 1957 article Inside Russia by John Gunther
and
Oversized photographs of Picasso exhibition October 1956, Moscow Fine Arts Museum, and some related correspondence.

AH

SOVIET

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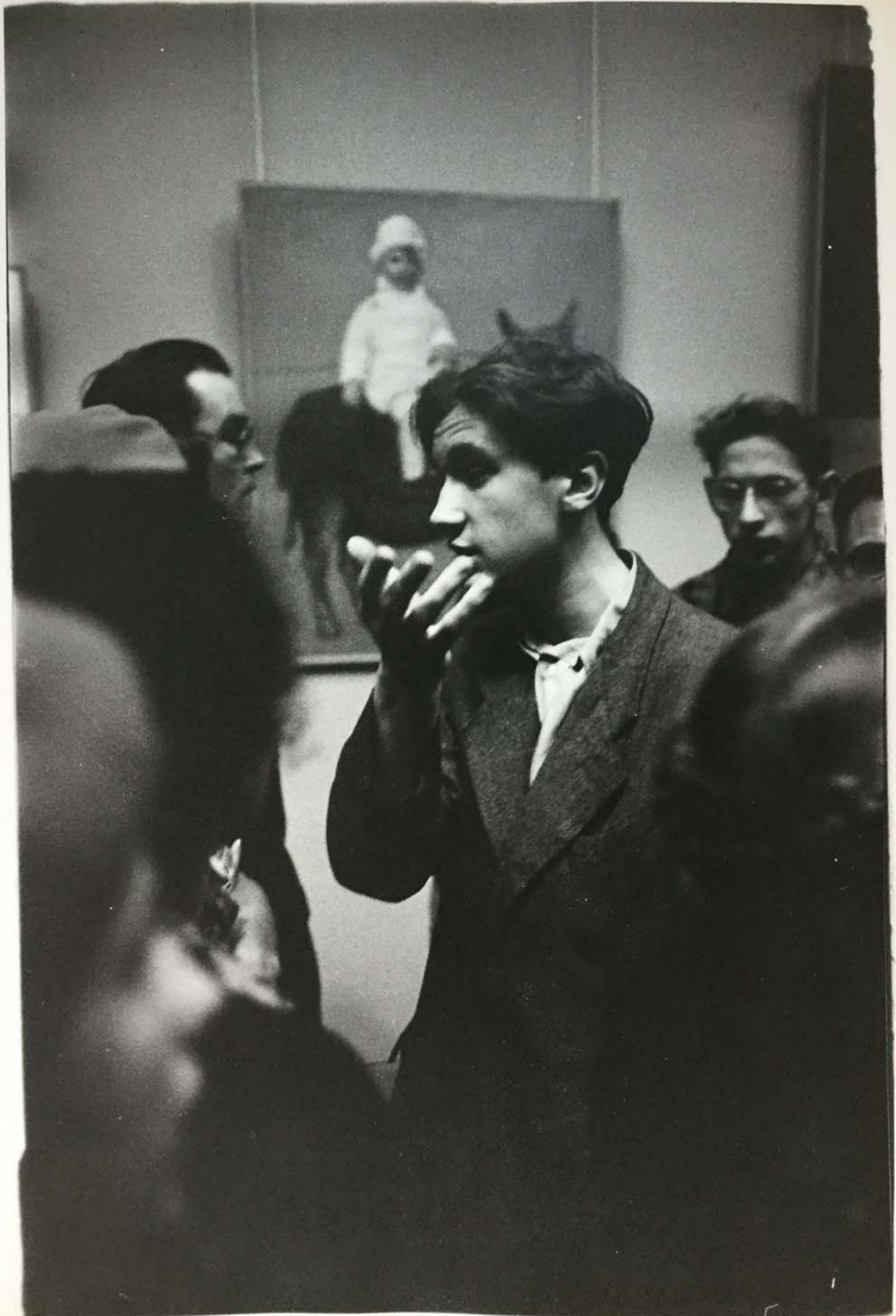
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DIPLOMAT CLASP No. 105-J
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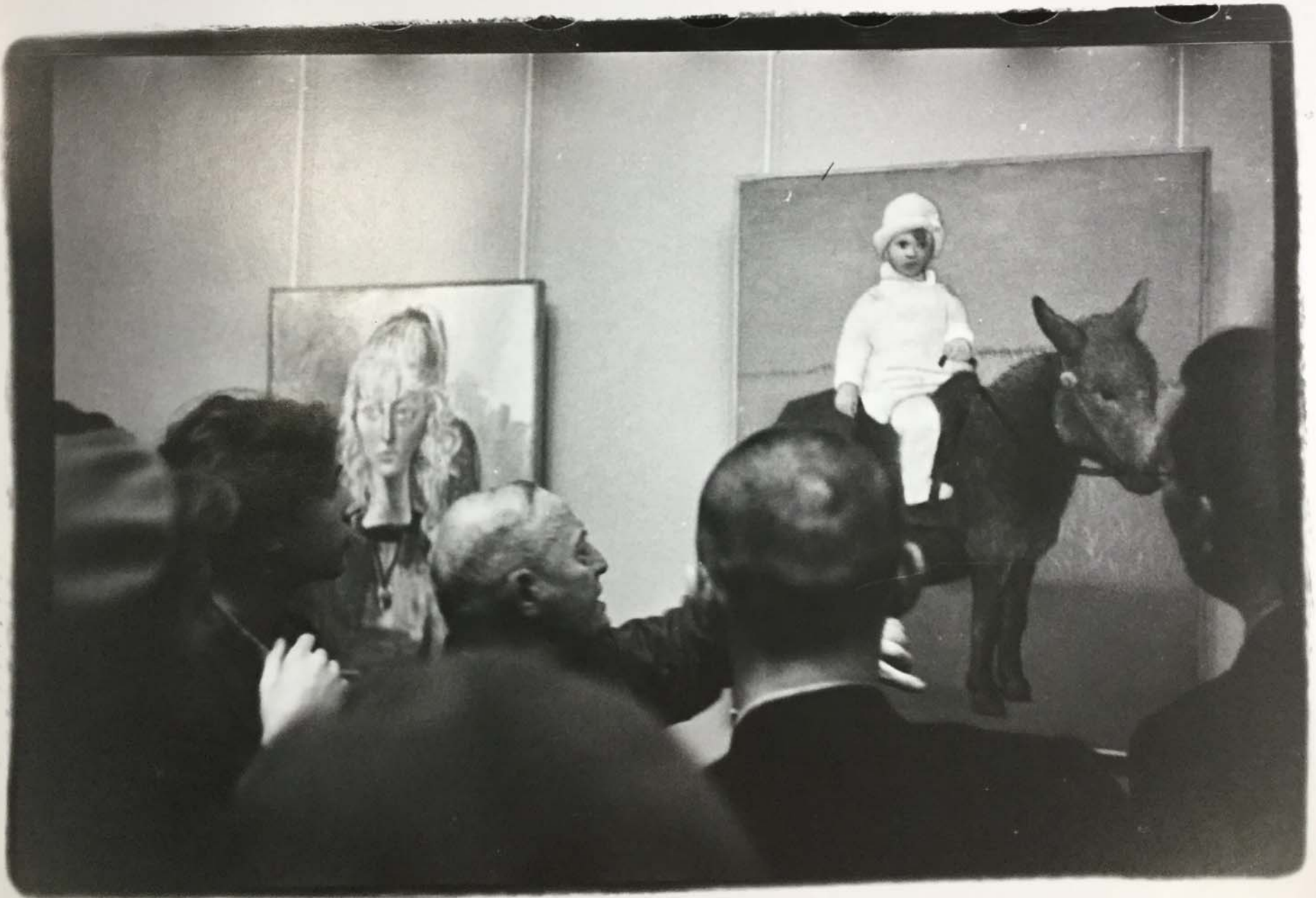
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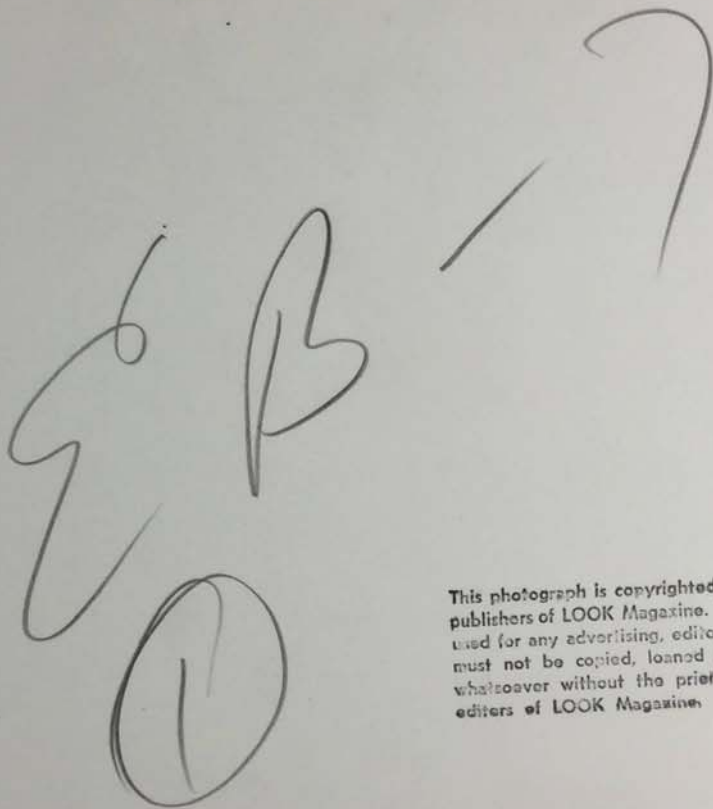
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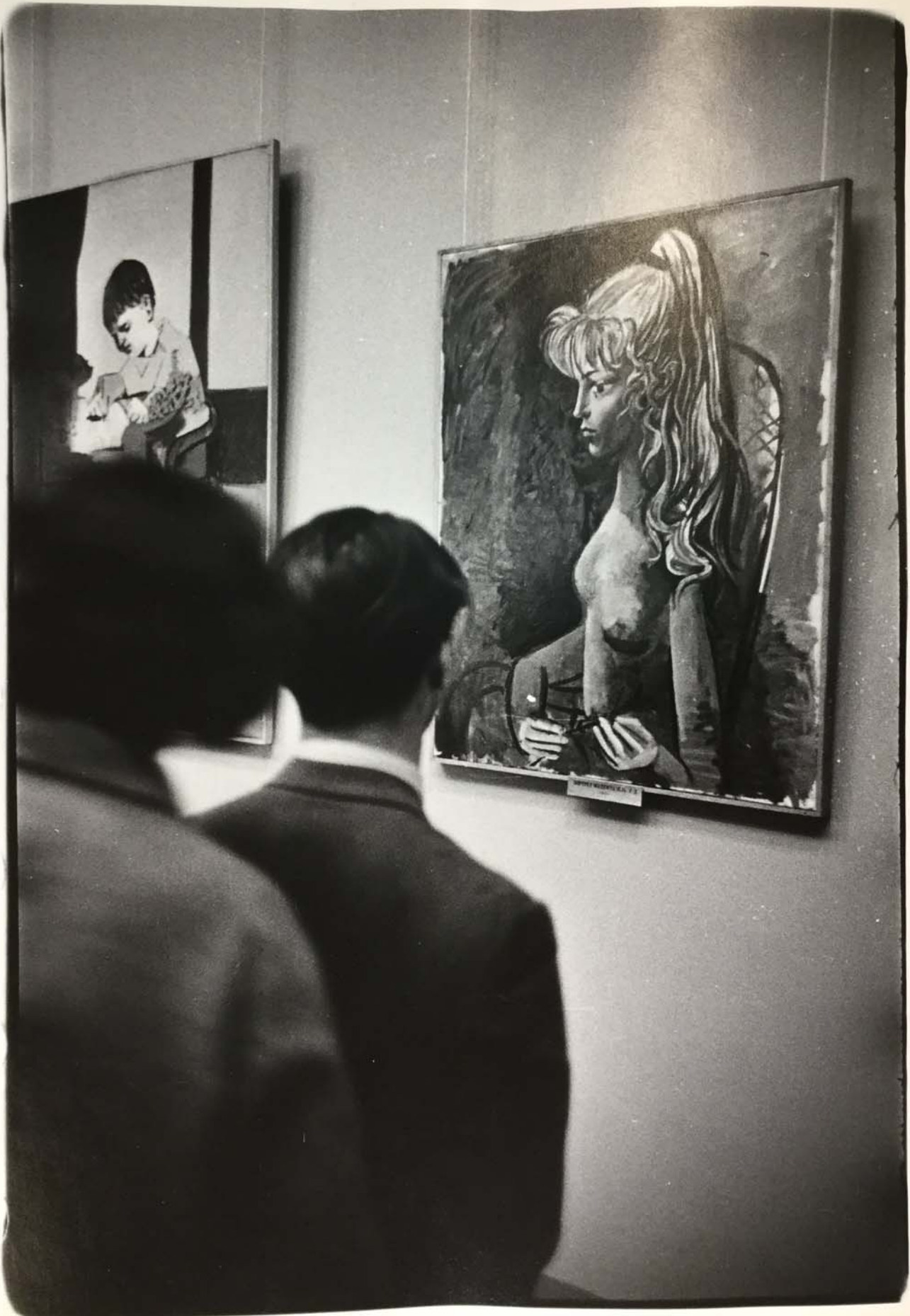
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⑥ Picasso show

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photo by Ed Steinas, Head of Look mag, Moscow bureau
 Oct. 1956 -
 opening of Picasso Exhibition at the Moscow Fine Arts Museum
 (dozent lecturing to students) 1-7

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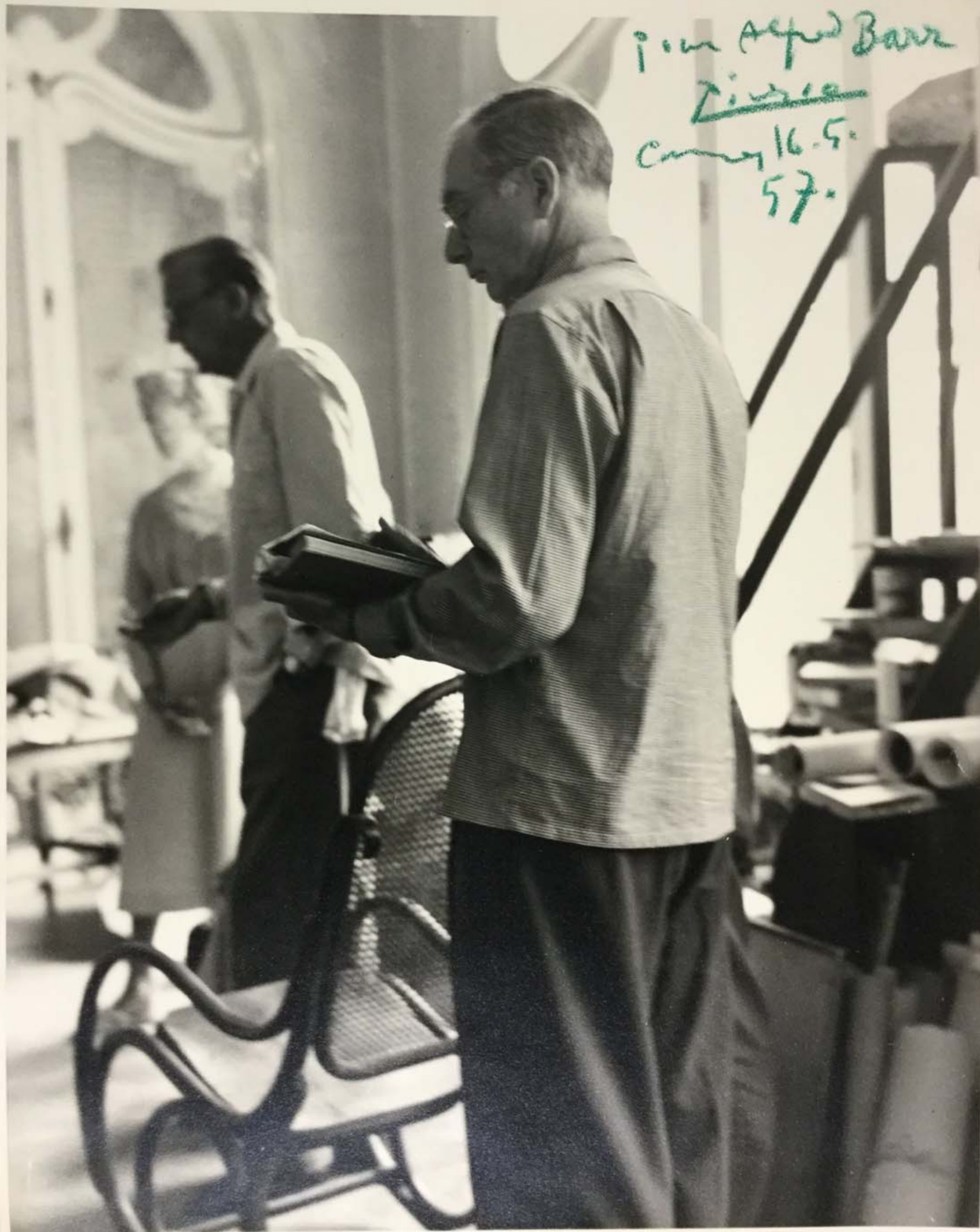
(7) Picasso show

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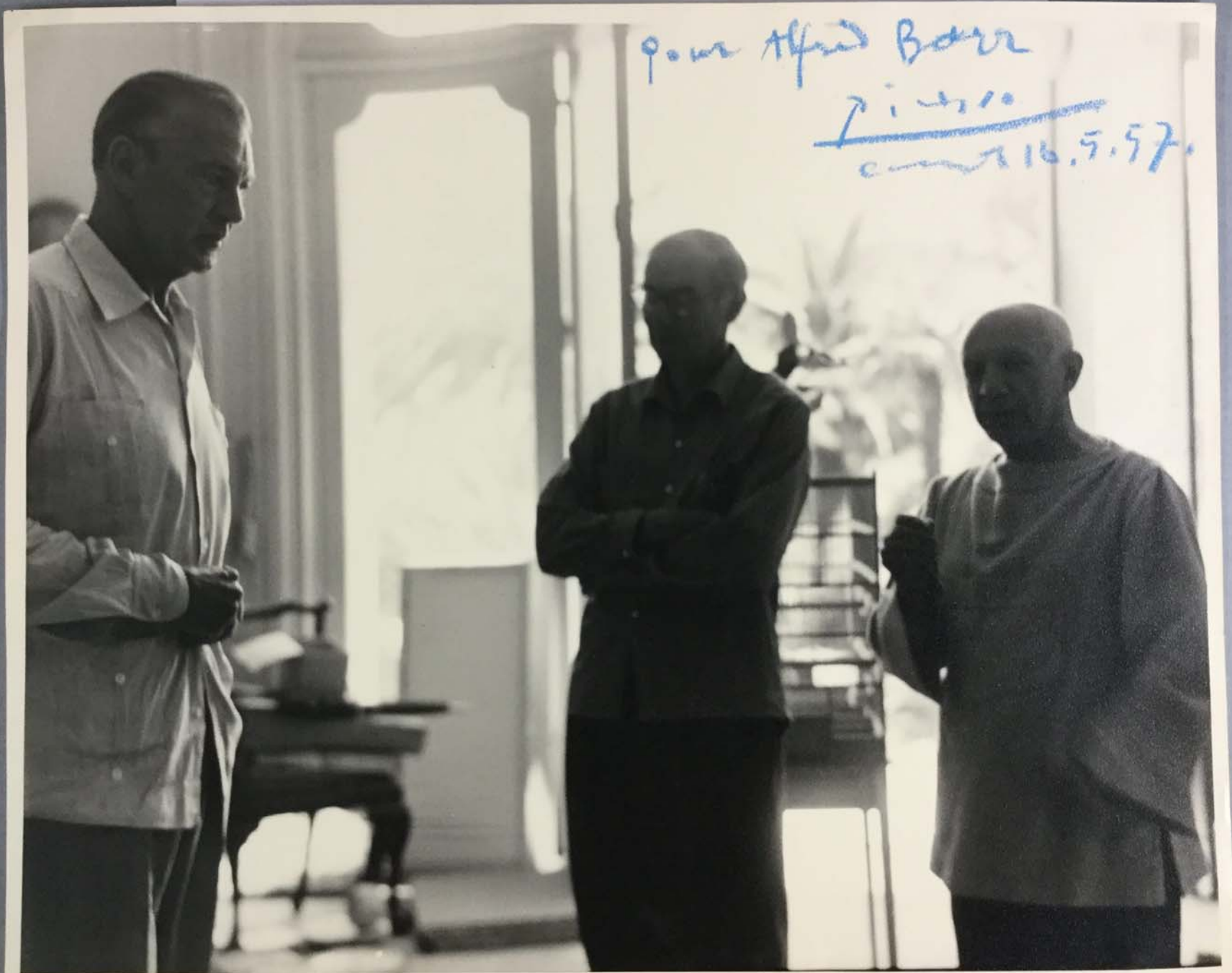
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Picasso + Currier blues
Balthus or Calder etc
ITS + Picasso