

Start the Presses!

By ERWIN CANHAM

Moscow, 1960

IT SEEMS unreal, even now, to stroll out to the lobby in the shoddy prefab which passes by the name of the Hotel Metropole, and look at the newsstand. And listening to the radio doesn't make sense, either.

Freedom of expression in Russia is still in a very explosive stage. The dozen to 15 single-sheet newspapers somehow printed here (the number varies almost from day to day) illustrate the wild confusion of liberated Russian thought. With the exception of Alexander Viktorov's New Word (*Novoye Slovo*), they are violently opinionated partisan sheets.

But the Russians have also turned hungrily to the world from which they were formerly barred. They have a mixed diet. It includes the Paris edition of the New York Herald Tribune, the composite edition of the American Press (*Amerikanskaya Gazeta*)—the wartime world edition of the New York Times, Christian Science Monitor, San Francisco Chronicle and the Chicago Tribune) which is printed from plastic plates here in Moscow, and British and French papers, Switzerland's excellent *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, plus other representative dailies from all over the world.

American magazines are in great demand, particularly for their typical advertising. But the Russian editions of the popular U.S. magazines far outsell the English editions. Newsstands are loaded down with magazines such as Collier's (*Koliers*), Life (*Zhizn*), Time (*Vremya*), Newsweek (*Novosti Nedeli*), the Reader's Digest (*Chitatelskoye Obozreniye*) and the Saturday Evening Post (*Subbotnyaya Vyechernyaya Pochta*). Quick, the pocket-sized magazine, recently made its appearance, but only in the English version, and this has only a tenth of the circulation of Russia's own capsule news magazine, which oddly enough is called *Skoreye*, meaning Quicker.

Most striking of all is to read the measured cadences of Walter Lippmann, set in double-column 10-point down the front page of the New Word and the dramatic prose of Walter Winchell in the widely circulated Light of the World (*Svet Mira*), which in format looks like New York's Daily Mirror. Hollywood columns are very popular in all the papers that can get them. So is the comic-strip character *Seerotka Anya* (Little Orphan Annie), who reminds the Russians of the wanderings of their own tragic homeless children.

In short, the Russians are eager to read anything, eager to print their own personal and individual convictions, eager and exultant and undisciplined and exuberant in this heady air of freedom.

But let me begin the inconclusive and confused history of the postwar Russian press with the personal story of Alexander Viktorov. I first knew Alex when he was a minor press officer in the Soviet delegation at the Geneva Disarmament Conference in 1932. He was dark, slender, handsome, and looked more French or Polish than he did Russian.

At Geneva in those years Maxim Litvinov set the tone for the Soviets. It was a far cry from the days of Vishinsky, Molotov or Beria. In 1932, lots of old revolutionaries were still around. Among them Karl Radek, the famous Soviet publicist, Nikolai Krestinsky, Deputy People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs, and such old Bolsheviks as Rykov, Bukharin and Tomsky. All of them had been purged by the mid-thirties.

And so, we thought, was Viktorov. He simply disappeared overnight from his job as head of the American Section in the Foreign Office. His foreign friends were sorry at his fate, for we all liked him, found him intelligent, flexible, and filled with healthy but discreet doubts.

We had not suspected the iron in his character. For Alex had not been purged. Deeply disillusioned, he had gone underground in Russia. And he had stayed underground during all of the second World War, (*Continued on page 104*)

WALTER WINCHELL IN MOSCOW

Moscow, 1960

Mr. and Mrs. Russia:

This is my first column to you—the Russian people. And perhaps there is no more fitting start than to recapitulate here the lessons of the last 15 years—lessons which, we may now believe, have finally set a pattern for the future of mankind.

In April, 1945, at the San Francisco conference to write the UN charter—while World War II was still raging—the seeds of World War III were sown. The reason was painfully obvious: no major power was willing to yield its sovereign power—to make war—to a single world authority strong enough to keep the peace. From the very start, Stalin, the Red Czar, deprived the United Nations of its virility by hamstringing every noble move to achieve a great and lasting world peace.

Stalin's idea of peace was to avoid full-scale war while grabbing off one nation after the other in a mad orgy of Communist imperialism. All this the Soviets did in your name, in an attempt to make the world believe that they represented the masses of the great Russian people. But the West was never misled; the free nations did not believe that you, the Russian people, wanted to follow a policy of aggression. Neither did the West believe that war was inevitable. Stalin's policy, as it was implemented by the cynical madmen in his rubber-stamp Politburo, forced the free world to rearm. We carried a gun because you did.

Thereafter, we were both ruled by the fear of who would shoot first. The analogy was as simple and as terrible as this: if two mortal enemies each know that the other is armed with a pistol, both will reach for their guns at the slightest provocation. The West again and again offered the hand of friendship, arguing that coexistence was possible. But Stalin kept the Iron Curtain sealed and ultimately—deliberately—fired the first shot.

Who knows the result better than you? Today, in 1960, even after five years of peace, the world is just beginning to emerge from the searing crucible of World War III. The suffering is not yet ended. But Stalin and the Politburo are no more; Russia is no longer a vast concentration camp of 212,000,000 victims. Russia is free. You, the Russian people, are equal partners with all the nations of the world in the unending responsibility to keep the peace.

And this is the world's last chance.

We have made fleets and armies as obsolete as the weapon-carrying individuals of long ago. But remember this: even then, no decent citizen wanted to carry death at his hip; he was forced to—defend himself. Man had to become fully civilized to abandon reliance on force within his own community; this world of ours, we must hope and pray, has learned the same lesson.

Here is an example of what can be done: When the United States consisted of 13 separate units banded together under the Articles of Confederation, the founders of my country realized the arrangement would not last. By a miracle of compromise, they secured the ratification of the U.S. Constitution, by which all states agreed to be governed by powers delegated to the federal government.

This did not make a Virginian less a Virginian, or a Pennsylvanian less a Pennsylvanian. It did make them both Americans. When the great test of that theory came 74 years later, it was resolved in favor of the Union. And the Union was not saved by force, at Gettysburg; it was saved by the general acceptance of the concept born at the Constitutional Convention of 1787, by the decision that the same law—the Constitution—would continue to govern victor and vanquished alike. Permanent peace was won within the U.S. because it was clearly established that the federal government was the supreme power.

In this world of 1960 we have an exact parallel: it is the United Nations, which has the supreme power; and it is through that body that you, the Russian people, and we, the people of the Western World, must work to keep the peace. If we join together to better the lot of mankind, lasting peace—a great golden age, not war—is inevitable.



BERN HILL

Free Thoughts, Free Words

By ALLAN NEVINS

Kiev, 1960
WHERE do we go from here?" demanded the vice-chancellor of Cambridge University bitterly two months ago, as he and a dozen other educators—Russian, American, French, German and Scandinavian—stood in the Kremlin Gardens, looking across at the ruins of the university, amid all the other twisted litter of central Moscow. "How can we ever start the machinery again?"

He and other members of UNRUSCEP (United Nations-Russian Committee on Educational Policy) would have been less discouraged had they known what I have heard since leaving Moscow. Three pieces of good news have reached me in the last few days. First, the three great American foundations, Ford, Rockefeller and Carnegie, have finally agreed to pool their available resources in a gigantic effort to rehabilitate Russian scientific and technical institutions. Second, some of the chief Asian, American and European faculties that have been training men in Russian studies are already combing their lists of graduates, trying to mobilize a force to help restart education in the Soviet Union. And third, Pakistan's Parliament has made a special appropriation, the equivalent of \$4,500,000, for the relief of needy Russian scientists and

teachers—a right gallant gesture that larger countries can well imitate.

Denis Brogan of Cambridge would have been still less discouraged if he could have heard the talk I have just had here in Kiev with Nikolai Antonov. The very fact that this eminent educator and geneticist is here to be talked with is pregnant with drama. It is almost as if a great Western scientist rose from the dead. Antonov, a follower of the martyred geneticist Vavilov, who died long ago in the Saratov concentration camp, was himself one of the first to suffer in the wholesale purge of Russian geneticists which followed the sudden rise of that notorious prophet of Marxian pseudo science, Trofim Lysenko. As the Politburo made Lysenko absolute, Antonov was sent to a labor camp; then he was released, and rearrested; and finally he disappeared so completely that everybody thought him dead. But lo! at the close of the late revolution he suddenly reappeared.

Now Antonov has been named to UNRUSCEP. I came to Kiev specially to talk over its plans with him.

"We take it for granted that a basic element in our education is Americanism," I remarked. "You will take it for granted that a basic element in your

educational system must be Russianism—the true Russian spirit, so long distorted and stunted by the Communist dictatorship. Where will you find a means for reclaiming it?"

"The Russian spirit!" exclaimed the white-haired Antonov, his form bent, his face seamed, but his eyes still full of fire. "For that we must go back to the old Russia: to the great truth seekers of former times—to our immortal writers like Tolstoi and Turgenev, our mighty poets like Pushkin and Lermontov, our historians like Klyuchevsky."

Here in Kiev, the Mother of Russia's Cities, the Canterbury of Holy Russia, for many centuries the religious capital of the land and for a century and a half one of its main intellectual centers, it should be easy to take long views into the past and future. The main city, like so many others in Europe, lies in ashes and shards. But St. Vladimir's University has been transferred to the military school. It is hard by the ancient Kiev-Petchersky Lavra, dedicated in the eleventh century to Our Lady as a semianchorite monastery. Located outside the ruins of the Golden Gate, it overlooks the sandy-banked Dnieper. The long barracks where subalterns once studied have been turned into classrooms and laboratories. The archimandrite. (Continued on page 88)