





"Oh, Leon, answer us! What do we say now?"

toward the peasantry—his proclaimed "negation" of the role of the peasantry—was a cardinal "principle" of his undying opposition to Leninism. Students of Marxism will remember the counter-revolutionary propaganda of "Europeanizing" the Russian labor movement which Trotsky in common with the Mensheviks waged in the years of revolutionary revival (1912-14). He aimed at liquidating Bolshevism and setting up a new labor party that would accommodate itself to the Stolypin regime, a labor party polluted with the opportunism and reformist parliamentarism of Western Social-Democracy, which so shortly afterwards was to reveal itself as social-imperialism. The very epithets "Asiatic" and "barbaric" we now find levelled in the "biography" against Lenin's successor were first levelled by Trotsky at Lenin.

Lenin, in an article in *Zvezda*, exposed Trotsky's arrogant "Europeanism" as the rejection of the revolutionary tasks confronting the Russian labor movement, as "the day-dream of an opportunist intellectual."

THE entire "objective biography" is an unceasing torrent of deprecation and slander directed toward the belittlement of Stalin. Let Iremashvili, in an off moment, commit himself to a stray observation favorable to Stalin's character—as when he ascribes to the youthful Joseph at the seminary the trait of rebelliousness—and Trotsky will stop his fascist oracle in mid-text, so to speak, to charge him with a "lapse of memory."

The intellectual and moral-political level of the "biography" can be gauged by the following examples, with which the text abounds:

Trotsky tries to nullify Stalin's part in the Fifth Party Congress which met at London in May, 1907. As final proof: "I first learned about Stalin's presence at the London Congress from Souvarine's book. . . ."

In Trotsky's "Introduction" we read the demagogic assurance: "The author did not overlook a single fact, document, or bit of testimony redounding to the benefit of the hero of this book."

In 1907, nearly thirty years before the appearance of Souvarine's scurrilous biography, Stalin published his "Notes of a Delegate"—an authoritative assessment of the decisions and results of the London Congress, which bespoke the active participation of its author at that momentous gathering.

In that document Stalin evaluated the historic significance of the Congress—the victory of Bolshevism over Menshevism in the Russian labor movement—which he summed up in the statement:

"The actual unification of the advanced workers of all Russia into a single all-Russian party under the banner of *revolutionary* Social-Democracy—that is the significance of the London Congress, that is its general character."

The signal defeat of Menshevism included the failure of Trotsky's efforts to set up a semi-Menshevik, Centrist, bloc at the Congress. That fact is passed in silence in the "biography."

Stalin's six escapes from exile (preceding his final liberation by the February Revolution) "were not escapes in the true sense of the word, but simply unlawful departures"!

By the same logic, the fact that on the eve of the October Revolution the contact of the Central Committee with Lenin was maintained through Stalin, receives the "explanation" that "he was one of those in whom the police showed not the slightest interest"!

And to prove further that between Lenin and Stalin there was really no closeness, no comradeship-in-arms, we have only to read in the "objective biography" that if Lenin waited three days for Stalin's return to the capital in order to work out jointly with him the strategy and tactics for the Brest-Litovsk peace negotiations, it was merely because "Stalin had more free time than all the other members of the Politburo"!

For full measure, we get the accusation of anti-Semitism levelled at

Stalin. Who is the man that makes this charge? One whose fiendish desire for the destruction of the Soviet Union brought him and his associates into the fascist scheme for the enslavement of all peoples, Jews and non-Jews alike! One whose consuming hatred for the free, socialist Soviet Union led him to join into collusion with those whose hands have exterminated six million Jews! And this creature charges with anti-Semitism the man who, with Lenin, in teaching and policy, brought about the transformation of the one-time classic land of pogroms into the great socialist fraternity of free and equal nations and peoples, among whom the Jews are truly brothers, with anti-Semitism a crime by law.

TOM THUMB was a towering giant compared to the vanishing point to which the stature of Stalin is reduced in this book. Yet this "biography" is not without its assignment of grandiosity: detracting the subject, it bloats the "recorder." For unspeakable arrogance and Mussolinian self-magnification, there never was an autobiography so mistitled "biography."

Upon the outbreak of the February Revolution, Stalin, liberated from exile in Siberia, left for Petrograd. A telegram from Perm, signed jointly by Stalin with two others, informed Lenin in Switzerland of their departure for the revolutionary capital. Trotsky holds up a trump card to the reader: "Stalin signed last." And how did Stalin enter Petrograd? Modesty bids Trotsky invoke a fellow-"biographer": "[Stalin] was not greeted, as two months later Trotsky . . . had been, by a deputation . . . which carried him on its shoulders. He arrived without a sound and without any noise, and sat down to work."

This man, who arrived *without a sound and without any noise, and sat down to work*, was on the day of his arrival in Petrograd entrusted by the Central Committee of the Party with the editorship of *Pravda*.

"When I arrived in Petrograd at the beginning of May, I hardly remembered Stalin's name."

Trotsky's exalted forgetting echoes the irony of another's failure to remember. Fact and fiction blend here. In the famed story by Anatole France, the Procurator of Judea, whose name was Pontius Pilate, in later life could not call to mind, during a supper-hour conversation at his Baiae villa, the name

of a certain provincial from Galilee.

On Stalin's role in the Great Socialist Revolution the book has this to offer: "The biographer, no matter how willing, can have nothing to say about Stalin's participation in the October Revolution. Nowhere does one find mention of his name. . . ."

The protocols and documents of the Party show that at the Sixth Party Congress, held in secret in August 1917, which inaugurated the preparations for armed insurrection, Stalin delivered the political report of the Central Committee, as well as the report on the political situation.* (The "biography" admits this.) He likewise submitted the resolution on the conquest of power. In adopting the resolution, the Congress rejected the Trotskyite "amendment" that Russia could be directed toward socialism only "in the event of a proletarian revolution in the West."

The record is inextinguishable that on October 16, an enlarged meeting of the Central Committee elected a Party Center, headed by Stalin, to assume practical direction of the uprising. This Party Center, forming part of the Revolutionary Military Committee of the Petrograd Soviet, became the leading core of that organization. The plan for the uprising, as well as its timing, was determined under the guidance of Stalin. On October 24 (November 6, new calendar), on Stalin's order, Red Guards and revolutionary soldiers forced back Kerensky's armored cars. An hour later Stalin wrote the instant call in the Party's central organ for the overthrow of the Provisional Government.

HISTORY records instances of men who, faced with obstinate facts embarrassing to their professions of truth, have resorted to arduous labors in order to remove the appearance of those irremovable facts. One calls to mind the "villages" built by Prince Potemkin along the route of Catherine II's famous expedition to the South, to provide "factual" evidence of the prosperity and happiness of the people under his notorious maladministration.

But Trotsky resorts to no such labors. The artful dodge will do the trick. Abracadabra, presto changeo—and there is no Party Center! ". . . there

* Lenin, hounded by the Provisional Government, was unable to attend the Congress.

never was any such 'center'." "At the October sixteenth conference of the Central Committee," the "biography" states, "with some of the leading Petrograd Party organizers it was decided to organize 'a military revolutionary center' of five Central Committee members." But this Center, Trotsky "explains" contemptuously, was just a "center on a piece of paper," "a resolution hastily written by Lenin in a corner of the hall."

One can only invoke Lenin's judgments: "Trotsky has been deceiving the workers in a most unprincipled and shameless manner," he declared in 1911. In 1914 Lenin wrote: "The old participants in the Marxian movement in Russia know Trotsky's personality very well, and it is not worth while talking to them about it. . . . The young generation of workers must know very well with whom it has to deal, when incredible pretensions are made by people who absolutely do not want to consider *either* the Party decisions . . . *or* the experience of the present-day labor movement in Russia. . . ."

One is indeed hard put to it not to degrade oneself and the reader by arguing on the level provided in the "biography." One is reminded of Lenin's exclamation in discussing Trotsky's utterances: "Really; reading such things we involuntarily ask ourselves whether these voices emanate from a lunatic asylum."

But there's method to the madness.

It is the method—as the trials of the Trotskyites and Bukharinites brought to light—of the vanguard of the imperialist powers, of their ideological arms purveyor and tactical mentor, for the destruction of the Soviet state.

It is the method of confusing, disuniting and demoralizing the labor movement and the democratic forces generally with slogans sounding of revolution but bearing the poison of counter-revolution against the Workers' State, as well as against the working-class and colonial peoples' movements throughout the world.

It is the method of the Monstrous Lie. And the house of the Monstrous Lie is fitted for the key of treason.

Trotskyism was an agency for preparation of World War II. Today it is an agency of the imperialist planners for the most destructive of all wars. And as such Trotskyism must be destroyed.

THE GAP IN MEMORY

A Radio Script by JAMES E. SCHEVILL

Note: "The Gap in Memory" can be performed with one voice reading the entire script, or with several voices and music as indicated.

(Music)

ANNOUNCER:

Memory is timeless,
Does not exist on the face of a clock
Or in the living sound of a footstep;

Yet there is a gap in our memory,
An image that haunts our dreams,
An uneasy episode like a filthy room
in which we have lived,
An evil word whose spelling we would forget.

The word is Spain.

Do you remember?

VOICE:

Unfortunate, wasn't it?

ANNOUNCER:

And with these words go home
Out of the isolated night,
Away from the caverns of memory,
Forget—

(Music)

ANNOUNCER:

Now we, the living exiles from memory,
Enter the easy apartment room at night
Saying:

VOICE:

"Turn down the light."

ANNOUNCER:

"Turn down the light"
(Meaning the conscience of guilt
Which shines in our dreams with its white face)
Saying,

VOICE:

"We did not know.
The decision was not up to us.
Our homes were secure.
How could we risk our security?"

ANNOUNCER:

Secure?

The bones of Maidanek laugh,
The corpses of Buchenwald give their silent answer,
The graves on Bataan shine with mockery in the sun,
While the names of Stalingrad, Sevastopol, Normandy,
Salerno, and North Africa are freshly engraved in irony
in the history books.

VOICE:

Unfortunate, wasn't it.

ANNOUNCER:

But the mirror of history gives us the answer,
Eye to eye,
There was the future in miniature
And we turned away.

The uniforms were clearly marked,

The sides drawn up

And the stakes plainly in view.

The Spanish sky was marked with omens

And prophets from all countries

Enlisted in the International Brigades.

The price was not gold or territory

But the peace of the world

And we turned away.

(Music)

VOICE:

But it's over and done with now.

Let the episode rest in history.

ANNOUNCER:

The cure of guilt is not evasion

And the episode is not ended.

There is tension in the houses of Spain.

The firing squads are not forgotten.

The Spanish graves are not silent.

There was a poet the world remembers.

His name was Lorca and once

He jokingly said that he was

A Catholic, Communist, Anarchist,

Libertarian, Traditionalist and Monarchist

All at the same time, which was merely

His way of saying he was a Spaniard.

He was murdered by Franco's Civil Guard

Because he saw their terrorist face and wrote:

VOICE:

"Black are their horses
and black their horses' hooves.
Upon their capes stains
of ink and wax glisten.

Because their skulls are made
of lead they do not weep.

With patent leather souls
they come down the road."

(Music)

ANNOUNCER:

No, the dead are not silent.

The voice of the poet cannot be stilled.

The voices of the dead in Spain

Still wait for the inner voice of justice.

And with each sun that sets on the Spanish land

A prayer is chanted for the spirit of Lorca and the dead

Who fought for the life of Spain:

VOICE:

Here lies the soul of Spain

Guarded by the rain.

In the center of this ground

Listen to the living sound.

On the freedom of this death

Lay the final wreath.

From their graves shall flower

Spanish freedom in its future hour.

(Music)

VOICE:

But the dead are dead.

There is no one to carry on.