

absolute protection extended to abortion, topless dancing, and neo-Nazi marches in Jewish neighborhoods. At the same time freedom of association has fallen to "equal opportunity," and freedom of speech has yielded before the government's attack on "sexual harassment." It is illegal to read a prayer from the *Congressional Record* in public schools. The universities are now fiefdoms of the courts, and quotas have made a joke of individual ability. At times, all that seems to separate us from the Soviets is disagreement about how best to manage a command economy.

The AVF might have worked had it begun at a moment of high morale, with enough volunteers to make the draft superfluous. This was not how it happened. President Nixon created the AVF largely to placate (and thereby indirectly confirm) antiwar opinion, at the time scarcely distinguishable from hatred of America in general. The AVF's nihilistic origin has been reflected and amplified by its recruitment campaign. Most of its ads promise gobs of money, and for a while they touted psychological self-development, as if the Army were a vast encounter group. One need not be Spengler to worry about that TV spot in which a blast of acid rock accompanies the carrier landing of an F-14. Just think, joining the Navy is almost as cool as going to a rock concert.

Love of the idea of a country, another name for patriotism, cannot be created at will. Yet it is only necessary to recall the crude but authentic recruiting posters for past wars to appreciate what clarity has been lost—not irrevocably, let us hope.

Nash-Kelvinator ran a magazine advertisement in 1944 that showed a grim pilot, about to take on Zeros at twelve o'clock, imagining a staccato message to his wife. The copy reads, in part,

I want to tell you what I'm fighting for . . . it's you and our little house and the job I had before . . . and the chance I had, the fighting chance, to go ahead on my own. That's what all of us want out here . . . to win this war . . . to get home . . . To go back to living our lives in a land, and a world, where *every* man is free to grow as great as he's a mind to be . . . where every man has an *unlimited* opportunity to be useful to himself and to his fellow men . . . Tell 'em we'll be back . . . nothing can stop us . . . And tell 'em no matter what they say . . . no matter what they do . . . to stay *free* . . . to keep America a land of *individual freedom*! That's what we're fighting for . . . That's what we're willing to die for . . . That's the America we want when we come home.

In these days of quotas and entitlements and ceaseless litigation, it is difficult for a young man to read those words without a patronizing smile, and I cannot conceive a politician bringing himself to utter them. Yet not many years ago, someone composed those words and expected others to believe them. We had better figure out what happened if we expect any army, conscript or volunteer, to remember what it is fighting for.

Michael Levin

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Alien

Andropov: New Challenge to the West, by Arnold Beichman and Mikhail S. Bernstam (New York: Stein and Day Publishers).

The Russian Version of the Second World War, edited by Graham Lyons (New York: Facts on File Publications).

It was inevitable that much of the Western media, together with the remnants of the Western foreign policy establishments, would attempt to portray a new boss in the Eastern bloc both as a force for stability and as a Communist with a human face. Yuri Vladimirovich Andropov, who ascended to the general secretaryship of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (CPSU) on November 15, 1982, and subsequently became president of the U.S.S.R., was simply the beneficiary of a Western need. Whoever had won the tussle to succeed Brezhnev would have been accorded the same lenient treatment.

Pleasant characteristics—a certain liberality, a measure of tolerance, a lack of fanaticism, and the like—would have been attributed to party leaders like Viktor Grishin, Vladimir Dolgikh, Mikhail Gorbachev, or Mr. Andropov's most serious rival for the post, Konstantin Chernenko. Even Mr. Andropov's predecessors at the head of the Soviet security apparatus—the odious Genrikh Yagoda and the repugnant Lavrenti Beria—had they been born later and succeeded to the top (rather than being executed), would have lived to see the gentler side of their natures paraded before Western eyes.

A world both hungering for stability and fearing war quite naturally wants to believe the best of the man placed in authority over the globe's most powerful military machine. And the trivial and often gullible media give people what they want. Also, there is present in the aftermath of any Kremlin succession, when public attention is focused directly though fleetingly upon the rulers of the Soviet regime, a generalized tendency to contain the popular anti-Communist sentiment in the West that might take hold if the record of the new leader were properly scrutinized.

Behind the Mask

Consequently, the KGB disinformation network hardly had to work overtime on Yuri Andropov's image. An impression of a man of Western tastes who liked American jazz—and for a separate generation the tango as well—emerged quite smoothly. The man of intellect and wide sympathies was easy to sell and package.

There was, quite naturally, something of a minor reaction to all of this among highbrow conservative circles within the West, but the initial image flickers on, and some seven months after the event a correspondent for the *New York Times* can refer to Mr. Andropov, without a shred of evidence or the use of named sources, as "said by his associates to be more cosmopolitan than his predecessors."

In this environment it is refreshing to be able to turn to

the first serious account of Mr. Andropov's background to appear in book form. *Andropov: New Challenge to the West* is a political biography of the new Soviet chief. Mr. Beichman and Mr. Bernstam have produced a scholarly yet timely account of the rise and rise of the office clerk from Stavropol; and in so doing they provide the reader with intriguing glances not only into Mr. Andropov's background and character but also into the nature of the Soviet elite, its system of recruitment, its patterns of rewards and punishments, and the sheer ruthlessness, brutality, and luck needed to survive and prosper within it.

Mr. Andropov worked his way through the Komsomol (the Russian Communist youth organization) and at the age of 23 was working directly under the section of the NKVD (a predecessor of the KGB) that oversaw the Volga construction project and directed the slave labor

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that built it. During this period the future Soviet chief with liberal tastes evidently worked closely with two of the worst Stalinoid apparatchiks, Yacob Rappoport and Sergei Zhuk, both referred to in some detail in the second volume of Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago*. Mr. Beichman and Mr. Bernstam argue that having worked closely with these two was "like having worked for Heinrich Himmler and Adolph Eichmann, in the later Nazi period." And Mr. Andropov was promoted. Later, at age 26, we see him leading, according to the biography, "a team sent to terrorize the population of the newly established Karelo-Finnish Republic."

Mr. Beichman and Mr. Bernstam develop a portrait of the young Mr. Andropov that is, to say the least, unsavory. Their Mr. Andropov is at home in the Stalinesque world of slave labor and terror, a guileful operator in the lower reaches of the Communist system, a Komsomol opportunist carefully developing contacts with patrons in the party in Moscow and in the NKVD. The biographers tell us little about the personal life of the aspiring Mr. Andropov—indeed there is hardly anything known about it—but an investigation into this area would be fruitful, for the new Soviet chief, the man of Western tastes and liberal outlook, hardly derived such human sensibility from his official life.

One of the Gang

One particularly intriguing aspect of Mr. Andropov's rise from local and regional "politics" to the center of events is revealed in this readable biography. Mr. Andropov was evidently a junior member of what Mr. Beichman and Mr. Bernstam discern and describe as a brotherhood within the Communist party, a "loosely

organized hierarchical group within the party, one with its own rules, its own traditions and aspirations, a Marxist-Leninist brotherhood of power and strategy." This group included such figures as Mikhail Suslov, Brezhnev, Nikolai Patolichev (Mr. Andropov's patron), Frol Kozlov, and Boris Ponomarev. After the Second World War this brotherhood began to take up key positions in the party apparatus, and in 1952 they began preparing, with Stalin, a new wave of terror and another party purge. But the brotherhood evidently received a serious setback after Stalin's death. The coalition of Georgi Malenkov, Beria, and Khrushchev, and then the emergence of Khrushchev, virtually exiled Mr. Andropov from the outer ring of power, and he was on his way to the Budapest embassy.

The biographers suggest, however, that the brotherhood succeeded in making a comeback as Khrushchev's power waned, and that the key figure was the austere Suslov, who was able to place his client Mr. Andropov into a seat in the party secretariat following the Cuban missile crisis. By 1967, with Brezhnev and Suslov and Mr. Ponomarev increasing their reach and power, the brotherhood was able to secure for Mr. Andropov both a candidate membership in the Politburo and the control of the KGB.

The authors argue that the gang around Suslov, a coterie in which Mr. Andropov was playing an ever-increasing role, was never at home with the destalinization process attempted in the fifties, and that the Khrushchev period was, in the words of a key sentence in the book, "in the nature of a long transition between Stalin and the Brezhnev-Suslov coalition." The brotherhood also disliked the party line, still in force years after Khrushchev's ouster, that no reference should be made in public to the NKVD, Stalin's instrument for mass terror. Yuri Andropov, obviously hiding his liberal tastes, became so frustrated with this state of affairs that he made an extraordinary speech as early as 1967 that, in effect, resurrected the reputation of the NKVD.

Millenarian Psychopaths

Here was the newly installed KGB chief showing his real colors and speaking for a gang that saw clearly that Communist party power rested securely upon "state security organs"—the NKVD, the NKGB, the MGB, and their present version, the KGB—from day one of the takeover in 1917.

Mr. Beichman and Mr. Bernstam have not only set out to put before their readers a detailed biographical sketch of Yuri Andropov; obviously, they are also attempting a much larger task: to weaken or destroy the Western intelligentsia's fatal attraction to the notion that Soviet leaders are the same kind of species of political being as our own politicians and that they are understandable in Western terms. Robert Conquest, in an introduction to the political biography, argues, "There are those in the West who would simply have us ignore the historical and psychological background of men like Andropov. They would pay no attention to the fact that he and those like him are the products of a history quite alien to our own and are the exemplars of a political psychology of a type

hardly seen in the West outside small sects of millenarian psychopaths.”

For those who remain, after reading this powerful book, unconvinced about Mr. Conquest’s thesis that “them” and “us” are utterly different and distinct, I can recommend an intriguing little book entitled *The Russian Version of the Second World War*, edited by Graham Lyons. In his book, published in 1976, Mr. Lyons has compiled an account of the Second World War as seen through the eyes of Soviet authors of Russian schoolbooks. Naturally, things being what they are, these schoolbooks amount to the official history of the war according to the Soviet party. They are deeply instructive.

Any Soviet, or indeed Russian, interpretation of the events of the Second World War is bound to be distinct from those prevalent in the West. Among normal states this is certainly the case: The American view presented in the schools no doubt differs significantly from that of the British, and the British from that of the French. As a young Englishman, I was brought up to believe that we British virtually won the war single-handedly, that the Americans came in late, at the last moment as usual, that the French let us down in 1940, and so forth.

These impressions were culled from schoolbooks, from home life, and from movies. However, these simplistic and distorted notions did not last long as I, together no doubt with my generation in other democratic countries, gained access to other points of view, read more scholarly interpretations, and traveled. There was certainly no official view of the Second World War imposed upon me, and there was also a good deal of plain old anti-British sentiment in many of the schoolbooks. Just as American schoolchildren today are instructed in the wickedness of the American war in Vietnam, so were British schoolchildren told about the evils of the British Empire.

These points need to be borne in mind when one reads *The Russian Version*. It is not actually the Russian version; it is rather the Soviet Communist party version, a point strangely omitted by the editor. Furthermore, it is the only version available to any Soviet citizen.

The Fraternal Soviet Family

But the main interest in this small book lies in some of the breathtaking assertions made by Yuri Andropov’s KGB as it helped prepare and approve this history. Let us take the official account of the Nazi-Soviet pact, which is called, interestingly, the Soviet-German Non-Aggression Pact. It is argued that the Soviets were right to sign because the pact “enabled the Soviet Union to avoid war on two fronts and to gain time to strengthen the country’s defenses.” Evidently, “the Soviet government realized that Hitler had not given up his plans for war against the Soviet Union, and his proposal was a routine manoeuvre of the Fascist leadership.”

Following the pact, “The Nazis could not be allowed to reach the Soviet border . . . This is why in pursuance of its liberation mission the Soviet Army marched into the Western Ukraine and West Byelorussia, where it was enthusiastically welcomed by the population.” Then,

“Throughout October 1939, democratic elections were held in the newly liberated areas to people’s assemblies. Acting on the will of the people, these assemblies proclaimed Soviet power and requested the Supreme Soviet to admit Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia in the fraternal family of Soviet nations. The Supreme Soviet complied.”

The Soviet invasion of Finland, described as “armed conflict with Finland,” is treated in the following way: “The Soviet state was faced with the acute problem of further strengthening its security, in particular on the frontier with Finland . . . At the end of November 1939, artillery fire directed in provocation against our territory from the Finnish side forced the Soviet government to take retaliatory measures. Thus Finnish reactionary forces, incited by Fascist Germany and the other imperialist powers, unleashed war against the Soviet Union.”

The Orwellian doublespeak and the “big lie” that infuse this Russian version of history take the whole issue beyond rational argument.

The incorporation of the Baltic states into the Soviet system is dealt with in the following way: “The German invasion of Poland also added to the danger of a Nazi attack upon the Soviet Union from the Baltic shore . . . There was the danger that they [the Baltic states] would become German vassal states . . . In view of this the Soviet government approached the Baltic governments with the offer of mutual assistance treaties. The Soviet proposals were met favorably by the peoples of these countries, and their Governments gave their consent . . . The treaties fortified the defenses of the Soviet Union and the Baltic republics.”

One is tempted, even in the medium of a review, simply to reproduce quote after quote from *The Russian Version*, and without comment. Soviet “historians” can rightly argue that it was the Soviet Union that bore the brunt of the fighting and the horror, and there is now a preponderance of Western opinion that would agree with them. But the sheer Orwellian doublespeak and the “big lie” technique that infuse this Russian version on so many other fronts take the whole issue beyond rational argument.

The madness of it all is that the Soviet historians who wrote this version may even believe in it. Can Robert Conquest be gainsayed when he argues that men like Yuri Andropov are “products of a history quite alien to our own”?

Stephen Haseler

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Twentieth-Century Blues

Modern Times: The World from the Twenties to the Eighties, by Paul Johnson (New York: Harper & Row).

This huge and enthralling work is the most important that Paul Johnson has written to date. Mr. Johnson has always been at pains to assert that he is not a professional historian. So be it. If top professors of history have to make their way through initial decades of exact and detailed monographs, penning more and more about less and less, we can at least be grateful for the intrepid outsider, voraciously scouring the established secondary sources and, in this case, willing to stick out his intellectual neck in the pursuit of large and essentially ethical propositions. Mr. Johnson has always been a moralist, with an unshakeable belief in democracy and the rule of law. At some time in the mid-1970s he turned away from the view that a socialist state was the best vehicle for the pursuit of these desiderata. The book exemplifies his conviction that in so far as decency and prosperity are achievable in this vale of tears, they require the parallel development of a private citizenry and capitalist markets.

The range is very impressive. Mr. Johnson's history is cultural, intellectual, political, economic, technological, and military. Despite the grave problems of organization and chronology that this range presents, Mr. Johnson manages to turn out his case as a generally coherent whole.

It helps if one shares an author's preferences, reserving the epithet "prejudice" for disagreements. Mr. Johnson is against the one-party state, the planned economy, indeed the expansion of state power *tout court*. His individual heroes are the matchless Churchill; the tough, modest, and quick-to-learn Truman; the calm and up-right Adenauer, totally uncorrupted by his country's recent dark past.

Mr. Johnson's greatest praise goes to Eisenhower, brilliantly hiding his deep and industrious statesmanship behind a golfer's languor, and to de Gaulle with his combination of patriotism, realism, and long-sighted historical vision.

And Mr. Johnson is in no doubt about the main threat to the development of the peace and prosperity of the world. The Soviet Union—with its decision-making structures essentially unaltered since the Stalinist nightmare, its huge empire of coerced peoples, its rapidly expanding military and naval power, its creaking economy, its surrogate Cuban armies in Africa, and its fomenting of international terrorism and training of terrorists—remains incomparably the greatest threat our civilization has yet had to face. All this Mr. Johnson recounts in frightening and unforgettable detail.

Similarly, Mr. Johnson makes clear a message that non-Americans who love freedom have a duty to articulate from time to time in the terrifying circumstances of

our century: the enormous debt civilization will owe, if it endures, to the United States of America. The wisdom and magnanimity with which the Americans treated their impoverished allies and defeated enemies in the period following the Second World War will surely be recorded by future historians as among the pinnacles of human political and economic achievement.

On the whole, however, this is not the main thrust of Mr. Johnson's assessment. He surveys our century, for the most part, with alarm and disdain. He is surely right. A century that possesses the means to banish the ancient specters of material and political deprivation has perpetuated and expanded them beyond measure. All in all, the human race has got it wrong in the twentieth century. Our failures are the central feature of our era. Mr. Johnson is mapping them.

In his treatment of the moral collapses of our century he conveys a controlled anger and contempt. The very flatness of his discussion of the Nazi Holocaust somehow reinforces the horror of it all. Similarly, in his analysis of what he counts as good, such as the extraordinary affluence and freedom some twentieth-century peoples have enjoyed, he reveals a vigorous but cautious enthusiasm. Progress can be reversed, as it was in Nazi Germany, as it still is in Argentina, if we are not watchful of the ever-threatening state Leviathan.

Direful Hypertrophy

If I have reservations, they come under two headings. At times Mr. Johnson's connections are rather tightly asserted but not very adequately demonstrated. At other times he is guilty of the opposite fault, in that he comprehensively demonstrates that which he has not sufficiently tightly theorized.

An example of the first deficiency is the connection Mr. Johnson makes between the development of ethical relativism and the disastrous nihilism embodied in the hypertrophy of the state. Mr. Johnson is quite right to make this hypertrophy the central theme of his book. The material poverty and political tyranny in which the majority of mankind are forced to live are indeed very often the direct consequences of this direful growth. Moreover, he is quite right that once overweening state power is established, it is extraordinarily difficult to reverse.

However, it is going too far to argue that ethical relativism leads inevitably to political wickedness. It is clearly the case that the tyrants of the twentieth century have often systematically disembarassed themselves of the moral constraints of absolute values. What those of us who are of Christian outlook must face up to, however, is that many civilized individuals, committed to the rule of law and ardently devoted to the defense of the liberal order, do not enjoy the benefits of religion. Mr. Johnson demonstrates that twentieth-century tyranny often involves relativism but not that it follows from it. Indeed, the sorts of theocratic horrors that Mr. Johnson also documents in the case of Iran show that the misguided enlistment of religion in the service of politics retains a potential as appalling in the twentieth as in the sixteenth century. I can go most of the way with the Christian counterfactual that underlies Mr. Johnson's indictment