

West, some efforts to slow defense spending, an increased emphasis

on consumer production, economic reform, and an expansion of demo-

cratic practices both within the party and in the country as a whole.

Gulag Literature

by John Garrard

VARLAM SHALAMOV. *Graphite*. Trans. by John Glad. New York, NY, Norton, 1981.

ANATOLY MARCHENKO. *From Tarusa to Siberia*. Edited and with an Introduction by Joshua Rubinstein. Royal Oak, MI, Strathcona Publishing Co., 1980.

AVRAHAM SHIFRIN. *The First Guidebook to Prisons and Concentration Camps of the Soviet Union*. Trans. from the Russian. Switzerland, Stephanus, 1980.

EUGENIA GINZBURG. *Within the Whirlwind*. Trans. by Ian Boland. Introduction by Heinrich Böll. New York, NY, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1979.

EUGENIA SEMYONOVNA GINZBURG. *Journey into the Whirlwind*. Trans. by Paul Stevenson and Max Hayward. New York, NY, Harcourt, Brace & World, 1967.

VARLAM SHALAMOV. *Kolyma Tales*. Trans. by John Glad. New York, NY, Norton, 1980.

THE TRADITIONAL response of Russian intellectuals to sociopolitical problems and abuses in their country has been to write a book, more often than not a novel, a play, or

perhaps a collection of stories or poems. Russians continue to be denied those options for normal political action that people living in participatory democracies take for granted. Hence Russian literature has assumed a unique social and ethical significance, which in turn has brought upon the heads of writers special demands not only from an expectant reading public hungry for the truth, but also from the ever-vigilant authorities determined to prevent the appearance of seditious material that might interfere with the smooth running of the state and the security of their own positions in power. So it often happens that political debates revolve around novels, plays, and even poetry, in ways that are quite unfamiliar to us in the West.

The situation today remains much the same as it was two centuries ago under the Empress Catherine II. Horrified by the abuses of serfdom, Alexander Radishchev in 1790 managed to publish (on a private printing press!) an account of his fictionalized journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow. Catherine rewarded Radishchev for his temerity with immediate arrest. Radishchev was sentenced to death, but Catherine graciously commuted his sentence to exile for ten years in

Siberia. In 1849, a similar thing happened to Fyodor Dostoevsky: for participating in a discussion group he was sentenced to be shot. However, Nicholas I reduced his sentence to ten years in Siberia, four of them in prison. On his return, Dostoevsky published a remarkable account of his experiences. His *Notes from the House of the Dead* (*Zapiski iz mŕtvtvogo doma*) was the first in a long line of such memoirs, but it is in the Soviet period that this unique literary genre—camp or prison literature—has come into its own.

While much has changed since Dostoevsky's time, it is all for the worse. Almost immediately after they seized power in 1917, the Bolsheviks established "concentration camps": first for political opponents; then for those who might possibly become unsympathetic to their methods and aims; then for political allies; then for members of the CPSU and the military elite; then for anybody and everybody, quite indiscriminately. As Solzhenitsyn argues in *The Gulag Archipelago*, the camps were introduced on Lenin's specific instructions, and the notion of "socially redeeming" forced labor was fully established by the early 1920's. It was Stalin, however, who transformed the

camps into an integral part of the state's political and economic system.¹ Varlam Shalamov, who was first arrested in 1929, states in an important tale, "Mister Popp's Visit," that the authorities conducted experiments with the use of convict labor in two chemical plants in 1930-31:

It was here that the question of the camps' very existence was decided. Only after the Vishera experiment was judged profitable by the higher-ups did the camps spread all over the Soviet Union. No region was without a camp, no construction site was without convicts. It was only after Vishera that the number of prisoners in the country reached 12 million (Graphite, p. 143).

After Stalin's death in 1953, many criminals were amnestied: the official Soviet view remains that criminals are less dangerous than "politicals." Soon afterward millions of political prisoners were released, giving rise to an important theme in Russian literature and film, that of the returning political prisoner. (An honest, thoughtful treatment of the theme can be found in Victor Nekrasov's *Kira Georgiyevna*, a novel published in 1961. The ap-

pearance of these novels and films, permitted because of Khrushchev's anti-Stalin campaign, culminated in late 1962 with the publication in *Novyy mir* of Alexander Solzhenitsyn's novella *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* (*Odin den' Ivana Denisovicha*), the first (and only) truthful portrayal of life in the camps published in the Soviet Union; official hacks have, of course, produced several grotesquely rosy pictures of the camps.

Significantly, given the Russian tradition referred to above, the vehicle chosen for this revelation of camp life was not a work of expository prose, but one of fiction. To avoid having to explain the phenomenon of the camps or to get into the dangerous area of generalization, Solzhenitsyn carefully narrowed his focus in both time and place. Furthermore, he narrated the story from the point of view of a simple peasant carpenter, a man who would not seek to rationalize his experiences.

The appearance of this startling work resulted from a rare overlap between the policies of the Soviet Communist Party leadership and the desires of the liberal intelligentsia.² In permitting the publication of *One Day* and other works, such as Yevgeniy Yevtushenko's poem "The Heirs of Stalin" ("*Nasledniki Stalina*") which actually appeared in *Pravda*, Khrushchev's obvious intention was to separate himself from the abuses of the past, which were all blamed on the "cult of personality." (Stalin's body had been removed from the mausoleum on Red Square in late 1961.) The suggestion was that times had now changed, that the Gulag was a thing of the past.

IT IS generally agreed in the West that the mass terror employed by Stalin as a weapon of political control has been abandoned. Some

have suggested that the camp system he created has been largely dismantled. Unfortunately, this does not appear to be the case. Mass terror has been replaced by selective terror, designed to "encourage the others." Certainly, there can no longer be 12 million prisoners in the Gulag, but just how many remain is impossible to say. Most Western estimates put the figure at two to three million, of whom a little over 10,000 are political prisoners.³ Compare this figure with the 400,000 inmates now being held in American prisons.

Anatoly Marchenko's *My Testimony* (*Moi pokazaniya*) offers the first extensive description of the camps since the death of Stalin. Marchenko states at the outset that the only thing that kept him alive was the determination to get out and tell what he had seen and endured: "The main purpose of my notes is to tell the truth about the camps and prisons for politicals that exist today. . . ."⁴ Marchenko expresses the fear that all the writing about Stalin's camps circulating in *samizdat* would lull readers into a false sense of security, that they would not realize that the camps continued to exist after Stalin.

Marchenko is unusual in being a worker who was politicized into becoming a member of the dissident intelligentsia. In *From Tarusa to Siberia* he tells of his most recent arrest, his hunger strike, and the brutal treatment he endured in the late 1970's. Marchenko is a victim of "selective terror." Originally arrested as a scapegoat after a brawl in a workers' hostel, he has been

¹ The similarities between the Soviet camps and the later Nazi German camps are striking. In 1937, Volume 34 of the *Bol'shaya sovetskaya entsiklopediya* (The Great Soviet Encyclopedia) appeared with a description of the Nazi camps that in fact describes accurately and in detail the Soviet labor camps. Quoted in Mikhail Geller, *Kontsentratsionnyy mir i sovetskaya literatura* (The World of Concentration Camps and Soviet Literature), London, Overseas Publications Interchange, 1974, pp. 5-6. The similarities were an obvious embarrassment to the Soviet authorities. Shalamov tells of a man who was accused, quite falsely of course, of declaring that Kolyma was "Auschwitz without the ovens" (*Graphite*, p. 130); the fabricated charge is revealing. Some prisoners had experience of both Nazi and Soviet camps. Among the women Eugenia Ginzburg met in prison were several members of the Comintern. One displayed some "hideous scars" on her buttocks and calves and said, "'This is Gestapo.' Then she quickly sat up again and, stretching out both her hands, added: 'This is NKVD.' The nails of both her hands were deformed, the fingers blue and swollen."

² See my "Anti-Stalinism and the Liberal Trend in Soviet Literature," *The Dalhousie Review*, (Halifax), Summer 1962, pp. 179-89.

³ See "Estimates of the Prison Population of the USSR," *Radio Liberty Research Bulletin* (Munich), RL 351/82, Aug. 31, 1982.

⁴ Anatoly Marchenko, *Moi pokazaniya*, Paris, La Presse Libre, 1969, p. 6.

systematically brutalized and has had his health placed in serious jeopardy because of his desire to leave the Soviet Union.

The evidence included in Avraham Shifrin's extraordinary *Guidebook* confirms on a countrywide scale Marchenko's personal experience that the Gulag continues to exist and even to flourish. Furthermore, Shifrin argues that the prisoners, whether political or common criminals, men or women, continue to play an important economic and military role by working in plants, on industrial sites (such as the Baykal-Amur Railway—BAM), and in Soviet arms (including nuclear) production. Shifrin, a Zionist who spent ten years in the camps and emigrated to Israel in 1972, has drawn less from his own experiences than from those of countless other former prisoners and their families to produce detailed information on the location, type, capacity, and, on occasion, the names of the commandants of some 2,000 prisons, camps, and "psychiatric hospitals" in the Soviet Union. A map of the country at the end of the book is completely black with dots marking the sites of such establishments.

What makes Shifrin's book especially shocking is the deliberate incongruity between the tourist format (republic by republic, region by region) and his often ironically cheerful guidebook prose style on the one hand, and on the other, the frightening "sights" and human suffering that are being described. Here is just one example of this technique (pp. 86–88):

Odessa was given the title of "heroic city" for its role in the war. This is the first thing an Intourist guide will tell you. . . . The guide, however, will not tell how to find the concentration camps, prisons, and psychiatric prisons of the city. . . . We can most

easily begin our tour by first visiting the penal complex on Chernomorskaya Road, consisting of a women's camp, a children's camp, and a camp for adolescents (14 to 18 years of age).

Shifrin's book contains not only maps, but also some photographs taken in the camps and somehow smuggled out of the country. One shows a camp in Orël with a group of boys walking past a sign that reads "Honest work: the road home to the family"; another shows women sawing and chopping trees deep in the Siberian forests near the Yenisey River (both photos taken in 1976).

WHY IS IT that the shocking facts presented in Shifrin's book have not had very much impact in the West? The first reason is that you cannot suffer for statistics; the suffering reaches a level where it no longer registers with the reader, certainly not the reader in the West. As Eugenia Ginzburg herself remarks: "The most fearful thing is that evil becomes ordinary, part of a normal daily routine extending over decades" (*Within the Whirlwind*, p. 290). You can only suffer with one person at a time; that is why *The Diary of Anne Frank* had such an enormous impact. Second, the bare facts lose their power over our senses and emotions if they are not presented in a coherent and artistic manner. In his remarkable book *The Uses of Enchantment*, Bruno Bettelheim has drawn our attention to the essential role played by fiction in the psychic and emotional growth of human beings. This is an important point understood by Solzhenitsyn and other well-known writers on the camps; that is why they have taken such trouble to treat real events with attention to pace, characterization, theme, and detail—all tools from the novelist's tool box. In this respect,

Soviet camp literature inhabits the same genre as American "faction," initiated by Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*. Another point to remember is that the terrible suffering described must be interpreted; the reader is looking for some way to incorporate the suffering into his own experience, to increase his understanding of life and human nature, as well as of the truth of what happened and is happening in the Gulag.

Ginzburg and Shalamov shared similar fates. Both were arrested without just cause in 1937 (in Shalamov's case, re-arrested) and spent most of their sentences in Kolyma, the far northeastern part of Siberia, notorious for the appalling conditions in the gold mines and logging camps. Both were allowed to return to European Russia (or what they call "the mainland") in 1954–55. Their descriptions of life and death in the camps agree on many points: the criminals were far worse than the guards (Shalamov comments wryly that if Dostoevsky had known real criminals he would never have expressed sympathy for them (*Graphite*, p. 194); women were on average better able to endure than men, and even worked harder than men; the real killer in the camps was not the cold, or brutality, or starvation rations, but the hard labor; the only people who could save you were the medical personnel (becoming medical assistants ultimately helped both Ginzburg and Shalamov to survive). But essentially one was either lucky or unlucky. As Ginzburg at one point says in despair: "What's the point of looking ahead when you're playing chess with an orangutan?" (*Within the Whirlwind*, p. 161).

Shalamov tells the story of a prisoner (probably himself), whom he calls Krist (translated as "Chris"). The prisoner is summoned by a camp investigator because of his neat handwriting and ordered to

recopy prisoners' files and long lists of last names. Krist continues to do this one evening a week for several months during the winter of 1937–38 without exchanging a word with the investigator. One evening the investigator picks up a file and asks Krist his full name, then tears up the file. Krist learns only years later that the file was his and the investigator had saved his life. The investigator himself was shot, together with the prisoners whose names Krist had been copying out so neatly ("Hand-writing," in *Graphite*).

COMPARISONS at this level of suffering are invidious, but it is clear that Shalamov endured the depths of hell for longer than Ginzburg and witnessed horrors that she was spared. (Ginzburg quotes the Eastern proverb: "May I never experience all that it is possible to get used to" [*Journey into the Whirlwind*, p. 160]). Shalamov's experiences left him permanently scarred; his stories are more bitter and pessimistic than is Ginzburg's narrative. Grigory Svirski, who once saw Shalamov at the Union of Writers in Moscow after his release, describes him as "dried up and curiously dark and frozen like a blackened tree," a tree that "will never again become green."⁵

Ginzburg can wonder: "What would have become of us all if it had not been for the illusory light of that tenacious hope?" (*Journey*, p. 100). Later in the camps she comes to realize that "where there is hope there is fear" (*Within*, p. 69), but Shalamov's narrator is typically more harsh: "A man who hopes for something alters his conduct and is more frequently dishonest than a man who has ceased to hope"

(*Graphite*, p. 135). Elsewhere Shalamov declares that it is not hope that makes man want to survive: "He is saved by a drive for self-preservation, a tenacious clinging to life, a physical tenacity to which his entire consciousness is subordinated" (*Kolyma Tales*, p. 123).

Ginzburg continued to believe that man does not live by bread alone; Shalamov became convinced of the opposite. Ginzburg may speak of "a mind purified by suffering" (*Journey*, p. 206), but Shalamov considers the possibility that the mind and soul might be frozen over just as easily as the body (*Kolyma Tales*, p. 48). For him the physical dominates the mental and emotional sides of man: "All human emotions—love, friendship, envy, concern for one's fellow man, compassion, longing for fame, honesty—had left us with the flesh that had melted from our bodies during their long fasts" (*Kolyma Tales*, p. 56). In another story, "Sententious" (*Kolyma Tales*), the narrator begins to revive after being near death: first he becomes semi-conscious, then feels aches and pains. It is only after flesh grows on his bones that he can feel emotions, and the last emotion he feels is pity, first for animals, then for people. Love did not return.

Ginzburg, on the other hand, believes in love and friendship, even under the worst conditions. Admittedly early in her narrative, before she experiences the horrors of the camps, Ginzburg says: "There are no more fervent friendships than those made in prison" (*Journey*, p. 99). Shalamov declares in contrast: "Literary fairy tales tell of 'difficult' conditions which are an essential element in forming any friendship, but such conditions are simply not difficult enough. If tragedy and need brought people together and gave birth to their friendship, then the need was not extreme and the tragedy not great.

Tragedy is not deep and sharp if it can be shared with friends" (*Kolyma Tales*, p. 66).

For Shalamov the camps represent not only a descent into the lowest reaches of hell itself, but also a retreat to the beginnings of life on this planet. Here Ginzburg agrees; she describes her arrival at Kolyma as a journey not only into the whirlwind, but to the ends of the earth in the neolithic age, to an "icy, prehistoric land" (*Journey*, p. 397). Shalamov speaks of prisoners kneeling "before the stove's open door as if it were the god of fire, one of man's first gods" (*Kolyma Tales*, p. 50). He frequently compares the prisoners' struggle to survive with that of primitive man, who managed to triumph over the other animals because he was stronger, more determined, and more ruthless: "The beast hidden in the soul of man and released from its chain lusts to satisfy its age-old natural instinct—to beat, to murder" (*Graphite*, p. 119).

By no means does Ginzburg turn a blind eye to man's bestiality. She admits: "We were not yet affected by the corrosive jungle law of the camps, which in later years—it is no use trying to hide the fact—degraded more than one of us" (*Journey*, p. 264). And yet, through all that she endures and witnesses, Ginzburg continues to have faith in human nature. This faith is in fact rewarded on several occasions when acts of kindness save her life. Ginzburg still believes in "that Supreme Good which, in spite of everything, rules the world . . ." (*Journey*, p. 411). Even when, still exiled in Magadan, she is assigned in the fall of 1953 to teach Russian language and literature to 40 security police officers (!), she does not refuse. She replies to friends who criticize her by saying that she will not remain bitter; she refuses to prolong the "ritual of hate" (*Within*, pp. 381–2).⁶

⁵ Grigory Svirski, *A History of Post-War Soviet Writing: The Literature of Moral Opposition*, Trans. and ed. by Robert Dessaix and Michael Ulman, Ann Arbor, MI, Ardis, 1981, pp. 195–96. This is an abridged translation of *Na lobnom meste* (At the Place of Execution), originally published in London in 1979.

Ginzburg and Shalamov choose different forms, different structures to serve as vehicles for their opposing visions of human nature. Ginzburg is far more "literary" than Shalamov in every sense of the word. She reflects often on "the power which literature exerts on us . . ." (*Journey*, p. 228). Ginzburg had an extraordinary memory and was able to recite by heart reams of poetry; in this respect she recalls Nadezhda Mandelshtam. She also composed and memorized many poems of her own which she says helped her to remember people and events when writing her reminiscences; she only began writing down the version we have in 1959. The quotations and references scattered on almost every page testify to Ginzburg's wide reading, but they also constitute a unique possession that could not be stolen from her, even in the camps. She uses literature (chiefly, but not exclusively Russian) to give shape and coherence to what she sees and experiences; it helps her defend her sense of values against the assault being mounted upon them. Ginzburg was an idealist; at first her idealism found an outlet in Marxism (she had been a loyal member of the party and the wife of a successful apparatchik in Kazan). Although this faith was destroyed, her enthusiasm for literature endured and was reinforced by Christian faith acquired from her second husband, a Volga German homeopathic physician and devout Catholic, whom she met in the camps.

At the end of *Within the Whirlwind*, Ginzburg speaks of completing "this cruel journey of the soul." Indeed, she has written a sort of spiritual autobiography, an *apologia pro vita*

sua. She is completely honest about her earlier political naïveté and openly admits her own share of guilt in ignoring the atmosphere of political fanaticism that led to the Stalinist dictatorship. Given her attitude toward human nature and her desire to bear witness to her own spiritual growth, Ginzburg chose an appropriate literary form to present the truth as she saw it.

The same may be said of Shalamov. We have seen that he did not share Ginzburg's optimism and idealism; nor did he appear to feel any need to trace his own spiritual growth—indeed his whole approach is to deny the cognitive role of suffering. For Shalamov the mindless cruelty and bestiality of camp life could not be incorporated into the traditional form of autobiographical narrative, with its reliance on chronological sequence and the logic of cause and effect. In Shalamov's world there is no logic.

Readers who approach Shalamov's works with the generic expectations usually associated with short stories and tales will be disappointed. That is why I think that comparisons with such writers as Anton Chekhov and Isaac Babel are misleading. With rare exceptions, e.g., in "Major Pugachov's Last Battle" (*Kolyma Tales*), Shalamov does not tell the traditional story. Rather he writes a modern version of the "physiological sketch" that was popular in the thirties and forties of the nineteenth century, first in France and then in Russian. This type of sketch (*ocherk*) has an honorable tradition in Russian literature. The writer adopts an almost documentary or sociological approach, paying little attention to plot, character, and motivation. On occasion Shalamov tries to compensate for this lack of narrative interest by giving his sketches an unexpected final twist or revelation, recalling a technique widely used by

O. Henry and Guy de Maupassant, among others.

A second feature of Shalamov's "tales" that serves to distinguish them from more traditional examples of the genre is his use of parataxis. Shalamov chooses to present only separate and discrete slabs of experience, unrelated one to the other.⁷ This paratactical method of narration was also employed by a few writers during and after the Russian Civil War as a means of expressing in the very form of their works the haphazard nature of the events being described; a world in which man seemed incapable of controlling his fate. So we stumble after Shalamov as he guides us through the circles of hell, illuminating one terrible scene after another. Unlike the punishments meted out in Dante's *Inferno*, those in the hell described by Shalamov have no rhyme or reason.

TAKEN TOGETHER these six books, particularly those by Ginzburg and Shalamov, constitute an entrée for the Western reader into the unfamiliar genre of camp literature. The sad irony, however, is that with the exception of Shifrin's *Guidebook*, we are not the prime audience to whom these works are addressed. Ginzburg, Marchenko, Shalamov, and other victims of the camps have sought to bear witness to their compatriots in the Soviet Union. Yet this intended audience can only read the accounts in *samizdat*, at great personal risk. The Soviet authorities have apparently been very successful in keeping information about the real conditions in the camps from reaching the general public. In *My Testimony*, Mar-

⁶ Shalamov's narrator-participants are not vengeful even when, having been released from the camps, they meet fellow prisoners who have been *chekists* and informers. See, e.g., "The Secondhand Bookseller" and "Esperanto."

⁷ Mikhail Geller claims that Shalamov viewed his separate tales as "chapters of a single large work" (*Kontsentratsionnyy mir*, p. 282). We must assume that the juxtapositions Shalamov intended to introduce by a special ordering of the tales have now been lost. Shalamov died in January 1982.

chenko mentions the case of a camp nurse, who while on vacation, tells of incidents from her work—desperate prisoners who have swallowed glass and other objects. The other vacationers regard her as “abnormal” and avoid her company.

How, then, can these accounts have an impact on Soviet society as a whole? When will the cycle of suffering and witnessing come to an end? To witness suffering is merely a first step; knowledge without action remains frivolous. The writing of these six books constitutes an act of great faith and courage, and yet we cannot avoid the tough questions raised by the long, sad Russian experience. Robbed of any effective means of bringing about change in their society, Russian writers and readers have little choice but to estheticize their experience of suffering and cruelty.

Andrei Sinyavsky, who has written forcefully on these issues, says that the Russian writer’s predicament is

“To spend all his life drowning and trying to make himself understood in groans and curses. . . .”⁸ Sinyavsky correctly points out the special Russian belief in “the power of words.” He speaks of “our age-old, purely Russian habit of treating words as real. . . .” However, this in itself exacerbates the harsh dilemma facing the Russian writer. Could it be that both writers and readers have been tempted to substitute words for reality? How do they reconcile their belief in the power of words both with the evidence of Russian history and with their own personal experience which denies the efficacy of literature to bring about social and political change? I began with the example of Radishchev two hun-

⁸ Andrei Sinyavsky, “The Literary Process in Russia,” *Kontinent*, New York, NY, Anchor, 1976, pp. 85 ff. Sinyavsky, who used the pseudonym Abram Tertz, has written a remarkable account of his own experiences in the camps, *Golos iz khora*, which is available in English: *A Voice from the Chorus*, trans. by Kyril Fitzlyon and Max Hayward, New York, NY, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1976.

dred years ago. The poignant question remains: What hope is there that two centuries from now things will be different?

And what about the reader in the West? The reader feels as though he were attending the funeral of someone he does not know very well. He tries to commiserate with the bereaved, but feelings of sadness mingle with those of embarrassment and suppressed relief that he himself has been spared. The Gulag is immeasurably distant from our own experience. As HRH Prince Charles remarked in a recent interview, while commenting on the works of Solzhenitsyn and Mihajlo Mihajlov: “How do we in the West ever become aware of the depth of our own spirit, and the fortitude which we can extract from that without being made to suffer . . . ?”⁹ Camp literature confronts the reader in the West with his own dilemma.

⁹ *The Washington Post*, Aug. 29, 1982, p. C-3.

Intellectuals and the State in China

by Richard C. Kraus

JEROME B. GRIEDER. *Intellectuals and the State in Modern China: A Narrative History*. New York, NY, Free Press, 1981.

JONATHAN D. SPENCE. *The Gate of Heavenly Peace: The Chinese and Their Revolution, 1895-1980*. New York, NY, Viking Press, 1981.

R. DAVID ARKUSH. *Fei Xiaotong and Sociology in Revolutionary China*. Cambridge, MA, Harvard University Press, 1981.

JAMES P. MCGOUGH. *Fei Hsiao-t'ung: The Dilemma of a Chinese Intellectual*. White Plains, NY, M. E. Sharpe, 1979.

MERLE GOLDMAN. *China's Intellectuals: Advise and Dissent*. Cambridge, MA, Harvard University Press, 1981.

EVER SINCE the Enlightenment, China's intellectual elite has retained an allure for Westerners. Thus it is not surprising that these new works by Grieder, Spence, Arkush and Goldman, each demonstrating the most sophisticated scholarship on Chinese affairs, share an obvious affection for the intellectuals whose careers they examine. Indeed, almost universal admiration and sympathy is shown for the dozens of intellectuals portrayed in these pages, with the exception of some harshness reserved by Goldman for the intellectual supporters of the Cultural Revolution (and even here

an effort is made to understand the forces at work in generating their radicalism). The modern Chinese intellectual emerges in these works as an heroic figure, while the role of villain is assigned not to intellectual adversaries in this past century of mental contention, but rather to the Chinese state and indirectly, to the politicians who have controlled it.

While it is certainly not unusual for intellectuals to be disaffected from their nation's rulers, the story told in these studies of modern China is both more complex and compelling. Historically, state and intellectuals in China have shared a mutual dependence. In exchange for serving and legitimizing the state, intellectuals have been assured a certain social position. In the Qing dynasty, for example, even when old-style mandarins were unhappy with their Manchu rulers, they remained nonetheless generally well-integrated into society through a web of official posts and local leadership responsibilities. This relationship between the political system and the intellectuals began to unravel toward the end of the Qing era, as both internal corruption and external imperialist assault weakened the dynastic state. Seeking to strengthen their state and to protect their social order, mandarin intellectuals became increasingly critical of the dynasty's policies. In its response to criticism, the Qing court revealed what Grieder calls the "dual nature" of Chinese ruling

power: "patronage of scholarship and extirpation of dissent went always hand in hand" (p. 49). Conservative modernizers of the state punished those who strayed too far from apparently "traditional" values, leaving intellectuals and state leaders increasingly at odds.

Modern Chinese intellectuals thus have been caught between their desire to participate in a group whose boundaries and nature historically have been shaped through involvement with the state, and their individual vulnerability to disciplinary action as they have sought to reform that state in new ways. Especially in the early 20th century, following the end of the ancient examination system, the collapse of the dynasty, and economic changes in which the gentry families of the intellectuals became less firmly tied to the rural community, intellectuals were cast adrift, increasingly critical and frustrated. In their effort to reestablish central authority, the new Guomindang rulers proved to be no more tolerant of political deviance than had been the Manchus, leading to unprecedented alienation by modern and increasingly Western-oriented intellectuals through the 1930's and 1940's.

When finally the Chinese Communist Party began to reinvigorate and reform the state after 1949, it faced a corps of intellectuals accustomed less to supporting state power than to criticizing it. Drawing upon its experience at "rectifying" sympathetic