

Post-Glasnost ■ The Culture of Vertigo



Ioan Davies

The Tretyakov Gallery in Moscow (currently in temporary premises while the gallery itself is being refurbished) is dedicated to contemporary Russian painting and sculpture and includes marvellous sections on nineteenth and twentieth century art, most of which was buried from 1930 to the early 1970s. At the end of a series of corridors, one comes to an area popularly known as the Stalin room. In here the art is not impressionist, post-impressionist, surreal or expressionist (which the immediately preceding rooms are), but Social Realist, or perhaps, more accurately, Hagiographically Representationalist.

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Here are Stalin, Svetlana Alilueva (Stalin's daughter), General Timoshenko, Maxim Gorky, etc. as they would like to have looked (Gorky looks like a romanticized Mark Twain). Pride of place is given to an enormous painting of Stalin and his war cabinet, with Moscow unfolding through a vast window behind. It is every corporate director's dream of how he would like to be remembered (and, indeed, Soviet representational art was selling well in the last years of Thatcher's Britain, as the business executives tried to find an aesthetic style that was commensurate with their perceived status).

Through the wall in the next gallery is a collection of contemporary paintings (for sale). Most of them are heavily symbolic, apocalyptic pieces, drawing on themes which go back beyond the nineteenth century. They evoke Redon, Schwabe, de Chavannes, Moreau, Delville and even further back to Bosch and Piranesi, but much more pessimistic, violent and based on a Russian sense of total disaster. All of them have been painted in the past five years, and, if it were not for the fact that they are painted in Russia, might be mistaken as promotion material for Western horror "B" movies. But the Draculas are Lenin, Stalin, Brezhnev, and Gorbachev. If, in another adjoining gallery, the geometrical and mechanistic work of El Lissitzky, which did so much to affect the architecture and industrial design of the Soviet Union, receives great prominence, here it might never have existed.

In the Hermitage gallery in Leningrad there is a special Picasso exhibition. Stalin, it is well-known, disliked Picasso and all forms of abstract art. And yet the Hermitage from the beginning of this century to the 1940s continued to buy Picassos. In the late 1940s Stalin ordered that they be sold to produce some ready hard currency. The gallery did so, but kept a record of where they went. This exhibition represents a lease back to Leningrad of those paintings that were formerly its own.

In Kiev, St. Vladimir's Cathedral, built in the late nineteenth century in imitation Byzantine style to commemorate the 900th anniversary of Christianity in Russia, is a fully-functioning church of the Ukrainian Orthodox church, although it served its time as a museum, and was damaged by the Germans in the Second World War. Virtually every art object in it is an imitation of traditional Byzantine works, and most were painted or recreated in the post-war period. The major exception is a Virgin and Child by Vasnetsov, a non-iconic symbolist portrayal from the inter-war years, which shows how Ukrainian religious art might have developed in other circumstances. In these moments of uncertainty it is barely conceivable that its hour has come round at last.

The Byzantine, the symbolist, the social realist, the representationalist, the gothic, the mechanistic – these seem to be the competing styles of the Russian eye, here and there punctuated by the abstract-symbolism of a Chagall, who represented another culture burrowing into the Russian.

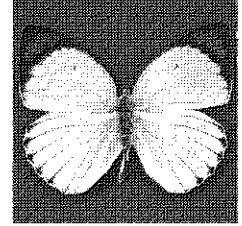
Culture, Perestroika and Glasnost: The Case of the Writers' Union

At the heart of the Soviet dilemma has been the problem of culture. Throughout the 1920s and 1930s the issues of education, intellectual freedom, workers' control of the processes of cultural production, the organization of the media, and the importance of ideology in determining the direction of Communism produced as many experiments, manifestoes, edicts

and blood-letting as any of the economic issues. The classic experiments took place under Anatoly Lunacharsky's period as Commissar of Education (1917-1929). ("The people themselves, consciously or unconsciously, must evolve their own culture," he declared in 1917. This was echoed by Lenin's wife, Krupskaya: "We were not afraid to organize a revolution. Let us not be afraid of the people... Our job is to help the people *in fact* to take their fate into their hands"). The experiments were characterized by attempts to work with existing institutions and also to help to set up parallel ones, with Narkompros, the People's Commissariat for Education being both the guide and mediator. But Narkompros represented in many respects the democratic, culturist tendency in the Revolution. For all the problems he had with schoolteachers and university lecturers (they almost all went on strike), actors, writers and film directors, Lunacharsky believed in the liberating potential of education and culture, and fought for culture as an important (maybe the most important) element in constructing social change. He is one of the brightest lights in the early Bolshevik pantheon.

But Lunacharsky had serious problems with the Party. Narkompros at the beginning of the New Economic Policy had about seven percent of the Union budget, almost all of which went to schools, universities and the Academy of Sciences, though it continued to have some control over music, film, theatre, the fine arts, and literature. Its main competitor for control of the cultural apparatuses was Glavpolitput (the chief political department of the Commissariat of Communications, which had ten percent of the budget), Vesenkha (the Supreme Council of the National Economy, which had nine percent of the budget), and VTSIK (the All-Russian Central Executive Committee of the Congress of Soviets) which was responsible for the distribution of printed matter. Under NEP the budget for Narkompros (and its power) declined, to the extent

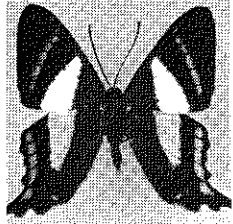
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that fees were charged for schooling. Glavpolitput progressively took over cultural funding and administration, and academic research was increasingly funded by VTSIK. Lunacharsky ceased to be commissar because the high schools were put under Vesenska control. The cut and thrust of the debates that had characterized cultural policy in the 1920s were foreclosed, both because of the trials that took place in the 1930s, and because of the complete subordination of all cultural institutions to the Party, the economy and the war effort (from 1941-5). As is well-known, most of the major writers, theatre directors, film-makers, intellectuals and artists of the 1920s had been killed by 1940 or had been forced into exile. If a Marxist debate continued to exist, it was either directed discreetly towards the West (as in the work of Lukacs), or as masking terrorism and censorship in the East (as in the infamous attack by Zhdanov in 1947 on the satirist Mikhail Zoshchenko and the poet Anna Akhmatova). In education, the debates on school pedagogy were increasingly influenced by the regimental ideas of Anton Makarenko, former NKVD organizer of labour colonies and camps for juvenile delinquents.

And yet "culture" continued to be made. In 1934 the First Congress of Soviet Writers was held in Moscow, following the dissolution of RAPP (the proletkult-based Russian Association of Proletarian Writers) and foundation of the Writers' Union of the USSR. By that time the centralization of the cultural apparatuses had been completed, with the control of printing,

distribution, publishing, radio, film and theatre firmly established at the centre. The concepts of "autonomy" of cultural bodies had long been discarded, with the Central Committee having absolute power of veto, even over the management of obscure literary journals in Leningrad or Alma - Ata (a prerogative that it periodically claimed, as when, in 1947, it decided to close the literary magazine *Leningrad* because of its "viperous" content). Thus the creation of the Writers' Union, as well as other cultural unions (Cinematographic Workers, Actors, Artists) took on the appearance of their being company unions to the one great State enterprise. However, after the death of Stalin, even more so after Khrushchev's speech at the Twen-



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tieth Party Congress, and progressively through the 1980s, the character of these institutions slowly changed. My visit to the USSR in October 1990 was concerned with monitoring those changes.

Probably the first break in the control of the Party over cultural ideas was the re-organization of the magazine *Novy Mir* in 1958, under the second editorship of the poet Alexander Tvardovsky. (Tvardovsky had been editor of *Novy Mir* from 1950-54, but was bumped in the early years of Khrushchev.) It was a curious change. Although initially sanctioned by the Writers' Union and unchallenged by the Party, mainly because Tvardovsky was a Party member and operated in the spirit of the Twentieth Congress, most of Tvardovsky's own writing was itself not published until the 1980s. Western writers debated whether Tvardovsky was "a Party man" or "an oppositionist." He was, of course, both. *Novy Mir* was not seen as an "opposition" journal until 1965, even

though its policy and ostensible content had not changed since 1960. The Twentieth Congress of the Party sanitized the democratic intent of the Twentieth Congress. Henceforth *Novy Mir* became the intellectual opposition within the Party, and, through the following years, acted as a force against intellectual and political stagnation.

But the institutions established in the 1930s also slowly changed. The Writers' Union, tied into a single sponsor, was strongly affected by *Novy Mir's* stance of democratic resistance. If the Leningrad Union's attempt at autonomy in the 1940s had been met with Zhdanovite obstruction, clearly *Novy Mir* survived it. The Union itself had adopted a policy which borrowed something from Proletkult, that the Revolutionary writer could only come out of the working or peasant class. With this went a concern with providing the writer with all the amenities that allowed him or her to write, including hospital care, meeting places, restaurants, working spaces and access to periodicals. The Union itself controlled 120 journals, at local and national levels. The price, of course, was that the writer (including screenwriters, journalists and playwrights) had access to the media in so far as the writer was considered essential to the smooth running of the system. When, as in the spectacular cases of Pasternak, Brodsky, Solzhenitzyn, Sakharov, and several other people, the writer was declared *persona-non-grata* by the Party, the Writers' Union did not stand by its members, and frequently aided in censoring them. Its attitude to *Novy Mir* in the fifties was that of unmitigated hostility, and was responsible for Tvardovsky being sacked as editor twice, first in 1954, and again in 1970, when the Khrushchev thaw was overtaken by Brezhnev's heavy-handed, nepotistic politics.

Something of a purge of the union leadership took place in the late 1970s and early 1980s, and the ambience at least allowed for the admission that other writers existed than those who had been officially sanctioned by the Union in the past. But what really affected the attitudes of the union executive, once again, were issues which were beyond its immediate control. Perestroika and glasnost provided the context within which the monopoly that the Union had on publishing, distribution and accreditation was broken. The growth of independent publications and publishing houses in the late eighties and the emergence of separatist movements in Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Georgia, Moldavia and, in particular, Ukraine challenged the *raison d'être* of the Union. The circulation of Union publications declined sharply in the mid-eighties, leading to some internal questioning. (Was the Union really representing ideology, writers, workers?) Today there is certainly a major segment of the Union that supports

"Pamyat" (a nationalist group that announces that Russia must be for the Russians, and that all foreign influences – Jewish, American, Lithuanian, British or Asian must be purged to clean the Russian soul: it is certainly anti-semitic and anti any minority nationality). In 1986 a new organization, the "April" Group, composed largely of Western-oriented intellectuals, emerged to challenge the hegemony of the Union. It almost immediately gained control of the executive of the Leningrad Writers' Union, and by 1990 claimed that 30 percent of the members of the Writers' Union of the USSR supported it. Politically it was backed in Moscow by the city council who in 1991 granted it a lease on premises. Since 1990 the Union has been affiliated with the international organization PEN, though not necessarily for the best of motives: it allows delegates access to international travel, which is increasingly denied under present austerity programs, though obviously PEN is an organization which does not want just any delegate.

In Kiev the Writers' Union was by 1987 controlled by the separatist group Rukh (in fact the founding meeting of Rukh took place in the headquarters of the Union, the former home of the Czar's Governor of Greater Kiev, Count Ignatieff, and the president of Rukh, Ivan Drakh, is a former recipient of the State Prize for poetry). Thus the notion that the Union had a symmetrical relationship to the Party was increasingly called into question (if the Party relationship mattered, it was which members of the Party rather than the Party as a monolithic whole, a process which had started with Tvardovsky's wheeling and dealing with Khrushchev in the 1950s). Statistics in 1989 show that 60 percent of the Union membership were members of the Party, a figure which is very close to that of the USSR Congress. (Much more revealing, however, is the fact that only 14 percent of the membership are women).

While I was in the Soviet Union in October of 1990, I interviewed Alexander Prokhanov, the secretary-general of the Writers Union of the USSR (who is also a military novelist and editor of the Union's monthly magazine, *Soviet Literature*), members of the April group, and members of the Ukrainian and Leningrad Unions, as well as some playwrights, journalists and theatre directors. In addition I went to Poland and interviewed some journalists and attended the Helsinki World Assembly and the People-to-People media conferences in Prague. Several things emerged out of these encounters, which might put the relationships between the writer, the unions, the publishing and media industries, the political processes, and the economy into sharper focus.

It might be prudent to start with the interview with Prokhanov, because Prokhanov (a "non-Party man," as he said to me) represents the new "conservative" bent within the Union, and also (and, perhaps, therefore) the representative of a system that looks like being phased out. Prokhanov is probably the epitome of the

kind of person who has become prominent in the Union (and possibly in the higher reaches of the Government) since perestroika destroyed the flimsy reserves of Marxist rhetoric that were left after Brezhnev reduced the Party to being the agent of a Czaristic nepotism. In spite of his military writings, he is not an expansionist imperialist, in the sense that he wants to impose on the rest of the world Russia's view of itself (he sees the futile war in Afghanistan as providing the origins of perestroika). He is, however, troubled by the "intellectuals," who are out of touch with the spirit of the country. The Writers' Union has a mandate – to make them realize their political responsibilities, and to maintain the continuity of an ongoing commitment to the working-class and peasant writer. He is particularly fierce on the "April" group, those whose god is Vaclav Havel, "a caricature of a President": "If I had the power, I would demand of the April group that they apologize for all the nasty things they have said about me. I have given them every opportunity to write and publish and meet. I am a democrat, but my patience is wearing thin." And then he becomes very eloquent in saying what he would do if he were cultural Czar:

If I had full dictatorial powers, I would construct a cultural Empire. I would build a new pyramid. I would search in all the cultures for mutual goals, and create a mystic structure that would unite them all. As Cultural Dictator, I would have many faults, including repeating the crimes of Stalin. But everyone would be united for a common purpose.

Prokhanov is the once and future king, and his shadow hovers over all other deliberations of writers, theatre directors, film-makers. He is the populist anti-intellectual who sees a role for writers as part of a "well-oiled machine." Thus the long debates of the 1920s, the theoretical issues of proletarian versus bourgeois writing, phenomenological Marxism versus structuralism, even Party loyalty versus opposition, are reduced to maintaining law and order. I asked him whether he was a Marxist. "I am not a member of the Party. I am a Conservative. Marx, Hegel, Kant, Freud... do they really address the issues of the survival of our culture? All of them might provide useful tools in understanding what is happening to us, but I'm afraid I do not have those tools. I am simply a writer, a small cell in a big machine."

The Writers' Union, for all the bombast of Prokhanov's talk, should not be written off yet. The Union has about 10,000 members across the USSR, and the control by the government over the means of distribution, of printing presses and the supply of paper is still very great as is its control of other media of communication. Thus between them the Union and different levels

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of government can effectively stifle the production of work considered to be unsuitable. *Novy Mir*, for example, in January 1991, had been waiting since March 1990 for paper supplies to enable it to print Solzhenitsyn's *First Circle*. But, clearly, many things have changed, inside the Union and outside it. A large number of previously unpublished works are now available, including writings by Isaac Babel, Alexander Tvardovsky, Mikhail Bulgakov, Anna Akhmatova, Boris Pasternak, Solzhenitsyn, Mikhail Bakhtin, though, as yet, no Mandelstam or Trotsky. *Soviet Literature* has recently produced special issues on Bulgakov, Akhmatova and Pasternak which, if rather late in history, are at

course, a solution which owes nothing to Marxism, except in rhetoric, and as a claim to legitimacy. The major change from the old Bolshevik position is merely one of the nature of the economic model to be used. To quote Kagarlitsky again, "If the Bolsheviks viewed the economy as one big factory then, according to the new liberals, society and economy should be run as one big supermarket." *Soviet Literature* operates as the supermarket of Russian culture, though within a framework that is classically Soviet paternalistic.

The opposition to this view of culture is fragmented, incoherent, despairing. At this moment, the intellectuals in the Soviet Union are engaged in an act of re-

1950s. The rebirth of intellectual life therefore was bounded by the polarities of "community" and "Western-ness," both of them highly problematical concepts, and particularly because the middle ground was occupied by the *nomenklatura* of the Writers' Union and the upper reaches of the Party. Thus the intelligentsia did not really exist anymore. It did not have a life or a series of connecting links of its own: "Life," as Milan Kundera remarked, "is elsewhere." Neither professional in the Western sense, nor truly communal in the Czech, it began to operate in no-man's-land.

This sense of lack of purpose and of intellectual blockage was marked by all the writers, playwrights, directors, critics, cultural activists that I met in the USSR. Serially, I will list my impressions.

◆ Svetlana Vragova, 38, Director of the Theatre on Spartakus Square (housed in an old Stock Exchange), passionately argued for a theatre which would be apocalyptic, exposing the iniquities of the present system, but knowing that it would get no-one anywhere. Theatre had to display the realities of the present, while being conscious of the Stanislavsky her-

itage (see Svobodin, below). Her plays have been performed in Chicago, San Francisco as well as Moscow.

◆ Israel Metter, 80, Jewish novelist, short story writer from Leningrad, whose novel, *Five Corners*, written 30 years ago about an agricultural community on the Russian-Finnish border, and now published in Russian, English and German, said that nothing of any consequence was being written now. Everyone was busy reading the material that had suddenly become available and lining up for food.

◆ Alla Gerber, 50, film critic, whose son had just produced a film based on one of Babel's Odessa stories, argued that all the new films would be instantly put on the shelf, because the new market economy allowed everyone to catch up on the old Hollywood movies which were cheaper to import. Thus the old Stalinist censorship and the new authoritarian market liberalism amounted to the same thing.

◆ Alexander Svobodin, Theatre Director and chief archivist/animateur of the

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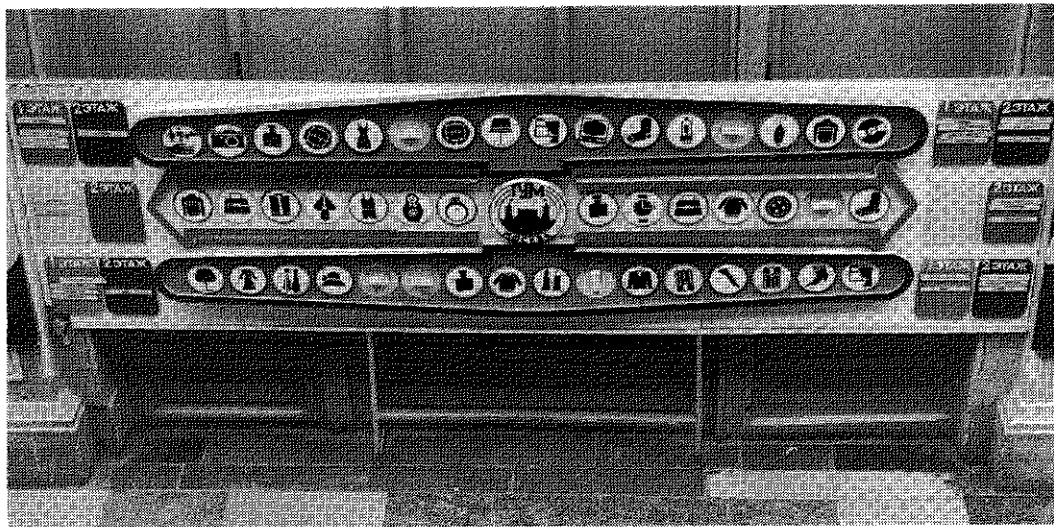


photo: David Hlynsky

least welcome. In general, the magazine has committed itself to having a full debate on all aspects of literature and art.

These changes in the apparent ideological position of the Union in many senses mirror that in the Party itself. It is an authoritarian liberalism (repressive tolerance, in Marcuse's phrase) that Prokhanov advocates, as much as Gorbachev: an opening out to discourse as long as power is held on to. Or, as the Russian Marxist thinker Boris Kagarlitsky has commented, in discussing the Party's conversion to notions of a market economy: "They consider that, in practice, the sole means of implementing a liberal economic reform is the creation of a strong, authoritarian regime capable of effectively suppressing the resistance of the masses." It is, of

retrieval and regrouping. The traditional sense of the intelligentsia (see the accompanying interview with Tatyana Tolstaya) was that of being the collective moral conscience of the society and it was a tradition that was carried on, underground, by poets and short story writers throughout the 1960s and 1970s, writing, reading into audio cassettes (paper was always scarce), and trying to get published anywhere. Much of this literature, composed in elevators, boiler rooms, kitchens and waiting lobbies disappeared though some of it appeared in *Samizdat* or, now, 20 years later in newspapers and magazines. It was an ongoing resistance to the policies of the government and of the Writers' Union. The oppositional intelligentsia, however, was, more or less killed off by the remorseless fear of them by Stalin and the bureaucrats of the Party system. But it was inevitable that the idea of the intelligentsia would be reborn when the conditions were ripe. But this intelligentsia was one which had links to its immediate community and, for some, to the West, but ultimately none to the matrix of the culture of the society in which it lived, those links having been effectively sundered by the purges of the 1930s and the slow emasculation of talent in the 1940s and

Stanislavsky Centre. In a sense the Stanislavsky cult is to theatre what the Writers' Union is to writing, Lunacharsky having come to a deal with Stanislavsky in 1918, to recognize the pre-eminence of the Stanislavsky school in Soviet drama, a deal which has more or less stuck since then. Svobodin, however, reflected the winds of change. To maintain the Stanislavsky heritage, the great man's country home was being restored as a museum and acting school with foreign aid, mainly from the USA and Germany. It was important to maintain standards in the theatre against potential barbaric incursions.

- ◆ Alexander Gelman, 50ish, playwright, probably the best known playwright from the USSR in the West (particularly in France and New York, but that is the penalty for being avant-garde), saw theatre everywhere as having no place to go apart from exploring the Kafkaesque realities of all the bureaucracies that we live under.
- ◆ A group of people from the Writers' Union in Kiev (including Valerij Shevchuk, Igor Rymaruk, Volodymyr Musienko, Mykhailo Hryhoriv, Parlo Hirnyk and Soloma Pavlychko as well as Ivan Drach, President of Rukh, in a separate encounter). Also attending the second congress of Rukh, evocative of being at a convention of the Parti Quebecois, though without the sense that they know what they are doing, apart from preserving the 'national' (i.e. Ukrainian) culture. Using the Writers' Union as the agency of a separatist culture might seem bizarre, but what structures are there left? The magazines, newspapers that the Union publishes in Kiev as autonomous Ukrainian writing depend on the sponsorship from Moscow. Has anybody figured out what will happen if Moscow cuts off the print-run? Is there a sense of Ukraine which is not based on purely separatist sentiment? The *elan* of nationalism is exciting, but what if it is only *elan*? Is there, anywhere, a camaraderie of dissent which has a principle, a theory of dissent except the gut feeling that linguistic community is important and that life is elsewhere?
- ◆ Galina Drobot, one of the founders of the April group, out of whose apartment the annual journal *April* and the general conclaves of the group have emanated. Certainly a group founded on a sense of the "Western" intellectual, whose antennae are tuned to the *New York Review of Books*, *Nouvelle Observateur*, the *London Review of Books*, maybe even *Tikkun*. And, of course, the real problem is that the Soviet Union does not have a space for Western-style intellectuals. The space that *April* tries to occupy is precisely that which has been

left vacant by the demise of the old intelligentsia. *April* wants to occupy the moral space, but has not yet been convincing enough to demonstrate that that is not a space whose audience is (because of the form within which the issues are put) either abroad or dead.

- ◆ Tatyana Tolstaya, short story writer, distantly related to Leo Tolstoy, who spends her time alternating between Moscow and the USA. She showed unmitigated hostility to the Writers' Union, which she thought should be closed down, though she also thought that an organization like PEN, as a purely advocacy group, might have a place. She was quite hostile to the idea of the necessity for a women's movement (as was Drobot) seeing it as a feminist equivalent of Proletcult. She argued that writers should be published because they were good, not because they belonged to a union or were women.
- ◆ Valentina Konstantinova, sociologist, deputy director of the Centre for Gender Studies at the Academy of Sciences (whom I met in Prague), who argued strongly for the necessity of a feminist movement, particularly now as the rhetoric of Marxism gave way to that of the market. If women had received some backing under the old regime, now they received absolutely none. It was time to encourage feminist writing.

These interviews represent a cross-section of the positions adopted by some members of the creative intelligentsia. In addition, some background factoids are illuminating in knowing what people think, read, do. *Pravda* is down from a circulation of two million to 200,000 in one year. The weekly *Argumenti i Fakti*, a cross between *People* magazine, *USA Today* and *Index on Censorship*, sells an astounding 32 million copies a week. A wide array of broadsheets and newsletters dealing with everything from astrology to business forecasts are available at the street corners and in the entrances to the Metro, mainly German tourists line up to be seen eating at McDonalds, and Rupert Murdoch's Sky TV has a regular slot on Moscow TV producing rock music. George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* has now sold ten million copies, and, while independent newspaper reporters write and make film right across the the Soviet Union, the amount of this material shown on Soviet TV is very low.

But the real factoids are elsewhere. In Hungary, after the introduction of the free market economy, all the daily papers are owned by Rupert Murdoch or Robert Maxwell and all the local papers by the Springer group. The production of serious literature has declined (the state subsidized Dickens and Zola, while Orwell, Zamyatin and Havel were produced in samizdat). The soft porn that was encouraged by the State publishing houses in the mid-eighties has now given way to an avalanche of Harlequin romances, *Penthouse*, and worse. Meanwhile in Poland, most of the publishing houses are going

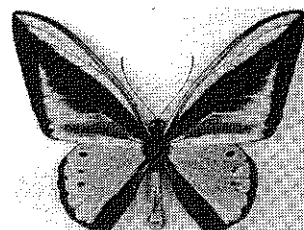
bankrupt under the privatization laws, and even the schools cannot get textbooks. And in the former East Germany, the Kohl *anschluss* has resulted in all community theatres being closed, because they do not have an adequate (i.e. West German) tax base. The Berliner Ensemble survives because of a potential outburst from the West, and the possible loss of tourist dollars.

The threat of the market therefore hangs over everyone. In a society without values, the valueless dollar imposes itself. (Not for nothing did Gorbachev and Thatcher get on so well: if they shared anything it was a touching faith in old culture as marketable commodity but no faith in the peoples' ability to create culture). There is no evidence that into this vacuum a Prokhanov will not project himself and impose a solution.

When I met Prokhanov, I was struck by the amazing collection of butterflies that were displayed in his apartment in Pushkin Square, above McDonalds, with a crippled Coka-Cola sign blinking "Coka," "Coka" through the window). The butterflies were framed in glass cases, each containing a particular genus of butterfly: reds to pink in one, navies to light blue in another, bright yellows to cream in another, and so on. Sixteen frames in all. "Where did you get them?" I asked. "Nicaragua, Vietnam, Mozambique, Angola, Cambodia, Cuba, Afghanistan," he replied. "But I did not shoot them, I caught them in a net."

One thinks of the writers under Prokhanov's command, and the ambition to trap them in one "mystic structure." Prokhanov is currently the last in a line that began with Lenin and Lunacharsky, the head of what has been described as the "greatest cultural experiment since the Middle Ages." That experiment owed a lot to men more intelligent than him, who read their Hegel and Marx. Will the experiment die as Prokhanov has a shootout in the cultural super-market? What will he do with more dead butterflies? ◆

Ioan Davies is a member of the Border/Lines collective. He was in Moscow at the invitation of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, and his trip was funded by a grant from the Ontario Arts Council.



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