Rycenga Symposium

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Contents

Kerry Halloran

YESTERDAY'S RIVER

These poems are part of a larger manuscript, in which the river is a medium of change and transport through the landscapes of the spirit.

Metamorph

Bemused and floating in my lotus,
Stupored with self-acceptance
As a drugged bee,
Believing myself loved.

Betrayer, sneak!
Joy I discovered
Addressed elsewhere,
Hot, in an innocent drawer.
Off the page flew glyphs
Hideous as any from Pandora's box.

Oh, I could hurl savage spells!

My forehead's eye
Searches the landscape.
I long to shear your sheepskin of apology,
Pluck you limb from limb.

Snakes hiss in my ear!

Cheeks tighten, are bronzed,
My jaw grinds stone.
You said I haven't stretched
But I've grown leather wings,
Would launch like a gargoyle
At your throat!

Riverbank

Some change in grade upcountry
Threw a new slant of you
Year by year across this streambed,
Cutting into my side.
I feel a push and drag and tug,
Parts of me are leaving . . .
Dissolving a stain in you,
I am more concave.
Yearly after snow melt
Your spate throws against me.
Earth and sod drop off
Chunks, rubble, unbedded stones,
My underpinnings since the glacier
Wash away.
Turbid with my parts,
You flow fast in this upland channel.

Down time in floodplain,
Energy will lag and loop.
Water meadows will hold onto their sides
And bulrush, cattail, reedgrass
Detain you.

Parts of me, carried,
Will settle there,
Consolidate good mud
Banked yearly . . .
And choke from you an oxbow,
Sluggard crescent halted, shrinking,
Reclaimed by my green arm.

In Four Minutes . . .

I'm led to a bench, very like a pew,
Elevated and at the judge's right.
We stood to pledge our wedding,
Here a lawyer is your proxy.

"Do you attest you were married in South Hadley
in the State of Massachusetts?"

I do . . .

the college chapel filled,
father's arm trembled under mine,
I walked forward accompanied by Brahms.

"Do you attest two children were born of this marriage?"

I do . . .

toddlers blanket-tossed over our king-sized bed,
snuggled in for Mowgli's tale.

"Do you attest that neither child is a minor?"

I do . . .

Vermont summers, long drives made fun
by your vernacular — Ferdinand the Bull and
Mandrake the Magician — our favorites,
sand castles on a Hebridean beach,
pink-cornered eyes home from the middle school jungle,
sitting under striped tents, finding their faces
among the mortar boards.

"Do you attest that there are no other children

born to you and living?"

I do . . .

no god visited me in a shower of surprising gold,
leaving a child under eighteen
in this home without you.

"And do you attest this marriage has broken down
irretrievably?"

I do your will,

I do.

Janus Portal

Now the door has closed
And your lean, red car has left the houseside,
Our daughter collapses on my shoulder,
Her tears the wake you leave behind.

Christmas Day joined us . . .
Beneath the epidermal pleasantry of rib roast
And gifts, with notes signed love,
These children feel a bearing bone dragged from its socket.

We present you with good-natured facescapes
Even a touch jocular,
So you will come again.
Behind our eyes, other times are slipping
Over precipices.

Last year
You shied like a wall-eyed horse
And fled into a poppy field;
Shed the winter pelt of marriage,
Anticipating new skin.
But at your shoulder
A spectre still skips,
Shaking its bedsheet.

Now, above the sink filling with steam,
Window panes grow replicas of my dried weeds;
Wool grass, foxtail, steeplebush, umbrella sedge.
Upon this interface between minus ten
And plus seventy,
Unguessed emanations crystallizing . . .

January Loss

Gulls stand on glazed water
Rafting downstream.
I run beside the river
Against a slide of icepanes
Sheeting toward me.
They come sighing along the bank,
Buckle here, snagged;
Horizontal planes to prisms,
Revolve around a log's prow and break,
Clattering.
The river's rales wheeze winter-tight in my chest,
Ice jams fuse ribs.
Legs push into anesthetized space,
The ground runs under me.
Children are gone, husband gone, friends,
Fading prickles in my palms.
Energy of winter pigeons
Finding south sides of bridges,
Beyond me.

Polly Brody

Sue Vining

Husserl's Approach to History

Linda Hudson

The seemingly radical turn from a strictly logical investigation of phenomena toward a consideration of history in the later writings of Edmund Husserl poses the questions of how history can be a subject for phenomenology and whether the phenomenological-historical method which he proposes is a viable approach for the understanding of history. The manuscripts collected in *The Crisis of European Sciences and Transcendental Phenomenology*[1] represent his major work in this area. After placing this work in its historical context, as well as explaining some of the themes expressed therein, an attempt will be made to show that his phenomenological approach to history is firmly grounded in universal principles and that it represents a maturation of, rather than a departure from, his earlier thought.

Mention of history as a subject in most of his early writings is confined to the time-bound relativistic historical study which he reserves for "romantic spirits."[2] The new views expressed in the *Crisis* show that "Husserl's history of philosophy is at the same time a philosophy of history."[3] Throughout the *Crisis* his discussion is in terms of the history of philosophy, but what is exhibited is a more profound understanding of the role of history in understanding ourselves and our world.

The first question to be addressed asks what drew Husserl's attention to history, a subject which David Carr affirms was "explicitly banned" from Husserl's phenomenology up through the writing of the *Cartesian Meditations* (1929).[4] The most obvious explanation seems to be his distress over the events of Europe from World War I through the rise of Naziism in his own country, a concern he expressed early on in his "Renewal" essay (1923), where he states that the aftermath of World War I "has revealed the internal untruthfulness and senselessness of this culture . . . [draining] it of its vital energy."[5] Stronger sentiment is expressed in his "Vienna Lecture" of 1935. There he states that the "European nations are sick"[6]: sick because the spirituality of Europe has lost a sense of its original purpose and is foundering.

He goes on to fault the human sciences for allowing this deterioration. Because they have dealt solely with factual, concrete evidence of communities, institutions, societies, they have neglected the more general aspect of their science — that which deals with the universal structure of the environing world.[7] Their claim to validity rests on "fatal prejudices" rather than on absolutes.[8] As criticism of this relativistic approach to the human sciences, Husserl states

> In reflecting on the true meaning of the world, man has always stopped short at 'idealized nature' and has neglected to go beyond that to the pre-scientific origin of ultimate purpose.[9]

What is needed, therefore, according to Husserl, is to establish or rediscover a universal ground for the human sciences, philosophy as well as history, in order to overcome this spiritual crisis. "Only this disclosure [of an a priori structure] can make possible historical inquiry which is truly understanding, insightful and in a genuine sense scientific."[10] For this ground, this a priori structure will be none other than what he calls our "ultimate purpose" which has always existed in European culture with or without our awareness of it. Man's understanding of this ultimate purpose has found varied expression over time through the thinking of philosophers as they struggled to find meaning both for their own times and for all humanity.

Accordingly, what Husserl demands for philosophers is that "we reflect back, in a thorough *historical* and *critical* fashion . . . into what was originally and always sought in philosophy"[11] for there we will find that ultimate purpose. Elsewhere he calls for revitalizing philosophy by engrossing ourselves in historical considerations in order to rediscover the aim and task of philosophy.[12]

A primary question, then, for Husserl is, what *is* the aim and task of philosophy that it needs to adopt a firm scientific basis for its endeavors? In the rather moving essay "Denial of Scientific Philosophy" he speaks of our personal and existential need to take up the task of philosophy, to find a direction for ourselves and for the community of man.[13] The task of the philosophers is to act as the "functionaries of mankind"[14] to establish our original goals and hold them up for humanity to emulate in the formation of ethical norms. In the "Renewal" essay Husserl pleads with man to "take up the ethical struggle" no matter how remote the possibility of attainment of ethical

goals.[15] Thus Husserl is following an ethical imperative in his historical phenomenology.

In carrying out this task of shaping our communal world based on ideals we must use reason as expressed in the exactitude of human science founded on absolute grounds. Husserl affirms that

> Only rigorous science can provide us with reliable methods and sound results: it alone can thereby provide the preparatory theoretical work upon which a reform of culture depends.[16]

According to him, this rigorous science will be phenomenology in the method of teleological-historical reflection.

Specifically, Husserl's teleological-historical approach to philosophy focuses on the discovery of the overriding, ultimate *telos* of humanity.[17] The method is historical in that it requires a reflection back through history to uncover the a priori issues — the true "Sachen" (things). This historical reflection is not an objectivistic, relativistic examination of facts, but a philosophical reflection which requires a transformation of the natural, normative attitude of our everyday environing world toward a horizon which is universal, infinite.

According to Husserl, history is not merely factual; he defines history in "The Origin of Geometry" as "from the start nothing other than the vital movement of the coexistence and the interweaving of original formations and sedimentations of meaning."[18] What he means here by "original formations" are just those a priori, ultimate goals of a culture. Over time, with each successive generation, these goals take on new meanings, colored by the particular motivations and circumstances of a given time or people. Gradually, the original meaning of those goals is pushed farther and farther back in consciousness until it is effectively lost to mankind. The original goals are still there, but have become "sedimented" by the traditions of each generation. Every attempt, therefore, to examine a cultural object in the present necessarily involves a search into its past, for each past moment was also a "present" at one time, replete with its unique meaning. The layering of these past "presences" constitutes the cultural object as it is seen today.[19] This sedimentation of ideas was originally expressed in terms of ego consciousness in Husserl's *Transcendental and Formal Logic*, but here has been extended to a

communal consciousness or awareness.[20] Here we see a link between Husserl's early writings and his later historical period.

Husserl's notion of "getting into" the past in order to understand it from the point of view of a particular time period has met with resistance. Both L.E. Shiner[21] and James Morrison,[22] for example, have indicated the difficulty of gaining real, empathetic understanding of the past in this way. But as Shiner also points out, it is not merely a matter of empathy, but of taking up a viewpoint based on the "motivational structure" of that world.[23]

Actually, the historical-teleological reflection called for by Husserl can be equated to an eidetic variation, such as Carr, among others, has recognized.[24] It is in just this historical reflection that the various representations of ideas, objects, goals can be found, each a transformation of its original form, yet still retaining that essential form.

Husserl has been criticized and questioned for claiming to be able to discover an ultimate purpose that is absolute, fixed, immutable. How can he claim an ultimate purpose, the argument goes, when historical reflection shows that the goals of a culture at any one time are changing? Does this changeability not show the relativity of all meaning? Certainly it does, if one looks only to the particular goals as exemplified in a given culture, but what Husserl wants to show is that beneath the particular lies a general structure which guides men and motivates them to ask certain questions, to seek certain goals. The "ultimate" itself is relative in the sense that its specific character is determined by the needs of individuals, but its *existence* is absolute. Husserl's comments in the "Vienna Lecture" support this idea. He says that there is no strict mature form of humanity as there is in the biological evolution of a species. Its *telos* is in infinity and develops as humanity does, ever searching and striving toward new goals as a means to achieve some ideal. This *telos* "is an infinite idea, toward which in secret the collective spiritual becoming, so to speak, strives."[25] It would appear that Ludwig Landgrebe, an assistant and editor of many of Husserl's works, concurs.

> The teleology of this, our history, is, therefore not of the sort that it has always held sway over it throughout the series of temporal successions and could, therefore, have been discovered in each of its moments. The development of this technology rests, to the contrary, on the decision in this present to acknowledge oneself

> as being a part of this history and its origin.[26]

It is possible that the ultimate goal of mankind is not already determined, but is a process, developed *through* its history. What Husserl's historical-teleological method gives us is the overall structure of this process which will ultimately be determined by the individual's intentions and attitudes. As Husserl concludes,

> the peculiar truth of a 'teleological consideration of history' can never be decisively refuted by citing the documented 'personal testimony' of earlier philosophers . . . [but] only in the self-evidence of a critical over-all view which brings to light, behind the 'historical facts' . . . a meaningful harmony.[27]

Thus it is through the eidetic variations of history or of the history of philosophy that Husserl has arrived at an essential, a priori structure which underlies all historical relativities, making his approach to history universal indeed.

Endnotes

[1]Edmund Husserl, *The Crisis of European Sciences and Transcendental Phenomenology*, trans. David Carr (Evanston: Northwestern University Press, 1970). Hereafter this work will be referred to as *Crisis*.

[2]Husserl, "The Origin of Geometry," in *Crisis*, p. 378.

[3]Aron Gurwitsch, *Studies in Phenomenology and Psychology*, as quoted by David Carr in *Crisis*, p. xxxiii.

[4]Carr, *Crisis*, p. xxxv.

[5]Edmund Husserl, *Husserl: Shorter Works*, ed. P. McCormick and F. Elliston (Notre Dame: Notre Dame Press, 1981), p. 326.

[6]Edmund Husserl, *Phenomenology and the Crisis of Philosophy*, trans. Quentin Lauer (New York: Harper and Row, 1965), p. 150. Hereafter referred this work will be referred to as *PCP*.

[7]Husserl, *PCP*, p. 151.

[8]Husserl, *PCP*, p. 153.

[9]Husserl, *Crisis*, p. 50. By pre-scientific Husserl means pre-Galilean, for he marks Galileo's mathematization of the world as a major transformation of our "natural" attitude, forever altering our conception of the world.

[10]Husserl, *Crisis*, p. 372.

[11]Husserl, *Crisis*, p. 17.

[12]Husserl, "Denial of Scientific Philosophy," in *Crisis*, pp. 389-95.

[13]Husserl, "Denial of Scientific Philosophy," in *Crisis*, pp. 389 ff.

[14]*Crisis*, p. 17.

[15]Husserl, *Shorter Works*, p. 327.

[16]Husserl, *Shorter Works*, p. 327.

[17]It should be noted that the humanity that Husserl has in mind was generally that of Europe alone. He was rather narrow in his thinking that only Europe had such a *telos* for its culture. The severe criticism leveled against him for this attitude is negated, somewhat, by his comments in *Crisis*, part I, sec. 6.

[18]*Crisis*, p. 371.

[19]*Crisis*, pp. 370-71.

[20]Carr, "Husserl's *Crisis* and the Problem of History," *Southwestern Journal of Philosophy*, V (Fall 1974), 132.

[21]L.E. Shiner, "Husserl and Historical Science," *Social Research*, 37 (Winter 1970), 511 ff.

[22]James Morison, "Husserl's *Crisis*: Reflections on the relationship of philosophy and history," *Philosophy and Phenomenological Research*, 37 (March 1977), 312 ff.

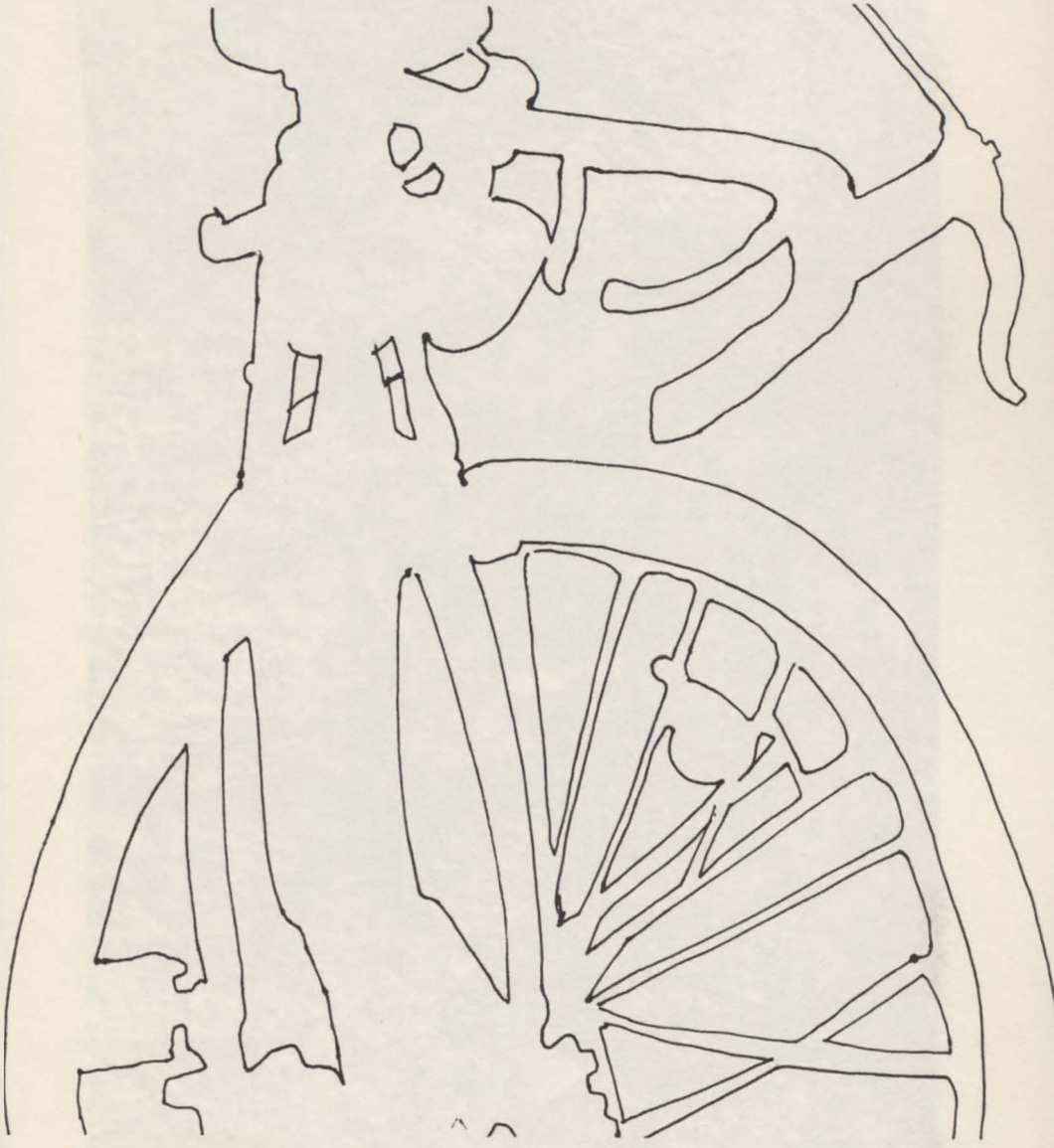
[23] Shiner, p. 530.

[24]*Crisis*, p. xxxvi. Oddly, Carr seems to contradict this interpretation in a 1974 essay in the *Southwestern Journal of Philosophy*, V (Fall 1974), 130, 139.

[25]Husserl, *PCP*, pp. 157-58.

[26]Ludwig Landgrebe, "A Meditation on Husserl's Statement 'History is the Grand Fact of Absolute Being,' " *Southwestern Journal of Philosophy*, V (Fall 1974), 125.

[27]Husserl, *Crisis*, p. 73.



Nancy Decker

Joseph Karl

Rebellion on the Sao Francisco River

Sandra Carvalho

Dona Sinha lived on the bank of the Sao Francisco River in the arid semidesert of northeastern Brazil. The late afternoon sun beat down on the dry land, as she sat behind her clay and straw hut sharpening a knife to peel the rough brown skin of the mandioca roots she had just picked from her garden. She was a tall, thin, old woman, with sun-burned leathery skin and wrinkled face.

"It is getting late," she muttered to herself. "Blessed Virgin help me finish this work before night."

Manuelzinho, Laudelino and Catarina, their stomachs protruding, rolled naked in the dry clay in front of the little hut laughing at their old grandmother.

"Come on, kids," Dona Sinha cried. "Get yourselves off the clay and come help me make the farinha."

"All right, grandmother. I get the wood in the bushes to light the oven," replied Manuelzinho running his dirty hands through his short cropped black hair.

"Thank you, son," said Dona Sinha rolling up the sleeves on her soiled blouse. She picked up a root, made a slit on one side, then peeled the back off. "You, Catarina . . . grind this," she said, handing the small girl the white peeled root. "And Laudelino, squeeze the liquid from the crumbs."

"What time mom and dad are coming home, Grandma?" asked Catarina staring at the old woman. She turned and looked towards the river over the thorny bushes surrounding the hut.

"Talvez . . . maybe by 7 o'clock. They are bringing fishes for supper and we must have the farinha done."

"Are you going to eat fish again?" shouted Catarina at the old woman.

"Stupid!" her brother answered her. "It is better than to eat dry farinha," said Laudelino opening wide his black eyes.

"Shut up!" ordered Dona Sinha. "Holy Mother, Virgin Mary, I have enough to do. I trying to get this done before your parents come home from fishing."

She placed her pipe in the corner of her mouth taking a few puffs while she raked the mandioca crumbs with a huge wooden spoon in the little clay oven. Suddenly, she pulled a worn out rag from her bosom and started wiping the sweat from her face. "Hurry up, kids," shouted Dona Sinha. "Bring the gamela to put the farinha in."

Laudelino walked into the hut, grabbed the gamela, a large wooden dish, returned outside and handed it to his grandmother. "It is ready to come out the oven," said the old woman. "Save the peels for the pigs and the juice has to set in the gamela to get the tapioca," she added.

After cooking the farinha, Dona Sinha sat silently by her front door and watched the sun fading in the blue sky. She enjoyed the cool breeze after a hot dry afternoon.

"Grandma, mom and dad are coming back from fishing," Catarina screamed running towards her parents.

Dona Sinha's son and daughter-in-law approached her saying, "*Boatarde*, good evening!"

Dona Sinha quickly asked, "Did you bring anything for us to eat with farinha?"

"Nothing, mother," answered her son putting the fishing net on the ground. "The day was bad and we could not catch anything. We have to eat farinha, drink water and go to sleep," added her son twisting his mustache.

"How about the kids, for god sake!" cried the old woman. "They complained about being hungry and now you come back telling me there is nothing to eat."

"I cannot help, mother," said her son scratching his head. "There are not stores near the house."

Dona Sinha eyed her son's thin, short figure. He had a wide nose and thick lips. She could tell from his voice dragging that he felt very tired. His feet burned with blisters from walking all day with bare feet. At dusk outside the hut the mosquitoes became ferocious and the chirping crickets became annoying.

"Let us go in," suggested Dona Sinha. "Tomorrow, I get the canoa and I go to the city of Remanso to buy at least a pound of sugar and beans," she said thoughtfully cracking her knuckles.

Dona Sinha quickly grabbed the kerosene lamp hanging on the dark clay wall. She lit the lamp and placed it on a small wooden table in the corned of the hut.

"All right kids, have some farinha and a glass of water to help it slide down your throats," said the old woman braiding her thick grey hair. "Then, get ready for bed."

After braiding her hair, Dona Sinha placed mats on the earthen floor and pulled out two blankets from an old cardboard box.

"May the name of Jesus be praised. Bless us, Grandma," said the kids bending their knees on the floor.

"God give you luck, sons," answered Dona Sinha faithfully raising her right hand to bless the kids.

At that moment, Dona Sinha's daughter-in-law heard a voice moaning at the door. She opened the door and a tall man entered the small room asking for the old woman. Life among the residents on the bank of Sao Francisco River was close, and this man had come to the old woman for help.

"Dona Sinha, there is a man here looking for you," said her frightened daughter-in-law, her round brown eyes wide open. The man limped to the center of the room. He had wavy hair and leathery skin, and his pants rolled up to his knees exposing oozing sores.

"What is the matter, my son?" asked Dona Sinha full of pity.

"I have some boils coming out all over my body," said the man moaning with severe pain. "I was told of Dona Sinha, and how she might help me."

"Let me put some sulfa and a little ointment, my son," said Dona Sinha reaching for her medicine box on a shelf hanging on the wall.

She gently dabbed the medicine to the man's sores and blessed him in the name of the Lord.

"*Obrigada*, thank you," answered the man bending his head to walk out the tiny door. "May God repay you for everything Dona Sinha."

Dona Sinha lay back on her mat and quickly fell into fitful sleep, but she kept waking up, thinking about her garden threatening to die.

The annual rise and fall of the Sao Francisco River produced a narrow floodland where the soils conserved sufficient moisture suitable for farming. The people planted in the level flood plain or on the banks themselves as the waters receded and harvested before they rose again. But Dona Sinha considered this a bad year, because the river did not leave enough moisture for her garden.

She had planted beans, corn, rice, mandioca and they were turning black from the hot sun. The only thing she would have left, she thought, was a few roots of mandioca.

These river bank gardens were often lost because of lack of rainfall or because too much rain fell at the wrong time. Some of the gardens were planted in the beds of dry streams to take advantage of

the lingering moisture, but this too was precarious, since a sudden rainfall upstream might wipe out a garden in one hour.

"Get up, you lazy people!" shouted Dona Sinha stretching herself the next morning. "We have a long day, the pigs have to be fed, the plants have to be watered and I have to walk two miles to get the canoa to go to Remanso."

She felt tired and wanted to go back to sleep. Her old body ached from sleeping on the earthen floor.

"We get the water to fill up the vases," said the kids jumping up. "Mom and dad have to go fishing all day," said Catarina rubbing her sleepy eyes.

Dona Sinha walked out of the hut towards the thorny bushes around the hut, carrying a stick to keep the pigs away while she moved her bowels.

Every day, the kids walked two miles on a bumpy narrow road with thorny bushes on both sides to get water from the Sao Francisco River. The drought was very severe.

"I do not lose my hope," muttered Dona Sinha to herself. "Our Lady of Rosary is going to send much rain and the Sao Francisco River will fill again."

After the kids left to get water, she started dressing to go to the city of Remanso. She put on her worn navy blue cotton skirt and blouse as a sign of respect for her late husband. Walking around the hut, Dona Sinha pulled a chunk of tobacco from her pocket and gently started cleaning her two front yellow teeth. Later in the morning, the kids came back from the river carrying a gourd filled with water on the top of their heads.

"All right kids, I leave now to Remanso and I am back as soon as I can," announced Dona Sinha covering her head with a shawl. "Oh my Jesus! I don't know what to do for my garden not to die," said the old woman to herself, as she looked at the burned bushes on her way to Remanso. "Have compassion for me, my Lord and my God."

Later that day Dona Sinha was greeted by the mayor Candido Coelho in front of the City Hall. "Dona Sinha!" called the chubby mayor. "I have not seen you for ages in the city. How have you been?"

"Oh my son. I'm here struggling to survive this drought," answered the old woman. "And besides everything I do does not feel good."

The mayor, with a friendly smile, tried to make the old woman feel better. "Oh, Dona Sinha, everything is going to be all right."

"I hope that is true, my son," said Dona Sinha taking a deep breath.

"My Blessed Virgin Mary, the Queen of Heaven, protect me from dying of hunger."

"Have you heard the good news?" asked *senhor* Candido tightening his lips.

"No, I hear nothing," answered Dona Sinha shifting her head to spit out her tobacco.

"Are you ready?" asked the mayor.

"Yes, I'm ready for any kind of news," the old woman said.

Candido Coelho placed his smooth hands into his pocket. "I heard on the radio a speech given by President Emilio Medici. He spoke about the building of a dam which will destroy three cities and thousands of small places."

Dona Sinha trembled and she became speechless for a while. Then she broke the silence angrily, "That mean I have to leave my place where I was born in and lived all these years."

"We are going to have electricity, T.V. and a better condition of life," said the mayor fixing his round blue eyes on Dona Sinha's face.

"I lived all these years without electricity and T.V.," snapped the old woman. She looked away from the mayor and saw a donkey eating the plants on the main square in front of the City Hall. Then Dona Sinha politely said good bye to *senhor* Candido Coelho, walked over and pushed the donkey away from the plants, stepping over the donkey's shit. The stench was overpowering. Then she went to buy sugar, beans and kerosene for her lamps. She left the city with a sad look on her face and on her way home prayed that Our Lady of Rosary, mother of the church of Remanso, would not let this dam be realized.

Later in the day, she walked into her hut, took her shawl off her head and yelled to the children, "I'll have black beans for supper and you go to sleep tonight with your bellies full."

The children crowded around the old woman, smiles on their faces.

"We're not going to wait to your parents tonight," Dona Sinha said filling her lamps with kerosene. "We never know if they caught any fish." As she finished filling her lamps, she lit a fire outside the hut to cook beans. The kids sat quietly on the clay around the fire, as they waited impatiently for a portion of beans with farinha sprinkled over it. Dona Sinha sat and remained quiet, watching the red flames engulfing the big clay pot turning it black.

"What bothers you, Grandma?" asked the kids.

"Just tired."

"You're never tired . . . maybe that trip to Remanso becomes too much for you."

"I don't want to talk about anything, children," answered Dona Sinha.

She stood and grabbed the empty cans hanging on the fence that were used as dishes. "Supper is ready," she said gruffly. "Get your asses moving and come to eat."

They walked into the hut and sat on the earthen floor holding their cans filled with beans. Quietly, they started eating with their fingers. After they ate, the children walked out to wash the dirty cans and hang them on the fence.

"Your parents don't give a damn. Every day they come from fishing too exhausted to do anything. They eat dinner, then go straight to bed . . . and straight to sleep."

"Grandma, you are not yourself after this trip to the city," said Laudelino suspiciously.

"I don't know what your mom and dad going to do about moving away from here."

"Moving to where?" said Laudelino wondering what she was talking about.

"I met *senhor* Candido Coelho and he had the nerve to tell me that the big shots are talking of building a dam," said Dona Sinha resting her back on the rough wall. "Our Lady of Rosary do not permit that her church become a bed for whales."

"Ha, ha," the kids started laughing. "Grandma, it can't be bed for whales because they are only found in the ocean and not in the rivers."

"Stop laughing at me and go to sleep," she yelled at them. "I had enough today."

Dona Sinha lay on her mat on the floor next to the children and pulled the blanket over her thin chest. The door clicked open and the kids' parents walked in carrying two piranhas. Dona Sinha tried to sleep, as she tossed in the mat. Her son silently crossed the room, on bare feet with his pants rolled up to his knees, and sat on the edge of the mat next to his mother.

"Mom? You asleep?" He placed his chapped and fishy hands on her back.

"Please leave alone," she said turning to the wall. "There is the subject of this dam that I do not wish to speak about."

"Why not, mom?" insisted her son. "The dam will be great for everybody."

"Not for me," she snapped back. "I don't care what you do, but I not moving from here. I spend the last days of my life here even if I must

drown myself. And nobody change my mind," she added pulling the cover over her face.

Dona Sinha's sleep was filled with nightmares of the water covering her hut, her garden and drowning herself. She got up the next morning, drank her coffee, then set out to walk four miles by foot to share the news with her *comadre*, Albertina. En route she smelled the sweet fragrance of the camara plant and thought to pick some leaves on her way back. A soothing cup of tea was what she needed. As Dona Sinha approached her friend's house, Dona Albertina was rocking herself on her front porch. "Oh *comadre* Sinha, what made my *comadre* come here so early?"

Dona Sinha pulled her chair next to her *comadre*. "*Comadre*, you cannot imagine what I heard," said Dona Sinha.

"What did you hear, *comadre*?" asked Dona Albertina pulling her breast out of her shirt to feed the baby.

"The government is to build a dam. They speak of it as the biggest artificial lake in the world," said Dona Sinha, her voice trembling. "I think, *comadre*, that is the end of my life."

"We have to accept God's wish," said Dona Albertina shifting the baby to the other breast. She tried to make Dona SInha feel better by telling funny stories, but the old woman did not want to hear them.

After her visit, Dona Sinha got up from her chair. "Good bye, *comadre*, I have the care of my plants, my pigs and the kids."

Dona Sinha cried softly to herself, as she walked on the narrow path stopping to pick leaves from the camara plants. Her feet hurt from walking on that path and her face itched from the wild bushes. She got home exhausted and quickly flopped on the ground in front of the hut. The children could hear her breathing heavily.

"Hey, kids! Where are you?" said the old woman slowly catching her breath. "Clean the fishes that your parents caught yesterday."

"We'll be right there, Grandma," answered the kids from behind the hut.

"Look at us, Grandma. We killed a wild cat for supper. We have to clean it first," informed Manuelzinho holding the black cat by the tail.

"Oh, the Lord be praised! We can leave the fish salted for tomorrow," Dona Sinha replied, struggling to regain her footing. "Before that get dark, find more sticks to light the fire outside."

Even though Dona Sinha felt tired, she walked towards the bushes

to get some leaves of the malva plant to wash the dishes after supper.

The kids came back loaded down with sticks and lit the fire. Dona Sinha cut meat from the wild cat in chunks and boiled it until it became chewy, and served it with farinha. After supper, the children jumped out of the hut and played roughly with the dogs. Later the old woman approached the children and tried to wipe the dust from their shirts.

"Time for bed, kids," she shouted. "I want to be able to relax. I also have to talk to your father about the dam."

"Mom, guess what?" said her son entering the hut. "I went to the city of Remanso and *senhor* Candido Coelho invited you to participate in a meeting concerning the dam."

"When does this meeting happen?" asked Dona Sinha.

"In two weeks," said her son placing his fishing net on the floor.

Dona Sinha looked forward to attending this meeting. She knew that all big shots sent by the president would be at the meeting. She started thinking about the questions that she wanted to ask them. "I think with this dam, the rich will die with anger and the poor of hunger," she said to her son.

"This is not true," said her son angrily. "Just because you put it in your mind that way."

"Shut up," she snapped. "I know what I talk about. I have eighty years and have more experience than you."

"All right," said her son patiently. "I promise not to speak of this again."

"For me this dam is a disrespect," Dona Sinha moaned. "Who lives of business can pack and go away, but who lives of agriculture like me? In God's name what am I to do?"

"Dr. Eunapio Queiros, government engineer will answer all your questions," replied her son taking his shirt off. His chest was sweaty and sticky from the dry heat of the day.

"I pray God sends a flood to kill everything which is not much left," cursed Dona Sinha. "The hospital is closed, no doctor in the city, no pharmacies, no water. Then I hope the water comes to destroy everything."

Dr, Eunapio, two days before the meeting, strolled through Remanso in company with the mayor and other authorities. The tall, shy man was dressed with a brown suit and wore a fancy ring on his right hand. His black shoes were covered with the dust of the streets. The city had stopped with the news of the dam. People did not want to build or do anything. While outside of the town, Dona Sinha cursed the

Nancy Miller

dam. She lived from her garden and fishing and the Sao Francisco River had always been part of her life. She wondered if Dr. Eunapio imagined the old city hall, the new square and the new market covered by the water of Sobradinho Dam.

"Come kids, wake up," Dona Sinha yelled. "I need help. Get the canoa ready, find me a *cuia* because the canoa has a crack and I need to drain the water on my way to the city."

"*Certo*, Grandma!" said the kids running out of the hut.

Dona Sinha walked to the river bank, took her bath and washed her few clothes, as she waited impatiently for the time to go to the city. She walked back home feeling sticky all over her skinny body. The old woman started wiping the sweat from her forehead with her worn out rag. Afterwards, she reached for her navy blue skirt hung on the clay wall and grabbed her black shawl.

"Grandma, you look like a big shot," joked the kids smiling. "Are you going to get up and speak of the dam to the people?"

"Stop teasing me," laughed Dona Sinha. "They are about to find out who I am. I wish to speak of this dam."

It was a bright, sunny day when she walked towards the river. The view of the Sao Francisco River winding down through the flat lands was breathtaking. She felt the cool breeze drying the sweat from her face, and smelled the fresh semidesert air.

She paddled her way to the city and marched directly to the hall where the meeting took place. The front of the hall was painted blue and the paint was peeling off. She walked in and sat in the first row facing the stage. The mayor set a loudspeaker on the top of the hall giving the opportunity to everybody of the city to hear the meeting. The hall was packed and noisy people complained, cursed and cried. Dr. Eunapio walked on the stage and was greeted by a silence. He grabbed the microphone and cleared his throat. "There are many calamities all over the world . . . hurricanes, earthquakes, wars," explained Dr. Eunapio pacing back and forth on the stage. "But the dam is considered a planned violence."

"Dr. Eunapio, I have a question," said Dona Sinha nervously from her seat. "At what time is this project to be completed?"

"Two years from now," answered Dr. Eunapio wiping the sweat from his forehead with a silky handkerchief.

"Then in two years, we should fold our arms," cried the old woman. "That we see everyone with no work and leaving the city," screamed Dona Sinha.

Everyone clapped loudly for the old woman, agreeing with her. Dr. Eunapio explained that the construction of the dam would offer many jobs. He said that this money would circulate among the people.

"You are a liar, god damn," cursed the old woman standing up and pointing her finger at Dr. Eunapio. "All politics say the same thing. They think we a bunch of fools."

Dr. Eunapio did not pay attention to Dona Sinha and kept talking. "Only when everybody is assisted do we close the gates," he added.

People clapped again with the exception of Dona Sinha. "Damn it!" she shouted, her voice trembling. "I die covered with water!"

"Old woman, you'll have a place to move," said Dr. Eunapio politely. "We'll pay for your garden and house."

"I'm too old to plant a new garden and by the time my plants grow, I be dead," cried Dona Sinha bowing her head down.

"Attention everybody!" the engineer said through the microphone. "The meeting is over. If there are any questions, come to me." He started walking off the stage and everybody started leaving the hall.

Dona SInha walked away very disappointed. She believed that her garden could do little against 800,000 kilowatts from the dam. As she walked down the main street, a young girl caught her eyes.

"Look at that girl wearing a mini skirt," Dona Sinha screamed calling everyone's attention. "She is practically naked and I bet she belongs to the society. That is why the dam is coming. God punishes us and now only a miracle of Our Lady of Rosary can stop it from happening."

She went to the Sao Francisco River and got in her canoe. Everything had turned into a nightmare. She got home and walked through her garden knowing that in two years it would be under water. The fresh air and cool afternoon made Dona Sinha calm.

"I die with you, old garden," she muttered to herself taking a deep breath of pure air. "Nobody take you from me as long as I live."

She returned to the hut where her son waited impatiently for her. She was very tired after the long day that she spent in Remanso.

"Son, you have your wife and your kids to think about. Start looking for a place to move," said Dona Sinha flopping on the dusty floor of her hut. "This mother of yours is getting old and helpless."

"Stop talking like that," her son said softly. "You'll go with me wherever I go."

"Never!" said Dona Sinha sobbing. "This hut is the home that God gave me."

"You cannot stay here," said her son. "Please do not insist."

"It is not that you should tell this old woman what to do," said Dona Sinha lighting her wooden pipe.

Later that year, Dona Sinha's son moved with his wife and children to live in the backland. He built a one room clay hut covered with straws like the same he lived in with his mother near the Sao Francisco River. He tried but he could not change his mother's mind.

"I not going to live long, so I die in the house of your father," Dona Sinha said to herself as her son left.

Now she opened her cardboard box and reached for her blanket. Moonlight passing through the cracked door fell on her face. She imagined the kids sleeping in the usual place and she started quietly crying. Slipping her sandals off, she lay on the hard earthen floor.

"Oh my God! The gates to be closed in two days," muttered the old lady to herself. "And still I am of this place."

She woke up in the morning and was surprised to see the water lapping at her front door. Dona Sinha felt good because she knew that she would be in her hut as she wished.

Suddenly the sound of an airplane was heard overheard. The old woman walked towards the back door. "They are probably looking for me," she muttered aloud. "They are going to waste their time."

The government helicopter hovered over the thorny bushes near the hut, then landed on an open space at the back of the hut. The pilot jumped out of the helicopter and grabbed the old woman's hands.

"You goddamn fool," she screamed at the man. "Leave me alone!"

"Old woman, you don't want to die," he said, dragging her towards the helicopter. The pilot took a deep breath. He lifted her onto the back seat, while she swore at him and hit him with her bony elbows. Writhing in her seat as the helicopter rose swiftly above the thorny bushes, Dona Sinha took her last glance at her hut. The roar of the helicopter was deafening.

Lee Quincy

Nancy Decker

Artificial Living

The "perfect" red
a magnificent color
shot into a single rose
each petal perfect
connected by a perfect stem
long and green
no thorns needed for protection
all perfection placed in a tall slender, fragile, glass vase
on a baby grand piano in the study
a room we dared not enter
a room only for guests

Maryhelen McCarthy

Karen Lindell

All That Mischief *

Lisa Liska

"Come in," welcomed the voice from behind the door.

I turned the brass doorknob and strutted in.

"Hey Iret!" I yelled. "Where are you?"

Her name was Iret. I was Asil — our code names. We pronounced our names backwards so that strangers would not know our true identity. Not that they cared but we did. We were secret agents in an exclusive underground movement against adult seriousness. We laughed at everything and disclosed nothing. We were first cousins by marriage, but blood sisters by initiation.

As I walked into the kitchen, I ventured over to the icebox and opened it. I reached in and pulled out a large kielbasa and ran up the stairs to her bedroom, proudly displaying my catch.

"Want a bite?" I asked.

"Uresa! Hanksta, Isala!" she answered.

Pig Latin was another one of her favorite codes. She was always talking in some language other than English — always scheming and brilliantly mischievous. That was Teri.

Even her appearance hinted at her unpredictable personality. She was a shapely fourteen year old beauty, who, when necessary, could make herself look twenty. She had deep-set, dark brown eyes with long, silky hair to match, often attributed to Hollywood starlets. Her skin was a natural, suntan gold, which she had inherited from her father. She was also bequeathed his temper — quick, precise, and momentary. She could hate you inside and out one minute and forgive you the next, loving you with as much enthusiasm as she had temporarily hated you. She was unique.

While sitting in Teri's room waiting for her to get dressed, I casually browsed through the collections of albums she had stacked below her television stand. She possessed an assortment of rebellious albums ranging in style from the legendary "Beatles" to the infamous "Bob Marley." All were arranged in exact alphabetical order with the

**First Place Award, Annual Rycenga Freshman Essay Contest*

openings facing the wall. She was always particular about the way she displayed and kept her records. They were her "memories," she would say.

Hanging on the walls of the room were numerous collages of photographs mounted on poster board and under each photograph was a poetic verse. She was a blooming poet and loved to express herself whenever she could, especially when it came to describing candid pictures. She was the queen of surprise. Every time she would gather people for a picture, she would tell everyone to smile, pretend to snap the picture, and then actually take it when everybody was walking away, consequently catching everybody with silly expressions on their faces.

"Let's split!" commanded a voice in the distant reality. "Hey Asil Aksil!"

As I looked up, I noticed Teri gaping at me with a contemptuous smirk.

"Where are we going?" I questioned.

"Guess," baited Teri.

"To the store?"

"No."

"To play chicken at the pond?"

"No."

"To spy on Michael and Gary?"

"No, but you're getting warmer."

"Does it have to do with spying on Michael and Gary?"

"The first."

"Ahh! Haa! Spying!"

We giggled for about two minutes before I could get my next question out.

"Who are we spying on today?" I asked.

"My father," she replied.

"We did that yesterday."

"Yeah, but we were watching him from the outside. Today we're not only going to watch him from the inside, but the upside as well."

More giggling.

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"Through the attic!" she yelled.

"Through the attic?"

"You know how the attic has a door that leads to the garage. Right? We could spy from up there."

"There's no floor above the garage, just planks."

"Exactly! Wouldn't that be exciting?"

"That would be insane. I'm not going . . ."

Upon opening the attic door, I noticed that the floor to the garage was quite a distance below. Uncle Joe was nowhere in sight.

"Oh well, I guess we'll have to find someone else to spy on."

"No, no, he's coming. He just went outside for a moment. It will give us time to climb out above him and get settled. I've got my camera and we'll take some candid shots. Go ahead. I'll follow."

"No way!" I shouted, "Age before beauty." She was approximately ten months older than I and acted every bit the elder.

"Oh, all right you baby!" she scolded.

As I watched her carefully inch her way across the planks, I started to sweat. I knew that I was next and if I chickened out, Teri would never let me live it down. In her eyes, being scared was worse than being a tattletale.

She propped herself up against a beam running up to the roof, picked up her camera, which was hanging around her neck, and focused it on me. She then motioned for me to climb out. As I stepped out onto the first plank, her father walked into the garage. I froze, straddled between the solid attic floor and the not-so-solid skeleton frame of the garage.

Teri whipped her camera around and snapped a couple of shots of her father. He then moved to the back of the garage, which made it impossible for Teri to take his picture because she was facing the opposite direction. As she attempted to get up and shift position, the beam beneath her let out a loud "crack." We both burst into hysterical laughter.

"Theresa! Jesus, Mary and Joseph!" bellowed her father. "Vhat the hell are you doing up dare?"

"Here it comes," I thought. "Teri Bednar, excuse number 1309."

"I, I, I," she stuttered. "Oteć, it was supposed to be a surprise. You weren't supposed to know."

"Know vhat?" asked her father.

"Me and Stevie planned this for your birthday. We were going to put in a plywood floor over the garage so that you could store stuff up here."

"My birthday is two months away."

"Yes, but Oteć, I don't get much money in my allowance so I have to start earlier. I was measuring and taking pictures to see how much wood and supplies we'll need to buy."

"Vhat do you mean? — you don't get enough. Five dollar a week, not enough?"

"No, Oteć. Not when I want to do something special for someone I

love."

At that point, I was absolutely suffocating myself with my hand, trying to keep myself from crying out in frenetic laughter. Tears were streaming down my cheek as I watched Teri hold her perfectly straight, sincere face.

"Stevie should go up dare, not you," her father commanded.

"You're right, Oteć," she agreed. "I'm sorry."

"You need more money? I give you $6.50 a week, no more. And you have to wash the car today."

"OK! OK!" she graciously consented. At that point, she turned and gave me a big smile.

Teri Bednar did it again! She not only talked her way out of a punishment, but into an increase in her allowance. She was a connoisseur of fast talk and tall tales, a mastermind of surprise, and the best friend a girl could ever have. She was unique.

Joe Corica

Life's a Bitch, and Then You Die

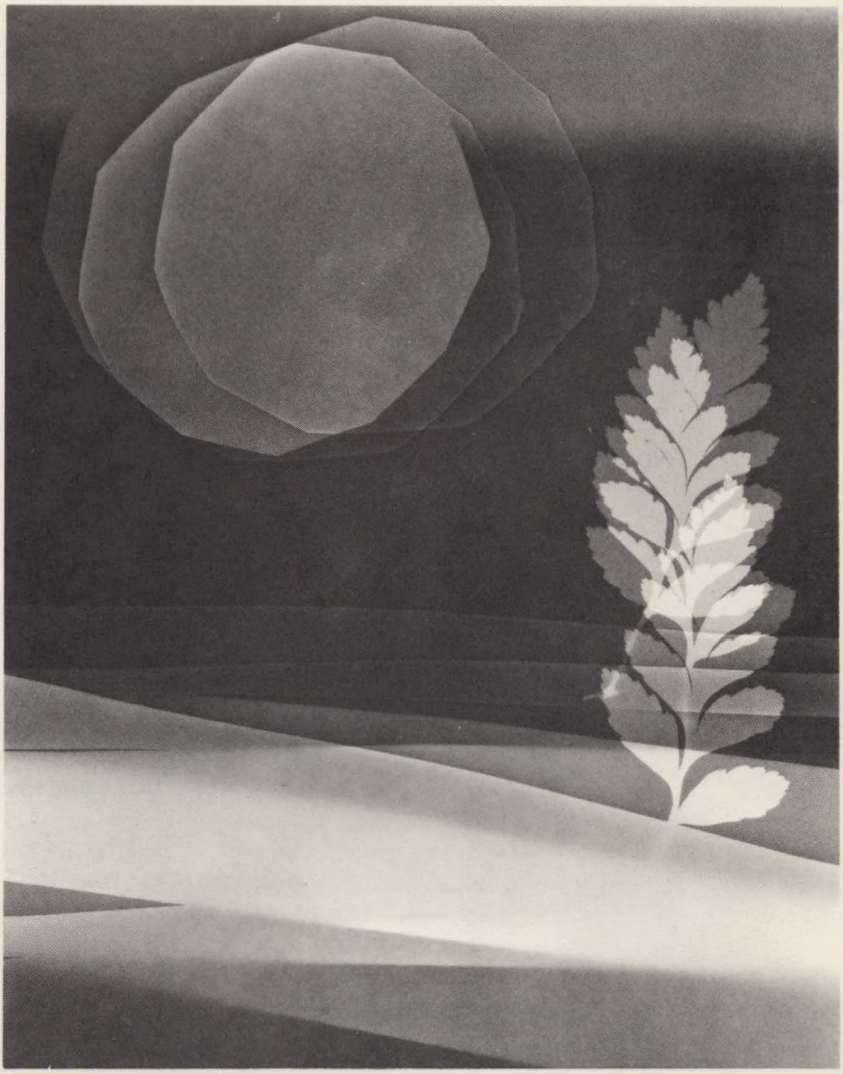
Next to our field
is an old red silo.
After Charlie Trotter's dad
beat him with a switch
for hittin on his grandpa's
wine jug
Charlie and I climbed
up the thin wooden rafters
of the old silo
Charlie buried his face
in the dry straw
and cried a long long time
Later that year
we would wake early
in the morning
and return to the old silo
lie on our backs
talk of Eddie May's big tits
hot-cars and Rock-n-Roll
We were fourteen.

Then early one morning
Charlie woke and went to war
I saw him off at the train station
along with his Ma and his girl, Mary Joe
"Write everyday," he yelled out the window
as the train pulled away.

We never again
climbed up the wooden rafters
to lie in the dry straw
talk of Eddie May's big tits
hot-cars and the Beatles.

They said
he died hard
in the wet sand
with ashes in his pocket
but life is like that
like a child waking
then sleeping.

Ronald A. Knox



Brigette Michaud

The Purge of Marxism

Eric Le Strange

Present day Soviet "Marxism" is not the doctrine of political revolution conceived by Karl Marx in the nineteenth century. Indeed, it is so contrary to true Marxism that it seems to be based on a different ideology altogether. The reasons for this divergence in the Soviet Union are legion. However, fundamental explanations are easily constructed. The development of communism in an agrarian society like Tsarist Russia is both theoretically and practically impossible without a prior development of capitalism. The political philosophy of V.I. Lenin was an "adaptation" to the situation in 1917 Russia; therefore, a dictatorship, not of the proletariat, but of a hegemony was formed. The spectre of Stalinism haunted the Soviet Union from the 1920s to the 1950s; a severely repressive state was formed which was a perversion of the Marxist ideal. These, and many other factors, have resulted in the "Marxist-Leninist" U.S.S.R. of the modern world. The question addressed in this paper is this — Can there ever be a reconciliation between Marxism and Leninism in the future of the Soviet Union?

The alleged inspiration for modern Soviet socialism came from the nineteenth century philosophical thinker, Karl Marx. His political theories of communism, he said, could only be realized by a violent revolution of the working class. As his associate and writing collaborator, Friedrich Engels, once put it, Marx is "before all else a revolutionist." Robert C. Tucker agrees that "the revolutionary idea was the keystone of his theoretical structure. Marxism, as he fashioned it with Engels, was in its essence a theory and program of revolution."[1] This basic feature of Marxism, violent revolution, is probably the only common ground between his theories and the development of modern Russia. But Marx was alluding to uprisings by industrial workers, not by peasants and small shopkeepers as in the 1917 Russian Revolution.

Marx's violent revolution would presumably be initiated by the proletariat — the industrial working class — against the bourgeoisie, or upper class controlling industry (the means of production). In the system of capitalism (thesis), an antithesis will develop that is a

change in the means of production (possibly a great technological breakthrough), and the synthesis that will result is socialism and the dictatorship of the proletariat. After another sequence of thesis-antithesis-synthesis, there would be total communism — a stateless society where all would be equal. This theory of thesis transmutation in modern societies is taken from the philosophy of George Hegel as applied to the economic-political sphere. This Hegelian idea of the constant flux in Ideas,[2] the dialectic, combined with Marx's theories of historical materialism, evolved into what was later known as dialectical materialism. The theory, due to its vague character and complexity, generated vastly different interpretations of Marx and Engels, both in their time and later, particularly in Russia.

In Marx's view, the dictatorship of the proletariat would bring about a socialization process of the people of such intensity that both private property and the state itself would "wither away." As John Plamenatz writes, "Marx conceived of proletarian government as being, from the very beginning, more truly democratic and liberal than anything known to bourgeois Europe and he meant government truly responsible to the governed."[3] This proletariat government would also be less oppressive than any type of government in force before in the world. Thus, an omnipotent and liberal proletarian dictatorship would bestow a socialization process of communism upon the masses. One can only wonder why the proletarian would want his control and power in government to disappear for the sake of the people as a whole. This problem is still preventing the Soviet Union from approaching true Marxism.

According to Marx's doctrine, a truly communistic society can only develop from a capitalistic social structure with industrial workers united in labor unions, etc. The industrial bourgeoisie would lose political power when the proletariat rose up in defiance of their exploitative employers. Marx stressed the fact that only industrial workers, not rural peasants, could form a proletarian dictatorship —i.e. a communist society — from the ashes of a revolution against the capitalists. Pre-Revolution Russia had very little industry and was basically a feudal country. For real communism to develop, Russia would have to go through a long transitional phase of capitalism. Without this prerequisite phase, a communist society could never be formed. Any attempt to start a socialist revolution in an agrarian state would certainly contradict Marxist principles.

The first country to espouse Marxism as its main political

philosophy was the Soviet Union. The Russian Revolution of 1917, with all of its lucky incidents that brought the Bolsheviks to power, initiated the unprecedented tenure of a despotic dictatorial regime —that of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R. The people of Russia have always been subjected to ruthless dictators, be they Tsars or General Secretaries, and nothing has changed. In fact, things have actually gotten worse since pre-Revolution days. It seems evident that the movement toward dictatorship in Russia resulted from the country's political history. In my opinion, Russia will not be any different in the future.

In the atmosphere of the obvious authoritarianism of the Tsarist regimes, there were groups of revolutionaries in nineteenth-century Russia that exemplify the totalitarianist tendencies of the anti-Tsarist parties. The best examples of such groups were the Nechaev and Tkachev revolutionists. David Dallin states that these two parties "were not Marxist and they did not seek the support of the working class . . . . Their goal was the overthrow of the monarchy and the establishment of a minority rule."[4] Thus, the Nechaevs and Tkachevs wanted to replace a ruling minority, the Tsar and his nobility, with a ruling minority, themselves. In the words of Peter Tkachev, a Russian emigre and political writer of the 1860s and 1870s,

> Neither in the present nor in the future can the people, left to their own resources, bring into existence the social revolution. Only the revolutionists can accomplish it . . . . Social ideals are alien to the people; they belong to the social philosophy of the revolutionary minority . . . . The people, of course, are necessary for a social revolution. But only when the revolutionary minority assumes the leadership in this revolution.[5]

This blatant doctrine of authoritarianism was purposely obscured by the rhetoric of the Russian Marxist parties that formed in the 1880s. All of these early revolutionary groups were composed almost exclusively of bourgeois intelligentsia. As the turn of the century approached, the revolutionary factions evolved into The Social Revolutionary Party, the Kadets, and the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party — split into two groups, the Mensheviki and the Bolsheviki.

The explicit terrorism of the "Will of the People," the Narodniki, and other extremist groups subsided into the background while a

parliamentary course to power was taken by the more moderate revolutionaries. But moderation failed. Many of the leaders of the revolutionary socialists were forced to flee to escape persecution by the Tsars. The Socialist International met in such countries as Germany, Belgium, and England, and the Russian Marxists were never much liked by the Socialists of other countries. The latter thought that the Marxist stress on the dictatorship of the proletariat was so strong that it could only lead to a Napoleonic system, not to a socialistic government. This split culminated in the rift between Russian Socialism and the International in 1917.

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In 1905, the Tsar's regime met its first attack from a generally, and rightfully, disgruntled populace. In St. Petersburg, a Council of Workmen Deputies was assembled in defiance of the monarchy. This council had the power to call a strike in an industry or to resolve a strike.[6] On January 22, 1905, about 1000 workers, who were protesting their living conditions, were shot by Tsarist police on what came to be known as Bloody Sunday. Tsar Nicholas obviously detested any such union or council of workers, or any political opposition for that matter, and wanted to crush any opposition. In the 1905 Revolution, a Peasant Union, of some 200,000 people, was assembled in the Russian countryside.[7] The General Strike, immediately after Bloody Sunday, forced the Tsar to make concessions. He "issued a manifesto promising civil rights and liberties and the creation of an elected, national legislative assembly."[8] But, characteristically, the Tsar reneged on nearly all his concessions and the Dumas (parliaments) that were formed were generally powerless. The moderate Kadets party had control of the First Duma, formed in 1906. But the majority sided with the unorganized peasant membership, who constituted an ineffective part of an ineffective legislature. The Tsar maintained his control over

the Dumas until 1917.

World War I was the catalyst that initiated destruction of the Russian monarchy. But even if the World War and the consequent Russian Revolution had not occurred, the government after 1917 would have been much the same as it actually became. The dictatorships of Lenin and, later, of Stalin were no different than those of a Romanov Tsar.

The February 1917 Revolution was basically a reaction against an unpopular war that was causing food shortages in both rural and urban areas. The Tsar was deposed and Alexander Kerensky replaced him as Prime Minister of a provisional government that did not last out the year. For most of 1917, the Bolsheviks still had little support or power. But the Soviets (councils) that were formed by the provisional government later played an important role. Through a series of fortuitous incidents, Lenin, after his return from exile in Switzerland, was able to lead the "Marxist" Bolsheviki into power. The October Revolution was certainly the reaction of a disillusioned Russian people, but it was also a manifestation of the friction between the Provisional Government and the Soviets. Behind the slogan "All power to the Soviets!" Lenin was able to achieve his objective of installing the Communist Party as leader of a new, unique government. He organized the Communist Party in the Soviets and, with the help of former soldiers known as the Red Guard, his coup was generally successful. This close alliance between Communists and the Army foreshadowed the "iron boot" regime that later suppressed any and all dissension by force. But even this alliance was not strong enough to stop the Civil War that raged throughout Russia until 1921. Finally, after a general consolidation of his power, Lenin began to impose his odd version of Marxism on his countrymen.

Leninist philosophy is vastly different from Marxist socialism. In *The State and Revolution*, Lenin succinctly expressed his interpretation of the "dictatorship of the proletariat" theory:

> The doctrine of the class struggle, as applied by Marx to the question of the state and of the socialist revolution, leads inevitably to the recognition of the political role of the proletariat, of its dictatorship, i.e. of power shared with none and relying directly upon the armed forces.[9]

In addition, Lenin knew that Russia was an economically backward country. He realized, and in this he was a real Marxist, that Russia should develop an economic system of capitalism before proceeding into true socialism. Thus, Lenin's New Economic Policy was born. It was strongly opposed by other members of the Communist hierarchy, and particularly by Stalin. But Lenin felt that private enterprise and peasant control of personal farmlands were essential to the development of true socialism and communism. However, in toto, Leninism is a political doctrine of absolute totalitarianism, together with some vague ideas of "collective" property. It is neither what Marx wanted nor what he theorized could occur. The fact was that Russia was not an industrialized, capitalist country and was therefore not a candidate for Marxist revolution. Lenin had no guidelines from Marx on how to transmute an agrarian country into an industrialized, stateless society.

When Lenin died in January 1924, his New Economic Policy died with him. But the authoritarian tone of his philosophy was maintained and enhanced by his ambitious successor, Iosif Vissarionovich Dzhugashvili — Stalin. Stalin's method of annihilating all political and social opposition with armed forces — such as the Cheka secret police —typified his bid for complete centralization of power under him. The dictatorship of the proletariat became the dictatorship of a single man.

The Great Purges of the 1930s were, as Stalin himself declared, "a revolution from above."[10] (This is opposite to a revolution from below, as Marx advocated.) His revolution (from above) exterminated millions of his opponents in both the upper levels — as in the cases of Leon Trotsky and Grigory Zinoviev, who were close associates of both Lenin and Stalin in 1917 — and in the lower levels of Russian society. As T.H. Rigby states, "Resentments engendered by the dictator's policies were redirected against target groups in the population: against 'bourgeois specialists,' 'kulaks,' 'enemies of the people,' 'homeless cosmopolitans,' and so on."[11] Stalin wanted to create a classless society by killing such undesirables. Stalin's other policies, of collectivizing agriculture and developing Russian industry, guaranteed more suffering for the Russian people. The First Five Year Plan of 1928 graphically illustrates Stalin's absolutist doctrine.

In the mature Stalinist system, we can see the ideology and terroristic tactics of its progenitors. Seweryn Bialer adequately defines the Stalinist system when he points out that the system

> displayed some key characteristics which in their

> interaction and combined effect made it . . . distinctive . . . the system of mass terror; the extinction of the party as a movement; the shapelessness of the macro-political organization; an extreme mobilizational model of economic growth, tied to goals of achieving military power, and the political consequences thereof; a heterogeneous value system which favored economic, status, and power stratification; the end of the revolutionary attitude to change society . . . the system of personal dictatorship.[12]

The power of the "Man of Steel" was so great that a cult, dedicated to his principles and leadership, developed. This cult would still be influential in Soviet government after Stalin's death in 1953. But the post-Stalin leadership — Malenkov and Khrushchev among them — developed an anti-Stalinist attitude. Officially, the policy of mass political terror was discontinued and, in place of the dictatorship, a "stable oligarchy"[13] was formed. But while the new government openly condemned Stalin's policies, there still lingered a poorly hidden facet of the Soviet political structure: Stalinism.

Nikita Khrushchev's speech at the 20th Party Congress in 1956 was abusive only of Stalin's crimes against his fellow party members, not of his crimes against the Russian people. As shown by Jean-Francois Revel, this speech "did not and could not initaie a real de-Stalinization . . . . It was not that Stalin enslaved the Soviet people, for they remained enslaved: under Khrushchev, Gulag was still there with its tens of millions of prisoners . . . . What many failed to see was that Khrushchev's speech was directed against Stalin but not against Stalinism."[14] Just six months after this speech, Khrushchev sent Russian troops into Hungary to crush a revolt against Stalinism there. Thus, Khrushchev, who publicly espoused liberal political policies, actually perpetrated Stalinism while deleting the memory of Stalin himself from Soviet consciousness.

Khrushchev was ousted by a disillusioned anti-liberal clique in the Politburo in 1964, after the embarrassment of the Cuban missile crisis and other indications of his anti-Stalinist tendencies. Leonid Brezhnev replaced him as General Secretary. In general, Brezhnev's political stance was little different from that of Khrushchev or of Stalin for that matter. An oppressive regime remained in control of Russia. No dissension against the rule of the Communist Party was tolerated, and

Siberian prison camps were still heavily populated. Brezhnev never said he was a Stalinist, but his actions as leader of the oligarchic dictatorship reveal that he too was a Stalinist at heart. Since there is no true Marxism in Stalinism, there was no Marxism in Brezhnev's political philosophy either. Marx championed the organization of workers into unions, but when Polish workers attempted organization in the Solidarity movements, Brezhnev countered with the Stalinist tactic of martial-law declaration in Poland. Again, the collective will of a dissatisfied people was subordinated to the Russian Communist dictatorship.

Today, since Brezhnev's death, Yuri Andropov has the reins of the Soviet dictatorship. A former chief of the KGB, Andropov seems to be a leader cast from the same Stalinist mold as his predecessors. He, in the tradition of all Soviet leaders, will also use rhetoric to make a great communist society out of a repressive, minorty-rule dictatorship. Instead of being the egalitarian, totally free society that Marx envisioned, the Soviet Union — self-avowed leader of existing "Marxist" societies — is almost the exact opposite of a true communist society. This situation may be the result of a Marxist revolution in the wrong type of country, yet this does not account for the excessive repression that characterizes the U.S.S.R. It's obvious that Soviet leaders could have developed a democratic society, but personal ambitions for leadership and related destruction of political opposition took precedence over Marxist ideology. As Revel puts it,

> The distinctive feature of communism, its very reason for being, is to eliminate the possibility of any challenge to its rule, thus to the people, and indeed to the ruling minority itself, any opportunity to change their minds, once the regime is in power.[15]

It seems that, in the future of the Soviet Union, there will be little change in policies from the past or present. The nearly complete rejection of Marxist ideology will continue.

A crucial problem that the Russians must solve is the fear abroad of their internal and foreign policies. Most of the countries of the world are afraid, and despise the Soviet Union because of its repressive and dictatorial temperament. If true Marxism was instituted within the Soviet government, respect could be gained abroad. But the respect of many foreign countries, especially of the major capitalist powers,

would still be hard to achieve since communism is the antithesis of capitalism.

To conclude, it is apparent from a review of the history of modern Russia that Leninism and its offspring, Stalinism, will not be reconciled with Marxism, at least not in the foreseeable future. Marxism just does not exist in Soviet society. As a matter of fact, memories of Marx and his ideas faded long ago. Yes, the people carry posters and banners of Marx in their parades, but his image is rarely seen in people's homes or offices. As Hedrick Smith explains, it was impossible to find a statue or bust of Marx in any Moscow store:

> In terms of public symbolism, Marx is strictly secondary. Just how secondary I was reminded when an American diplomat organized a small scavenger hunt to find a small bust of Marx. Little busts of Lenin are on sale all over Moscow, even statuettes of Turgenev and Tolstoy. But none of us could find a bust of Marx on sale . . . . Moscow store clerks were puzzled by anyone wanting a . . . figurine of Marx. 'We never have them,' one surprised clerk told me. 'No one asks for them.'[16]

In other words, no Russian (at least those that can afford to shop in Moscow stores) wants the "three-dimensional" Marx in their society. Marx does not exist for the Soviet Union.

Endnotes

[1]Robert C. Tucker, *The Marxian Revolutionary Idea* (New York: W.W. Norton and Co., 1969), p. 3.

[2]John Plamenatz, *German Marxism and Russian Communism* (New York: Harper and Row, 1965), p. 9.

[3]Plamenatz, p. 159.

[4]David J. Dallin, *Facts on Communism: From Lenin to Khrushchev* (Washington: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1961), Volume 2, p. 8.

[5]Dallin, p. 9.

[6]Warren Bartlett Walsh, *Russia and the Soviet Union: A Modern History* (Ann Arbor, Michigan: University of Michigan Press, 1958), p. 334.

[7]Walsh, p. 335.

[8]Walsh, p. 335.

[9]V.I. Lenin, *The State and Revolution* (New York: International Publishers, 1969), p. 34.

[10]Seweryn Bialer, *Stalin's Successors: Leadership, Stability, and Change in the Soviet Union* (New York: Cambridge University Press, 1980), p. 9.

[11] T.H. Rigby, "Stalinism and the Mono-Organizational Society," in *Stalinism: Essays in Historical Interpretation* (New York: W.W. Norton and Co., 1977), p. 61.

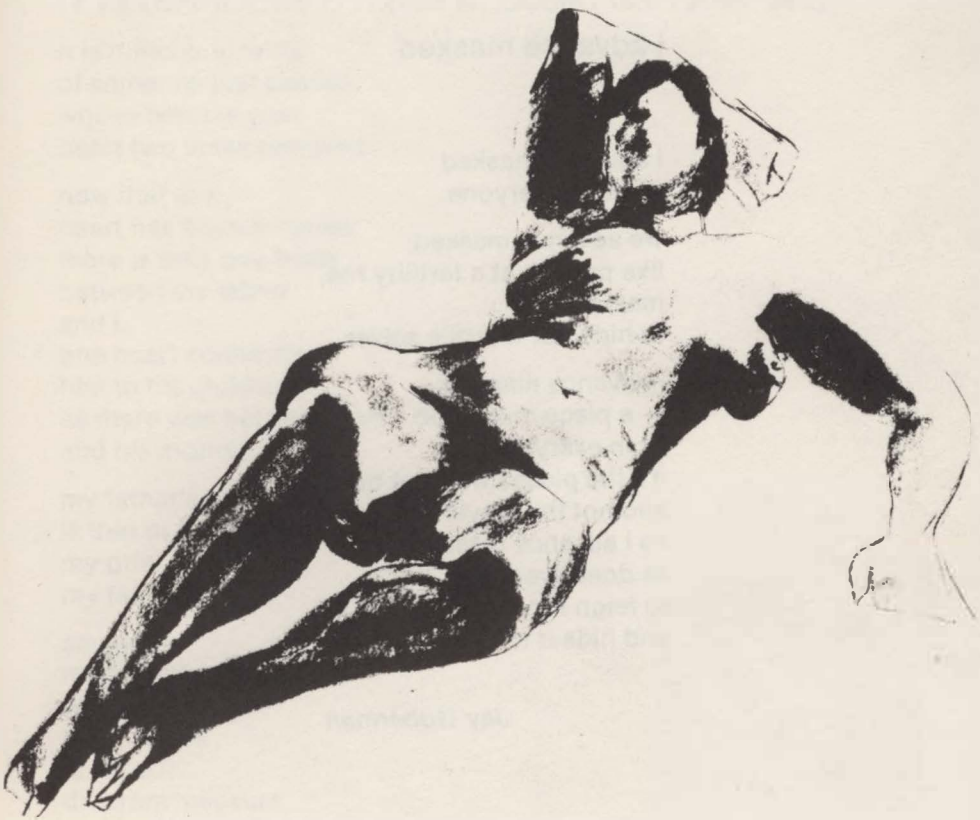
[12]Bialer, p. 10.

[13]Bialer, p. 50.

[14]Jean-Francois Revel, *The Totalitarian Temptation* (Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Co., 1977), pp. 44-45.

[15]Revel, p. 27.

[16]Hedrick Smith, *The Russians* (New York: Ballantine Books, 1977), p. 368.



Karen Turziano

i advance masked

i advance masked
as does everyone.

we advance masked;
like pagans at a fertility rite,
masked,
to hide our infertile selves.

i advance masked;
— a piece in a game.
as in every game,
it's the pieces who get hurt
and not the players.
so i advance masked;
as does everyone,
to feign the hurt
and hide it too.

Jay Guberman

IT IS DIFFICULT . . .(Ida K. Guberman 1905-1982)

it is difficult to write
of someone just passed,
whose heart is your
heart two times removed.

now that this
heart has been removed
there is only one heart
between my father
and i,
one heart connecting
him to his children,
as there was between him
and his mother.

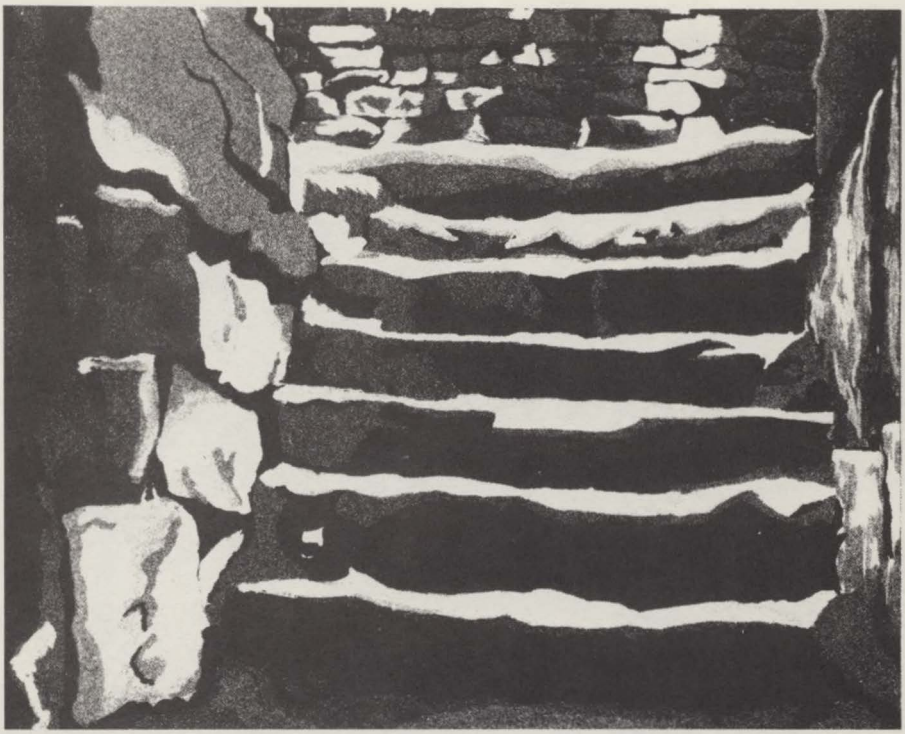
my father's grief
is that of a son for his mother,
my grief is watching
my father grieve —

someday,
my father's grief
will be mine,
but now his
is mine in
different measure.

Jay Guberman

Brigette Michaud

Brigette Michaud



Mary Lou Ramos