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# TIME

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STALIN'S MALENKOV

On the party line, the master's voice.

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## FOREIGN NEWS

## RUSSIA

## Stalin's Stooze

(See Cover)

He is not a man anyone would choose to sit next to at dinner. His face is pale, round and expressionless; his cheeks are flabby, his chin is double, but his eyes are hard as carbide. His stiff black suit looks as if it had been molded on him. He does not attempt to make himself agreeable. Georgy Maximilianovich Malenkov is not what anyone could describe as a cuddly personality.

A prominent diplomatic visitor once described meeting him at a Moscow dinner: "My most vivid memory is the sight of Malenkov. It was the most sinister thing in the Soviet Union. I was struck by his repulsive appearance, bulbous, flabby and sallow." He was apparently oblivious of what was going on around him at the table. When toasts were made, he would lift his glass automatically, then relapse into snerling silence. Said another diplomat: "I would hate to be at the mercy of that man."

Georgy Malenkov holds millions at his mercy. As a secretary of the Central Committee, a member of the Politburo and of the Orgburo, he controls the party machinery, a vast, complex mechanism that reaches into every corner of Russia and beyond Russia's boundaries into the satellite nations and the party cells in the free nations.

Americans are beginning to recognize his face: a pudgy, petulant face which has begun to appear in official Soviet photographs next to Stalin's aging, feline mask. Malenkov was once even empowered to

affix the dread signature of Stalin to certain documents, with a special rubber stamp. And more is rumored that this short (5 ft. 7 in.), fat (250 lbs.), 50-year-old man will inherit Stalin's power. This week is the 16th Congress of the Russian Communist Party convenes in Moscow, great new honors will come to the wielder of Stalin's rubber stamp.

**The Succession.** "Our country lives in exciting days," proclaimed the party newspaper *Pravda* last week. All over Russia, from the smallest rayon (precinct) to the capitals of the 16 republics which make up the U.S.S.R., party bosses were picking delegates for the big event. Daily, the press ran stories about Stakhanovite workers doubling and tripling their output in honor of the forthcoming congress. Moscow's Hotel Metropole set aside its entire second floor for the incoming delegates. But, as usual, the preparations were for the most part hidden in secrecy. Even the location of the hall in which the 2,000 delegates were to meet was being kept under careful wraps until the last moment. In marked contrast with an American political convention, there would be no prying TV eyes, no creepies peeping to eavesdrop on unguarded moments, no shouting and howling from spectators in the galleries. And nothing to be really voted on.

At the end, the delegates had been called to Moscow tonight through the air, obediently voting as they are told to vote, obediently applauding when they are told to applaud. They will be there to hear and cheer the resolutions already made by the party's high command.

Those decisions will be embodied in the

party's political report, usually a four-or-five-hour-long discourse which, in the past, has been delivered by the Big Boss himself. Lenin, while he lived, then Stalin. This year, aging (72) Joseph Stalin, like a venerable chairman of the board, has decided to take a back seat and let Malenkov post the orders of the day.

For some years the Soviet hierarchy has been: Stalin, No. 1; Molotov, No. 2; Beria, No. 3. Malenkov was rated No. 24, between Molotov and Beria. Now, the experts who study the Russian tea leaves for signs and portents think that Malenkov has moved up to No. 14. Though Molotov has not been officially downgraded, it is said that Stalin treats him as little more than an errand boy; Beria, the boss of Russia's secret police, seems content to wield his dreadful power in the background and is, moreover, Malenkov's pal—apparently his one & only. There has been speculation that Stalin may will his powers to these three men jointly, to rule Russia as a triumvirate after his death. Even in that case, Malenkov, because of his friendship with Beria, and his grip on

the party machinery, would have a good chance of eventually becoming sole boss. Stalin knows that few dictators in history, and none in the 20th century, have managed to ensure a smooth succession. He himself had thousands of men murdered before he felt safe as Lenin's heir. It is not thought likely that he will name a successor while he still lives. For years he has kept the balance of power nicely adjusted among the pretenders to his throne. It may be that he is now trying to give Malenkov enough real power to make his succession possible without the sort of bloody struggle that Stalin himself inflicted on Russia in the '30s.

Like Stalin, Georgy Malenkov has been a party machine man from the first. Unlike Stalin, Molotov and the other "Old Bolsheviks" who plotted in cellars and brooded in jails before the Revolution of 1917, Malenkov was never a revolutionary.

Life is known of his early life except that he was born in 1902 in the Cossack city of Orenburg (now Chkalov) on the Ural River, perhaps of bourgeois parents ("Maximilian," his father's name, is not one likely to be borne by a Russian peasant). When the Revolution broke out, Georgy was in high school. He joined the Red army, the Communist party a year later. A humorless, methodical youth of 18 with a knack for mechanics, he was given such jobs as checking on the loyalty of fellow soldiers in the army and screening candidates for party membership. He did well, and was put in charge of Communist groups in Moscow schools. In 1925 he got the break he was built for: he was picked to be one of Stalin's private secretaries.

**Tyrant's Stand-In.** As good secretaries will, the 23-year-old Malenkov set about making himself indispensable. When Stalin

wanted a name or a fact in a hurry, it was there, on the tip of his secretary's tongue. Malenkov's memory is phenomenal; to supplement it, he collected a monumental file of facts & figures on everyone, big or small, who might come under the leader's eye.

The young secretary's duties were expanded to include several important executive posts (organizing secretary, Moscow Party Committee, 1930-34; personnel chief, All-Union Party Central Committee, etc.), but he managed to remain the eyes & ears of Stalin. During the gory purges of the 1930s, Malenkov's inexhaustible memory worked late hours behind the scenes. He kept his own head so carefully below the parapet that in 1939, when Malenkov was chosen to make a minor report to the 18th Party Congress, his name was still virtually unknown to all except a few high party officials.

Two years later Malenkov was appointed to the all-powerful Politburo. It was a long way up, but not quite the top yet. The war carried him there: when Comrade Stalin became Generalissimo Stalin, he gave most of his purely party functions and many of his home-front tasks to Malenkov. More & more, while Stalin ran the war, Malenkov ran Russia. Setback. Now his head was over the parapet, and now the snipers had something to shoot at. Even in Russia, seniors, pushed aside, resent young upstarts. Molotov, for one, could bear him a grudge because Malenkov exposed Mrs. Molotov's inefficiency. She lost her job first as head of the Cosmetics Trust, then as head of the Fish Industry. Kaganovich, a ranking Politburo member and a Jew, could resent Malenkov's ill-concealed anti-Semitism. But Malenkov, unlike Judy Holli-day (see CINEMA), was not born yesterday; he cultivated one mighty friend in the Politburo, Lavrenty Beria, head of the secret police.

He felt, and failed to conceal, an utter contempt for the Old Bolsheviks' sentimental, old-grad memories and their pious reverence for the prophets Marx and Engels. "It is impossible to believe," wrote a British observer, "that there is no contempt in [Malenkov's] eye as he watches older men putting themselves through absurd and elaborate contortions to reconcile what is with what was supposed to be. His is the world that is." Apparently he did not mind being considered a heretic by such passionately doctrinaire Marxists as Andrei Zhdanov (touted frequently in the mid-'40s as Stalin's heir apparent). In fact, Malenkov put his heresy to the test in a 1946 party address: "We have people, rightly called bookworms, who have quotations from Marx and Engels ready for every occasion. . . . Instead of laboring to think up something new or to study experience, they have one answer: 'No, that was not said by Marx; or Engels said something else.' If Marx or Engels could rise from the grave. . . they would disown them immediately."

This proclamation cost Malenkov his job as party secretary and resulted in a vigorous campaign by Zhdanov for the revival of strict Marxist orthodoxy in the party. But Malenkov had bet on the right horse. Zhdanov died unexpectedly in 1948. Soon afterwards, most of his partisans lost their jobs. The Five-Year-Planer Vosnesensky, Zhdanov's most ardent disciple, was liquidated so completely that his name was erased from the Soviet his-

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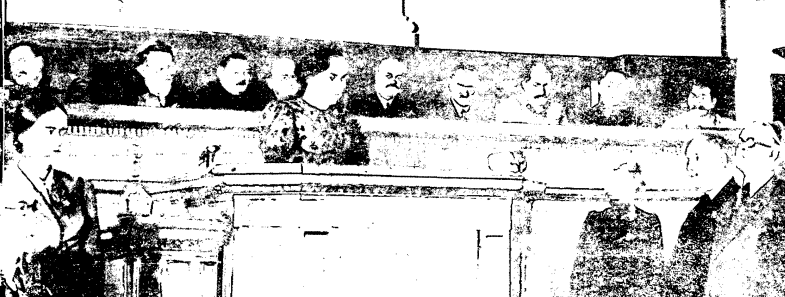
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RUSSIA'S HIGH COMMAND is shown in this picture of the Soviet elite at the 18th Party Congress in 1959. Most of the men pictured here 13 years ago are still the key figures in Soviet politics. Rear row, left to right: Nikolai Shvernik, who now is chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet (i.e., President of the Soviet Union); M. A. Burnistenko,

ranking delegate from Kharkov; Georgy Malenkov, V. A. Donskoi, delegate from Khabarovsk near the Manchurian border; Marshal Semen Budenny (mustache); Matvey Shkiriyatov, now a top Malenkov lieutenant in the party machine; Nikita Khrushchev, Politburo member and one of the four secretaries of the Central Committee, who will deliver one of the major



reports at the forthcoming congress (last week he made a blistering speech about "capitalist encirclement"); Shcherbakov, member of the Central Committee, who died in 1945; Andrei Andreev, top boss of Russia's collectivized farms; Mikhail Kalinin (goatee), former President of the U.S.S.R. who died in 1946; Andrei Zhdanov, Malenkov's arch-rival, who died in

1948; Lavrenty Beria, boss of the secret police (peering from behind the bobbed head of the "Soviet heroine" on the speaker's stand); Vyacheslav Molotov (veteran foreign policy maker); Anastas Mikoyan, politburocrat in charge of trade; Lazar Kaganovich, Stalin's brother-in-law and politburocrat in charge of industry; Marshal Klement Voroshilov; Joseph Stalin.

apparently had a clear track.

**Man & Wife.** Little is known about his personal life beyond the facts that 1) he is a tireless worker who can go for days without sleep; 2) he lives in a Kremlin apartment with a wife & two children; 3) he smokes expensive cigarettes (Northern Palmyras); 4) like all Politburocrats, he has a *dacha* outside Moscow to which he commutes by bulletproof limousine, and likes to go duck hunting.

Malenkov's first wife was Molotov's former secretary. He divorced her in 1940 and married again. The present Mrs. Malenkov seems to have been bored by her husband's late hours, and sought relief by becoming an actress. One day she appeared at a Moscow little theater group, and, giving a false name, got a job. Her colleagues wondered about her fine clothes and the fact that a car and chauffeur often picked her up after the

performance. One day, when one of her fellow actors got into trouble with the secret police over some ideological impurity in a pamphlet he had written, Mrs. Malenkov announced who she was and arranged for the man to go to see her husband. He found Malenkov in a box in Moscow's Bolshoi Theater. "Malenkov was having tea and French pastry," said the actor. "He didn't offer me any but he said: 'My wife has told me everything; it is all pure nonsense. Come to see me tomorrow at the Central Committee.'"

Mrs. Malenkov's fellow actors occasionally got a glimpse of her home life. "One morning," recalls one, "Mrs. Malenkov came in and told me she hadn't slept a wink all night because her husband had a toothache and the dentist came in with all his machines to fix his teeth."

**Purge Ahead?** Malenkov still has a boss and aims to please him. While other Soviet bigwigs have gone in for gold-

spangled uniforms or the blue serge suits detectives have made famous, Malenkov wears the high-buttoned grey military tunic that Stalin once affected. There seems to be little reason to doubt that, as long as Stalin lives, and probably even after, Malenkov will continue to speak with his master's voice, and continue to be his master's rubber stamp. Will Charley-McCarthy-Malenkov present the world with any major surprises this week? It is possible but not likely. The congress seems to have two main aims: 1) whip up enthusiasm for the new five-year plan; 2) tighten party discipline and organization.

Malenkov's party machine has developed a few ominous knocks in the last decade. Party membership has almost tripled and party discipline has loosened. The new party rules (e.g., the Politburo and the Orgburo are merged into a new presidium) are calculated to cut away the dead wood in the party, and open the way to an axing of lax officials by urging all party members to inform against delinquent comrades. All over Russia, a wave of denunciations and self-criticism is rapidly rising.

To the Western world, the only interesting possibility in the congress is the chance of getting a slightly better look at the man who seems likely, some day, to hold the issue of war & peace in his pudgy fingers. There is no reason to expect that that chancy glance will be in any sense reassuring.\* For no one in the Western world can honestly envision a dinner table at which it would be a pleasure to sit down with Georgy Malenkov. Even the nursery-rhyme liberals have given up hope in such fairy tales. If that metaphorical meeting ever does take place, Malenkov's fellow diners will have to come equipped with very long spoons.

## FRANCE

### Submarine Down

Among the British navy's best little ships in World War II was the submarine *Sportsman*. Once, after waiting days for an enemy ship to come out of an Aegean harbor, she went right up to the boom, sent a spread of torpedoes through the harbor gates and sank her. By war's end the *Sportsman* had accounted for 31,000 tons of enemy shipping. This year the British turned her over to the French navy as a training ship. The French made a lady out of the *Sportsman*, rechristened her *La Sibylle*.

Last week *La Sibylle*, commanded by 32-year-old Lieut. Gustave Curot, was

\* Last spring, when he left for Moscow as the new U.S. Ambassador, the State Department's top Russian expert George F. Kennan expressed the cautious hope that Russian-U.S. relations might possibly be taking a turn for the better. Last fortnight Kennan told reporters in Berlin that his stay in Moscow has been one of "icy cold" isolation, little different from the treatment he got in Nazi Germany back in 1941 when he was interned as an enemy diplomat. The U.S. Ambassador, snarled *Pravda* in reply last week, was an "ecstatic liar... an enemy of the peace and [hence] of the Soviet Union."

ILLEGIB

## WHAT COMMUNIST CONGRESSES HAVE DONE



Sovfoto

LENIN

The past congresses of the Russian Communist Party check off the stages by which an underground gang of amateur conspirators became a world-powerful gang of ruthless professionals.

**Conspiracy.** Lenin, in a Czarist political prison, dreamed up the First Congress. Out of his cell, the little father of Soviet Russia smuggled a program for a new Russian Social Democratic Workers' Party. Only nine delegates managed to get past the police and mutter hurriedly for three days at Minsk in 1898. They just had time to draft a manifesto before the police caught up with them.

The next four congresses, all convened outside of Russia, saw the Bolsheviks wiggle into absolute control of the party. Lenin, who got out of Siberia in 1900, won the argument for armed rebellion. "The Congress," he insisted, "must be... a council to organize war." The name of Joseph Stalin began to appear in the minutes.

**Revolution.** The Seventh Congress (Petrograd, 1918), held five months after the Revolution, was the first open-air assembly of the triumphant party. It put "Communist" into the party's title (in full: "Russian Communist Party of Bolsheviks"). This meeting, and the next three, set up these revolutionary milestones: 1) the Red army; 2) the "New Economic Policy," a temporary retreat from state ownership of industry and trade, permitting some private enterprise; 3) the Comintern, Communism's international arm.

The last congress Lenin went to (he died in 1924) was the Eleventh, which set up the powerful office of general secretary, designed to watchdog the party machinery. Stalin got the job. The ailing Lenin had his misgivings. "This cook," he said of Stalin, "can only serve peppery dishes."

The peppery sauce that Stalin favored became apparent in the next four congresses (1923-25): the base of the recipe was blood. "You will run into a wall against which you will smash your head," Stalin warned his rivals.

**Stalinism.** By the 15th Congress Stalin was cooking with gas, and the smell of blood pudding was all through the kitchen. Everyone in Russia had had a bellyful. A new slogan was shouted: "Stalin is the Lenin of Today!"

Stalin was in. He used the 16th Congress (1930) to speed up the First Five-Year Plan, announced at the previous congress. The 17th Congress (1934) gauged the brutal success of enforced collectivization, which cost millions of peasants their lives, and the emergence of Russia (by Stalin's verbal bookkeeping) from "an agrarian country" into "an industrial country."

The 18th Congress (1939), on the eve of World War II, laid down a new zig in Russia's zigzag foreign policy. Stalin denounced the Western democracies for "urging Germany on to march farther East." Thus he foreshadowed his deal with the Nazis (the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact of August 1939), which helped unleash Hitler's invasion of Poland. Stalin told the delegates: "It is now a question of a new redivision of the world..."

The 19th Congress, the first in the past 13 years, will meet this week in Moscow (see above).

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