Section readings: *Evaluations*

CHOOSE THREE OF THESE!

EVALUATIONS

2011: Cairo

YASMINE EL RASHIDI ON THE EGYPTIAN BARRICADES

The force of a movement for change became evident on Friday, January 28, just after midday prayer. It continues as I write this now—May 2—and as I do, my one thought, the most significant factor amidst it all, is that my relationship with this city, with a culture, with my home, has forever been changed, and that my memories of the eighteen days, the revolution, are mere fragments of a larger journey and search that I now wait to complete.

Those fragments—the memories of a revolution—are many.

There were the riot police, who pulled down their face masks and moved forward. Their batons were raised high, their shields above their chests. They charged, hundreds of them, grabbing people by the scruff of their necks, kicking them, beating them down hard. Many were dragged away, into narrow side streets, disappearing. My friend Muhammad vanished, to resurface many days later.

There was the metal canister, which rocketed up into the air, exploding into volcanic fumes. It spiraled down, leaving a helix of trailing smoke that settled, eventually, over the square. It was followed by another, and another, and another. Someone said they fired fifty in a row. Many people fell to the ground, choking. My own eyes were filled with tears that felt like blood. I wondered if I would be able to see again. If I would survive.

There was the young woman whose body was limp. They carried her out, her blood on their hands, screaming for help. "Anyone, please, an ambulance, an ambulance." There were none, and a young man dropped to his knees by her side, sobbing. She was his sister. She had begged to go out that day, and he had promised his parents she would come to no harm.

There were the sounds of bullets assaulting the chants of the crowds. Two men came sprinting from around the corner, their faces gripped with terror. "It's real, it's real. Live ammunition, they're using live ammunition." No one knew if it was true—we had heard this before. Minutes later, a procession with three bodies was carried

Fyodor Dostoevsky, portrait made while the author was exiled to a Siberian labor camp for his association with the intellectual Petrashevsky circle, c. 1850.

1826: Lima

OF ALL HUMAN REWARDS

Dear General Lafayette,

I have had the honor to see for the first time the noble profile of the man who did so much good for the New World. I owe this pleasure to Colonel Mercier, who has delivered to me your letter dated October 15 last year. I have learned from the public papers that you have been so kind as to honor me with a treasure from Mount Vernon. This has produced in me an unexplainable joy.

The portrait of Washington, some mementos, and one of the monuments of his glory, are to be given unto me by your hands, in the name of the brothers of the great citizen, the firstborn son of the New World.

I am unable to find the words to explain the emotions welling up in my heart at this moment. Your high regard is a great glory for me. Washington's family honors me more than I would have dared hope or imagine, because Washington presented by Lafayette must be the crown of all human rewards.

Washington was the noble protector of social reforms, and you are the citizen hero, the athlete of liberty, who served America with one hand and Europe with the other. Oh! What mortal could possibly deserve the honors which you thrust upon me? I do not know what to say—the honor I feel is immense. I offer you all the respect and veneration which you deserve as the titan of freedom.

With great consideration I am your respectful admirer.

Simón Bolívar, *from a letter to the Marquis de Lafayette. The "noble profile" that Bolívar mentions in the opening of this letter was a likeness of the marquis, which the French general had sent to Bolívar as a customary gift exchanged between republican heroes. Against the Spanish empire in Latin America, Bolívar helped to lead the successful independence movements of Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia (which was named for him), and his native Venezuela. He died of tuberculosis at the age of forty-seven.*

into the square. One, of a young child. Thousands kneeled down in prayer.

There was the girl with braided pigtails and a pink dress who carried a flag twice her size. She must have been seven, and was happy that school had been closed. She begged her father for more popcorn, but before he had a chance to answer, she had already lost herself in animated chants. "He should leave, we're not leaving!"

There was a boy in a mustard yellow Adidas hoodie who wore a circus-clown wig—red, white, and black, the colors of the Egyptian flag. He also carried a sign telling Mubarak to "Get lost—we deserve change." He was eighteen, and said he cared nothing about politics, or his country, until then. Before this, he told me, his life was about studying and "getting the hell out."

There was the moment when opposition-party member Mounir Fakhri Abdel Nour navigated his way through the protesters surrounded by bodyguards. He wore a pale blue shirt and a tweed blazer. People wanted to shake his hand, to take his picture, to share with him ideas. "This is just the beginning," he told a woman in her seventies. "Everyone will have a chance to speak. All voices will be heard. I assure you of that." The woman's eyes glistened with tears.

There was the man with missing teeth who sat on a sidewalk, writing. Page after sketchbook page of Arabic script. His slogans and poems and essays told tales of corruption and vice. He had been in that same spot for two weeks and said he would stay until the day he died. "I carry the emotion of a nation, not only my own."

There was the novelist Ahdaf Soueif, who carried three bulging nylon bags hanging on her arm. Cookies and small savory pastries. "I come every day," she said, dipping into one bag. She wore dark sunglasses, but they did little to conceal who she was. Crowds gathered around her, all with stories of struggle. They asked her to give them voice. She listened, for hours, and promised to help.

There was always the mother of Khaled Said, who one day walked onto "Liberation" stage in Tahrir Square. She held a picture of her son. "My son's blood, and that of the martyrs of this square, will not be lost in vain. We will not give up. We will not give up. We will not give up." The crowd erupted into roars of applause, echoing her words.

And then there were the friends.

A friend, long housebound, ridden with depression, said he felt reborn. I saw him every day in the square, marching, chanting, and when it was over, dancing in the streets, holding his head up high.

A dancer friend canceled a performance in Europe to remain in Egypt and take part in the protests.

An artist friend canceled a lecture series in New York.

A writer friend flew back from Los Angeles, and a filmmaker friend from DC.

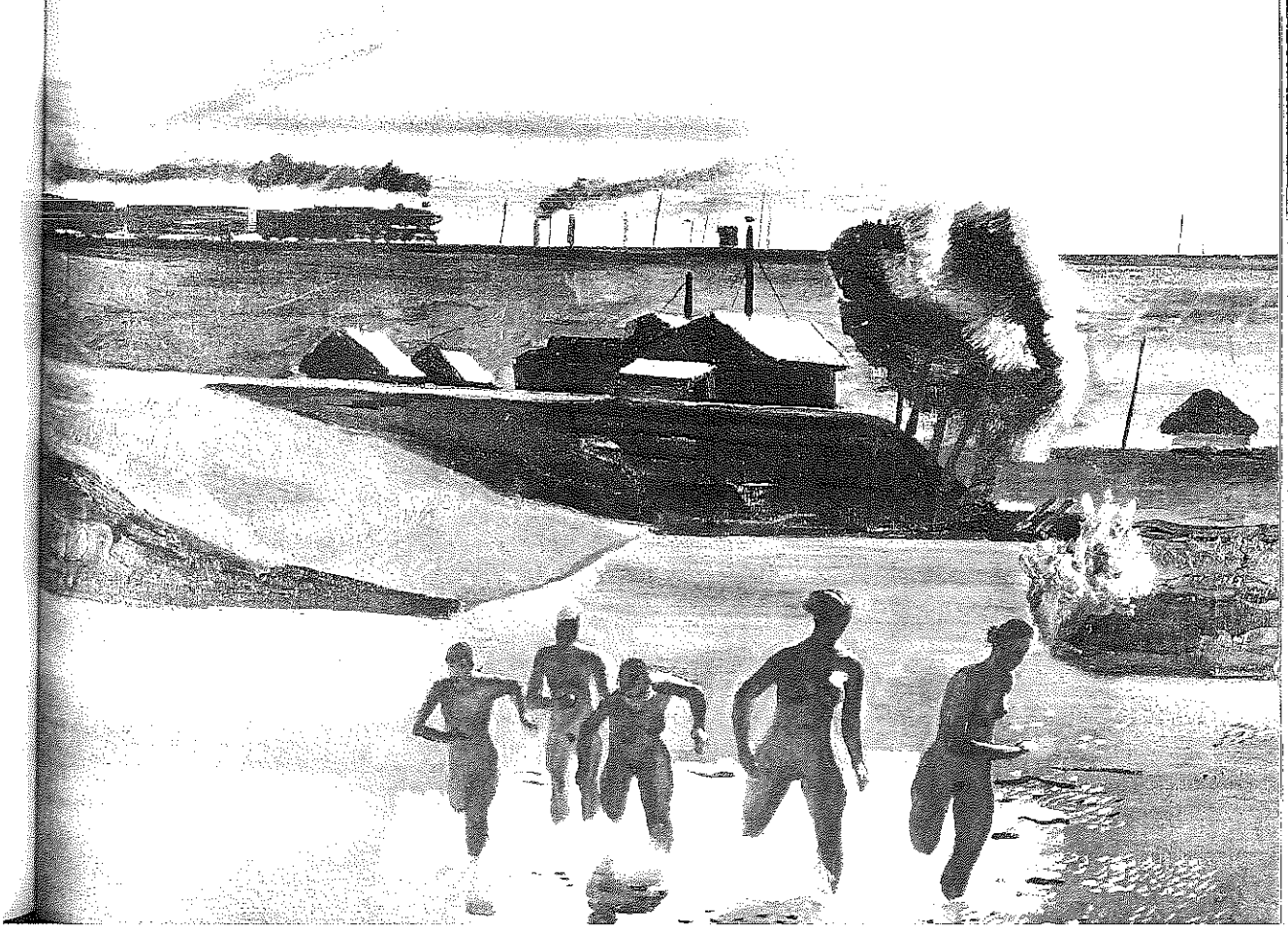
A friend who fled Egypt twenty-two years ago, vowing never to return, came back, on day eight. She decided it was time.

And there was my mother, a fragile woman who is uncomfortable in crowds and had watched the protests unfold with fear on TV, who told me one day that she wanted to come out and march as well. She had been moved to tears by the story of Google executive Wael Ghonim, and by the stories of those killed.

My father and I spoke at least three times a day in those days of the revolution. Ours had been a decade of strained contact. We reconciled, and then bonded, over a city—ours.

To look back on those days, to remember, is to reflect on eighteen days that I sense we may live in the shadow of for years to come. I watched people fall to the ground, gasping their last breaths. I fell to the ground myself, choking on tear gas. We dodged bullets and ran from armed men. We taped our windows with newspapers and formed barricades around our homes. My mother's porter attached a kitchen knife to a broomstick and took to the streets. He said he would die protecting her, with his spear. Many of us helped wipe the blood pouring from young men's heads. For the first time in our lives, some of us saw dead bodies lying on the streets. I tried to pry out a bullet from

At Noon, by Alexander Deineka, 1932.



beneath a friend's skin. We ran for cover, from rocks, from Molotov cocktails, from thugs. We became paranoid. We no longer knew whose side a stranger was on. And might he be armed? I had seen many knives stuck in many belts and trouser pockets. I had seen many guns, too. It took us a while to get used to the sight of the army and men with weapons on our streets. For days, we didn't know if they would shoot.

We waited, each day, for something to happen, for something to change. We waited, for hours, as well, for the president to speak.

Those who make peaceful revolution impossible will make violent revolution inevitable.
—John F. Kennedy, 1962

To look back on those days, is also to look into a new archive of images and a reservoir of emotions that I never thought—until January—I would ever bear witness to. Cairo, to me, was a city overwhelmed, a city so mammoth in its proportions. Into its sepia-toned landscape, its twenty million people would slip, through dark alleyways, to be forgotten by a world around them that seemed stark of possibilities. This Cairo that I lived in spared no one, and everywhere I turned, every corner of every street I knew, there were intimations of struggle. Even my house seemed to have grown weary, as burdened and sad and oppressed as a graying building can be.

In those eighteen days that have come to be known as the "Egyptian revolution," as I navigated my way between my grandmother's house—which had become home again some four years before—and Tahrir Square, I watched something, very slowly, transform. The street-side vendor suddenly had an Egyptian flag; the taxi driver had an opinion; the young man on the street was no longer scared to say that there was something he didn't like; the tree trunks were painted red, white, and black; the youth, once skulking, were now handing out fliers, forming political parties and collectives, chanting, discussing, planning, hoping, for those better lives. For every emotion, every thought, every idea, now, there was an audience, and on the same street corners that were once host to dejection, possibility was being born. I watched in the days of the Egyptian uprising and the months that followed, human emotion finding an outlet, and in tandem discovering its source. I witnessed, in the waiting time of those days until 5:56 P.M. on February 11, dignity restored. In myself, too. I bumped into my neighbor at the supermarket the other day. A retired Gulf Air executive, he had been active on Facebook during the uprising when protesters occupied Tahrir Square. I hadn't seen or spoken to him since, and his warnings, posted on my Facebook wall, were always left unanswered.

"Yas," he said, taking my hand, shaking it.

"You know," he said, half smiling, half serious, his face pale, "it was very risky what you did, by the way."

I must have looked puzzled.

"This business of going down to Tahrir," he offered. "Very high risk."

I laughed.

"You could have been killed. Your poor mom. What were you thinking?"

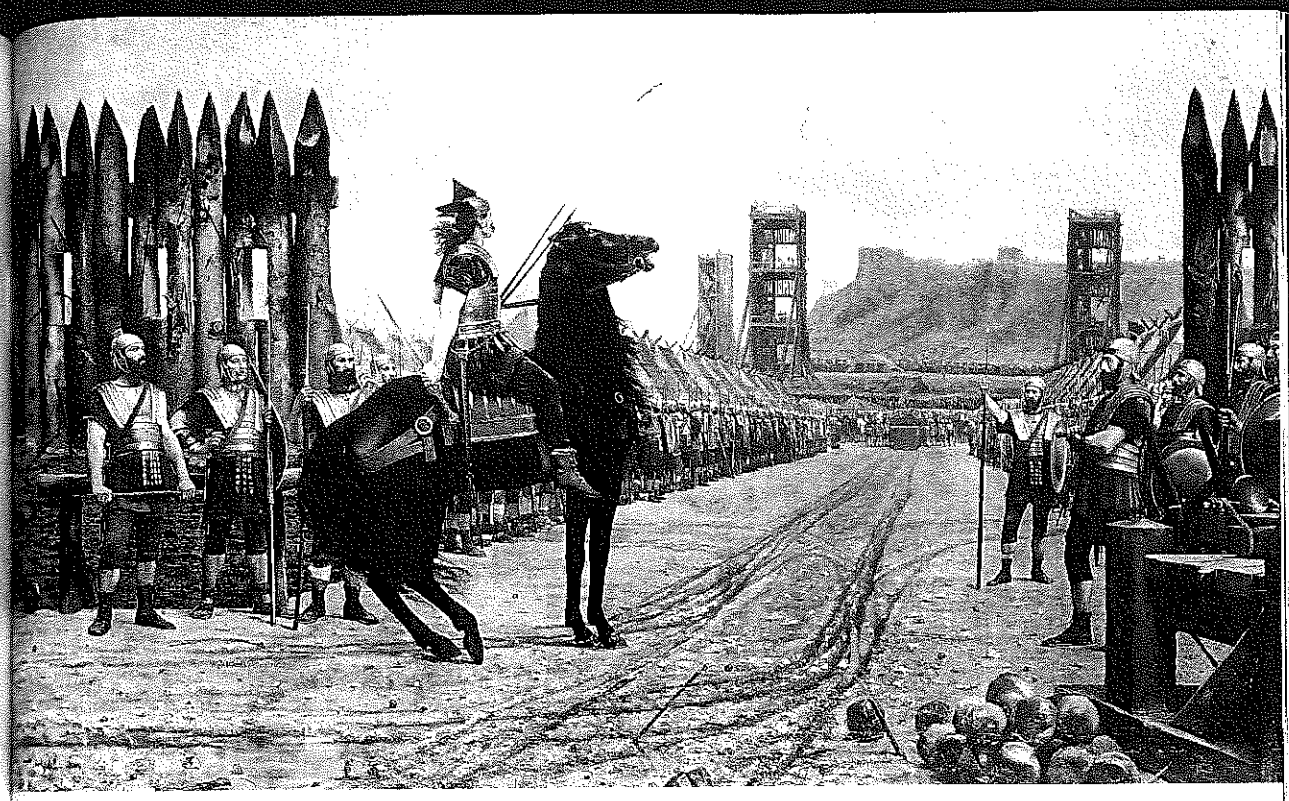
"Well, we got rid of the president!" I retorted.

"Well," he said, "let's see if things improve. You know, the economy has taken a big blow, Yasmine. People need jobs. Life is hard."

"And I just hope you guys are going to take care of these Salafists and Islamists now," he continued, slowing down, taking in my own slight nod of acknowledgment.

"You know, we're all waiting to see," he said, closing the conversation and walking away.

From "Cairo, City in Waiting," published in the anthology Diaries of an Unfinished Revolution. *On February 11, 2011, in response to widespread protests, Hosni Mubarak agreed to end his twenty-nine-year presidency, and on June 24, 2012, Muslim Brotherhood member Mohammed Morsi was elected the fifth president of Egypt. A year later, Morsi was ousted in a military coup, and the Muslim Brotherhood was outlawed. El Rashidi lives in Cairo and published a collection of her writings on the revolution,* The Battle for Egypt, *in 2011.*



Vercingetorix Before Caesar, by Henri-Paul Motte, 1886. Vercingetorix led the last uprising of the Gallic peoples against Julius Caesar in 52 BC before the complete subjugation of Gaul.

1790: London

FALSE LIGHTS

Compute your gains: see what is got by those extravagant and presumptuous speculations which have taught your leaders to despise all their predecessors and all their contemporaries, and even to despise themselves, until the moment in which they became truly despicable. By following those false lights, France has bought undisguised calamities at a higher price than any nation has purchased the most unequivocal blessings! France has bought poverty by crime! France has not sacrificed her virtue to her interest, but she has abandoned her interest, that she might prostitute her virtue. All other nations have begun the fabric of a new government, or the reformation of an old, by establishing originally or by enforcing with greater exactness some rites or other of religion. All other people have laid the foundations of civil freedom in severer manners, and a system of a more austere and masculine morality. France, when she let loose the reins of regal authority, doubled the license of a ferocious dissoluteness in manners and of an insolent irreligion in opinions and practices, and has extended through all ranks of life, as if she were communicating some privilege or laying open some secluded benefit, all the unhappy corruptions that usually were the disease of wealth and power. This is one of the new principles of equality in France.

France, by the perfidy of her leaders, has utterly disgraced the tone of lenient council in the cabinets of princes and disarmed it of its most potent topics. She has sanctified the dark suspicious maxims of tyrannous distrust—and taught kings to tremble at (what will hereafter be called) the delusive plausibilities of moral politicians. Sovereigns will consider those who advise them to place an unlimited confidence in their people as subverters of their thrones, as traitors who aim at their destruction, by leading their easy good nature, under specious pretenses, to admit combinations of bold and faithless men into a participation of their power. This alone (if there were nothing else) is an irreparable calamity to you and to mankind. Remember that your parliament of Paris told your king that in calling the states together, he had nothing to fear but the prodigal excess of their zeal in providing for the support

of the throne. It is right that these men should hide their heads. It is right that they should bear their part in the ruin which their counsel has brought on their sovereign and their country. Such sanguine declarations tend to lull authority asleep, to encourage it rashly to engage in perilous adventures of untried policy, to neglect those provisions, preparations, and precautions which distinguish benevolence from imbecility—and without which no man can answer for the salutary effect of any abstract plan of government or of freedom. For want of these, they have seen the medicine of the state corrupted into its poison.

The most radical revolutionary will become a conservative on the day after the revolution.
—Hannah Arendt, 1970

They have seen the French rebel against a mild and lawful monarch, with more fury, outrage, and insult than ever any people has been known to rise against the most illegal usurper or the most sanguinary tyrant. Their resistance was made to concession; their revolt was from protection; their blow was aimed at a hand holding out graces, favors, and immunities.

This was unnatural. The rest is in order. They have found their punishment in their success. Laws overturned, tribunals subverted, industry without vigor, commerce expiring, the revenue unpaid yet the people impoverished, a church pillaged and a state not relieved, civil and military anarchy made the constitution of the kingdom, everything human and divine sacrificed to the idol of public credit and national bankruptcy the consequence—and, to crown all, the paper securities of new, precarious, tottering power, the discredited paper securities of impoverished fraud and beggared rapine, held out as a currency for the support of an empire, in lieu of the two great recognized species that represent the lasting conventional credit of mankind, which disappeared and hid themselves in the earth whence they came, when the principle of property, whose creatures and representatives they are, was systematically subverted.

Were all these dreadful things necessary? Were they the inevitable results of the desperate struggle of determined patriots, compelled to wade through blood and tumult, to the quiet shore of a tranquil and prosperous liberty? No! Nothing like it. The fresh ruins of France, which shock our feelings wherever we can turn our eyes, are not the devastation of civil war; they are the sad but instructive monuments of rash and ignorant counsel in time of profound peace. They are the display of inconsiderate and presumptuous, because unresisted and irresistible, authority. The persons who have thus squandered away the precious treasure of their crimes, the persons who have made this prodigal and wild waste of public evils (the last stake reserved for the ultimate ransom of the state), have met in their progress with little, or rather with no opposition at all. Their whole march was more like a triumphal procession than the progress of a war. Their pioneers have gone before them and demolished and laid everything level at their feet. Not one drop of *their* blood have they shed in the cause of the country they have ruined. They have made no sacrifices to their projects of greater consequence than their shoe buckles, while they were imprisoning their king, murdering their fellow citizens, and bathing in tears and plunging in poverty and distress thousands of worthy men and worthy families. Their cruelty has not even been the base result of fear. It has been the effect of their sense of perfect safety, in authorizing treasons, robberies, rapes, assassinations, slaughters, and burnings throughout their harassed land.

Edmund Burke, *from* Reflections on the Revolution in France. *Upon reading this denunciation of the recent political events, Thomas Jefferson observed, "the Revolution in France does not astonish me so much as the revolution in Mr. Burke"; Burke had been known as a defender of the American Revolution years earlier. As if anticipating the criticism, Burke claimed near the end of his book that he was one "who would preserve consistency by varying his means to secure the unity of his end." Having served in Parliament from 1766 to 1794, he died at the age of fifty-six in 1797.*

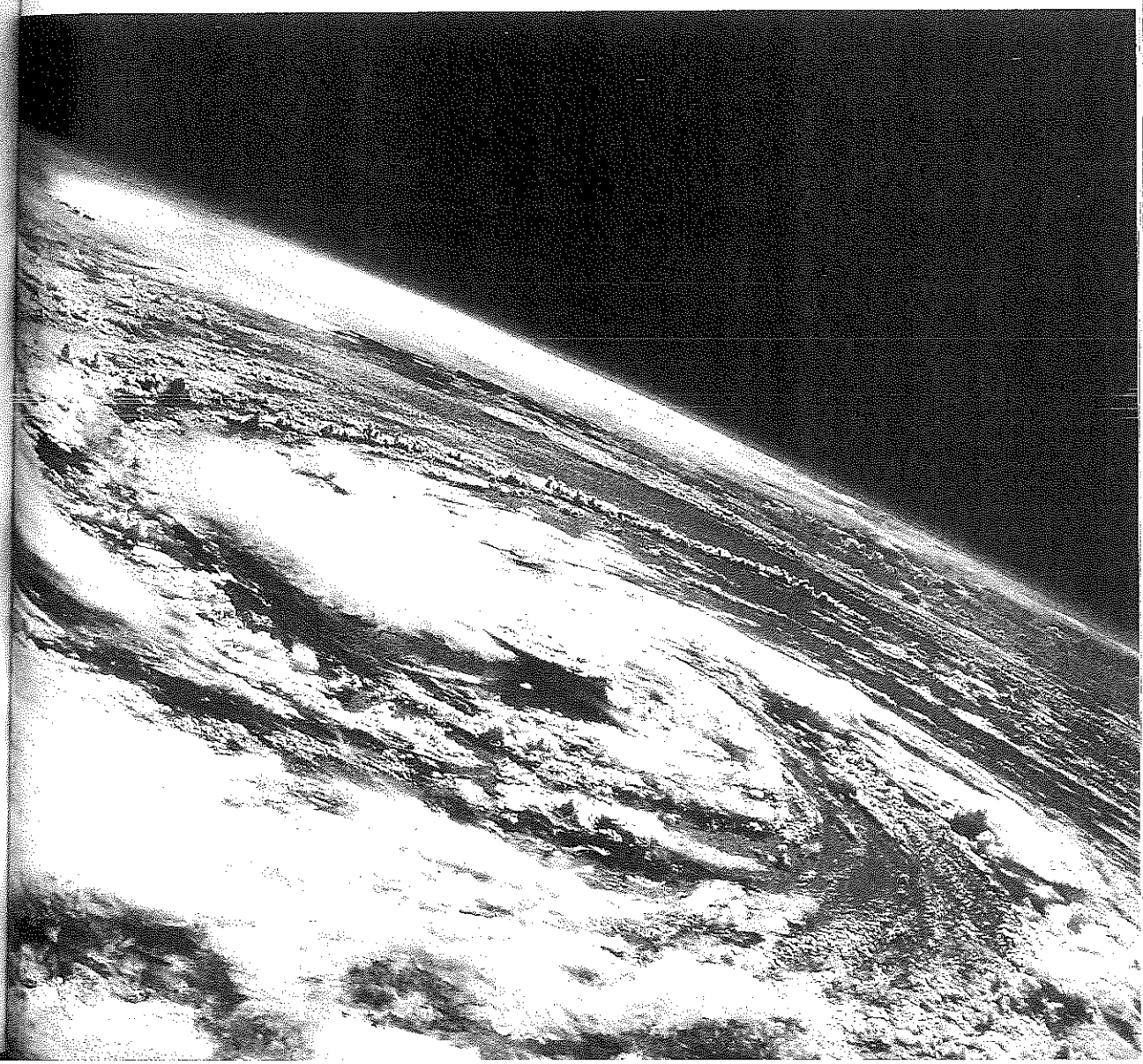
1787: Paris

THE TREE OF LIBERTY

Dear sir,

Can you send me the bills for the two copying presses that were sent to the M. de Lafayette and the M. de Chastellux? The latter makes one article in a considerable account, of old standing, and which I cannot present for want of this article. I do not know whether it is to yourself or Mr. Adams [*New England*, page 87] I am to give my thanks for the copy of the new Constitution. I beg leave through you to place them where due. It will be yet three weeks before I shall receive them from America. There are very good articles in it—and very bad. I do not know which preponderate. What we have lately read in the history of Holland, in the chapter on the Stadtholder, would have sufficed to set me against a chief magistrate eligible for a long duration, if I had ever been disposed toward one. And what we have always read of the elections of Polish kings should have forever excluded the idea of one continuable for life. Wonderful is the effect of impudent and persevering lying. The British ministry have so long hired their gazetteers to repeat and model into every form lies about our

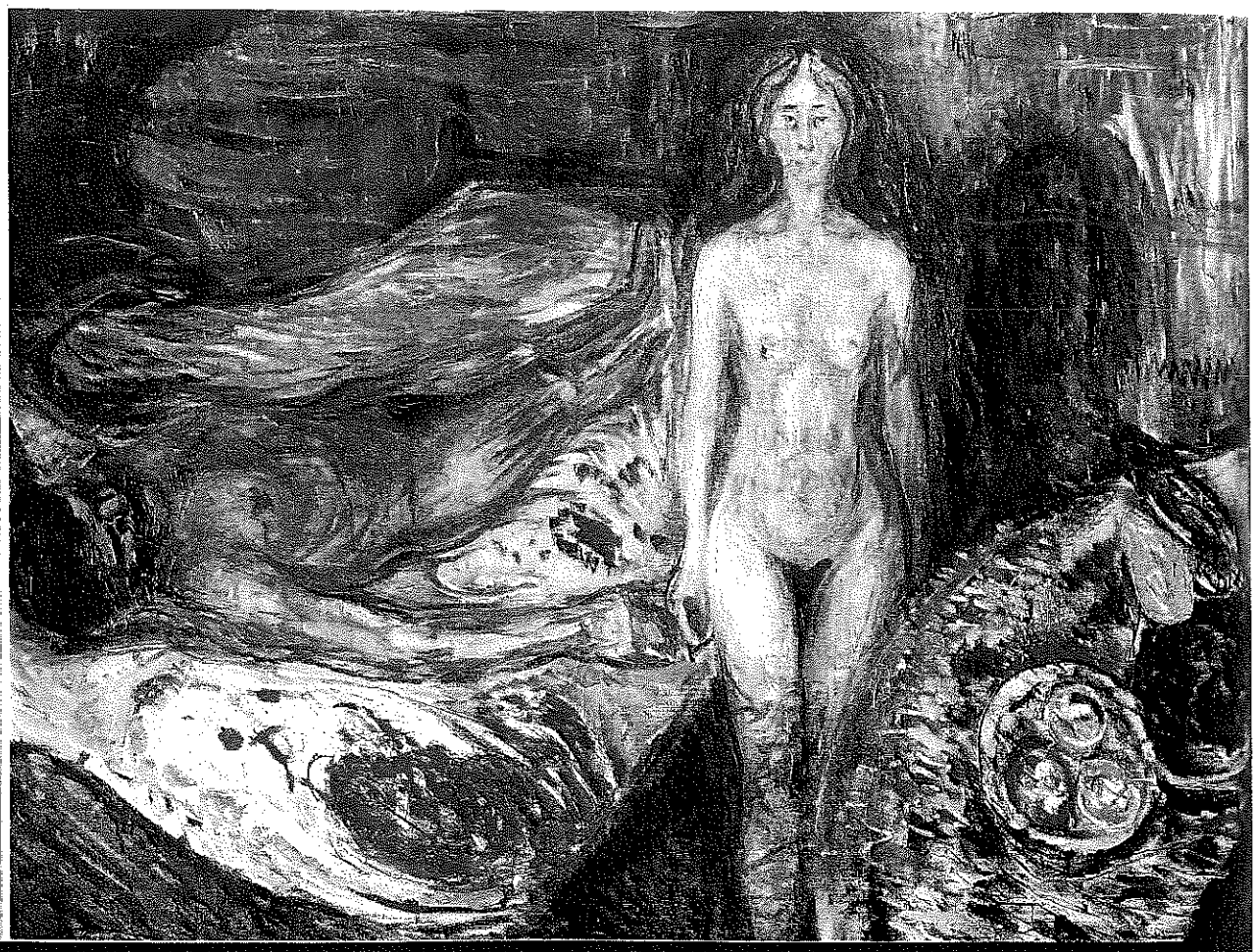
Hurricane Gladys Over the Gulf of Mexico, Photographed by Walter Cunningham, Apollo 7, October 11–22, 1968.
From *FULL MOON*, by Michael Light, 1999.

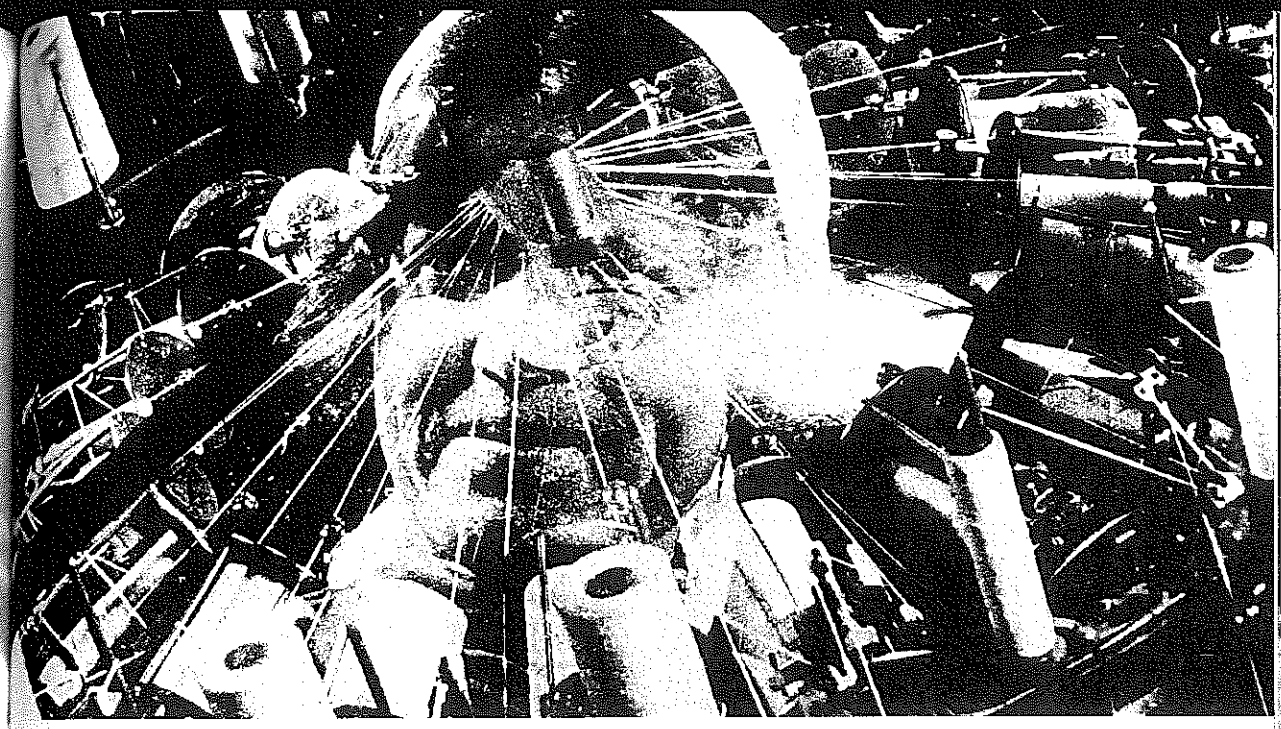


being in anarchy that the world has at length believed them, the English nation has believed them, the ministers themselves have come to believe them, and what is more wonderful, we have believed them ourselves. Yet where does this anarchy exist? Where did it ever exist, except in the single instance of Massachusetts? And can history produce an instance of rebellion so honorably conducted? I say nothing of its motives. They were founded in ignorance, not wickedness. God forbid we should ever be twenty years without such a rebellion. The people cannot be all and always well-informed. The part which is wrong will be discontented in proportion to the importance of the facts they misconceive. If they remain quiet under such misconceptions it is a lethargy, the forerunner of death to the public liberty. We have had thirteen states independent eleven years. There has been one rebellion. That comes to one rebellion in a century and a half for each state. What country before ever existed a century and a half without a rebellion? And what country can preserve its liberties if their rulers are not warned from time to time that their people preserve the spirit of resistance? Let them take arms. The remedy is to set them right as to facts, pardon, and pacify them. What signify a few lives lost in a century or two? The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure. Our Convention has been too much impressed by the insurrection of Massachusetts, and in the spur of the moment they are setting up a kite to keep the hen yard in order.

Thomas Jefferson, *from a letter to William S. Smith. Serving as minister to France between 1784 and 1789, Jefferson was abroad for the "one rebellion" to which he alluded, Shays' Rebellion, an armed uprising by debt-ridden farmers that in part led Congress in February 1787 to endorse the call for a convention to amend the Articles of Confederation. The U.S. Constitution was completed on September 17, and less than two months later, Jefferson wrote this letter to Smith, a politician and the son-in-law of John Adams, who was then working in a diplomatic capacity in London.*

The Death of Marat, by Edvard Munch, 1907.





Mikhail Kaufman in a scene from *Man with a Movie Camera*, directed by Dziga Vertov, 1929. The film is considered to be one of the first documentaries.

1793: Paris

SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE

"Well, Gamelin! Have you brought me something new?" demanded the Citizen Blaise.

"Possibly," replied Gamelin. And he outlined his plan. "Our playing cards are a disgraceful contrast to the new order. The very names of king and knave offend patriots' ears. I've planned and designed a pack of new, revolutionary playing cards in which kings, queens, and knaves are replaced by liberties, equalities, and fraternities. The aces are called laws. When a player makes his call he says liberty of clubs, equality of spades, fraternity of diamonds, law of hearts. I think the designs are quite inspiring. I intend having them engraved in copperplate and to patent them."

And taking some of the finished designs in watercolor from his portfolio, the artist held them out to the print dealer.

The Citizen Blaise turned his head, ignoring them.

"Take them along to the Convention, lad. They'll give you a vote of thanks. But don't think you'll ever make a sou out of your new invention, which isn't new. You'll have to get up earlier in the morning. Yours is the third pack of revolutionary playing cards I've had brought to me. Your friend Dugourc offered me one last week, a piquet set with four geniuses, four liberties, four equalities. Somebody else suggested a set with philosopher heroes, Cato, Rousseau, Hannibal, and heaven knows who else!...And theirs had the advantage over yours, my friend, in being poorly drawn and cut in wood with a penknife. It shows how little you know the world if you think card players want cards designed in the style of David or with engravings in the manner of Bartolozzi! And you're under an even bigger illusion if you think it's necessary to go to all that trouble to make playing cards conform with modern ideas. The good sans-culotte does that for himself. He simply says 'The tyrant!' or 'The big pig!' and goes on using his dirty old cards and never thinks of buying a new pack. The best market for playing cards is at the Palais-Égalité: my advice is to go to the gambling houses there and offer the croupiers and punters your liberties, equalities, your...how d'you call them?... your law of hearts—then come back and tell me what sort of reception you got!"

The Citizen Blaise seated himself on the counter, flipped some grains of snuff off his yellow nankeen breeches, and looked at Gamelin

with gentle pity. "Do allow me to give you a word of advice, citizen. If you want to make something of your life, give up your packs of patriotic cards, forget about your revolutionary symbols, your Hercules, your Hydras, your Furies pursuing traitors, your geniuses of liberty—and paint me some pretty girls. Citizens' enthusiasm for self-reformation diminishes with time; men's love for women never. Paint me some rosy-fleshed women with small feet and little hands. And get into that thick head of yours that nobody cares a damn anymore about the Revolution; everybody's sick to death with the sound of the word."

Revolution begins in putting on bright colors.
—Tennessee Williams, 1944

At last, Gamelin struck back: "Sick to death! Of the Revolution? Of events that will reverberate down the ages—the establishment of liberty, the victories of our armies, the fall of tyrants? Who could not but be inspired by such happenings? The creed of the sans-culotte Jesus lasted almost eighteen hundred years—and the religion of liberty will have been done away with after barely four years' existence?"

Blaise went on with an air of superior complacency: "You live in a dream; I see life as it is. Believe me, my friend, the Revolution's become a bore: it's lasted too long. Five years of rapture, five years of brotherly love, of massacres, of endless speeches, of the Marseillaise, of bells ringing to man the barricades, of aristocrats hanging from lampposts, of heads stuck on pikes, of women with cannons between their legs, of little girls and old men in white robes on flower-bedecked chariots, the prisoners, the guillotine, semistarvation, proclamations, cockades, plumes, swords, *carmagnoles*, it's all gone on too long! Nobody knows anymore what it's all about! We've seen too much, we've seen too many of these great patriots raised up for us to worship only for them to be hurled from your Tarpeian Rock—Necker, Mirabeau, Lafayette, Bailly, Petion, Manuel, and all the rest of them. How do we know you're not preparing the same fate for your new heroes?...Nobody knows anymore!"

"Name them, Citizen Blaise! Name them! These heroes we're preparing to sacrifice!" Gamelin's tone of voice recalled the print dealer to a sense of prudence.

"I'm a Republican and a patriot," he replied, putting his hand over his heart. "I'm as good a Republican as you, I'm as patriotic as you, Citizen Évariste Gamelin. I do not suspect your good citizenship nor do I accuse you of opportunism. But do not forget that my good citizenship and my devotion to the public cause are proved by my deeds. As for what I believe: I believe in giving my confidence to any person who is capable of serving the country. I doff my hat to men such as Marat, such as Robespierre [*Paris*, page 110], who are elevated to the dangerous honor of legislative power. I am ready to support them as far as my poor means allow and to give them the humble assistance of a good citizen. The committees can bear witness to my zeal and devotion. In conjunction with true patriots, I've supplied oats and fodder to our brave cavalry and boots for our soldiers. Only today, I've had sixty cattle sent from Vernon to the army of the Midi through countryside infested with brigands and alive with messengers of Pitt and Condé. I do not talk, I act."

Gamelin calmly put his watercolors back into his portfolio, tied the string, and put it under his arm. Through clenched teeth he forced out the words: "It is a strange contradiction to help our soldiers carry the flag of liberty across the world and yet betray that liberty in one's own home by trying to arouse discontent and alarm in one of its defenders. Good day, Citizen Blaise."

Anatole France, *from* The Gods Will Have Blood. *Born Jacques-Anatole-François Thibault in Paris in 1844, the novelist and short-story writer only became politically outspoken late in life, as a result of the Dreyfus Affair, adding his name to the list of signatories of Émile Zola's "J'accuse" letter in 1898, proclaiming his belief in socialism in 1904, and declaring, "You think you are dying for your country; you die for the industrialists" in 1922. He was elected to the French Academy in 1896 and awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1921.*

1860: London

HIT PIECE

Few things have more deeply injured the cause of religion than the busy, fussy energy with which men, narrow and feeble alike in faith and in science, have bustled forth to reconcile all new discoveries in physics with the word of inspiration. For it continually happens that some larger collection of facts or some wider view of the phenomena of nature alter the whole philosophic scheme, while Revelation has been committed to declare an absolute agreement with what turns out after all to have been a misconception or an error. We cannot, therefore, consent to test the truth of natural science by the word of Revelation. But this does not make it the less important to point out on scientific grounds scientific errors, when those errors tend to limit God's glory in creation or to gainsay the revealed relations of that creation to Himself. To both these classes of error, though, we doubt not, quite unintentionally on his part, we think that Mr. Darwin's speculations directly tend.

Mr. Darwin writes as a Christian, and we doubt not that he is one. We do not for a moment believe him to be one of those who retain in some corner of their hearts a secret unbelief which they dare not vent, and we therefore pray him to consider well the grounds on which we brand his speculations with the charge of such a tendency. First, then, he not obscurely declares that he applies his scheme of the action of the principle of natural selection to Man himself, as well as to the animals around him. Now, we must say at once, and openly, that such a notion is absolutely incompatible with the whole representation of the moral and spiritual condition of man in the word of God. Man's derived supremacy over the earth, man's power of articulate speech, man's gift of reason, man's free will and responsibility, man's fall and man's redemption, the incarnation of the Eternal Son, the indwelling of the Eternal Spirit—all are equally and utterly irreconcilable with the degrading notion of the brute origin of him who was created in the image of God and redeemed by the Eternal Son assuming to himself his nature. Equally inconsistent, too, with the whole scheme of God's dealings with man as recorded in His word, is Mr. Darwin's daring notion of man's further development into some unknown extent of powers and shape and size through natural selection acting through that long vista of ages which he casts mistily over the earth upon the most favored individuals of his species.

Nor can we doubt, secondly, that this view, which thus contradicts the revealed relation of creation to its Creator, is equally inconsistent with the fullness of His glory. It is, in truth, an ingenious theory for diffusing throughout creation the working and so the personality of the Creator. And thus, however unconsciously to him who holds them, such views really tend inevitably to banish from the mind most of the peculiar attributes of the Almighty.

How, asks Mr. Darwin, can we possibly account for the manifest plan, order, and arrangement which pervade creation, except we allow to it this self-developing power through modified descent?

By the simplest and yet the most comprehensive answer. By declaring the stupendous fact that all creation is the transcript in matter of ideas eternally existing in the mind of the Most High—that order in the utmost perfectness of its relation pervades His works, because it exists as in its center and highest fountainhead in Him the Lord of all. Here is the true account of the fact which has so utterly misled shallow observers, that Man himself, the Prince and Head of this creation, passes in the earlier stages of his being through phases of existence closely analogous, so far as his earthly tabernacle is concerned, to those in which the lower animals ever remain. At that point of being, the development of the protozoa is arrested. Through it the embryo of their chief passes to the perfection of his earthly frame. But the types of those lower forms of being must be found in the animals which never advance beyond them—not in man for whom they are but the foundation for an after development, while he too, Creation's crown and perfec-

Denarius inscribed with FOR THE FREEDOM OF JERUSALEM, struck during the Jewish Bar Kokhba Revolt against Roman rule, c. 133.

tion, thus bears witness in his own frame to the law of order which pervades the universe.

In like manner could we answer every other question as to which Mr. Darwin thinks all oracles are dumb unless they speak his speculation. He is, for instance, more than once troubled by what he considers imperfections in nature's work. "If," he says, "our reason leads us to admire with enthusiasm a multitude of inimitable contrivances in nature, this same reason tells us that some other contrivances are less perfect."

We think that the real temper of this whole speculation as to nature itself may be read in these few lines. It is a dishonoring view of nature.

That reverence for the work of God's hands, with which a true belief in the all-wise Worker fills the believer's heart, is at the root of all great physical discovery; it is the basis of philosophy. He who would see the venerable features of nature must not seek with the rudeness of a licensed roisterer violently to unmask her countenance but must wait as a learner for her willing unveiling. The presence of death and famine seems to Mr. Darwin inconceivable on the ordinary idea of creation, and he looks almost aghast at them until reconciled to their presence by his own theory that "a ratio of increase so high as to lead to a struggle for life, and as a consequence to natural selection entailing divergence of character and the extinction of less improved forms, is decidedly followed by the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals." But we can give him a simpler solution still for the presence of these strange forms of imperfection and suffering among the works of God.

We can tell him of the strong shudder which ran through all this world when its head and ruler fell. When he asks concerning the infinite variety of these multiplied works which are set in such an orderly unity and run up into man as their reasonable head, we can tell him of the exuberance of God's goodness, and remind him of the deep philosophy which lies in those simple words: "All thy works praise Thee, O God, and thy saints give thanks unto Thee." For it is one office of redeemed man to collect the inarticulate praises of the material creation, and pay them with conscious homage into the treasury of the supreme Lord.

Samuel Wilberforce, *from a review of* On the Origin of Species. *Wilberforce, a bishop of Oxford and the son of abolitionist William Wilberforce, observed that Darwin's book was of the utmost concern "not to naturalists only, or even to men of science exclusively, but to everyone who is interested in the history of man and of the relations of nature around him to the history and plan of creation." About the review, Darwin wrote to a friend, "It is uncommonly clever; it picks out with skill all the most conjectural parts, and brings forward well all the difficulties."*

1937: Berlin

ADOLF HITLER WRITES HISTORY

Surely nobody will doubt the fact that during the last four years a revolution of the most momentous character has passed like a storm over Germany. Who could compare this new Germany with that which existed on the thirtieth of January four years ago, when I took my oath of loyalty before the venerable president of the Reich? I am speaking of a National Socialist revolution, but this revolutionary process in Germany had a particular character of its own.

What I mean is this: throughout thousands of years the conviction grew up and prevailed, not so much in the German mind as in the minds of the contemporary world,

We must enter and take possession of the consciences of the children, of the consciences of the young, because they do belong and should belong to the Revolution.

—Plutarco Elías Calles, 1934

that bloodshed and the extermination of those hitherto in power—together with the destruction of public and private institutions and property—were essential characteristics of every true revolution. Mankind in general has grown accustomed to accept revolutions with all these consequences somehow or other as if they were legal happenings. I do not mean that people endorse all this tumultuous destruction of life and property, but they certainly accept it as the necessary accompaniment of events which, because of this very reason, are called revolutions.

Herein lies the difference between the National Socialist revolution and other revolutions, with the exception of the fascist revolution in Italy. The National Socialist revolution was almost entirely a bloodless proceeding. When the party took over power in Germany, after overthrowing the very formidable obstacles that had stood in its way, it did so without causing any damage whatsoever to property. I can say with a certain amount of pride that this was the first revolution in which not even a windowpane was broken.

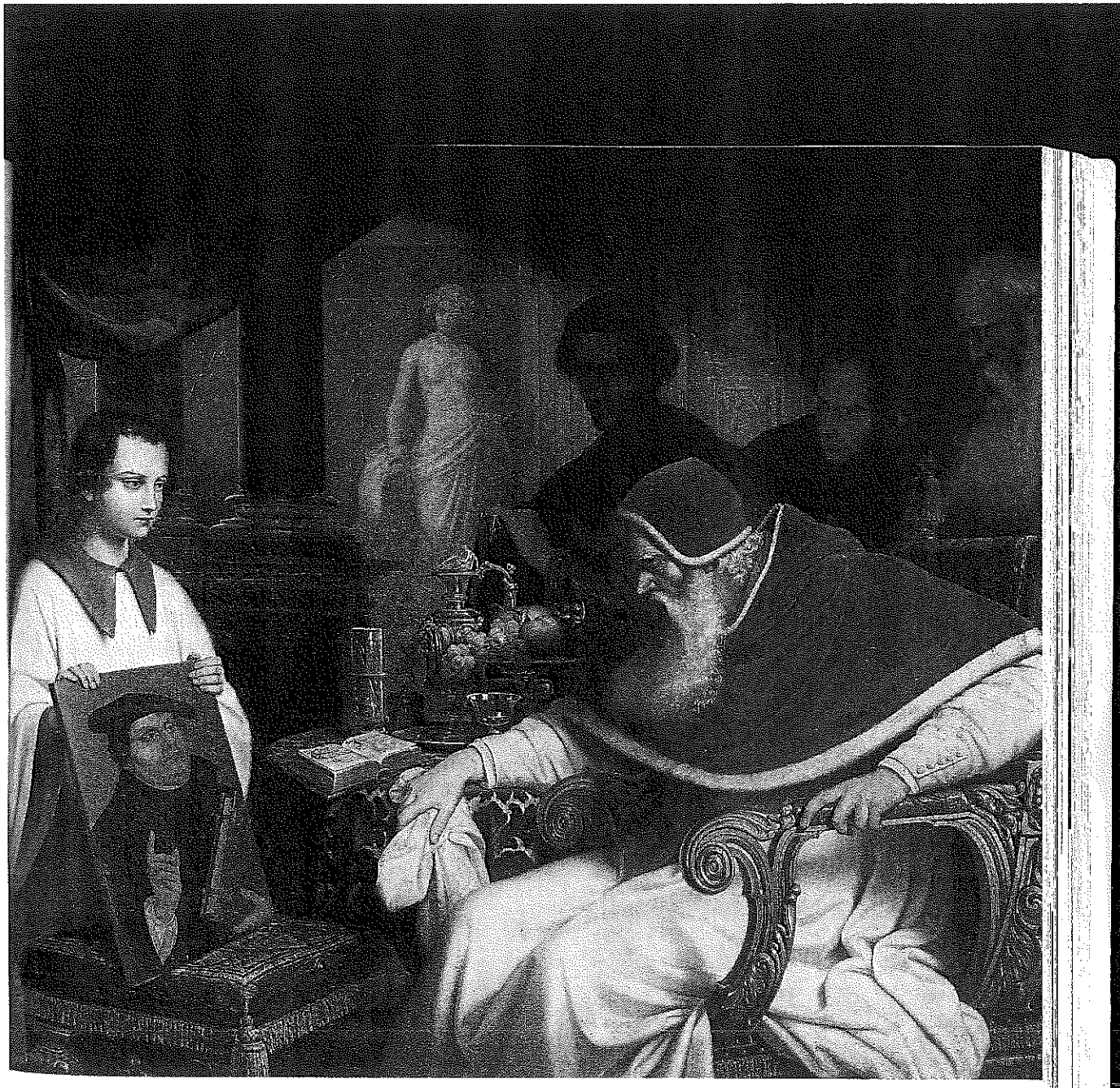
We did not consider it as part of the program to destroy human life or material goods, but rather to build up a new and better life. And it is the greatest source of pride to us that we have been able to carry through this revolution, which is certainly the greatest revolution ever experienced in the history of our people, with a minimum of loss and sacrifice.

This absence of bloodshed and destruction was made possible solely because we had adopted a principle which not only guided our conduct in the past but which we shall also never forget in the future. This principle was that the purpose of a revolution, or of any general change in the condition of public affairs, cannot be to produce chaos but only to replace what is bad by substituting something better.

The main plank in the National Socialist program is to abolish the liberalistic concept of the individual and the Marxist concept of humanity and to substitute therefore the folk community, rooted in the soil and bound together by the bond of its common blood. A very simple statement, but it involves a principle that has tremendous consequences.

This is probably the first time and this is the first country in which people are being taught to realize that of all the tasks that we have to face, the noblest and most sacred for mankind is that each racial species must preserve the purity of the blood that God has given it.

The greatest revolution which National Socialism has brought about is that it has rent asunder the veil which hid from us the knowledge that all human failures and mistakes are due to the conditions of the time and therefore can be remedied, but that there is one error which cannot be remedied once men have made it, namely the failure to recognize the importance of conserving the blood and the race free from intermixture and thereby the racial aspect and character which are God's gift and God's handiwork. It is not for men to



Pope Paul III Looking at a Portrait of Martin Luther, by Karl Schorn, 1838.

discuss the question of why Providence created different races but rather to recognize the fact that it punishes those who disregard its work of creation.

Unspeakable suffering and misery have come upon mankind because they lost this instinct which was grounded in a profound intuition, and this loss was caused by a wrong and lopsided education of the intellect. Among our people there are millions and millions of persons living today for whom this law has become clear and intelligible. What individual seers and the still unspoiled natures of our forefathers saw by direct perception has now become a subject of scientific research in Germany. And I can prophesy here that, just as the knowledge that the earth moves around the sun led to a revolutionary alternation in the general world picture, so the blood-and-race doctrine of the National Socialist movement will bring about a revolutionary change in our knowledge and therewith a radical reconstruction of the picture which human history gives us of the past and will also change the course of that history in the future.

And this will not lead to an estrangement between the nations, but on the contrary it will bring about for the first time a real understanding of one another. At the same time, however, it will prevent the Jewish people from intruding themselves among all the other nations as elements of internal disruption, under the mask of

Revolutions per Minute

What	RPM
Earth's rotation	0.000696
Category 5 hurricane	0.055
Clock's second hand	1
Saltstraumen whirlpool	21.2
12-inch vinyl album	33 ⅓
Apache helicopter rotors	292
Compact disc	500
Ceiling fan	509
Salad spinner	950
Model T engine	1,600
Washing machine	1,600
Curveball	1,800
747 turbofan	11,000
F1 V6 engine	15,000
Large Hadron Particle Collider	674,700
Ultrasonic dental drill	800,000

honest world citizens, and thus gaining power over these nations.

We feel convinced that the consequences of this really revolutionizing vision of truth will bring about a radical transformation in German life. For the first time in our history, the German people have found the way to a higher unity than they ever had before, and that is due to the compelling attraction of this inner feeling. Innumerable prejudices have been broken down, many barriers have been overthrown as unreasonable, evil traditions have been wiped out, and antiquated symbols shown to be meaningless. From that chaos of disunion which had been caused by tribal, dynastic, philosophical, religious, and political strife, the German nation has arisen and has unfurled the banner of a reunion which symbolically announces not a political triumph but the triumph of the racial principle.

When the German community, based on the racial blood-bond, became realized in the German state, we all felt that this would remain one of the finest moments to be remembered during our lives. Like a blast of springtime, it passed over Germany four years ago. The fighting forces of our movement who for many years had defended the banner of the Hooked Cross against the superior forces of the enemy, and had carried it steadily forward for a long fourteen years, now planted it firmly in the soil of the new Reich.

Within a few weeks the political debris and the social prejudices which had been accumulating through a thousand years of German history were removed and cleared away.

May we not speak of a revolution when the chaotic conditions brought about by parliamentary democracy disappear in less than three months and a regime of order and discipline takes their place, and a new energy springs forth from a firmly welded unity and a comprehensive authoritative power such as Germany never before had?

So great was the revolution that its intellectual foundations are not even yet understood but are superficially criticized by our contemporaries. They talk of democracies and dictatorships, but they fail to grasp the fact that in this country a radical transformation has taken place and has produced results which are democratic in the highest sense of the word, if democracy has any meaning at all.

From "On National Socialism and World Relations." Hitler delivered this two-hour-long speech in the Reichstag on January 30—the fourth anniversary of his appointment as chancellor of Germany—and elsewhere in it he declared, "We are ready to do everything which in any way may contribute toward the restoration of order in Spain." Later that year, in April, the Luftwaffe assisted Gen. Francisco Franco's Legionary Air Force in the bombing of Guernica. Pablo Picasso completed his painting of the event two months afterward.

1793: Paris

PUBLIC-WORKS PROJECT

Article I
The people have triumphed over tyranny and superstition; a monument will consecrate this memory.

Article II
The monument will be colossal.

Article III
The people will be represented by a statue.

Article IV
Victory will furnish the bronze.

Article V
It will hold in one hand the figures of Liberty and Equality; it will lean with the other hand on its truncheon; on its forehead will be the word LIGHT; on its breast NATURE and TRUTH; on its arms, STRENGTH; on its hands, LABOR.

Article VI
The statue will be fifteen meters, or forty-six feet, tall.

Article VII
It will be erected on the debris of the idols of Tyranny and Superstition, built up to create a foundation.

Article VIII
The monument will be erected at the western-most point of the Île de Paris.

Article IX
The nation calls on all the artists of the Republic to present, within two months, models that will give an idea of the form, the attitude, and the character of this statue, following the decrees which will serve as a plan.

Article X
These models will be sent to the minister of the interior, who will deposit them in the museum, where they will be exhibited for twenty days.

Article XI
A jury, nominated by the Assembly of the Representatives of the People, will publicly judge the competition in the ten days following the exhibition.

Article XII
The four competitors who are most successful in the competition will compete with one another for the execution.

Article XIII
The statue made in plaster or clay in the proportions prescribed by Article VI, will be the required test for the second competition.

Article XIV
A new jury will pronounce publicly on the result after an exhibition lasting twenty days.

Article XV
He who wins the prize will be entrusted with the execution.

Article XVI
The other three competitors will be indemnified by the state.

Article XVII
The declaration of rights, the constitutional act engraved on steel, the medal of August 10, and this decree will be deposited in the truncheon of the statue.

Article XVIII
This decree, as well as the report, will be inserted in the bulletin and sent to the armies.

Jacques-Louis David, *from a decree presented to the National Convention. Nicknamed the "Robespierre of the brush," David as a member of the Committee of Public Instruction called for this monument to be built using dismantled old statues so a traveler might remark, "'I once saw kings in Paris, the objects of a humiliating idolatry; I went there again, and they were there no more.'" The project was never carried out. After Napoleon Bonaparte's coup d'état in 1799, David was commissioned to paint the canvas that became* Napoleon Crossing the Great Saint Bernard Pass.

1989: Berlin

AFTER THE FALL

Scene in West Berlin disco, December:

"Give me the key!"

"You have your own!"

"But it's my apartment."

"So starting today, should I sleep in the East?"

"What do I care? I simply don't want somebody coming to my pad at the drop of a hat!"

The opening of the Wall was a catastrophe for many who had tied their fortunes to the durability of this structure. The West Berlin woman demanding her key back is no longer so enamored of her East Berlin lover now that he can come over and see her anytime. And it can get even more complicated: West Berlin Romeos, including not a few Turks, maintained, along with their marriages in the West, romantic attachments in the East, the discreet existence of which the Wall quietly guarded. On the long night of November 9, and into the gray morning of November 10, many mistresses—some with kids in tow—stood before this or that door in the West, uninvited. With freedom comes responsibility.

But for the most part, upon my return to Berlin, I found the city startlingly unchanged. The stories about West Berliners doing their weekend shopping by noon on Thursday? A fairy tale. That West Berlin, because of the East German throngs, was suffering an easternlike shortage of goods? Not true either, not yet anyway.

Only in front of cheap grocery stores, electronics shops, and the post offices (where every East German was handed one hundred marks by the government—Western pocket money) did I discover the notorious lines. What I did notice was price gouging: in the Wilmersdorf shopping quarter, a pedestrian mall whose shops cater to the not-so-well-to-do, many

Scene from Russian propaganda film *The Storming of the Winter Palace*, directed by Nikolai Evreinov, 1920.

Mughal emperor Akbar the Great being presented with rebel prisoner (detail), by Kesav and Madhav Kalan, c. 1588.

things suddenly cost more, much more—radios, cameras, ski jackets, and, of course, blue jeans.

The recommendation in *Der Spiegel* of the East German author Heiner Müller to his fellow countrymen—that they should clean out West Berlin's KaDeWe department store instead of pressing their noses against shop windows—seemed to have been heeded. A new announcement over the loudspeakers at the big Hertie store warned, "Pay attention to your handbags!" The West Berlin police announced that the number of robberies doubled in the last two weeks of November.

Upon my first step across the border in December, I peeked into the customs booths and was struck by how the photos of Erich Honecker, who had led East Germany since 1971, had been taken down so quickly. You could see the blank rectangles, the clean, unfaded paint long hidden—Honecker had run East Germany for a long time. I asked a border agent, "When had the president been taken down?"

"Two days after his resignation."

"And who will take that place next?"

He shrugged his shoulders and grinned. "Who indeed?"

It can be said without exaggeration: the new friendliness, the looseness of the border agents, is almost eerie. I still have the harsh tone in my ear; I continue to wait for that inexorable gaze pinned to the bridge of my nose that used to last for several minutes. This particular guard winked me through, joked around, asked me, sounding truly interested, when I would come again! Had it all been just a bad dream? Can people so quickly unlearn habits ingrained over decades? When the Wall fell, what must have gone on in the heads of these people for whom it provided not only work but power?

"What did you do on November 9?" I asked.

"I went to station headquarters. We had to get ready for all the turmoil!"

I took out my papers. "Did you enjoy it? You personally?"

"Everything's okay now, yes? Have a good trip back!"

Why did I hope that he would refuse to answer at all, rather than make this friendly small talk?

What I could have gathered from any map of the city I discover first by walking around. The Potsdamerplatz (West Berlin), which I

have known for years, leads directly through a hole in the Wall into Leipzigerstrasse (East Berlin), which I have also known for years. Through the Brandenburg Gate, which used to symbolize the end of the West, one arrives at Berlin Middle, at Pariserplatz; and just beyond that is Unter den Linden. In Berlin, what for the past four weeks had been called "madness," "crazy," "unbelievable," in truth is the most normal thing: After all, what could be more normal than for people to be able to walk from one end of a street to the other? Having grown accustomed to an insane situation, we experience the normalization as something completely crazy.

A sense that things were crazy...but no sense, oddly, of happiness, defiance, triumph—no trace of euphoria, even of the Germanically moderate and inhibited kind. Wasn't this the first successful and, moreover, peaceful revolution ever in Germany? Walking in East Berlin, I felt as if nothing had happened.

The four East Berlin construction workers I met in the Sports Corner, a bar in Prenzlauer Berg, were, by four in the afternoon, pretty drunk. It took them a while to warm up to me. "Wall up, Wall down. What is really going to change for us?" one of them said. "Business is so washed-out that everyone from the West would have to invest themselves to death. From floor to roof, we are going to have to start our business from scratch before we are going to move forward."

Later, I went to a press conference called by the Unified Left—then a civic movement, now a legal political party—in the Information Center at the Alexanderplatz. Bettina Wegner, once a proud protest singer who left East Germany in the 1970s because she was prohibited from giving concerts, was back and performing. Beneath the applause of an audience slightly disturbed by a gut-stringed guitar—tonic, dominant, subdominant—she made the following confession—but why?—about her departure (the quotation is from my polemical memory):

There's nothing and no one whom I've
betrayed,
But to wait till the end, I was too afraid.
Maybe this song I should only hum
And one day go completely dumb.

After that I moved on to a Communist Party gathering being held in the Dynamo-Sports Hall. In the corridors of the enormous gymnasium, the attendants overwhelmingly outnumbered the party officials. Wandering, I heard one expression repeated dutifully in nearly every conversation: "With this burden we must live!" Which burden remained unsaid. And did *live* mean they would not step down?

The blow by which kings fall causes a long bleeding. —*Pierre Corneille, 1641*

In an assembly hall, speeches droned on. The point of each, without fail, was to differentiate the speaker from "the criminals." Closely following the Chinese model, there seemed to be emerging an alleged Gang of Four that led the party members astray: Honecker, Mielke, Schalkowski—and who was the fourth one? No one here asked. They were too busy ritually applauding their own innocence.

One simple statement was not to be heard: "Comrades. I was there. I believed in it, in him. And now my faith is shaken. I have for the moment, and for years to come, nothing to say." Instead of breaking up, instead of handing over their dishonestly obtained property and closing their mouths, the party hacks quickly hopped onto the next-smallest horse, one that hadn't yet been ridden to death. This one is called "democratic socialism."

Peter Schneider, *from "Concrete and Irony." A resident of West Berlin from around the time that East Germany erected the Wall in 1961, Schneider in this essay wrote that on the day in 1989 that it came down he was at Dartmouth College "writing a reply to a question posed to me by members of the German department: 'What would happen if the Berlin Wall came down?' The news reached me at 2 P.M., giving me just enough time to change all my verbs from the conditional to the past tense." Schneider is the author of the novels* The Wall Jumper *and* Eduard's Homecoming.

1923: Moscow

LANGUAGE POLICE

I read lately in one of our papers that at a general meeting of the workmen at the "Paris Commune" boot factory, a resolution was carried to abstain from swearing, to impose fines for bad language, etc.

This is a small incident in the turmoil of the present day—but a very telling small incident. Its importance, however, depends on the response the initiative of the boot factory is going to meet with in the working class.

Abusive language and swearing are a legacy of slavery, humiliation, and disrespect for human dignity—one's own and that of other people. This is particularly the case with swearing in Russia. I should like to hear from our philologists, our linguists, and experts in folklore whether they know of such loose, sticky, and low terms of abuse in any other language but Russian. As far as I know, there is nothing, or nearly nothing, of the kind outside Russia. Russian swearing in "the lower depths" was the result of despair, embitterment, and, above all, of slavery—without hope, without escape. The swearing of the upper classes, on the other hand, the swearing that came out of the throats of the gentry, the authorities, was the outcome of class rule, slave owner's pride, unshakable power. Proverbs are supposed to contain the wisdom of the masses—Russian proverbs show besides the ignorant and the superstitious mind of the masses and their slavishness. "Abuse does not stick to the collar," says an old Russian proverb, not only accepting slavery as a fact, but submitting to the humiliation of it. Two streams of Russian abuse—that of the masters, the officials, the police, replete and fatty, and the other, the hungry, desperate, tormented swearing of the masses—have colored the whole of Russian life with despicable patterns of abusive terms. Such was the legacy the Revolution received among others from the past.

But the Revolution is, in the first place, an awakening of human personality in the masses—who were supposed to possess no personality. In spite of occasional cruelty and the sanguinary relentlessness of its methods, the Revolution is before and above all the awakening of humanity, its onward march, and is marked with a growing respect for the personal dignity of every individual, with an ever-increasing concern for those who are weak. A revolution does not deserve its name if, with all its might and all the means at its disposal, it does not help the woman—twofold and threefold enslaved as she has been in the past—to get out on the road of individual and social progress. A revolution does not deserve its name, if it does not take the greatest care possible of the children—the future race for whose benefit the revolution has been made. And how could one create day by day, if only by little bits, a new life based on mutual consideration, on self-respect, on the real equality of women, looked upon as fellow workers, on the efficient care of the children—in an atmosphere poisoned with the roaring, rolling, ringing, and resounding swearing of masters and slaves, that swearing that spares no one and stops at nothing? The struggle against "bad language" is a condition of intellectual culture, just as the fight against filth and vermin is a condition of physical culture.

> *If there is any period one would desire to be born in, is it not the age of revolution, when the old and the new stand side by side and admit of being compared, when the energies of all men are searched by fear and by hope, when the historic glories of the old can be compensated by the rich possibilities of the new era?*
>
> *—Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1837*

To do away radically with abusive speech is not an easy thing, considering that unrestrained speech has psychological roots and is an outcome of uncultured surroundings. We certainly welcome the initiative of the boot factory, and above all we wish the promoters of the new movements much perseverance. Psychological habits that come down from generation to

generation and saturate the whole atmosphere of life are very tenacious, and on the other hand, it often happens with us in Russia that we just make a violent rush forward, strain our forces, and then let things drift in the old way.

Let us hope that the working women—those of the communist ranks in the first place—will support the initiative of the "Paris Commune" factory. As a rule—which has exceptions, of course—men who use bad language scorn women, and have no regard for children. This does not apply only to the uncultured masses, but also to the advanced and even the so-called responsible elements of the present social order. There is no denying that the old prerevolutionary forms of bad language are still in use at the present time, six years after October, and are quite the fashion at the "top." When away from town, particularly from Moscow, our dignitaries consider it in a way their duty to use strong language. They evidently think it a means of getting into closer contact with the peasantry.

Every revolution by force only puts more violent means of enslavement into the hands of the persons in power.

—Leo Tolstoy, 1893

PS. The fight against bad language is also a part of a struggle for the purity, clearness, and beauty of Russian speech.

Reactionary blockheads maintain that the Revolution, without having altogether ruined it, is in the way of spoiling the Russian language. There is actually an enormous quantity of words in use now that have originated by chance, many of them perfectly needless, provincial expressions, some contrary to the spirit of our language. And yet the reactionary blockheads are quite mistaken about the future of the Russian language—as about all the rest. Out of the revolutionary turmoil our language will come strengthened, rejuvenated, with an increased flexibility and delicacy. Our prerevolutionary, obviously ossified bureaucratic and liberal press language is already considerably enriched by new descriptive forms, by new, much more precise and dynamic expressions. But during all these stormy years our language has certainly become greatly obstructed, and part of our progress in culture will, among other things, show in our casting out of our speech all useless words and expressions, and those that are not in keeping with the spirit of the language, while preserving the unquestionable and invaluable linguistic acquisitions of the revolutionary epoch.

Language is the instrument of thought. Precision and correctness of speech is an indispensable condition of correct and precise thinking. The political power has passed now, for the first time in our history, into the hands of labor. The working class possesses a rich store of work and life experience, and a language based on that experience. But our proletariat has not had sufficient schooling in elementary reading and writing, not to speak of literary education. And this is the reason why the now governing working class, which is in itself and by its social nature a powerful safeguard of the integrity and greatness of the Russian language in the future, does not, nevertheless, stand up now with the necessary energy against the intrusion of needless, corrupt, and sometimes hideous new words and expressions. To preserve the greatness of the language, all faulty words and expressions must be weeded out of daily speech. Speech is also in need of hygiene. And the working class needs a healthy language not less but rather more than the other classes; for the first time in history it begins to think independently, about nature, about life and its foundations—and to do the thinking it needs the instrument of a clear incisive language.

Leon Trotsky, *from "The Struggle for Cultured Speech." As the commissar of war and one of the five members of the Politburo, Trotsky published this article in* Pravda. *After Vladimir Lenin died in 1924, Joseph Stalin consolidated his power within the Central Committee and organized denunciations of Trotsky as a reactionary and betrayer of Leninism. Trotsky was banished from the Soviet Union in 1929 and murdered in Mexico in 1940.*