Behind the Urals, more than half a century after the construction of the colossal steelworks of Magnitogorsk, the local populace still calls the smoke from the works the “bouquet of Magnitka.” The bright orange tint of the clouds rising above the forest of smokestacks confers a sense of majesty on this mammoth center of old-style industrialism, one of the vehicles for the USSR’s rise to superpower status—and for its decline.

Although debate about perestroika (restructuring) in the Soviet Union focuses on Moscow, the country’s reform stage to the world, perhaps something can be learned from venturing into the provinces. At one time synonymous with Soviet industrialization and the “building of socialism,” Magnitogorsk today is a prime expression of the realities that called forth the current reform and of the impediments that restrain it.

Two-thirds of the Soviet Union’s 285 million people live in cities. When we call to mind cities in the USSR, we are apt to think of Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, or perhaps even Tashkent. But there is another urban USSR, one composed of small- and medium-sized industrial towns. In the more than seventy years since the October Revolution, some twelve hundred new urban settlements have been created, the majority of them industrial centers. Magnitogorsk was one of the first.

Magnitogorsk gets its name from Magnetic Mountain (in Russian, Magnitnaia gora), a popular expression given to an unspectacular out-
crop of five semicircular hills that contained some of the richest and most accessible iron ore in the world. At Magnetic Mountain, just beyond the southern tip of the Urals in the wide-open steppe, as far to the east of Moscow as Berlin is to the west, secure from the threat of foreign invasion, the Soviet government decided to build the world's largest and most technologically advanced iron and steel plant.

Founded in 1929, Magnitogorsk instantly became the symbol of the revolutionary remaking of society that the October Revolution had promised. By 1932 this monument to Joseph Stalin's leadership was already producing pig iron and by 1933, steel. The transformation of the Soviet Union from a predominantly agrarian to a predominantly industrial country was under way.

While the great factory churned out pig iron and rolled steel, the two hundred thousand inhabitants of the town lived mostly in barracks, tents, and mud huts. There was almost no sewage system or running water; there were few street lights and virtually no paved streets. The workers, the vast majority of whom were yesterday's peasants, marched off to work carrying pictures of Stalin and singing the "Internationale." They worked sixteen-hour shifts, often without warm clothes and without enough to eat. In the heroic and chaotic days of the 1930s, Magnitogorsk was a frontier boomtown on a grand crusade.

By 1939 the Magnitogorsk Works was producing 10 percent of the Soviet Union's steel—at a site that a decade earlier had been barren. A few years later, this eastern steelmaking center played a vital role in the Great Patriotic War, especially after the chief industrial regions to the west were captured by the rapidly advancing German Wehrmacht. Magnitogorsk produced 50 percent of the steel used to make tanks during the war.

The sacrifices people made in building the plant during the 1930s stood them in good stead for the even greater sacrifices they were called upon to make during the war effort. Memories of the war in Magnitogorsk, as in all of the USSR, are palpably alive, a great source of anguish and of pride.

After the war the steel plant continued to expand, together with a large wiremaking factory that had been uprooted and evacuated to Magnitogorsk during the war. The euphoria of victory quickly gave way, however, to the enormous challenges of postwar reconstruction. Just as there had been severe food shortages in the city during the countrywide famine of 1932, so there were again, fifteen years later. Housing
remained primitive. As late as the early 1960s more than half the population still lived in barracks.

By the end of the 1980s, Magnitogorsk had become an industrial city of 438,000 people. Although its population is not large, it possesses what is now the largest steel complex in the world: the Magnitogorsk Works produces almost as much steel each year, sixteen million tons, as Great Britain does. But the revolutionary dream for an industrial and technological revolution that was supposed to produce a better way of life has faded.

Today Magnitogorsk finds itself in the midst of a severe housing crisis; with a municipal economy struggling to feed, clothe, and provide services for its people; with a bloated bureaucracy nevertheless unable to regulate or even measure a pervasive “second” economy; and with a population awash in alcohol and overwhelmed by lung and other respiratory diseases. Meanwhile, the development of heavy industry, the crowning achievement of the revolution, has reached a dead end: the mighty steel plant has turned into a wheezing dinosaur.

Although Magnitogorsk is a working-class town, at one time it was recognized as an international showpiece, used by Soviets and foreigners alike to demonstrate the robust health of the USSR at a time when the capitalist West was mired in the Great Depression. In fact, some of the leading Western engineering and industrial firms designed and helped build Magnitogorsk, and the city contained a sizable foreign community in the 1930s.

A special settlement called Amerikanka was created for the influx of foreign engineers and consultants. It was composed of cottages whose designs were lifted straight out of an American architectural magazine, affording the foreigners what were then unheard-of comforts: private sleeping quarters, indoor plumbing, hot water, even volleyball and tennis courts for summer recreation. Before long, however, the foreigners were asked to leave, at least in part because of a shortage of convertible currency with which to pay them. A new Soviet elite soon moved into the cozy cottages and built more, somewhat plusher ones that had gardens and were cordoned off by steel gates, so that they resembled little estates. By 1933 most foreign specialists had left Magnitogorsk, although a few hundred skilled workers remained. One of them was John Scott.
In 1932 Scott, disgusted by depression America, left the University of Wisconsin, took a welding course at the General Electric plant in Schenectady, New York, and made his way to Moscow, where, he imagined, a new world was being built. From there he was immediately dispatched to Magnitogorsk, where he lived and worked to build that new world until 1937, first as a welder and then as a chemical operator. Scott later described his Magnitogorsk experiences in a superb book, *Behind the Urals: An American Worker in Russia's City of Steel*. First published in 1943, Scott's memoir is still regarded as the classic firsthand account of daily life under Stalin.

Scott wrote his book during World War II at a time when the Wehrmacht’s lightning advances into Soviet territory had been halted and what many thought would be a total Soviet defeat had come to look like an improbable Soviet victory. In *Behind the Urals* he argued that the secret to the Soviet Union’s ability to withstand the Nazi onslaught lay in the experience of Stalinist industrialization: a ruthless, but ultimately necessary, crash program of building factories and training hundreds of thousands of “new” people to work in and manage them, combined with the far-seeing location of these factories in the Urals beyond enemy reach. Scott’s admiration for the hardy folk he met in Magnitogorsk was eclipsed only by his awe at the genius and iron will of Stalin, whom Scott credited with conceiving and implementing this industrialization strategy.

Scott was enamored of Stalin’s ability to “get the job done” but became appalled by the baffling, seemingly pointless murder of many of the country’s most talented engineers and managers. After the terror of 1937 and 1938, when many people he knew to be innocent were arrested, a disillusioned Scott repudiated his Communist sympathies. In 1941 he, his Russian wife, and their two young children departed the USSR for America after a four-year struggle with Soviet authorities to secure permission for Maria Scott to leave.

During the war Scott put his considerable knowledge of Soviet industry east of the Urals to work for the Board of Economic Warfare, which, like the Office of Strategic Services, was a forerunner of the CIA. In the postwar period, the former Communist propagandist became, like many of his generation, an evangelical anti-Communist. He became involved in efforts to organize Soviet émigrés in Europe and was a founder of the anti-Communist Radio Liberty. Included among his personal papers, which were donated after his death in 1976 to the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, are memoranda he wrote in the 1950s con-
firming the alleged Communist proclivities of certain American journalists.

As an editor for Time-Life for three decades, Scott traveled extensively and wrote a number of books warning of the dangers to the United States and Europe of the appeal to developing nations of the Soviet Union, which offered what Scott thought to be a successful, if costly and bloody, model of economic modernization. In addition to encouraging U.S. involvement in developing nations, Scott spoke everywhere, from U.S. Army bases abroad to PTA meetings in rural Connecticut, of the need to counter the Communist menace in places such as Vietnam.

For a long time after Scott left, Magnitogorsk was officially “closed” (even, it seems, to foreigners from socialist countries). The city was reopened in the early 1980s, coincidentally just after the last people had moved out of barracks housing. But outside of a handful of industrial consultants and managers, few foreigners chose to avail themselves of the opportunity to go there. In the spring of 1987, as part of a ten-month research trip to the USSR, I asked and received permission to visit Magnitogorsk. According to local authorities, I was the first American to spend time in the city in forty-five years.

During that stay in Magnitogorsk I lived in one of those cottages in the original American settlement, on a quiet, shady lane tucked away in a birch grove to the north of the steelworks. Two live-in maids were assigned to the premises. A large kitchen, a telephone, a color television set, and other luxuries were at my disposal.

At first, as virtually no foreigners ever visited the city and no public announcement had yet been made of my presence, there was absolutely no reason to suspect that I was not a Soviet citizen. True, I speak Russian with an accent, but so do approximately half the people living on Soviet territory. My anonymity was a terrific advantage, enabling me to mix in public without rigmarole, at least for a while.

Then when word spread that a young American was in the city, everyone, it seemed, wanted to meet me and to ask me questions. People would find me at the local archive, where I worked every weekday from 9:00 to 5:30. They would be waiting for me at the special cafeteria at the time I usually showed up; or they would be waiting for me at night, outside the locked gates of my five-bedroom cottage, sometimes past midnight. The phones at whatever institution I was expected to be vis-
iting would ring nonstop. For the inhabitants of Magnitogorsk I was a unique source of information about life in the United States and in Europe and, more surprisingly, about the history of the USSR and especially of Magnitogorsk. Moreover, I brought with me certain objects that otherwise would never have been seen by most of the locals: a Japanese automatic-focus camera, a Japanese laptop computer, zip-locking plastic bags, and pictures of my life in California. In short, my popularity, in part a result of Russian hospitality and warmth, ought also to be understood as reflecting the geographical and cultural isolation in which the people of Magnitogorsk lived.

Understandably, there was great concern among my hosts at the city’s Mining and Metallurgical Institute about what I might see, what I might learn, with whom I might speak, and where I might go. At most, they were accustomed to giving visitors the two-hour pokazka tour (that is, a tour of model institutions and well-coached people). But here they were confronted with someone who would be staying two months and who knew the Russian language and their city well enough to function independently of their supervision. And yet, the very people supervising my stay in the city and charged with “controlling” that stay through schedules, rules, and official escorts were also worried about what I would later say to the outside world. Given these ambiguities, few officials ever figured out how best to handle me and my endless string of unprecedented entreaties.

Their twin concerns—to limit what I would see and do and to make sure I left with positive impressions—led to some hilarious and contradictory behavior on the part of officials: scolding me one minute, flattering me the next; giving me lectures on what to say in front of an audience, then granting me special access to city officials. For the most part, however, requests to visit a court, school, factory, sobering-up station, and hospital were met with extreme suspicion and interpreted as confirmation that this American visitor was interested solely in discrediting the Soviet system. With rare exceptions, all such requests were refused. Not wanting to anger my hosts, I avoided attempting to visit such institutions without an official chaperone, instead making the most of the opportunities that came my way. In the end, virtually everything I was able to see and do in 1987 came about only after prolonged struggle and maneuvering.

Once they let me in the city, the authorities could not really control me, if only because of their own people’s curiosity. I was able to meet Magnitogorsk inhabitants easily, and I developed a large number of ac-
quaintances and friends. Not all of my escorts, however, were chosen by me. The administration of the Mining Institute provided a large and varied group of people to take care of me. Some of these people were genuinely helpful. Others were far more of a hindrance, and still others pretended friendship while at the same time asking probing and inappropriate questions about my activities. All of these people, some heroically, others nefariously, performed the dual function of assisting and keeping tabs on me.

Around town there was considerable suspicion of “the American.” Accusations of “spy” were commonly heard from all sorts of people, most of whom were unable to imagine how anyone “permitted” by his own government to travel abroad could not be a spy. Meanwhile, it soon became apparent that phones were being tapped. A number of people not on the approved “plan” who nevertheless met with me—often accidentally—were visited by the security police, questioned extensively, and usually intimidated from further contact. A few individuals who went out of their way to be friendly were sent out of the city by the authorities until the end of my stay. That police officials sought to determine whether an American on an official exchange deep in Soviet territory was a spy was, sadly, fully warranted by past experiences and known (if unacknowledged) practice.

Strange as it might now seem, I went to Magnitogorsk in 1987 with the intention not of recording its present but of studying its past. But the archives closed at 5:30, after which I had little choice but to confront the upheavals of today. The extraordinary fact that I had been granted permission to be there, and that I was witnessing something special taking place, struck me with great force. Soviet society was opening up, not only to the outside world but to itself. As busy as I was with my historical work on the Stalin era, it became impossible not to become equally caught up in what was happening under Mikhail Gorbachev.

The next year, 1987–88, while home in Berkeley, California, writing my doctoral dissertation, I applied to return to Magnitogorsk on the academic exchange for 1988–89 and was accepted. In April, almost exactly two years after my first trip, I was back. The contrast was astounding. No cottage or official friends this time; I stayed in the apartment of a Soviet family. No schedules, plans, and bureaucratic entanglements; hospitals, courts, party meetings, and, finally, the famed steel plant all
opened their doors to me. My presence, far from startling anyone, became a matter of course.

During my two two-month visits to Magnitogorsk, I read almost every issue of the daily city newspaper from March 1985 until June 1989 and many other local publications. And I had the opportunity to talk to hundreds of people. The limitations of this study stem less from traditional problems with access than from deficiencies in my own energy and imagination.

My walks in the Magnitogorsk cemetery, where I saw names I recognized from my research, and my walks through the streets, where I stumbled upon old, sometimes abandoned buildings in which important events in the city's life had taken place, combined with my readings on Magnitogorsk's past to provide me with a special relationship to the city. Furthermore, the city's manageable size enabled me to become familiar with virtually the entire community in a reasonable period of time.

And yet Magnitogorsk can be difficult for an American to get a handle on. It is a place where surface is nothing and depth is everything, where the simplicity that is visible disguises the complexity underneath, where blending in is considered preferable to standing out. Most uncanny for an American, one can drop in on friends at any time, day or night, and be welcomed utterly; soon, "failure" to drop by regularly becomes a cause for reproach and jealousy, as one is suspected of having been elsewhere (it is inconceivable that a person could prefer to be alone).

As an American, I found my life in Magnitogorsk disorienting for other reasons, too. It is a city without restaurants and cafés, without take-out eateries, all-night convenience stores, or supermarkets. It is a city in which disposable diapers or food processors, not to mention personal computers, seem like artifacts of a science fictional world. It is a city in which the chances of traveling abroad are probably not much better than those of winning the lottery.

At the same time, Magnitogorsk is a working-class city without unemployment or even the fear of being laid off, without a sizable and visible underclass, without a conspicuous elite or wealthy class, or for that matter without any manifest personal wealth at all. It is a city without traffic jams and parking nightmares—indeed, there are few cars. It is a city without guns and other lethal weapons, where murder and other violent crimes are uncommon and, even more strikingly, uncelebrated events. It is a city where people do not fear walking alone at
night, where children can be left to play outside without the threat of being kidnapped. Above all, it is a city with Pepsi but without the Pepsi generation, without yuppies who can have it all, without even the illusion of being able to have it all. And television plays a minor role in the lives of the people.

In the pages that follow I have adopted a documentary approach to telling the story of Magnitogorsk in the Gorbachev era. I am not so foolish as to think that someone from a different country, not to say a different person from America, would have written anything like the same book. By documentary I mean that through the extensive use of quotation, I have sought as much as possible to let the people of Magnitogorsk speak for themselves.

My method for gathering conversations, in addition to exhaustive reading of the local press, involved immersing myself in the society and becoming a sponge, absorbing as many different voices as Magnitogorsk had to offer. I rarely passed up one of the scores of invitations from people to join them in their homes, and I told of my life as I inquired of theirs; or, encountering people haphazardly on streets or buses, in shops or institutions, I asked questions, then wrote down almost everything that was said. Not everyone with whom I crossed paths was met randomly. Of the two dozen or so individuals I most wanted to interview, only a couple refused, and their refusals, although regrettable, did not substantially interfere with my ability to cover the issues as they suggested themselves and as I understood them.

No theme considered significant by the Magnitogorsk newspaper has been omitted from the discussion. No person interviewed by me has been left out, unless that person merely repeated what someone else had to say (this amounted to fewer than half a dozen people). Obviously, I could not include everything that everyone said, but I made sure to convey each person's principal thoughts and, if possible, his or her way of thinking.

In formal and informal settings, I spoke with the city's chief architect, his predecessor, the mayor, various party functionaries, the local priest, teachers, students, labor camp survivors, original settlers, Komsomol activists, engineers, night school students, soldiers back from Afghanistan, young writers, nearby collective farmers, old men at a retirement home, shoppers at the market, local artists and theater people, archivists, the editorial staff and reporters of the city newspaper, steelworkers, and
others. In all the outpouring of news and information to the outside world on the Soviet Union under Gorbachev, these voices, the voices of the full range of society in the Russian republic, have yet to be assembled and heard together.

The juxtaposition of voices in this book reflects both what I heard and what local journalists claimed they heard. Sometimes the comments from various people made at group meetings have been used separately. Lengthy discussions with locals, all of whom were made aware of my purposes, deeply influenced my understanding of how best to present their story.

It was not possible to learn everyone’s identity, but people’s names, when known, are used, with certain exceptions (such as a worker quoted in chapter 1, members of his family quoted in chapter 4, and a party official quoted in chapters 3 and 5, all of whom remain anonymous). Because all quotations in the pages that follow are of conversations that I participated in or that were cited in the city newspaper, footnotes to interviews and newspaper articles have been omitted. Other notes have been kept to a minimum.

Rendering the experience of Magnitogorsk inhabitants in English posed certain challenges. The literal English equivalents for such Russian concepts as apparatnym putem (done in an apparat-like way), dukhovnaia zhizn (spiritual life), and kommunalka (communal apartment) fail to convey the cultural richness and the many associations of the original. Nevertheless, my practice throughout was to translate the Russian as literally as possible, making (infrequent) exceptions only for idiomatic expressions. It is my hope that any awkwardness encountered in quotations reflects a similar failing in the Russian.*

I have divided the book into six chapters: chapter 1 deals with economic perestroika; chapter 2, with glasnost (openness) or ideological change; chapter 3, with the reformation of the party and the rise of informal groups; chapter 4, with the sluggishness of change seen through the reforms’ impact on everyday life; chapter 5, with the attempt to reinvigorate the reform process with competitive elections; and chapter 6, with the revival of historical memory, which, appropriately, affords a glimpse beyond the short term. Although the Soviet re-

* No method of transliterating Russian words into the Latin alphabet is entirely satisfactory. For the names of people from Magnitogorsk I have followed the Library of Congress conventions, with the exception that diacritical marks have been omitted. For the names of well-known individuals, however, I have opted for commonly used English spellings. Thus, the reader will encounter Evgenii Terletskii, but Joseph Brodsky (not Iosif Brodskii).
forms have been distinguished by their comprehensiveness, thereby giving an indication of the systemic nature of the trouble and the enormity of the tasks at hand, they proceeded in a rough sequence from ideology to economics to politics. In ordering the chapters, however, I thought it best to begin with the economy, which remains the crux. I have provided an afterword in lieu of a conclusion; a map and a select chronology of events precede the text.

The period under study is roughly that from spring 1985 until summer 1989 and the watershed Congress of People’s Deputies. The congress involved the first competitive elections in the USSR since just after the October Revolution and marked an implicit switch by the Soviet leadership from reform of the Communist order to hesitant but fateful moves toward that order’s transcendence. Not long after the congress, the avalanche in Eastern Europe began, thereby further clarifying the (unintended) significance of perestroika: termination rather than revitalization of Communist regimes. For these reasons, Gorbachev’s rule constitutes a distinct historical era, even if he should eventually leave the political scene.

As they groped for an understanding of the turmoil threatening to engulf their country, the inhabitants of Magnitogorsk sometimes turned to me for information and analysis. Yet other than historical data culled from archives and libraries, everything I had to say, if not already current, soon became so as a result of the deluge of ideas and images reaching the city through the Soviet media. My presence may in certain instances have accelerated the reception of specific ideas, but a larger process with its own momentum was taking place.

To be sure, there is no substitute for face-to-face contact, but I was not the only Westerner with whom the people of Magnitogorsk had lively discussions during the period under study. In the summer of 1988 thirty-two American guides accompanied an exhibit of American life that toured Magnitogorsk for five weeks. And after May 1987, Celestine Bohlen, then a reporter for the Washington Post, Bill Keller of the New York Times, Ann Cooper of National Public Radio, Jane Corbin of the BBC, and others visited, looking for insight into the progress of Gorbachev’s reforms in Stalin’s city of steel.

“It is said that cities are the face of an epoch,” wrote A. M. Pankov, former Magnitogorsk party secretary, in the foreword to the city’s guidebook published in 1978. “Contemporary Magnitogorsk to a re-
markable degree reflects the epoch of socialism.” Pankov’s apt com-
ment, made at the height of Brezhnev-era confidence, remained accurate
a decade later, but by then it had acquired an entirely different sig-
nificance.

Five years into perestroika it became clear that the epoch opened by
the 1917 October Revolution and consolidated by Stalin’s 1929 Revo-
lution from Above was drawing to a close, to virtually everyone’s pro-
found surprise. And just as the story of Magnitogorsk encapsulated the
formative period of Stalinism, so the experience of this Soviet steeltown
in the Gorbachev era reliably reflects the accelerated decomposition of
that system brought on unremittingly by the efforts to mend it.

During my second stay in Magnitogorsk I was able to visit the still
officially “closed” city of Cheliabinsk, the capital of the province in
which Magnitogorsk is located, for three days. Although more than
twice as large as Magnitogorsk, Cheliabinsk, a city of almost exclusively
heavy industry, offered an excellent foil—not only physically but socially
and politically—for understanding Magnitogorsk. My experience in
Cheliabinsk suggested, among other things, how widespread the pat-
terns encountered in Magnitogorsk were.

Cheliabinsk was not my only basis of comparison, however. My four
months in Magnitogorsk formed part of two trips to the Soviet Union
totaling sixteen months. I spent most of that time in Moscow, although
in addition to the Urals I was able to visit virtually every major region
of the country, including most of the fifteen national republics that rim
it. Unlike what I saw in Cheliabinsk, developments among the border
nationalities offered a striking contrast to what I observed in Magnito-
gorsk.

From the Baltic Sea to the Caucasus Mountains political movements
aimed at dismantling the Soviet system rode the powerful wave of na-
tionalism, fusing the goal of an exit from the union with that of an exit
from communism. The world watched in awe as Communist party rule
crumbled and independent political groups of varying orientation as-
sumed power in Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Georgia, Armenia, and
Azerbaijan. Similar forces were at work, although not always with quite
the same goals or results, in Moldavia, the Ukraine, and Central Asia.

By contrast the largest Soviet republic, Russia, seemed far behind—
until the banner of Russian nationalism was taken away in 1990 from
anti-Semitic chauvinists and made a vehicle for anticommunism by the
parliamentary opposition. And yet in the urbanized parts of the Russian
republic, only the largest cities—Moscow, Leningrad, Sverdlovsk, No-
vosiibirsk, and perhaps one or two others—offer a slightly different picture of the course of the Gorbachev reforms from the one presented in this book. Moreover, those differences, above all in the breakthroughs achieved by oppositional political groups, only confirm the lesson of Magnitogorsk—namely, that if the real task before the country is not restructuring the Communist system but dismantling it, alternative political structures—to say nothing of economic ones—do not automatically arise.

In this regard, superseding Communist party rule would be only a first step. Developments in Moscow, mind-boggling as they have been, carry an uncertain prospect for the resolution of Magnitogorsk’s myriad problems. And these problems—obsolete industry, ecological devastation, dilapidated or nonexistent infrastructure, declining living standards, and deteriorating health—beset more than one thousand similar cities with almost one hundred million combined inhabitants. Ultimately, whatever happens in the contests for power in the capital and between the republics, the dilemmas posed by industrial cities with large working-class populations will remain, forming both the backdrop for central political struggles and a daunting stumbling block for all who would dare to lead the country out of crisis.

To witness the drama of the Gorbachev reforms as they unfolded in a medium-sized provincial industrial city in the second half of the 1980s was an astonishing opportunity, one made possible by a particularly favorable convergence of circumstances over a number of years.

This project grew out of my doctoral work in history at the University of California, Berkeley, where I had the greatest of fortunes to be trained by Reginald Zelnik, whose scholarship and professional conduct have had a profound impact on me. At Berkeley Martin Malia impressed upon me his views on the Soviet phenomenon with captivating analytical rigor during what turned out to be a three-year conversation in his office, a tradition that has been periodically revived. I am grateful for his guidance and comments on this manuscript. Ever since my 1985 visit to Columbia University’s Harriman Institute, Mark von Hagen has bestowed on me not only his incomparably wide knowledge and appreciation of twentieth-century Russia but also a loving and much-needed friendship. His suggestions for the afterword were invaluable. The late Michel Foucault enthusiastically took a group of us at Berkeley under his wing, freely sharing the riches of his fertile and playful mind while
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