

## Musings of a Monster

Krupskaya in her scurrilous Testament says that Lenin thought that I am too crude and that a General Secretary should be more tolerant, more polite and more attentive towards comrades, less capricious.

Which just goes to show how head in the clouds Lenin was and how clever I have been. Though he thought I wasn't very clever either. Just goes to show how far low cunning will get you!

Three things: access, control and venality, that's all you need to succeed. Before Lenin died, I was General Secretary but he didn't understand that that meant that I controlled access: access to jobs, preferments and promotions, access to Lenin himself. Control too because those I got the jobs, preferments and access then owed me a debt which I have never failed to collect: venality. They became my place-men in the Party and the Army.

But after access and control come fear. Fear is a great leveller, a true communist virtue. When the Cheka became GPU and then OGPU and the NKVD, it was my men in place who ran the show and when my men knock on your door at 3am, that is the fear by which I controlled all of the state.

So now they notice when I come into the room and I sense the frisson of fear as I catch their eye as I walk to my seat in the Politburo. I see how they sit on the edge of their seats, squirming. They know the things I have done and had done in the name of the state. The Gulags are full of their denounced rivals or those who have failed to please. They know they could be next, not for a reason but on my whim, not for anything under their control because I have the control.

They want me gone, I have ruled this roost too long, they think. They remember the anti-fascist troops and tanks and planes we sent to Spain and then the pact with Hitler. A contradiction which saved us but they don't remember that. The people do, to them I am Uncle Joe but to Beria and Molotov and Khrushchev and Malenkov, I am the block to their advancement.

I do not care. We have twenty million dead from war and famine but five hundred million still alive. We may have piled the bodies high but I am still here. They hate me, they plot against me. Perhaps there will be more bodies in the courtyard later on.

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