

New World REVIEW

Editorial

**STOP THE WAR —
ESCALATE FOR PEACE!**

Anne K. Eaton

THE USSR AND VIETNAM

Jim Riordin

MOSCOW HIT PARADE

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LIFE IN YUGOSLAVIA

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FROM THE CUBAN EARTH

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PLEASE NOTE: The next number of NWR will be the joint August-September issue which you will receive early in September. Our new frequency is monthly except for this bi-monthly summer issue.

The summer months—long and hot and full of crises—are under way. The months of this summer may very well determine many things: whether we are to commit hundreds of thousands of U.S. soldiers for years to come in ground warfare in South Vietnam; whether U.S.-USSR relations are to worsen still more dangerously and whether our brutal escalation of the war against the Vietnamese people will lead to world nuclear war. At stake too is whether the people of the Dominican Republic will be permitted to find their own solutions for their problems; whether the Negro people of our own country will go further down that painful road which leads to freedom.

We know your thoughts are never very long from these matters, that you are playing your part to bring about a world of peace and freedom.

But let us again remind you that we hope you will not forget the constant need of NWR for your contributions if we are to continue in the struggle for friendship, for understanding, for peace among peoples.

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Stop the War — Escalate for Peace

PRESIDENT Johnson and his highest national security advisers last week strongly reaffirmed the Administration's policy in Vietnam—a policy of forceful but limited military pressures aimed at opening the way to a negotiated peace."

Thus the *New York Times* began its review of the week on Sunday, June 20. This stubborn reaffirmation of a policy that has failed every step of the way is deeply depressing, for the war's escalation, with its mounting cost in human lives, is the greatest obstacle to any negotiated peace settlement.

This policy reaffirmation, as the *Times* pointed out, came during a period of growing criticism of the President's course both at home and abroad. While this criticism has not yet been strong enough to force a change, there is a new defensiveness in the President's speeches, an almost hysterical need for self-justification. The former self-assurance and confidence in the correctness of his course seem now to be lacking. This then is the moment for the peace forces to move in with all their strength to escalate the pressure for peace until it surpasses the pressure for war, and to insist that any meaningful negotiations must include the South Vietnam National Liberation Front.

The indignation being aroused throughout the world by U.S. policies cannot be without effect. Walter Lippmann wrote in *Newsweek*, June 21, that he had been to Europe twice during the past seven months and in that time "there has been a spectacular decline in respect for U.S. foreign policy." He said the official support from London, Bonn and Rome, do not reflect conviction, but only "expediency and deference to our power." In all responsible quarters, he said, in government, business, the arts and journalism "there is expressed great loss of confidence in American leadership." This distrust, he said, was caused by President Johnson's expansion of the war in Vietnam, and his massive intervention in the Dominican Republic, and "could not be shrugged off."

Fulbright Opposes Spread of War

AMONG the efforts to define and defend the Administration's position was the June 15 address to the Senate on Vietnam by Senator J. William Fulbright (D-Ark.), chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. This speech was made following a long conversation with President Johnson, and while Senator Fulbright has had reservations about Administration policies, he obviously yielded to pressure from the President to defend the latter's role, and make it appear he sincerely seeks a negotiated settlement. At the same time, the Senator expressed strong opposition to further widening of the war. Could it be that this speech represents an effort on behalf of the

Administration to find a way out of the Vietnam mess, under some sort of face-saving arrangement?

Senator Fulbright declared that a complete military victory in Vietnam could be attained only "at a cost far exceeding the requirements of our interest and our honor"—and that unconditional withdrawal of American forces would also have "disastrous consequences." He went on:

I am no less opposed to further escalation of the war because the bombing thus far of North Vietnam has failed to weaken the military capacity of the Vietcong in any visible way; because escalation would invite the intervention—or infiltration—on a large scale of great numbers of North Vietnamese troops; because this in turn would probably draw the United States into a bloody and protracted jungle war in which the strategic advantages would be with the other side; and finally, because the only available alternative to such a land war would then be the further expansion of the air war to such an extent as to invite either massive Chinese military intervention in many vulnerable areas in Southeast Asia or general nuclear war.

The Senator pointed out that with the coming of the monsoons and new offensive Vietcong actions "The war has been going badly for our side," that this would probably continue until the end of the monsoons next fall, bringing mounting pressures for expansion of the war, which he declared would be "most unwise." He insisted that the President has resisted all such pressures and "remains committed to the goal of ending the war at the earliest possible moment without preconditions."

Senator Fulbright proposed that there be simply a holding operation in support of the South Vietnamese army, and that our efforts be focussed "on persuading the Communists that they cannot win a complete military victory." Then, with major concessions on both sides, negotiations based on a return "in all their specifications" to the Geneva accords, might be possible.

The peace movement cannot of course support this, since the longer the war continues the more difficult negotiations become, and what must be demanded is an end of all bombing in the North and an end of the killing in the South and a withdrawal of American forces.

Yet the speech is significant in reflecting the influence of the peace pressures and indicating a possible search in some circles close to the Administration for an "honorable" way out and thus should be taken as an opening for new demands for ending the war.

The Deadly Escalation Continues

FURTHER deadly escalation of the war in Vietnam was under way even as Senator Fulbright was expressing his opposition to such a course and suggesting an alternative.

On June 8 it had been left to a State Department press officer to announce that U.S. troops were now authorized to take a direct com-

bat role in offensive operations. The next day the White House sought to deny that any change had been made in policy. In fact, however, its statement was only a confirmation of the fact that authorization for U.S. troops to take part in direct combat had already been given several months ago.

On June 16, Secretary of Defense McNamara announced that 20,000 more U.S. troops were on the way to South Vietnam. This brought the total U.S. forces there up to 75,000 men, of whom 21,000 are combat troops. They were sent, said McNamara, "at the request of the South Vietnam Government" (a government that already no longer existed). It is reported that the decision to send in thousands more troops has already been made. This was forecast by McNamara's statement that the ratio of superiority of the South Vietnamese government forces has fallen from five to one to four to one, whereas this type of guerrilla warfare would in fact require a ten or even fifteen to one ratio according to his own previous estimates. Additional troops to stave off still greater defeats than those already suffered by the South Vietnamese forces could come only from the United States.

This fall in the South Vietnam forces has come about in part through the successful assaults against them of the National Liberation Front, which in recent weeks are reported to have led to 1,000 battle losses a week. The unwillingness of the South Vietnamese to continue the fighting has led to another 1,000 a week losses through desertions under fire. Another 2,000 weekly are reported deserting in the rear. The recruiting campaign to raise the paper strength of the Saigon forces from 550,000 to 660,000 has so far failed completely.

Dinosaur in Action

NEXT came the fantastic fiasco of the raid of June 17 in which for the first time the U.S. Strategic Air Command sent into action its big bombers. Thirty B-52's set out for the 5,000 mile round trip from Guam and 27 reached their target, a two square mile forest area twenty-five miles from Saigon, supposed to be a Vietcong base, which they blanketed with saturation bombing. Two of the bombers were destroyed in a collision in refueling over the sea, another turned back because of mechanical failure.

It cost the United States \$20 million (two lost B-52's, 500 tons of bombs dropped) and eight lives to destroy one Vietcong soldier who it appears was already dead anyway. (An AP report said there were undoubtedly civilian casualties.)

One can only think of the great dinosaurs of prehistoric days, all bulk and brawn and no brains who lashed about doing great damage and in the end destroying themselves.

While some Washington officials sought to call this mission an "important success," because it "dispersed" the enemy, prevented an

attack or at any rate certainly must have lowered (or maybe raised?) their morale, others frankly called it a "humiliating failure." According to Seymour Topping's dispatch to the *New York Times*, June 19, South Vietnamese troops lifted to the bombed area half an hour after the operation, "found no evidence . . . that any Vietcong had been killed by the air attacks or that any structures had been demolished." Several women and children were arrested by the search troops.

Sources in Washington speculated that "faulty U.S.-South Vietnamese government intelligence had picked the wrong target or that excellent Vietcong intelligence had forewarned the guerrillas." (*New York Herald Tribune*, June 19.)

Psychologically, reports said, this raid was supposed to furnish evidence of U.S. determination to use its power to win the war in Vietnam, to show that airpower could be used even during the monsoon season, and also, no doubt, it was intended to frighten China.

But while the human cost of this raid was comparatively low, as was that of the April 14th saturation bombing by 230 U.S. and South Vietnamese fighter planes in a heavily wooded area in Tayninh province, this is no measure of the over-all loss of human life that has resulted from U.S. intervention in and hence prolongation of Vietnam's civil war. U.S. actions have brought death to tens of thousands of Vietnamese people, wounding and maiming and burning by napalm and other bombs of countless thousands of others. Most of the victims are not soldiers and guerrillas, but ordinary villagers, old people, women and children. A *New York Times* dispatch from Saigon, June 6, reported that after U.S. jets had pounded the hills around Quangngai, May 31, that it was estimated as many as 500 Vietnamese were killed by the strike. The dispatch continued:

The American contention is that they were Vietcong soldiers. But three out of four patients seeking treatment in a Vietnamese hospital afterwards for burns from napalm or jellied gasoline, were village women.

U.S. casualties have risen steadily with the escalation of the war. As U.S. troops go more directly into offensive combat operations the lists of dead Americans will grow longer still.

Despite President Johnson's assurances that U.S. raids against the North have been directed at radar stations, bridges and ammunition dumps and not population centers, eye-witness reports of correspondents of other nations on the spot tell of many human beings killed by the raids, including women, children and old people and the sick in bombed hospitals.

In the President's strange, frightening, rambling press conference of June 17 one got the impression of a man intoxicated with holding in his hands a power of life or death over the world's people that no man should ever have. And yet in the very irrationality and incoherence of some of his defensive remarks there could be detected an

uncertainty which indicates that the mounting pressures for peace have indeed had their effect despite all Johnson's efforts to belittle them by likening them to the croaking of two frogs in a pond.

In that press conference, President Johnson was almost hysterical in his insistence that Congress had given him the authority to do anything he wanted in Vietnam. To a question that suggested he go back to Congress for authority to support the growing commitment of American combat troops in Vietnam, he referred to the resolution passed by Congress last summer in connection with U.S. retaliation in the Gulf of Tonkin incident. He declared, describing the language of the resolution submitted at that time:

That language, just as a reminder to you, said the Congress approves and supports the determination of the President as Commander-in-Chief "to take all-all necessary measures to repel any-any armed attack against the forces of the United States" and "to prevent further aggression."

Immediately around President Johnson are a group of inhuman, computer-minded men. They seem incapable of thinking of the solution of any foreign policy problem in other terms than calculating how many hundreds of millions of human deaths may be acceptable in achieving their anti-Communist ends. It is this military ring we must break through. If everyone makes their voices heard, it can be done.

The Man Who Loves Hitler

THE man who loves Hitler has taken over as Premier in South Vietnam as this is being written. Air Vice Marshal Nguyen Cao Ky called Hitler his only hero, according to the London *Sunday Times* of January 10, 1965, and said "We need four or five Hitlers in Vietnam." Ky has personally led some of the U.S.-directed air strikes against North Vietnam.

He was chosen for the leading post by the military committee which toppled the Government of Phan Hue Quat, a Buddhist, on June 13. U.S. Ambassador General Taylor apparently sought to block his appointment as too raw. But whatever the U.S. may still be able to patch together, its own policies have prevented the emergence of any sort of stable government and paved the way for this dictator's emergence. Ky's first act was to set in motion a regime of terror. The new military rulers immediately prepared for public executions, erecting sand bag emplacements in Saigon's central square for the firing squads to carry out their bloody work. Death was decreed for "Vietcong terrorists, corrupt officials and black marketeers," with an implicit threat against all political opponents of the regime.

This new dictator-led military clique represents the tenth succeeding "government" in nineteen months. Marshal Ky thus becomes the heir to the guarantees of aid first given to puppet Diem, installed by

the United States (see the remarkable article *The "Vietnam Lobby"* in July *Ramparts*) and later murdered with our blessing. Faithfulness to that guarantee, pledged by President Johnson, now means support to the fascist Ky. It is for him Americans are now shedding their blood and the blood of others.

U.S.-USSR Ties Damaged by Vietnam War

FIRST AND foremost it is the moral outrage of our country's military intervention in the affairs of other nations that must impel every decent American to keep on protesting and demonstrating in whatever way open to us until the killing is stopped.

Meantime, there is the incalculable damage already done to delicate fabric of American-Soviet relations woven so carefully and painfully over recent years and now recklessly torn apart by Administration policies.

Cyrus S. Eaton, the Cleveland industrialist, brought back from his conferences with Soviet Premier Alexei Kosygin and President Anastas Mikoyan, the sharpest warnings of the consequences of continued U.S. aggressive policies in Vietnam. The Soviet leaders expressed the feeling that the United States did not understand the seriousness of their commitment to help defend socialist North Vietnam. They made clear there can be no expectation of continued peaceful coexistence with the United States as long as it is attacking another socialist country. Mrs. Eaton writes of these questions in her article elsewhere in this issue.

An article by Max Frankel in the *New York Times*, June 20, suggests that there is some disquiet in the Administration over the cooling of ties with the Soviet Union with efforts being made, as usual, to place the onus on the latter. "Peace appeals" from the President to the Soviet Union at this point have an ironical sound. The Administration's own policies of escalating the war and bombing the North have been the main obstacle to any negotiated settlement or any part the Soviet Union might earlier have played in bringing it about. Only abandonment of its present war policies by the United States will bring about a situation in which peaceful coexistence can again be actively pursued.

The actual deterioration of US-USSR relations over the Vietnam war makes recent Chinese charges of Soviet "softness" in relation to U.S. imperialism sound very strange indeed. Peng Chen, member of the Political Bureau and the Secretariat of the Central Committee of the Chinese Party, and head of a delegation to Indonesia, said in a speech there on May 25 in which he assailed the present Soviet leaders for carrying on Khrushchev's policy:

They have insisted on staying outside the united front of the people of the world against U.S. imperialism and conducting an ardent flirtation with it so that they are like a pair of lovebirds that even clubbing cannot separate.

What in the world is the purpose of such a nonsensical statement? In addition to the signs of deterioration already cited, not a day passes but there does not come to my desk an appeal from one or another group in the Soviet Union assailing U.S. actions in Vietnam in the sharpest possible terms. The USSR is giving extensive practical aid in military weapons and anti-aircraft missiles for defense in North Vietnam, as well as in restoring the damage to roads and bridges by U.S. bombers. Only now after remaining silent for many months and making many efforts for cooperation with China for the defense of Vietnam has the USSR at last, in *Pravda*, June 20, come out with an answer to Chinese attacks, and told the story of China's rejection of Soviet proposals for joint action to oppose U.S. military moves in Vietnam, and of China's attempts to block Soviet aid to Hanoi.

The Soviet Union has lost no opportunity to attack U.S. aggressive policies in both Vietnam and the Dominican Republic on the floor of the United Nations. In his latest statement, published June 5, Dr. Nikolai T. Fedorenko, sharply assailed continued U.S. intervention in the domestic affairs of the Dominican Republic under cover of the OAS, and declared:

The Soviet Government urges the Security Council and all UN member nations to give a rebuff to attempts to indulge in violence and lawlessness and unceremoniously violate the major provisions of the UN Charter. It is imperative to put an end to American aggression against the Dominican Republic, withdraw immediately all U.S. armed forces and all foreign troops from that country. It is necessary to take steps to prevent the United States from further using the Organization of American States as a tool for achieving its imperialist aims, for interference in the affairs of sovereign nations.

The Mounting Demands for Peace

OUR greatest hope today lies with the peace forces of America and their growing militancy, learned from the civil rights struggle, and merging with it. Outstanding of course was the great youth peace march of April 17, bringing 25,000 people to Washington to urge an end of the war in Vietnam. Organized by the Students for a Democratic Society, it was joined by the Student Peace Union, the Du Bois Clubs, the May 2nd movement and others.

Then came the involvement of the Academic community along with the students as the significant teach-in movement swept from one campus to another, culminating in the all-day National Teach-in in Washington, May 2 which brought sanity on the Vietnam issue not only to students listening in on dozens of campuses but directly into thousands of American homes. Other campus teach-ins continued, with the massive teach-in at Berkeley May 21-22 leading them all with 12,000 attending. The Teach-in scholars have formed a permanent organization, "The Interuniversity committee for Debate on Foreign Policy."

We cannot begin to enumerate all the groups who have expressed

their opposition to the war in Vietnam and intervention in the Dominican Republic in newspaper ads, and in meetings and demonstrations of all kinds throughout the country in recent months. June 8 saw the great Madison Square Garden rally in New York, attended by 18,000 people. It was addressed, by Senator Wayne Morse, Dr. Hans Morgenthau, Dr. Benjamin Spock, Bayard Rustin, Mrs. Dagmar Wilson, Clark Kissinger (SDS), Norman Thomas, Mrs. Martin Luther King Jr., Rabbi Eugene Lipman, and M. L. Thorne, father of a jet pilot killed in Vietnam. Ossie Davis was co-chairman of the rally with Dr. Harold Taylor. Joan Baez was among the entertainers. The meeting was organized by the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy and supported by 29 peace and liberal organizations. It was a rousing protest against U.S. war policies.

Women Strike for Peace, that valiant organization which has been sparking the peace movement in the last few years, was one of the main organizers of the Garden rally. They have stimulated and been the backbone of many demonstrations across the country. June 23 WSP staged a big Mothers' Vietnam Protest in Washington, D. C., demonstrating at the White House and meeting with Congressmen.

WSP representatives in Moscow to attend the 20th anniversary celebrations of the defeat of fascism in World War II met there with several women from both North and South Vietnam. With them they planned a meeting of 12 WSP representatives and twelve Vietnamese women to discuss the latter's proposals for a settlement based on the Geneva agreement, and a joint appeal to the women of the world.

The Committee for Non-Violent Action on June 16 carried out a demonstration of 200 at the Pentagon, giving out leaflets, speaking on the steps, and rather too politely being invited inside.

Very heartening is the growing moral outrage among writers and artists at our country's foreign policies. Many thousands have signed a protest ad. Lewis Mumford utilized the annual spring ceremonial of the American Academy of Arts and Letters of which he is president to make an eloquent appeal against our government's "cold-blooded blackmail and calculated violence" in Vietnam and elsewhere.

The poet Robert Lowell, Pulitzer prize winner, rejected the invitation to appear at the White House arts festival on June 15 in a letter to President Johnson expressing his "dismay and distrust" of U.S. foreign policy. Paul Strand, documentary photographer, also rejected the invitation, saying he shared Lowell's feelings. Twenty of America's leading writers and poets sent a telegram to the President supporting Lowell's action. Authors Saul Bellow and John Hersey decided to attend although expressing their disagreement with the Administration's foreign policy. John Hersey took the occasion of the festival to read an excerpt from his *Hiroshima*, pointing its lesson for today:

The step from one degree of violence to the next is imperceptibly taken, and cannot easily be taken back. And the end point of these little steps is

FRED ELLIS, 1885-1965

Fred Ellis, who died on June 8, was a gifted cartoonist and artist. He was also a wonderful person, warm and witty, modest and gentle, full of love of human beings.

Fred's cartoons, in the great tradition of Robert Minor and Art Young, were rich in knowledge of workers learned from his own experience in the Chicago stockyards. For thirty years he was staff cartoonist of *The Worker* and *Daily Worker* and his work has been published in many other publications and anthologies. In the 'thirties he worked as a cartoonist in the Soviet Union, where his work is greatly admired.

We are very proud that in earlier years, when our magazine was illustrated, Fred often contributed to our pages. In his later years he did many fine oil paintings.

Fred has been a dear part of the lives of many of us who have known him over the years. We cherish our memories of him and share the grief of his wife Ethel and his son Robert.

horror and oblivion. We cannot forget the truly terminal dangers, in these times, of miscalculation, of arrogance, of accident, of reliance not on moral strength but in mere military power. Wars have a way of getting out of hand.

A growing number of U.S. Representatives are joining the opposition to the Vietnam war in the Senate led by Senators Morse and Gruening. One valuable result of the Washington Teach-in was the call for public hearings on the Administration's Vietnam policy by 28 Democratic Congressmen. In a letter on June 3 to the Chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee. Rep. Benjamin S. Rosenthal, chief organizer of the move, said that the Congressmen thought such a "major policy debate" should be held in Congress rather than in a hotel ballroom. Representative Rosenthal, a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee, had earlier spoken in the House against U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic. Referring to the revolutionary movements in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic, he warned:

. . . to pretend that such movements represent an undifferentiated world-wide conspiracy inevitably masterminded by the Kremlin, Peiping, Hanoi or anywhere else, is to foreclose any hope for resolution of conflict and for peaceful progress.

A strong voice in the House against escalation of the war in Southeast Asia is that of Rep. Edith Green (D. Ore.) In a speech explaining her vote against the additional \$700 million dollars for war purposes requested by the President in a form that made it also a vote of confidence in his policies, Mrs. Green declared:

There is a point beyond which credibility simply will not stretch—and it is that somehow by waging a wider war—we pursue a policy of peace. . . .

I cannot in good conscience lend myself to that kind of devious usurpation of Congressional power and for the purpose of continuing a course of action which I believe will only reap at best decades of hostility, enmity and distrust of my countrymen by the peoples of Asia or, at worst, utter catastrophe for my nation and the world.

J. S.—June 18

WARNINGS FROM MOSCOW

Soviet Patience Wears Thin at U.S. Blindness on Seriousness of USSR's Commitment to Vietnam

by ANNE K. EATON

Moscow, May 21, 1965

THE STORY here is today's official Soviet communique on President Johnson's speech celebrating the 20th anniversary of the war's end. This end-of-our-patience statement, published in full in all the Soviet papers, is read with grim approval by the man in the street. "We have been very delicate until now," it is said, "and we are not ordinarily delicate, but we cannot stay silent after this speech. This is the first time we have criticized your President directly."

The communique points out that Johnson not only did not mention by name who started the war, what it was fought over, or who the anti-Nazi allies were (the Soviets lost over 20 million, with 1700 cities destroyed and 70,000 villages burned), he asserted that "when the dawn came, 20 years ago, it was a grey dawn because the shadow of Soviet ambition fell over the face of Europe." "This is a gross attempt to discredit Soviet policy and distort its role in liberating Europe from fascism," the official statement says; it then contrasts Roosevelt's praise of the army and the people of the USSR "whose example and selflessness," FDR is quoted, "in the struggle against tyranny and oppression are an inspiration to all united in the common struggle for victory."

Johnson's speech is analyzed here officially and otherwise as a return to policies abandoned "even by Dulles a half year before he died": ousting socialism from Europe (including the liquidation of East Germany to reestablish pre-war boundaries), and furnishing nuclear weapons through NATO to West Germany. To the Soviets, Johnson is openly advocating a global fight against communism in Europe as well as Asia. Anyone with half an ear can hear in this communique the changes being rung by Moscow in Asia, Africa and Latin America as well as central and eastern Europe. It is a blunt warning that puts the entire burden of responsibility for possible consequences on "the leaders of the USA."

In the preceding week of official luncheons, teas, dinners and receptions, as well as in long, sober serious talks with government

ANNE K. EATON, has recently returned from a trip to the Soviet Union with her husband, industrialist Cyrus S. Eaton. She was good enough to give us permission to use this article, written originally for the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, which we received just too late for our June issue.

leaders, we found that bitter disappointment in the deterioration of U.S.-USSR relations over Vietnam underlies every subject: disarmament, trade, cultural exchange, anticipated visits to the U.S. by Soviet leaders who now have asked for rainchecks until "the weather is better," and the whole troubled subject of the future. Deeper and more serious is the dawning awareness of America's "dangerous misconception" of the USSR's commitment to Vietnam and every socialist country. "We are being challenged at the very core of the socialist idea," it is said. "If we fail to aid Vietnam the whole fabric of socialism comes apart. And for what? Our differences with China are trivial compared to this ideological test. We will die for the unity of socialism if necessary."

To the Soviets, this deterioration of relations, from Johnson's first State of the Union message which suggested U.S. visits by Soviet leaders, is swift, astonishing and terrible. For the U.S. to "raise again the banner of a crusade against socialism" while talking of working toward an agreement with the USSR to end tensions "looks strange, to say the least, in this speech imbued with hostility toward all forces of socialism."

Within 24 hours of our arrival we saw hundreds of our old Soviet friends in a crowd at the airport to greet us and at a government reception for India's Prime Minister Shastri. In view of current events next door to India, Shastri's state visit here with a great entourage, his speech to the Soviet Congress and the grand-scale, magnificent farewell reception are a significant contrast to the abrupt U.S. postponement of his intended visit.

To reach the Kremlin's Hall of St. George, scene of these elegant functions for visiting heads of State, guests use a broad, flight-and-a-half marble, red-carpeted staircase into a white and gold 500-foot hall with high vaulted ceiling, huge gold chandeliers and at least a thousand candles glittering high on the cornices. We have seen it several times on similar occasions, alive with light and history and the subdued murmuring of important guests. Tables down the length of each side were crowded with Russian delicacies; an army of waiters made sure that everyone had wine for toasts by the two leaders who, with members of the Presidium and Mr. Shastri's aides, stood at the far end of a gleaming expanse of intricately inlaid floor. We were escorted down this aisle between hushed banks of diplomats and Soviet and Indian notables to a place directly before Mr. Shastri and Mr. Kosygin, who exchanged formal toasts, each followed by his national anthem.

The solemnity evaporated immediately in a rush of greetings to us from First Secretary Brezhnev, a kindly, smiling man, and his gracious wife; President Mikoyan; Premier Kosygin with his stylish lady who speaks French; Party Secretary Suslov; First Deputy Mazurov; the Ministers of Trade, Agriculture and Finance; Deputy Foreign

Minister Kuznetsov (Gromyko went on from Budapest to Vienna for the 10th anniversary of the Austrian Treaty) and Deputy President Podgorny, both of whom were with us in Prague; Presidium Member Polyansky; Minister of Culture Mme. Furtseva; former President Voroshilov, always given a place of honor as one of the few living 1917 revolutionaries; and Mr. Shastri himself with his sweet-faced, sari-clad wife.

Hellos from the ambassadors of England, France, Canada (son of an old friend of Mr. Eaton) and India followed a chat with our own, Foy Kohler, and *they* were followed by Soviet scientists, scholars, writers, artists and others whom we have known over the years of our trips here. "You have seen more people than Shastri," said Tamara Mamedova, our chic and terrific customary guide and old friend, "but, then, you already knew everyone."

Mr. Shastri is a radiant, small man with a fine, wise face. He was most gracious to us, recalling that Mr. Nehru had been our guest in the U.S., that Pugwash scientists had met in India, that we are dedicated to the peace and cooperation between nations which he stressed in his toast.

As we were leaving, Marshal Malinovsky brought his wife to meet us. We met the Marshal first in Paris just after the U-2 and the Summit collapse when the international situation seemed as bad as now, with Vietnam. "I hope we will meet again in five years, and between," said the Marshal, "and that all will be well between our countries." He hailed a waiter and we toasted the next five years.

In the last five, the view from my window in the hotel suite always reserved for us has changed in an extraordinary way. Old wooden houses with gingerbread trim (more picturesque than comfortable, evidently) have been replaced with a smart, modern apartment building with attractive first floor shop window displays. Little children speed along a broad sidewalk on shiny new tricycles, and there is one especially independent character pedalling like mad daily in his toy car, accepting help from his mother only at curbs. There are enough new cars of different makes and colors to produce that scourge of progress, the traffic jam, and on Sunday the roads out from town were filled with honking motorists. Spring is just beginning with beds of tulips in the Kremlin gardens, and in the birch and pine forests outside Moscow, people are opening their summer places.

WHEN THE SAINTS MARCHED INTO BUDAPEST

BECAUSE OF unexpected chilly weather and one of Budapest's worst traffic jams, caused by the tens of thousands converging on the stadium, only 80,000 of the anticipated 100,000 audience greeted Louis Armstrong at Budapest's Nep Stadium Bowl for his first concert in Hungary on June 9. As they paraded into and out of the great stadium to the tune of "When the Saints Go Marching In," the band and Mr. Armstrong were wildly cheered.

AN APPEAL FROM WEIMAR

Writers from 52 countries send a call to all the writers of the world

by **HARRY CARLISLE**

We have met in friendship and despite all the differences in our views and origins we are united in the earnest desire to stand up for peace with all the power which dwells in humanist words.

Twenty years after the costly and hard-fought victory over Nazism we have met here in the spirit of our best friends and co-travelers who raised their voices for the defense of culture and peace at the Writers' Congresses in Paris in 1935 and in Madrid in 1937. . . .

. . . We, writers from 52 countries, address ourselves to all who write: Give ear to our call from Weimar!

From Manifesto adopted at Weimar meeting.

OVER 180 writers from 52 countries were guests at an International Writers' Meeting organized by a writers' committee of the German Democratic Republic, headed by Anna Seghers and Arnold Zweig. This "meeting," rather than being a formal convention of writers, was intended to bring together old and new friends of the GDR, with their colleagues, to celebrate the 20th anniversary of the liberation from Nazism and the achievements of the GDR.

One could hardly miss comparing this writers' gathering—writers who are "the conscience of mankind" as Anna Seghers stated—with the tour taking place at the same time of the German Federal Republic by the Queen of England, ordered by western diplomacy to welcome now "respectable" Western Germany into full partnership in the dubious plans of the United States, Great Britain and other NATO powers. The world that seeks peace has not forgotten West Germany's official caste of unrepentent Nazis and their thinly disguised successors, who seek possession of nuclear weapons and dream of a new Operation Barbarossa.

The writers' meetings in Berlin and Weimar and other cities began on May 14 and ran until May 22. A festive air prevailed among the visitors and their German friends. The bureau that assigned hotel space, provided interpreters and programs, as writers arrived from abroad and from many other cities of the GDR, was like a beehive. Excitement rose as new contingents arrived.

There was a wide choice of gatherings and performances on the

HARRY CARLISLE is a former West Coast writer who has been traveling extensively in the Soviet Union and Eastern European Democracies in recent years. He is now living in England.

first evening: an evening presenting the literature which contributed to the liberation from fascism, at the Brecht library; an evening of international folklore, music and dancing; discussion meetings between students, teachers and writers, at the recently completed imposing House of Teachers at Alexanderplatz and Karl Marx Allee; and a program arranged by Ernst Busch, veteran German anti-fascist singer who fought in Spain and is famed for his renditions of the songs of the working class movement and the struggle against fascism, written by Eisler, Brecht and others.

I chose the concert. Ernst Busch, who had been paralyzed by torture in Nazi concentration camps but survived to sing again, delivered the narration, which he wrote himself, encompassing the working-class struggle before and after the First World War, the fight against fascism which was continued underground after Hitler came to power, and the Spanish Civil War. He sang and presented his own recordings with choral singing of the spirited songs and cantatas. He completely captivated his audience, many of them veterans who felt nostalgia at the recreation of the songs of the International Brigade and the international working class movement. (These songs were sung by groups in many languages from time to time, during the bus rides that took the writers from place to place; woven together with the songs of the struggles today in many lands, for peace, civil rights, liberation.)

Next day there were tours of the city, inspecting newly constructed modern schools, libraries, apartment houses, public buildings which are rapidly becoming the dominant note throughout East Berlin, especially marked on the new estates on either side of Karl Marx Allee and along the Unter der Linden. The latter is being rebuilt in striking style all the way up to the stark ruins near the Brandenburg Gate and the old Reichstag. Other groups visited war memorials, libraries and museums.

I joined a group of British writers who visited a secondary school specializing in pre-study for university entrance and careers in science and technology. We inspected the impressive facilities and met with a lively group of teenagers, many of whom spoke English. The questions came from both sides without pause, and we discussed the educational system, students' problems and the manner of their solution, youth in the western countries, and—of course—the Beatles and similar "pop" groups as well as literature, art, science and the humanities. They informed us that Louis Armstrong had recently performed in East Berlin and that many notable collections of jazz were available on long-playing records.

THERE was a discussion of Brecht and the Contemporary Theater on Saturday afternoon, led by Helene Weigel, the Berliner Ensemble director, and two leading producers and young writers who

work with the Ensemble seeking contemporary expression in the Brecht tradition. Writers from various countries, including the newly liberated lands whose creative workers are seeking new forms of expression of their problems, spoke of the significance of the widespread Brecht revival which has reached them, and how much they had learned from the Epic Theater style.

That night I saw for the second time the Ensemble's unique production of "The Threepenny Opera" which outshines other productions by far. Afterwards, visiting writers adjourned to a large hall upstairs where members of the Ensemble presented a special edition of their occasional Saturday night cabaret shows called "Night Shift"—this time hilarious burlesque and satire in song and skit, on the changing mores of postwar life. This represented a continuation of the famous cabarets of pre-Hitler days popular in working class districts. They survived Hitler's coming to power in the form of performers at street-corners, delivering quick-action jokes and patter with political content, then quickly merging with the crowd before SA men could arrest them. I was told by one of the writers that in some West German cities such entertainment of a progressive and satirical sort is today being presented in working class pubs.

The season at home ended that week for the Berliner Ensemble, which by the time we had returned from our week-long trip to Weimar and other cities, had closed and was preparing for engagements in Prague, then Budapest, and after a summer vacation, they go to London for presentation of "The Threepenny Opera," "Coriolanus," (there is speculation about how this Brechtian modern treatment of Shakespeare's play will go in London), and "Arturo Ui."

ON SUNDAY morning various groups of writers visited the Trepow Memorial to Soviet soldiers who lost their lives in liberating Berlin; and the graves of such outstanding anti-fascist German writers as Johannes Becher, Bertholdt Brecht, Willi Bredel, Rudolph Leonhardt, Hans Marchwitza, Erich Weinert, Friedrich Wolf, Heinrich Mann, Bodo Uhse. Others went to the museum containing the Pergamon Altar, that survival from ancient society in Mesopotamia which is so majestic and classically simple.

We left for Weimar, aptly chosen for this occasion because of the role it has played in the rich history of Germany. The day was sunny and warm. We made several stops on the autobahn, at cafes, where we mingled with the many people out driving for Sunday pleasure.

Weimar is set in the heart of Thuringia, one of Germany's most beautiful provinces. It is markedly medieval in character, as we noted next morning as we strolled in groups around the small town, some visiting museums, libraries, churches, schools, or being taken to visit outlying factories, agricultural cooperatives. Many famous

writers, artists, musicians at one time or another lived here: Goethe, whose home and favorite park house we visited, and Schiller, Lucas Cranach, J. S. Bach, Franz Liszt, Richard Straus. Here, too, in 1919, the Kapp Putsch was attempted by reactionary officers bitter at the defeat of Germany and the militancy of the workers; and it was the workers of Weimar and surrounding areas who defeated the putschists, only to be betrayed when fascism first came to local power there in 1923. It was not long before the spirit of Goethe gave way to the hideousness of Nazism, which led inevitably to Buchenwald.

We had an afternoon of informal discussions, with publishers, with writers in various genre and with economic experts and philosophers. In the evening we set out for a reception given in our honor by writers of the region, at the Wartburg, a 900-year-old seat of the former landgraves, a monumental castle atop a precipitous hill that overlooks much of lovely Thuringia. To reach it we passed signposts which evoked memories of Germany's socialist movement of a century or more, names such as Eisenach, Gotha, Erfurt—all treated in theoretical works by Marx and Engels because of the various programs adopted at Socialist conventions in these places.

We were served a buffet supper in the large dining hall of the castle and entertained with chamber music by Bach and Beethoven. The entire structure of many buildings is preserved as a national museum. It was in one of them that Martin Luther worked in 1521-1522 translating the New Testament from the Greek. A Bible, printed in 1541, lies on what was Luther's worktable, and portraits of him and his wife and parents, painted by Lucas Cranach the Elder, hang on the walls of Luther's workroom.

NEXT day most of the writers visited Buchenwald museum on the site of the infamous Nazi concentration camp, conducted in small groups by former inmates who had miraculously survived and bore arms secretly stolen and cached, in the fight for their own liberation from Nazi guards, as Allied troops drew near in 1945. It was here that the notorious Ilse Koch demanded the skin of human beings to make lampshades, or shrunken heads of camp inmates as grisly decorations for her friends. The evidence of the diseased minds of Nazis, arranged in the museum, with actual execution rooms and charnel houses preserved in the original, were well-nigh unbearable as victims described the terrible events they had witnessed or been made victims of in this and auxiliary camps, where some fifty thousand Soviet, Polish and German anti-fascists died and every known Jew was either killed on the spot or sent to Auschwitz for cremation in the ovens.

The grim spirit of Buchenwald overhung the gathering of writers in the German National Theater in Weimar, assembled for a Manifestation by representatives of native and foreign groups, in the spirit

of the occasion. The chairman was the noted anti-fascist Ludwig Renn, still tall and upright as some of us remembered him as a refugee from Hitlerism, touring non-fascist countries to speak about the Brown Terror of Nazism in the mid-thirties.

Renn presented Anna Seghers, who made the opening speech. Pride and sadness were mingled in her remarks, which traced the workers' and anti-fascist struggles from the First World War and all through the coming of Hitlerism, described the famous writers' congress in Paris in 1935, on the eve of the People's Front, and the fight against fascism and war which spread to many countries; the struggle in Spain with the International Brigade from numerous countries aiding the fighters for Spanish democracy against Franco and his Italian and German fascist supporters—for these were the days when fascism was testing its weapons for world conquest on the Spanish people, much as the USA today is testing its new weapons on the people of Vietnam who are seeking their own democratic solutions to a civil war.

"Literature," said Anna Seghers, "played a profound part in these struggles." She told of how novels helped imprisoned anti-fascists to keep their reason, how she made her own choice of a few essential works of world literature in preparation for going into exile from fascism and to continue the struggle. She expressed the hope that the voices of leading writers now silent will again be heard, raised against the new dangers of war now threatening mankind from the neo-fascists and military aggressors who are disturbing the peace of the world.

Her plea was echoed by the Soviet novelist Konstantin Fedin, whose trilogy of novels describes the defeat of the interventionists in the days of the civil war following the Bolshevik Revolution.

Many other writers spoke briefly. Henry Alleg, noted for his writing about the Algerian liberation movement; Marcos Ana, who spent 23 years in Franco's jails in Spain; Tibor Dery, who was imprisoned during the 1956 events in Hungary.

Dery said that since his release from prison he had wanted only to be regarded as a writer; he then declared: "But I must add that I was a Socialist and I remain a Socialist."

James Aldridge, novelist living in England, who said that with this visit to the GDR he had overcome a reluctance to travel in Germany because of the wartime horrors he had witnessed and written about, but now he was convinced, by the people he had met and the things he had seen in the GDR, that life held a renewed promise of friendship. Pablo Neruda read a short poem dedicated to the fighters of the past and present.

THE general meeting ended with our departure from Weimar, since there were several other cities to choose from for the last two days of our stay, among them Leipzig, Eisenach, Dresden.

Our group—Hugh MacDiarmid, poet, and the novelists James Aldridge and Sid Chaplin and myself—agreed on Dresden, which none of us had even seen. Our interest was aroused by a recent controversy in the British press, as the result of the appearance of a new book dealing with the end-of-the-war saturation air-raid on Dresden, a non-military target. Of course the parallel of Hitler's systematic destruction of the heart of Rotterdam early in the war, as an example of the "frightfulness" awaiting all anti-Nazis, was cited. But this Dresden raid was even more frightfully destructive, more people perished in that night-long wave of bombers firing, blasting and strafing the city, leaving it gutted, leveled to the ground or burned out with only stark, jagged ruins piercing the sky.

We saw the remnants of the bombing now kept as memorials to the hatefulness of war, alongside the restored public buildings, palaces and museums, amid the new, modern construction of hotels, libraries, schools, apartment houses, department stores, all harmonized in a plan now being fulfilled week by week, year by year, and set forth in a fine detailed model of the heart of the city in one of the Zwinger edifices.

Here too are to be seen the Old Masters which survived the war, were saved from Nazi depredation by the Soviet Red Army and were returned to the city in 1948 and have since traveled through many countries. Little wonder, for they include Raphael's *Sistine Madonna*, as well as noted paintings by the 16th century Italians, Titian, Veronese, Corregio, also Dutch masterpieces by Rubens, van Eyck, Durer, Holbein, Poussin, Watteau, and Velasquez. Numerous others are in separate galleries. At Schloss Pillnitz, along the shores of the lovely river, whose blasted bridges have all been restored, are galleries containing some fine French Impressionist paintings by Degas, Renoir, Gauguin and others; also an impressive collection of early and contemporary German paintings.

Our stay in Dresden was a fitting climax to an interesting visit to the GDR. We talked at length about the events of the trip that had most impressed us, as we traveled up the autobahn through countryside that was punctuated by open-cast coal mines, occasional factories, many farms so neatly laid out in colorful symmetry of deep green and golden yellow, and the lovely tiled roofs in half-hidden communities.

(Note: The American writers present at this conference were Walter Lowenfels, John Killens, John Wexley, William Saroyan, Alvah Bessie, Philip Bonosky, Jay Leyda, Yuri Suhl and Julian Mayfield [the latter living in Ghana]. British writers who attended, in addition to the author, were James Aldridge, Anna and John Berger, Sid Chaplin, Margot Heineman, Jakob Lind, Hugh MacDiarmid, Christopher Middleton. And from Australia, Geoffrey Dutton, Frank Hardy, Max Harris, Dorothy Hewitt, Flexmore Hudson, John Manifold, Alan Marshall, John Morrison, F. B. Vickers, Bill Wannan, Judah Waten. This includes only English speaking guests. There were many distinguished writers from other countries.)

PAVEL KORIN INTERVIEWED

by SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

IF AN artist's creative work can be regarded as a self-portrait, disclosing his inner self, there is sometimes a striking difference between the image of him one gets from his work and his actual appearance. So it was with Pavel Korin, the Soviet artist whose paintings were in exhibit at the Hammer Galleries in New York between May 11 and 31; a notable step in the Cultural Exchange Program of the USA and the USSR. Now 73 years old, he is a rather small, slightly-built gray-haired man whose face sometimes has the austerity that goes with the title given him here, "Dean of Soviet Painters," but is very quick to break out into an amused smile. His paintings, however, give an impression of rock-like strength, not only in their treatment of the human subject, about which they center, but in their all-over, monumental "structured" quality, as if they are the work of a master architect with line, volume and space.

I met Pavel Korin in his hotel room, where he had kindly consented to speak with me for a while, with the aid of an interpreter. I mentioned that his handshake was remarkably strong, more like that of a construction worker or tractor driver than of a painter. Did he get that grip from wielding a paint brush? He was amused by this, and then said, with a touch of pride, that he does have strong hands, which never shake or tremble. I recalled how powerfully expressive a role was played, in all his portraits, by his treatment of the hands. He agreed that the hands were an important part of the portrait. And indeed, in Korin's portraits, as with the great Renaissance and Dutch masters, it is not merely the face but the entire body which is the portrait, every part of it alive and significant in evoking the personality which he recreates on canvas. And reminiscent of the Renaissance masters, especially the Florentine, were his masterly drawing, his clarity of line, his almost enamelled color.

I did not mention the connection with the Renaissance, but when I asked him which of the old masters was his favorite, to whom he felt especially close, it was mostly such names that came forth. At

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first he disclaimed any favorites. "There are too many artists whom I love." But then he named Michelangelo as one of the great masters, with whom he would have liked to converse. The next name was Tintoretto. Then came El Greco. And then a stream of names: Giotto, Piero della Francesca, Massaccio, Gozzoli, Botticelli. "There are so many." There was Raphael, "for the beauty of line," and Rembrandt, for the beauty of the "spirit," or inner life. "Perhaps it is my shortcoming, that I like so many artists, and so much art." He loves Italy, has been there many times, and indeed was planning to spend some time there after his departure from America. Dear to him was the Russian tradition, starting with the great ikon painters of the 15th century. There were also the splendid artists of the later 19th century, like Repin and Surikov. Outstanding, to him, was Alexander Ivanov, "at whose feet I sat."

What was the relation, if any, between the methods of the past and the needs of today? Continuity, he said, was essential. "Artists must have soul, and put soul in their pictures." But it was their inheritance which gave them the means to do this. "Without continuity it is rather difficult to have great art. Innovation and continuity are not antagonistic. They go hand in hand." He cited Beethoven as an example of an artist of titanic individuality and creative innovation who at the same time had the tradition behind him of Haydn and Mozart. "When a person of talent inherits his tradition, his talent brings something new. He must understand and meet life on his own to be an innovator." The name of Michelangelo came up again, as one who had inherited a rich tradition and been a great innovator, expressing in art "his own soul and spirit." Pavel Korin was especially moved by what he called Michelangelo's "Faustian" spirit, that of Goethe's Faust. Michelangelo was "a man and a citizen." His innovations were inspired by this, by his great soul and ideas. "Without ideas, without thought, nothing worthwhile can be created."

WERE there any Soviet scholars and historians of past art whom the American public ought to know? Korin mentioned many names and works. Among them were Viktor Lazarov, "a very great art historian," who had done important work on Byzantine art and the art of old Novgorod, and was now doing a book on the ancient Russian ikons; Mikhail Alpatov, who aside from his work on ancient Russian art had written books on Ivanov and on Soviet art; Boris Vipper, a historian and scholar of Italian art, one of whose books was on Giotto and his times; another "great art historian," Alexei Mikhailov, whose work dealt with the 18th century.

What about critics writing on contemporary Soviet art? Were there arguments and discussions among them? Whenever there was an exhibition, Korin answered, there were hot discussions in the newspapers

and journals, involving not only critics but the public, and carried on as well in the trade unions, to which an art exhibition was an important event. Did the artists respect the critics? Korin laughed at this. "Relations between critics and painters are both good and bad—as everywhere." Have such discussions influenced his work? He answered: "An artist lives in society, and society greatly influences him. An artist must be so influenced. He can't live in it without it affecting him. His ideas are born out of the social thought of his own people, to whom he feels close. As for my own pictures, I speak in them only my own ideas. No one has ever told me what to do."

What response has he gotten? "To give one example," he said, "in 1963 the Academy of Art of the USSR had an exhibition of my work, with many more paintings of course than in the exhibition here in America. The Academy was crowded every day, with lines around the buildings, of people waiting to enter. I received hundreds of letters and met thousands of people who gave their opinions. Many wrote letters asking that I be given the Lenin Prize. And that year, when this response took place, I was awarded the main prize of the Soviet Union, the Lenin Prize."

Korin, who is devoutly religious, asked me to correct an impression given by some American interviewers, that he is doing paintings for the walls of the Uspensky Cathedral in Moscow. One of his works is a monumental painting depicting an assemblage of church dignitaries and laity in the cathedral. Studies for this, which are themselves fully realized paintings, were on view at the Hammer Gallery. But this is not meant to be part of the decoration of the Cathedral, which in its architecture and interior painting is prized as one of the historic monuments of Russian art. He, Korin, did paint inside the cathedral, using its walls as pictorial background for his own work.

I asked him whether and how art can contribute to world peace. "The artist," he said, "must bring new ideas to society, good ideas. The beauty of art expresses the spirit of men and women, and by so doing it brings people closer together. The artist must serve honorable aims. If he does so, he contributes to society and to the peace of the world." His own aim, he said, was "to bring people from all over the world closer together."

VAN CLIBURN RETURNS TO MOSCOW

MOSCOW, June 8. Soviet admirers showered Van Cliburn with flowers and applause tonight on his return to the Moscow concert stage. Displaying all the magic that captivated Muscovites after his piano competition victory in 1958, Cliburn got one of the most exuberant ovations heard here in years.

Moscow police set up barriers outside the Great Hall of the Moscow Conservatory to control crowds that blocked traffic. At the end of the concert Cliburn received wild applause and was showered with flowers.

FRESH VISTAS

Soviet art and literature, freed of the personality cult, finds new creative paths

by ALEXANDER AVDEYENKO

THE new phase of Soviet art that began following the exposure of the Stalin personality cult by the Communist Party, has given rise to wide discussion. Frank criticism of the abuses of Stalin's day, and the restoration of democratic standards have encouraged free development in all spheres of art.

The personality cult inflicted heavy physical and moral losses on Soviet art. Many artists—and even more writers—were victimized, and many ideas were nipped in the bud. Artists and writers were presented with sanctified patterns, models and yardsticks, to which they were expected to tailor all their knowledge of life and artistic experience, great or small.

At the end of the 1930's—and particularly after the death of Maxim Gorky, who had done a great deal to bring the new Soviet literature to flower—art was increasingly influenced by Stalin's attempts to standardize thought and to minimize the role of the masses of the people as the makers of history. This could not, however, halt the forward stride of Soviet art, though it held back its development perceptibly.

It should be noted that those years witnessed the publication of a number of works which truthfully reflected the lives of the people and illuminated real problems. Many of these works, it is true, ran the gauntlet of scathing criticism, while authors were urged to devote themselves to themes that were far from the realities of Soviet life.

Stalin did not limit himself to passing out his directives through the machinery of the state, but personally intervened, compelling artists to alter works already finished, censoring them and even prohibiting their publication. Time is clarifying a great deal that was invisible when met "face to face." To accuse Soviet artists of having been mere puppets would be vulgar over-simplification of the facts.

The end of the 'thirties witnessed a general rise in economic and cultural construction in the Soviet Union. The enthusiasm of the masses gave life a lively rhythm, while the complicated international situation, growing more and more tense as the threat of war ap-

proached, prompted many to believe the reports of subversive activities by a series of prominent figures of the party and state.

The idea that class struggle and resistance of the enemy at home would mount in direct proportion to the progress in building socialism was propagated intensively.

There were no anti-communist or seditious sentiments among Soviet artists, and they willingly believed everything said by Stalin, whose name was linked with the great victories of the party and the people in building their new country. Stalin came to be the hero of fiction, who, the authors believed, symbolized the might and mind of the Soviet people. The victory of the USSR over fascism was also linked with his name, and the years of war intensified the cult of his personality. Nevertheless, this period produced literary works that opposed the cult in spirit to the very last line—entire chapters of Sholokhov's book about the war, stories by Kazakevich, and Victor Nekrassov's *In the Trenches of Stalingrad*.

The cult of personality and its attendant system of concealing real difficulties, its pomposity and grandeur, reached its peak after the war. The real problems of the country slipped into the background, as though there were no difficulties at all. Slick and superficial currents came to figure more and more widely in art.

Soviet film makers—who had presented the world with such masterpieces as Eisenstein's *Battleship Potemkin*, Pudovkin's *Mother*, Dovzhenko's *Earth* and the Vassilyev brothers' *Chapayev*—now produced a number of insignificant films, mostly of a historical nature. Soviet literature that glorified in the names of Gorky, Alexei Tolstoy, Sholokhov, Leonov, Mayakovsky and many others, was given themes that were far from both life and truth. Lauded to the skies were tendentious films, inventing fictitious realities flattering to Stalin.

Many outstanding artists kept silent then, and hacks roamed the avenues of art undisturbed.

In 1956, fresh vistas were opened to writers and artists by the purifying 20th Party Congress. This cleared the atmosphere, exposed Stalin's abuses, and restored democratic standards. When they heard the truth about Stalin's actions, the Soviet people were most deeply shaken by accounts of his mass repressions of innocent people. That truth was bound to find its reflection in art sooner or later. Half-baked descriptions and sensational "best-sellers" skimming the surfaces of that period, would not do.

THE theme demanded a real artist and he appeared in the person of Alexander Solzhenitsyn, a Soviet army officer who had landed in prison through lies. His narrative, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, proved to be an outstanding event of Soviet literature in the past few years. Far from exaggerating horrors in his descriptions of camp life, Solzhenitsyn limited himself to depicting a single day in a labor

ALEXANDER AVDEYENKO, one of the younger generation of Soviet journalists and critics is on the staff of Novosti Press Agency and he is also theater critic for *Soviet Weekly*, published in London, where this article originally appeared.

camp—a day considered as a good one by many of his characters.

Three works in this vein were singled out by critics for the passion of their authors and the clarity of their beliefs: *Bas-Relief on a Rock* by Andrei Aldan-Semyonov, *Past Experience* by Boris Dyakov and *Kolyma Notes* and *Rough Diamond* by Georgi Shelest.

These authors, who themselves felt the weight of Stalin's injustice, truthfully described the harrowing conditions in which their characters move. But the conclusions reached by all three stress that imprisonment could not break the will of Soviet man, nor shake his belief in the justice of the cause to which he had devoted his life. The hero does not revise his attitude to his country and the revolution, and understands that he is the victim of a crime. It was this conviction that helped people to endure all hardships and preserve their faith in the future.

Analyses of the past, the search and study of the causes that led to blind obedience to a single individual and the protest against the things implanted in the souls of men by the personality cult—those are the main themes upon which creative intellectuals of the Soviet Union have been working. Books, films and theaters have been helping people to fathom the truth about those years. All three media, moreover, have not only been depicting the difficulties of a situation that hampered free creativity in every sphere, but they also have been portraying those who had set themselves up as the standard-bearers of the cult—those who made it possible for the cult to entrench itself and flourish.

Discussing Vladimir Dudintsev's novel *Not By Bread Alone*, critics paid due credit to this writer's consummate skill in describing individuals who had broken away from the people, who refused to reckon with real problems, and placed their careers and well-being above everything else.

He who cannot understand the thoughts and sentiments of the people—or, worse, understands them, but closes his eyes to everything—cannot be an administrator at any level—this conviction is reiterated by Soviet critics. Vividly etched in Yury Bondarev's *Silence* is an executive who refuses to think anything out for himself, who lives strictly according to the instructions he receives from above and decides the destinies of people coldly and mercilessly.

Vladimir Dyachenko's *Never* portrays the moral collapse of a man who established a cult of his own personality at the docks he managed, and decided all questions by himself, with angry shouting.

Solzhenitsyn's story *For the Good of the Cause* relates how the students of a technical school are deprived of a building they have erected with their own hands.

The building is in fact taken from them "for the good of the cause," but the students were left feeling cheated, because no one had consulted them at all.

This list could be continued, but for all the differences of styles, the authors dealing with this problem are united by a single idea—these things must not happen again. Art must help society to rid itself of the burden of the past, of those survivals of the cult that still hamper life today.

ONE of the first works to criticize Stalin's activities and the mistakes arising from them was Alexander Tvardovsky's poem *Space Beyond Space*. This outstanding Soviet poet wrote about his country with documentary fervor in this poem, describing its people and the responsibilities each of them bore for the common cause. Tvardovsky's experience undoubtedly contributed much to Soviet poetry.

A group of young poets—including Yevgeny Yevtushenko, Robert Rozhdestvensky and Andrei Voznesensky—came to the fore after the 20th Congress.

The voices of poets of the older generation, those who had come through the Second World War, also resounded with fresh force—David Samoilov, Boris Slutsky, Evgeny Vinokurov and others. New aspects were discovered, too, in the talents of other poets.

Poetry, in the opinion of many, gained a leading place in Soviet art a few years ago. Evening gatherings dedicated to poets drew big audiences and books of poetry were published in large editions. This interest in poetry was prompted by the fact that the poets spoke up fervently against everything connected with the personality cult. They appealed to the intelligence and best feelings of their compatriots, who responded instantly.

War themes have held a prominent place in the Soviet art of the past few years. Authors who had come through the fire of the war have been returning to their wartime experiences again and again. Writers like Kazakevich, Bondarev, Baklanov and Simonov are prominent in this respect. New books and films have been showing the real difficulties of the war, the real trials undergone by the Soviet people—hardships that were aggravated by the mistakes of the personality cult. The impressive achievements of the Soviet people demanded harsh sacrifices and sorely tested their moral strength. The people emerged victorious in spite of all hindrances—and the generation growing up must learn the truth about the past, no matter how grim that truth may be.

The exposure of the practices surrounding the personality cult, and the disclosure of aspects unsuspected by most people, came as a serious shock to every honest writer and artist.

It compelled him to think about the degree of his—and everyone's—responsibility for everything happening all over the country.

One may safely say that it is this theme of personal responsibility, this question of socialist morals, that has come to be the nerve center of problems explored by Soviet art and literature today.

THE hero of our times is a man with an honest and open view of life, an individual incapable of compromise in matters great or small, whether under the eyes of the people or when facing only his own conscience. He is incapable, too, of currying favor and adapting himself to circumstances, of saying one thing and thinking another. He feels responsible for everything happening around him, good and bad. This hero did not come to literature by accident, for it is he who is shaping the profile of his country; it is with him that the future is linked. He is the man who frankly and straightforwardly combats everything we inherited from the era of the personality cult, and most of all he fights against stagnation of thought.

This new hero was exemplified by Yegor Dymshakov, peasant leader in a Russian village, in Maltsev's novel *Enter Every House*, by engineer Bakhirev in Galina Nikolayeva's novel *The Battle on the Way*, by Martyanov in *Conscience* by Pavlova, by the scientists in Granin's *I Face the Storm*, and the physicists in Romm's film *Nine Days of One Year*. These people have different characters and cares. They are no paragons, but living people, each with his own idiosyncrasies and shortcomings; all are citizens of their country and cannot divorce their lives from its cares, from the concerns of the people who surround them.

Soviet writers and artists look confidently to the future. Life has shown that their works enjoy wide popularity. Statistics reveal that the audiences of Soviet film makers have been growing from year to year. Soviet cinemas were attended by 4,000 million in 1963 and in the first half of 1964 attendances were up by 500 million. During the 1963 season, Soviet theaters had audiences of 103 million—five for every two in 1961.

Long queues gather at the doors of exhibition halls and concert tickets are sold many weeks in advance.

Art and literature that fails to move people, that evades the vital questions and the big public problems of our times, is doomed.

The path of Soviet art is clear. Having rid itself of the fetters of the personality cult, it is striving to explore reality and the characters of the world today as deeply as possible. The creative intellectuals of the Soviet Union justly regard themselves as active participants in the construction of the new life.

FULL TEXT OF GENEVA AGREEMENT

READERS NOT familiar with the monthly *Minority of One*, edited by M. S. Arnoni, will be interested to know that the June issue of that publication carries the full text of the 1954 Geneva Agreement on Vietnam. Making this document—so constantly referred to these days and virtually impossible to obtain in its entirety—generally available is an important service. Single copies of *Minority of One* are fifty cents, one-year subscription, \$5.00. Address: *Minority of One*, 155 Bennington Ave., P.O. Box 544, Passaic, N.J.

LIVING IN YUGOSLAVIA

by HELEN B. PARSONS

IN MID-JANUARY we crossed the border into Yugoslavia at Trieste. Many friends have asked us since our return home what life was like "behind the Iron Curtain," and if it was hard to get into Yugoslavia. If there is an "iron curtain" around Yugoslavia we never saw it; in fact, we are inclined now more than ever to believe that the so-called "iron curtain" that has been fostered in American minds by official pronouncements and irresponsible journalism is a gross distortion of the facts—also that we as Americans must take our share of the responsibility for any "curtain" which divides people. It is extremely easy for Westerners to get into Yugoslavia; a visa is necessary but it's cheap and readily obtainable. Visitors are welcome to move about freely and are accorded much cordial friendliness. We wish that more Americans could visit on the other side of that so-called "curtain"; for suspicions and fear that thrive in the abstract have a way of dissolving when faced with the concrete realities.

We did some very hazardous driving through snow and countains to get to Dubrovnik on the Adriatic coast because some of the coastal roads were not yet completed; there will soon be a fine new highway the whole length of the coast. Some of the villagers looked at us as if they could hardly believe their eyes when our heavily-loaded little car pulling its baggage trailer came into view. A few times when we got stuck or skidded into snow banks and were promptly pulled out by helpful passersby, we strongly suspected that we were as crazy as they must think we were to be trying such a journey in winter. But despite the difficulties and snail's pace over snow-packed roads, we had a really fascinating view of Yugoslav village life.

When people saw the USA sticker on our car they seemed equally fascinated by us. At nearly every stop in these small towns, Yugoslav children (terrifically friendly, wonderful kids) would congregate

HELEN B. PARSONS is now adding graduate study in the field of history to her profession of psychiatric and medical social worker. She has been active for many years in work for civil rights and peace. This article describes some of her experiences during a year spent in Europe (1964) with her husband, Dr. Howard L. Parsons and their three daughters. Dr. Parsons, who is chairman of the Department of Religion and Philosophy of Coe College, gave lectures while in Yugoslavia and other places, and made a study of Ethics in the Soviet Union.

about the car. In the town of Mostar (where the film, *The Last Bridge*, was made), our car was so engulfed by children while Howard was out talking to a young English-speaking engineer nearby that several were even perched up on the front of the car, peering in through the windshield at us, with broad smiles and noses flattened against the glass. This all developed after a darling little girl named Jasna had said good-morning to us in beautifully clear English. So then, with Jasna's help (since she was studying English in school), the children all gave us quite a language lesson in Serbo-Croatian.

We found Yugoslav children and young people generally delightful—a happy combination of good manners, spontaneity, and outgoing friendliness. Most of the ones we saw seemed to be content to be the age they were and to have a very democratic spirit. In Belgrade our children played with neighborhood children and young people of wide range in ages out under the cherry trees for three months. There must have been a dozen who congregated there every day and had fun together.

The cherry trees bloomed and so did the friendships. And by the time they were all eating cherries together, they had sung so many songs together (some played the guitar) and learned so well how to talk with each other that the day of parting was a sad one.

We met one American citizen, formerly Yugoslav, who had come back to Yugoslavia to retire because he can live so much more comfortably on his Social Security there than he could in America. He came to our rescue one day with translation help when we were getting visas renewed at the police station. He invited us to tea another day and proudly showed us all his imported household conveniences and even told us all about the various American companies in which he holds stocks—not large amounts but enough to give him the feeling that the capitalist system is a most excellent one. So there he is in a socialist country, preferring capitalism and feeling very lucky to have got out of Yugoslavia years ago and to have accumulated enough of this world's goods to now be able to come back and live under socialism!

We finally decided to travel north to Gradac in early February, to settle in a workers' *dom* (holiday hotel), the arrangements having been made by telephone for us by some very helpful Yugoslav teachers vacationing in Dubrovnik. Gradac is a beautiful village on the Adriatic, with a population of seven or eight hundred during most of the year. During the summer tourist season, thousands pour into the town for vacations. There are a number of workers' *doms* or hotels there run by various trade unions where workers can have fantastically inexpensive and delightful vacations. We had two rooms in a metal workers' *dom*, a large and beautiful new building, separated from the sea only by the roadway and beach. Hanging out the family wash on the balcony (each room had one) provided a bonus of a view of

passing boats and occasionally of fishermen pulling in their nets or of some huge sea creature bobbing above the waves.

Rooms were comfortable and food was excellent in our *dom*. Language differences kept us from talking with people as much as we would have liked, but we found a combination of charades and pocket dictionaries helpful. Some of the people knew some English, and Debby and Peggy picked up enough Serbo-Croatian to serve as occasional translators for their parents. A young English teacher in the local school came to our aid numerous times, and the village doctor and his wife also spoke some English and were helpful and kind. The *dom* staff were very good to us throughout our stay, and on the day we left in late March (sadly) they presented us with a tremendous supply of food for picnic lunches along the way as we traveled.

One of the many things we loved about Yugoslavia is the singing that goes on there—as groups stroll on the street, in cafes, at a party, anywhere—beautiful folk songs often sung in 4-part harmony, many of the songs having hauntingly lovely melodies and intricate rhythms. Each national group within the country has its special songs. How could we ever forget the many ways and times we enjoyed this music? There was the party in Belgrade where a guest, a real virtuoso, played the guitar and sang magnificently, soon joined by the fine voices of the host and hostess and then the other guests. There was the day in Belgrade when the young engineering-student son of the family with whom we lived came out to the kitchen with his guitar and lightened our cooking and dish washing duties with his music. There was the group of working men who stopped in the Dubrovnik cafeteria where we were eating one evening and sang one song after another with such perfection (although I doubt if many had had extensive musical training) that we followed them to the next eating place just to hear more. In the evenings we would hear singers going past our Gradac *dom*. One of our last evenings in Gradac, our English-teacher friend and a companion came to the *dom* with a guitar and sang beautifully for us and others at the *dom* many, many songs.

This same friend gave us another little concert of American Negro freedom songs on the isle of Korcula the following summer. We had ordered the American songbook, *We Shall Overcome*, for him, and in the intervening months he had learned to sing many of these songs as well as if he had been a part of the freedom movement here. Now he teaches these songs to some of his Gradac pupils. It is natural that he understands these songs and how to sing them, for all of Yugoslavia has passed through the years of resisting European fascism just as many Americans are now beginning to resist reactionary forces.

One weekend, while still living in Gradac, we drove up to Split, a major coastal city, with our English-teacher friend. His family live there and we had some lovely hours with them, including a seafood dinner prepared by his mother. The stepfather was one of the Parti-

san leaders in the area during the war. He has believed in and worked for socialism for many years and undergone cruel torture for his beliefs. Now in his early seventies, he is cheerful and vigorous and active, filling each day with work for his country. He receives a pension sufficient to meet the family needs in a simple but adequate way, and he refuses to take money for the work he does now. It is enough, he says, to know that he can do useful work that is helpful to the people of his community.

OUR BELGRADE friends, although very busy people, spent countless hours helping us to meet and talk with people and to see all that he had time to see, translating Howard's lectures from English into Serbo-Croatian, helping me shop, etc., etc. There were dinners, picnics, the opera, the ballet, the folk-dance programs, the museums. And some of these friends had sons and daughters the ages of our children so that our girls had good times with them. One friend took us to the May Day Parade (It's still *May Day* in Europe!), a really beautiful parade. It was there hours long, very colorful, not at all militaristic. Every aspect of Yugoslav life was represented—all the different occupational groups, students, children and adults carrying flowers and banners and flags of all colors, Partisans wearing the medals they had earned, people wearing national costumes, etc. It was very nice.

There is considerable happiness and security in Yugoslav life now that the horrors of war are only a bitter memory, even though no one possesses any lavish abundance of riches. One friend said, "When I was a child my parents always had to worry about money; we never felt any real security. Now we don't have a lot, but we don't have to worry. It's enough. If we're sick we won't have medical bills we can't afford to pay. When our children are ready for the university we don't have to worry about how to pay for that. And we don't have to worry about unemployment."

Coming into a society like this, one becomes aware of how much freer the human spirit is to develop in hopeful and healthful ways in such a setting. For life is without the multitude of corrosive effects of an overabundance for some and an insufficiency for others. For those who measure the prosperity of a country by how many luxury items there are in the shop windows Yugoslavia would certainly not seem so prosperous as America or as certain other countries less rich than America. But for those who measure the well-being of a country by the extent to which an attempt is made to guarantee the basic necessities to all the people and to eliminate excessive privilege for the few at the expense of the many, Yugoslavia appears to have considerable well-being already. Roads still need to be improved and built in many places, and they are being built rapidly—partly by people who volunteer this service to their country because they have a new

feeling that it really *is* their country now. And I do mean *volunteer*; it isn't "slave labor."

There is still an acute housing shortage. Driving through the countryside one can still see innumerable ruins of homes destroyed by war. The needs and problems are still great. It would be a miracle if it were otherwise in a country that has been occupied for several centuries by foreign powers, further bled by a parasitic royal government, and devastated by the forces of fascism. America has been fortunate in never having suffered these things. But even so, we never saw in Yugoslavia, in all our travels there for six months, the extremes of poverty that we have seen in some places in our own much richer land of America.

About one out of every ten Yugoslavs lost his life in the last war. We talked to friends who had suffered unspeakable tortures. One friend spoke of the days when the big downtown square in Belgrade was full of hanging bodies. We were told of the town where every single school child was taken out of school one day and shot by the Nazis.

SINCE our return home we've often been asked how much freedom there is in Yugoslavia. Freedom is a hard thing to measure exactly when you're only in a country for a few months, and not always easy even in a country where you live all your life. Apparently no country is entirely free of those persons of bureaucratic and undemocratic bent. We did observe, however, that people in Yugoslavia seemed to feel quite free to criticize government policies when they wished; they did not seem fearful. We heard some grumbling in Dubrovnik by people who didn't like to pay out half of the rent they collected in taxes to the government. We heard Yugoslavs arguing with each other about government policies and theoretical questions in a perfectly easy and relaxed manner as if they didn't worry about speaking their minds.

The *New York Times* accounts of the recent Yugoslav Communist Party Congress mentioned how freely the Yugoslavs criticized themselves and each other and aired their problems and deficiencies in a very frank and open manner. One does not get the impression of a repressive atmosphere, and one does get the impression that the government is popular with the majority of the people.

Americans often ask about the Djilas case. We heard Yugoslavs speak with different opinions about that case. It's certainly reasonable and proper for us to be concerned about the state of civil liberties in any country; and there's no reason to assume that any country has achieved perfection in this respect. But it would be nice if some of the Americans who have expressed exceedingly great anxiety over Djilas would also have an equal amount of concern for the political dissenters in our own country who have suffered persecution under the Smith Act,

McCarran Act, and McCarran-Walter Act—for the civil rights workers and peace workers and Berkeley students who have endured police brutality and more—and for the numerous victims of inquisitorial investigating committees, etc.

In the summer we went to the island of Korcula (part of Yugoslavia) in the Adriatic. Howard attended the Korcula Summer School, an annual international gathering hosted by Yugoslav philosophers and sociologists. Some other American professors were there, as well as people from other European countries. Many papers were read and fruitful discussions were held. There were excursions to nearby sites of interest and very nice social times. Good beaches, swimming in the sea, and beautiful surroundings added to the pleasure of it all. And it was at Korcula that we said our last sad goodbyes to kind friends and to bounteous Yugoslav hospitality.

US-USSR COPYRIGHT PROSPECTS

THE recent signing by the Soviet Government of the international agreement on patents has aroused strong hopes among writers and publishers in this country that similar action will be taken on copyrights.

Franklin Folsom was in the Soviet Union last summer and proposed a royalty system that would give U.S. authors payments, divided between rubles and dollars, for their books published in the Soviet Union. He got a friendly response. (*New York Times*, April 18).

Mr. Folsom, in Moscow to gather material on a book, *The Soviet Union, A View From Within*, to be published by Thomas Nelson & Sons, sent his plan to the Writers' Union of the USSR. He proposes that a Soviet publisher should pay royalties due an American author into separate dollar and ruble accounts, the amounts going into each account being proportional to the annual totals "due Soviet authors from American publishers and due American authors from Soviet publishers." The dollar account would be payable directly to the author. The ruble account could be withdrawn by the author for use in the Soviet Union. This plan, of course, deals only with payment to authors.

Many more American books are published in the Soviet Union than are Soviet books in this country. Thus Soviet publishers and writers have told their American counterparts that their Government hesitated to join the Universal Copyright Convention because it would mean a currency loss for them. The Folsom proposal would in part overcome this difficulty.

Aleksei Surkov, secretary of the Union of Soviet Writers, in a letter to Mr. Folsom expressed his gratitude at the effort to settle "a problem which is of deep concern for the writers of both countries."

MOSCOW HIT PARADE

by JIM RIORDAN

*Dark the night, deep the grass,
Wet at dawn with dew,
People say "She's deep in love,
Lucky loving you!"*

HERE are the opening lines to a number moving swiftly up the Moscow hit parade. No, not by Cliff or The Animals, but by Edita Piekha, a blonde variation on Alma Cogan. Too slushy? More socialist realism needed? All right, how about this:

*Now, we're not stokers, we're not carpenters,
But we don't want to change at all,
Nor fall!
We're construction workers, spidermen, lass. . . .*

Or something more sophisticated with local coloring:

*How many years old are
The banks of our blue Volga?
Flow on our blue Volga,
Your limits can't be seen.*

The "Volga" ballad and the "O.K." twist are two of the current Soviet pops, judging from record sales and the serenades beneath my window of a Saturday night.

Young Russians like their pops just as much as their "Chaik" and Robbie Burns. I was chatting to "jumping" Val Brumel and his wife Marina the other day and they put Frank Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald at the top of their Western favorites, and heart-throb Muslim Magomayev (the Soviet Mario Lanza) and dark-eyed, husky-voiced Tamara Miansarova as tops here. I asked the world's top high jumper where he went for entertainment. "The Aelita Coffee Club has come good modern jazz most nights of the week and you can twist, sing and even get up and recite poetry if you want to."

Now I was a trifle skeptical about this as I thought jazz was not officially in favor, and most of the big band swing reminded me of the days of Whispering Jack Smith. But I had heard some good outfits

JIM RIORDAN is an Englishman at present living in the Soviet Union. He writes regularly for the Anglo-Soviet Bulletin in which this appeared.

from the Provinces—Georgia's "Rego," Armenian and Azerbaidzhanian dance bands. To satisfy myself, I went on a tour of several Moscow youth coffee clubs—Youth, Blue Bird, Romantica and Aelita—and discovered that you can hear as good modern jazz here, if you can squeeze your way in, as you can in England. Further, although less cosy and intimate, these Soviet clubs provide as groovy an espresso and modern surroundings as anywhere else.

I recently attended two lunch-time jam sessions, one in the Youth Cafe on Gorky Street and the other in the basement of the Finance Ministry! And the home-played modern jazz really is good. Of the combos I would name that led by Herman Lukianov (flugelhorn!), a leading jazz arranger, and Nick Gromin (guitar) who last year was voted one of the top 10 jazz guitarists in the world at the Polish Jazz Festival. Lukianov's group won the small band sections. Most admired and imitated American jazzmen are Thelonius Monk, John Coltrane, Miles Davis and the Modern Jazz Quartette. This, inevitably is a reflection of the Voice of America.

While not actively taboo, jazz officially sets a poser. There is no denying its progressive roots, but most Russian pace-setters do not distinguish between jazz proper and Elvis Presley. Hence the absence of jazz journals and records. But several beat records of foreign stars are on the market and a few Moscow cafes, shops and restaurants have piped international pop hits for their customers.

Moscow television has three channels, two permanent and a third at present used for twice-weekly English classes. Many Soviet teenagers criticize the mass media for dullness and accent on instruction and culture. It is not easy to digest a radio opera at breakfast or an hour's TV talk on scientific farming regularly. Nevertheless youth does have its say. Twice a week "Youth Takes the Air" in the television program of the same name. And for a month now Radio Beacon has been broadcasting a round-the-clock light music program (it even plays the Beatles). Last week's *TV Times* informs me there were twelve full-length films and two ice hockey matches.

"Sunday Night at the Palladium" has its Soviet equivalent on Saturday night at the Blue Flame Club—an informal variety show some of whose regular favorites are the inimitable comedian Arkady Raikin, pop songstress Maya Crystalinskaya and conductor Oleg Lundstram's ensemble of ex-Shanghai bandmen.

Since October 15, TV late night shows have featured several musical shows from Poland and Czechoslovakia. The Soviet version of "My Fair Lady" is now in town.

WITH a few exceptions ("Hamlet," "Nine Days Of One Year," and a new film called "Collective Farm Chairman") the Soviet film industry appears to be going through a lean period.

But there have recently been exciting productions by and about

young people—"Girls," "Walking Around Moscow," "There Once Was a Lad," all light-hearted and the last two distinctly "off-beat" films.

While most of the best new Western films have not had a Moscow showing (largely due to currency problems), the city does sport a wide range of international films. This week there are almost fifty foreign films on, ranging from "Divorce Italian Style" to India's "Mr. 420." Though most British and American productions are a bit long in the tooth (an old Jack Benny and "Lady Hamilton"). There are five English films on now, including "Sporting Life" and a Norman Wisdom film.

Let me slip in a commercial here for the best Soviet magazine in English, *Soviet Union*, which has a periodical feature on fashions. Undersandably, most Soviet materials are inferior in quality to most British. I say "understandably" because this is a country bravely hauling itself up from absolute zero and helping dozens of other countries on the way.

Remember that the USSR has been invaded and battered thrice in fifty years and does not intend to give anyone the chance again. It has knocked a new society into shape, charting untrodden paths and, consequently, having to learn from its mistakes. Heavy industry had to come first, the Socialist foundation built. This has been done. Now the government can afford to concentrate on consumer goods, *better quality* above all, as Premier Kosygin has stressed. And just as inevitably as the spring thaw follows the icy Russian winter, in a few years Russian youngsters will be up among the best in sensible fashions—and good quality clothes will be *accessible to all at low prices*.

That is why politics, in the broadest sense, is inseparable from all other facets of Soviet life. More tractors mean more bread, cheaper cereals, more cash available for television sets, clothes, records, and more leisure time.

More gas pipes spell cheaper gas bills (my monthly gas bill for a family of four is 25 kopeks—40 cents) and more time for those in the country and provincial towns who no longer have to gather in wood for winter cooking.

The line of "anything you can do, we Russians can do better—only bigger"—is not the attitude of the ordinary Ivan-in-the-street. Ivan would readily agree he has much to learn from others, including the British.

BACK to the pops. Like all those engaged in the entertainment business, Soviet songwriters do attempt to prevent the banal and socially-repellent from influencing youngsters. The words below underline something essential to most Soviet songs that separate them sharply from popular music in the West.

*I'm in love with you, life
And my love is not new or soon over.
I'm in love with you, life
I repeat these words over and over.*

Or take the song that my three-year-old daughter sings all day long:

*Let there always be sunshine
Let there always be blue skies
Let there always be mummy
Let there always be me!*

The appeal for peace is a theme in many Soviet pops.

Lastly, besides their social purpose, the majority of songs here are not "yeh yeh, skoo-be-doo, kiss me, honey, honey, kiss me" refrains. They are poems set to music. Can you imagine a song for peace (*words*: John Betjemen, *music*: Benjamin Britten) at the top of the hit parade in Britain? But listen to the most popular song of recent years here:

DO RUSSIANS WANT WAR?

*Go ask the soldiers from the ranks,
The lads you hugged on Elbe's banks,
And who remember all they saw
Ask, do the Russians want a war?*

(*Words*: Yevgeny Yevtushenko; *Music*: Dmitri Shostakovich.)

(*Translation of songs by Tom Botting.*)

MOSCOW JAZZ FESTIVAL 1965

THE 1965 Moscow Jazz Festival closed with a concert in the auditorium of Moscow's Composers' Club on June 13. The auditions had taken place in April at the Yunost Hotel. The concert was to present the award-winning combos publicly.

The winning combos were presented by Yuri Salusky, popular Moscow band leader and jazz composer. The quartet of Aleksei Kozlov, who is the only professional musician in his group, Vardin Sakun, physicist and pianist, Andrei Yegorov, electrical engineer and bassist, and Valery Bulanov, engineer and drummer, received the greatest applause. Vardin Sakun's "Five Steps Into Space" was judged the best original piece of music played at the festival. The Kozlov quartet also played arrangements by Miles Davis and a piece called "Meeting in Ghana."

The overflow audience in adjoining club rooms listened to high fidelity loudspeakers carrying the concert which included compositions by Charlie Mingus and other U.S. jazzmen as well as Miles Davis.

According to Theodore Shabad (*N.Y. Times*, June 15) the present joint sponsorship of modern jazz by composers and Communist youth leaders is expected to bring a new era of jazz music into being in the Soviet Union.

UKRAINIAN FRIENDS ARE WELCOME VISTORS

by EKATERINA KOLOSOVA

At the end of last year a group of Ukrainian professional people—doctors, university professors, writers, composers, singers, actors—headed by Ekaterina Kolosova, Chairman of the Ukrainian Society for Friendship and Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries and Deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the Ukrainian Republic, spent a month in this country. We print below Madame Kolosova's impressions of her trip to our country and the brief notes of three members of the group who came with her.

NOVEMBER 26 was the longest day of 1964 for our group of cultural and public figures who visited the United States and Canada last fall. Beginning with the dawn in Moscow we seemed to be continuously trying to catch up with the sun. Even though it "escaped" us and our small group flew into the darkness of New York, we still arrived at 7:30 p.m. of the same day we left—Eastern Standard Time of course.

Our plane touched down on the concrete runway of the Kennedy airport on the outskirts of New York and our twenty voices expressed in one way or another our common feeling: "Greetings America, a country famous for its industrious people, people who, as we do, strive for peace and friendship among nations!"

Our schedule in America allowed us to become acquainted with many places of historic interest, cultural monuments, universities and schools, art galleries and museums, hospitals, plants; and also to meet people, both new acquaintances and old friends. Every day, from morning till night we either rode, walked or flew somewhere. Sometimes there was not even time to get an hour's sleep!

We saw the United Nations Building, the Empire State Building, the *New York Times* printing plant, the Statue of Liberty, Central Park, two museums of modern art, the Frick collection, the Metropolitan Opera, Columbia University, historic monuments in Washington, the White House, the Capitol, and Mount Vernon.

Each visit meant, first of all, meeting people and having them tell us about themselves, and secondly, telling them about our life, for inevitably at the close of our encounters the request would come from our hosts: "Tell us about the Ukraine."

We told them about the beauties of Kiev, which despite its thousand-year history is eternally young, bustling, yet always dream-like in

appearance; the endless steppe-lands along the Black Sea; about the new industrial centers, the giant hydro-electric power stations that have been built in the Ukraine, and of course, about the new life of the Ukrainian peasants.

Half a century ago when people spoke about world economics and modern science the Ukraine was never mentioned. Now our republic is one of the top ten industrial countries in the world, and its scientists are widely known.

Industrial goods made in the Ukraine amount to one-fifth of the Soviet Union's gross industrial output. Products made in the Ukraine have won high acclaim on the international market and are exported to more than 70 countries. The Ukraine has outstripped England and Western Germany in the production of pig iron, it produces more steel than France and England, and mines three times more coal than France.

We know that the entire world now uses the discoveries of such Ukrainians as the Patons (father and son) in the field of electro-welding, of Khlushkov in cybernetics, Bogomolets in patho-physiology, Filatov and Puchkarova in sight restoration, and Kolomychenko in restoration of hearing.

Fifty years ago most Ukrainian people were illiterate, but today almost one-third of the Ukraine's population (not including pre-school age children) study, and the majority in secondary and higher education institutions.

We told the people of the United States about changes in the Ukraine and some of them did not seem to believe us. "Such a level of development was achieved during the past 20 post-war years?" They would ask skeptically.

"Yes," we explained, "During the war the fascists destroyed 1,710 Soviet cities, more than 70,000 villages, more than 25,000,000 persons were left without roofs over their heads. They ruined more than 30,000 industrial enterprises, more than 4,000 railroad stations, 98,000 collective farms, close to 5,000 farm machinery and tractor stations, 40,000 hospitals, 84,000 schools and educational establishments."

Since this was my second visit to the United States, I was able to judge to what extent Americans are familiar with our way of life. The two years that had elapsed between visits is certainly not a long period, but I had the pleasure of noticing that warmth of feeling toward the USSR and its integral member—the Ukraine—had grown considerably.

All our meetings and contacts with people in New York, Washington, Chicago were held in an exceptionally frank atmosphere and good will prevailed at all times. Particularly strong in our memories is the reception accorded us by the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship. We remember the pleasant meeting we had at their headquarters with the famous singer, Paul Robeson, Mr. Richard Morford, Jessica Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Leavin and others.

We were very happy to have had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the many-sided work being done by the Council which is aimed at strengthening friendly ties between the peoples of our great countries. It particularly gained the warm sympathy of wide circles of the Ukrainian people last year when it helped to mark in the United States the 150th anniversary of the birth of the Ukraine's great poet, Taras Shevchenko. We were happy to fulfil the mission given us by the Ukrainian Shevchenko Jubilee Committee of thanking the Council for acquainting the American public with the works of our poet and it was indeed a pleasant task to give leading workers of the Council Shevchenko jubilee medals and prizes.

WE CONSIDER the fact that there is a monument to Taras Shevchenko in Washington not only evidence of homage to the poet, but also evidence of good will to the entire Ukrainian people, for Shevchenko and the Ukraine are one. (The statue of Shevchenko was unveiled in Washington in June, 1964.)

I remember that it was a biting cold day with snow and rain falling when we came to the Shevchenko monument in Washington. Each of us placed a wreath at the foot of the marble pedestal and then sang Shevchenko's song that is world famous, "My Testament." Numerous passersby, perhaps not used to such a scene, watched this ceremony with interest. They asked, "Who are they, these people who stand in the rain before the monument with bowed heads? Are they the poet's fellow-countrymen?"

And we, at the moment, were thinking: "Glory to you, our great son, for having crossed boundaries and the ocean with the strength of your genius to excite men's hearts with your passionate and fiery words, with your clear and penetrating wisdom."

Unforgettable were the talks we had with Ukrainians who live in the United States, and who wanted to hear the truth about how their brothers and sisters live in the Soviet Ukraine. Our conversations always closed with talk of peace. Many people we talked with understood that a categorical "no" should be given to war. And during these moments I always remembered that the flag of the Ukraine—which proudly flutters on American soil along with the other flags of nations who belong to the UN, on the square in front of this world organization—stands side-by-side with the flag of the Soviet Union. Never before in the entire history of the Ukrainian people has the Ukraine had such authority in international matters, such wide cultural and scientific contacts, as today. It is a founding nation-state of the United Nations and UNESCO, a member of 50 international organizations and a participant of 108 international agreements, pacts and conventions.

Allow me on behalf of my fellow-travellers and myself to take this opportunity to thank again our hospitable American friends in

helping us, the Ukrainian tourists who visited your country, to become acquainted with the United State's past and present, with what the talented and industrious American people have created and are creating.

We are happy that during our visit we found friends who look upon such contacts as we do as a good beginning for better understanding. All of us come from one tree that grows from one root—mankind. More contacts with one another mean that we will know one another better and become friends. More contacts mean doing more for the cause of peace, progress, life and happiness on earth!

TYMOFI LEVCHUCK, film photographer

I AM BY profession a cinematic photographer, thus I have my own way of seeing the colors and pictures of the world. For instance, when we flew over the American continent my attention was always attracted by the night glow of the cities. Every city seemed to be a huge model of a stage set prepared by a film studio. Below blazed a sea of neon lights—stationary, flickering, exploding. They seemed to be the lighting effects for some sensational science-fiction film!

My stay in America could be compared to a ride on a cinematographic bobsled that tore at an incredible speed through space, time and events. For a brief account of my impressions I must refer to the notes I made in the midst of the excitement:

"A live shot." The old grey building of the famous Metropolitan Opera. Here Chaliapin once sang, here our wonderful Bolshoi Ballet troupe has performed. Here so many famous operas have been presented. Suddenly, like a bolt from the blue: "Hurry, gentlemen, and photograph the Metropolitan," suggested our guide. "Next year the building will be torn down and in its place will be a tall office building."

"Business is business," was the explanation we got for our surprised questions.

The top of the Empire State Building. Here, as on the palm of your hand Manhattan Island, the Hudson River, the East River, the lights of the Jersey shore spread out before you. A wide-screen panorama.

Washington reminded me, with its tree-filled squares and parks, of our beautiful tree-crowned Kiev.

U.S. films. The emphasis on, monsters, madmen, ghouls disturbed me in the films I saw advertised. What could be the effect on children of seeing such films? Even so, serious U.S. films have much in them to admire.

The people I met remain in my memory as being generous, frank and friendly. I dream of working on a joint Ukrainian-U.S. movie project.

SERGEI KOZAK, actor

AS A PROFESSIONAL SINGER, I had my hesitations about going abroad on a tourist trip in the midst of the theatrical season. But my fears that I would spend an idle month lazily looking over the United States and Canada were unfounded.

While sight-seeing in New York we did not notice when the short winter day, our first on the American continent, ended. And in the evening, hundreds of people—members of the League of American Ukrainians—awaited us! They did not greet us as foreign tourists, but as sons of the same country from which they also hailed.

I remember well the atmosphere that prevailed at that meeting. It seemed we were merely visiting friends in Tarnopol or Poltava. And where there are friends, there are songs and much merry-making. I sang, the composer Maiboroda played, the actor Sova recited his witty stories, and all three of us eagerly scanned the faces of our listeners. After Columbus it's hard to discover America, and yet we did discover it for ourselves. First of all, we discovered its wonderful people, amongst whom were many sincere friends of the Soviet Union.

I was moved to tears when I saw on the display cases at the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, the portraits of Taras Shevchenko and Ivan Franko, books by Soviet Ukrainian writers and heard that during the Shevchenko Year alone exhibitions and lectures about the great Ukrainian bard were organized in 22 U.S. states.

Throughout our travels in the United States we felt the keen interest that Americans have in our country. We found out that the Russian language is a very popular subject at the universities. We proudly listened to the wonderful words spoken about our artistic companies that have toured the American continent.

Our group had hundreds of meetings and discussions with people, press conferences and concerts during the month there. And everywhere we heard: "Tell us about your way of life." We were recognized on the streets, in the hotels, restaurants and again and again the same question: "How do you live . . . ?"

So we only slept one or two hours each day. And we're not sorry: we greatly love our socialist homeland, our sunny Ukraine, and were willing to speak about our country day and night.

How can one retell all one's impressions? Now I have seen with my own eyes your skyscrapers and factories, Harlem and Wall Street, wealth and poverty. So I say, my warm thoughts and feelings towards your talented and industrious people will remain with me forever.

MYKOLA VARUDNY, *writer*

I LOVE WINTER. I cannot stay indoors. I take a bus to Skvira, and from there it's twenty kilometers to my native village of Orikhivtsi. I often go on foot: I turn off the highway and walk from village to village. I cover these twenty kilometers in two or three days. When you get to Shaliyivka or Horbiyivka, the people there don't part with you very easily. At the school you talk to the teacher and with the children, at the collective farm you chat with the farmers until late in the evening, then you go over to their recreational center, or it may so happen that you're invited to a wedding, and that means for two solid days you're a guest at the bride's home. Such are the traditions of our people.

Not long ago I made such a trip to Orikhivtsi. My countrymen were busily engaged in preparing for the spring. They showed me their bins laden with fine seeds, their animal farms, machinery, and I heard wedding songs and wondrous tales from them.

When they found out that just before the New Year I had returned from a trip to the United States and Canada they flooded me with questions. I must say that our people are well informed about what goes on in the United States and Canada, from their wide reading of newspapers. Also, no one marvels at stories about far away countries any longer because each village now has people who, on foot, crossed many European countries during the last war. Even so, it was interesting for them to hear what I had to say about my travels across the ocean. I told them about New York, Washington, Chicago, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Toronto, Montreal . . .

I liked the cities of the United States with their proud skyscrapers, wonderful highways and art galleries. But I remember best of all the America of the ordinary people, frank, friendly and industrious, as they are.

At Columbia and George Washington universities we met and talked to professors and students and found out how they lived and worked. We were happy to find out that wide sections of the American public were very much interested in the Soviet Ukraine, and its successes, and that they wanted very much to establish friendly relations with us.

I still get a warm glow within me whenever I think of the meetings we had with members of the League of American-Ukrainians at the Labor Temple in New York. Fate had long ago brought the Ukrainians we met there across the ocean to America in search of happiness and a better life. They worked in New York and often met at the Labor Temple. They now have children and grandchildren but still they have not forgotten their Ukraine, and its people, and have remained in memory loyal and faithful.

FROM THE CUBAN EARTH*by* **BEATRICE JOHNSON**

A LAND of contrasts is the northern coast of the extreme eastern Cuban province of Oriente, where the mountains and the sea meet. Here one sees clearly how the U.S. monopoly companies formerly extracted the riches of the island and gave little in return.

On these shores stand up-to-date nickel-processing plants and mines, the latest word in technological advance, side by side with dirt roads, unpaved streets, wooden barracks and shacks. This is all that was offered the Cubans who operated the refineries, the smelters and the mines. Those who brought the precious ores from the Cuban earth, and processed them into nickel, copper and other minerals, loaded and shipped them to the States to be refined, were rewarded with perpetual backwardness.

Six years after the Revolution, the nickel towns of Nicaro, Moa and Felton are being transformed into an industrial complex, with modern schools, paved streets, cultural centers and shopping facilities. A system of roads will connect towns and villages of this isolated region with the rest of Oriente province. Air service is in operation and is being increased between these towns and the capital of Oriente, Santiago.

The development plans extend over a ten-year period, requiring millions of pesos in investments, and over 15,000 workers, thousands of them skilled, hundreds of new technicians and engineers in agriculture, mining, hydraulics, construction and transport.

The economic heart of the plan is to use fully the mineral resources of the mountain on the Northern Coast of the Oriente Province, of which, it is estimated, there are reserves of at least 3 billion metric tons of nickel, calculated as the richest such deposits in the world. Even now Cuba is fourth in world nickel production; nickel is her second largest export, only next to sugar.

The full use of these riches, can help Cuba secure greater yields in agriculture, more electric energy, greater amounts of building materials. In a word, it can yield all the components of a strong basic economy to satisfy the rising needs of the Cuban people.

BEATRICE JOHNSON is an American journalist now working in Cuba.

IN the middle of March, we traveled over roads that had been hazardous mountain passes for horses and donkeys, and over highways which had been cut through the heart of the mountains. A network of such roads are encircling the entire province, connecting hitherto inaccessible regions with the main life of the province, towns and villages with each other and all with the capital. In a jeep we crossed the great highway still under construction, for over 100 miles from Guantanamo on the southern coast to Baracoa, the landing place of Columbus, the most northern and eastern port of Oriente.

The entire area is a construction site, homes, schools and hospitals are already in use and new ones being occupied every day. On the Cauto River, where people suffered the greatest tragedies and damage, from the cyclone in '63, the excavators, bulldozers and tractors are displacing mountains of earth to build four dams that will contain the rivers and irrigate vast areas of sugar cane, pasture lands, and other vegetation.

By plane from Baracoa we landed in the town of Nicaro and visited the basic nickel processing plant. It was formerly owned by the U.S. Nickel Corporation, a subsidiary of the National Lead Company. We were met by Robert Castillo, the political organizer of the municipality. He told us of the plans to transform this town into a big city, incorporating all the surrounding villages. By 1966, they hope to have built 6,000 new homes for the 2,400 workers in the smelter and 3,200 in the mines, many of whom now live in widely scattered areas with bad roads and primitive transportation. The municipality has 14,000 inhabitants. Before the Revolution, the town of Nicaro, the greenest and prettiest mining town one can find, was inhabited only by US personnel and Cuban engineers. The workers lived in the villages and far away hills. Now workers and engineers occupy the pleasant homes but they do not meet the needs. Supplies have improved with the improvement in the roads. The biggest supply problem are eggs and fresh milk, since there are no dairies or poultry farms in the area. These supplies must now come from Sandiango by plane. When the road is finished to the town of Mayari that too will be solved.

School attendance has been trebled since the Revolution. There is now a large primary school with a place for every child of school age. They come from far and near to attend. There is also a high school and numerous evening classes for workers. The factory-organized courses alone have 680 pupils. In addition there is a university extension course in technology and metallurgy attended by 40 workers at present.

LEONARD GARCIA, the Chief of Production, who accompanied us, called our attention to the social accomplishments: "When you go around and see the workers' clubs, the schools, the movie house, the sport field, the new homes, the private beaches which have been

enlarged and made available to all, don't forget this was a social and cultural desert before the Revolution. All we could boast of as social auxiliaries to one of the most modern plants in the world, were a few drinking joints, a club exclusively for U.S. personnel and the Cuban upper-crust, a segregated place for Negroes and a little less segregated one for Cuban workers."

Evo Herrero, who had worked 20 years in the plant, told us that this area was given to the U.S. Government by the dictator Machado in 1934, as a concession, and that all these years the workers refused to submit to the colonial status imposed upon them. He told us of the great strike struggles in 1945-46, of years of spying, terror and imprisonment to prevent any kind of organization.

"I myself," he said, "was carried out of the plant and sent to jail. Later on I found my way to the mountains and joined Raul Castro's Second Front in the Oriente Province. While there I learned that the pressure of the workers forced the company to sign the first collective contract with the trade union."

"But," he added with a smile, "the real agreement came in 1959, when the company was forced to give an additional 2 million pesos in wages and create many new jobs for the jobless."

At the plant Jose Garcia, a worker who had also been in the mountains with Raul Castro, told us of the underground work of the members of the Popular Socialist Party, now merged into the United Party of the Socialist Revolution. "Ten to twelve of us kept the spirit alive. It was a very difficult task, but in 1958, the majority joined the July 26th movement. We worked illegally, we organized aid for the Rebel Army, we sent men and provision and kept continuous contact with our fighting force. I was a sergeant in the Rebel Army and my commander sent me to the factory. Once inside I helped organize a secret militia. Now 40 per cent of our working force is in the militia and we have 229 members in our United Party."

The Chief of Production told us that in 1959, the company gave orders to stop production. They withdrew the supply of gasoline. But, he said, the workers held secret meetings and decided to keep the plant going and to hasten nationalization. "The Company left us without gasoline, had purposely exhausted the stocks of spare parts; anthracite coal earmarked for Nicaro was sold in the USA. But we had our workers and technicians, our experience and our will to make things go. The Soviet Union sent us gasoline and North Vietnam sent coal. We improvised parts, adopted others, used substitute materials and built new ones. Now we have a special department with 600 workers supplying spare parts to the plant. We never dropped production below 80 per cent of capacity."

He had the highest praise for the Soviet and Czechoslovak engineers and technicians now working in the plant, both as experts and as friends.

GIRL BUILDERS OF BRATSK

by JESSICA SMITH

THREE years ago, in June, 1961, when I visited the great Bratsk hydroelectric station in Eastern Siberia the place roared and seethed with activity. They were rushing to get the first turbine in place before the end of the year.

By the end of 1963 a capacity of 3,600,000 kilowatts was reached, completing the first stage of construction. At the time of my return visit in September 1964, this time with my husband, all but two of the twenty turbines were in place, and ten were working. We were told that within two years, when the vast new Bratsk Sea formed by the dammed Angara River has risen to its full height, they would reach the full planned capacity of 4,500,000 kilowatts—twice that of Grand Coulee.

The wonder of this great feat of human genius and labor was still there, but this time we saw the miracle of its operation rather than of the surging process of building. Pioneering youth had come out from all over the Soviet Union and, with only tents for shelter in the beginning, in fierce struggle against the bitter frost of the Siberian winter and the excruciating swarms of gnats in summer, had torn up the primeval forests and tamed the wild river.

Now the fruit of their heroic labor rises calm and majestic above the river. In a quiet room of the station we met the young engineer and his woman assistant, one of the shifts who watch the control panels where lights flash on and off, push buttons, and with a flick of their fingers send the electric power humming through the high tension wires to run new industries near by and others hundreds of miles away.

All around the hydroelectric station is a thriving, though still somewhat primitive, community of homes, schools, hospitals, stores, clubs, movies and new industries. A new life has begun. Many of the original builders have remained, many have gone on to endure the hardships of building new and more powerful dams downstream or where other great rivers pour their unbridled might through the deep taiga. There is a never-ending influx of new young people eager to take part in this mighty enterprise of opening up new industries, towns and cities all over Siberia. Whether truck drivers, electricians, engineers, doctors, or teachers, they are all the builders of this new world.

In the beginning, the whole development around the hydroelectric station was called Bratsk. But in the swift growth of new communities there were about seven different ones that took the name of Bratsk. The ancient, original town of Bratsk, its people resettled, now lies beneath the sea. A new city of Bratsk, the real Bratsk, is being built around a huge new lumber complex arising some ten miles from the dam. The settlement right beside the station where its workers live is called Energetik. The main town adjoining the dam where we were staying is now called Padun, after the mighty Angara rapids tamed to dam the river. There we sought out the young pioneers whose radiant faith in the future of mankind had brought them to Siberia.

THE young unmarrieds (they don't stay that way long) in Padun lived in dormitories scattered around town. These were attractive two-story houses, painted bright green or blue or orange with white trim, set-in porches and verandahs above painted in contrasting colors. Vines climbed the porch pillars, and in dusty gardens surrounding the cottages, flowers and shrubbery bravely tried to acclimate themselves to strange conditions, dahlias, asters, marigolds and zinnias making gay spots of color.

We visited one of the girls' dormitories first, and were greeted there by the very attractive house mother, Tatiana Leontievna Gomolina, who supervised eight dormitories. In her silk dress and smart hairdo, she looked hardly older than the girls who clustered around to greet us.

Rita Podgornaya invited us into her room. It was perhaps fifteen by thirty feet, with two beds on each side neatly covered with bedspreads of a blue print and fluffy pillows. On the walls were a large mirror, paintings, photographs and various feminine decorative objects. At one end was a large cupboard with a great pile of books on top, which we got the impression had been put there hastily to get them out of our way. We sat around a table by the window.

Rita, our hostess, was a luscious blonde, with wide eyes of Siberian gray, a full Slavic face with high cheek bones. Her skin was clear, suffused with that lovely rosy flush beneath the surface one sees in most Russian girls—the very picture of radiant health and youth. Other eager and lively girls crowded into the room.

Rita, a poised and polite hostess, made us all comfortable on the various chairs and beds. She apologized that there were not more girls to greet us. Most of the girls were at work and those on hand were second shifters. Rita, we learned, was twenty-two and worked in the town's medical department. What had brought her here in the first place?

"After I graduated from Sverdlovsk Medical School three years ago, I was a delegate to a Komsomol (Communist Youth) Congress.

The Secretary told us all about the building of the Bratsk Hydroelectric Station and asked for volunteers. It sounded exciting, and a friend of mine and myself decided then and there to come here."

Did she ever feel homesick?

"Oh, yes! During the first year especially. I went home that summer for my vacation thinking that I would not come back again for a second year. But everything at home seemed dull and boring. Everyone was just doing the same old thing. I realized that the people and the life here in Padun are much more interesting and when I came back I liked it more than ever, even though things were much harder then than now, and now I plan to stay. We have no worry about the future here. There is enough work to go on forever! Perhaps I'll get married here—"

At this there was laughter and some bantering conversation with our handsome interpreter Valodya who always made a great hit with the girls. Their faces fell when they learned he was happily married.

But, we asked them, wasn't it difficult living four in a room, didn't they sometimes need places of their own to entertain their boy friends, didn't they sometimes get on each other's nerves?

They exchanged merry looks at this and laughed quite a lot, saying they liked to be together and lived just like a family. Rita said:

"My brother came out here too, to work on the dam. He was married here, and had an apartment. Then he went on to another new project; he offered me his apartment so I could 'have a life of my own.' But I decided I would be lonely by myself, and preferred to stay here with my friends."

THE housemother, Tatiana Leontievna, who had been going about her business, dropped in at this point and got the trend of the conversation.

"Really, no one stays here in the dormitory very long," she said. "There are more boys here than girls, so our girls get married off very quickly! There isn't a single person here in the dormitory now who was here in 1956. One group comes, gets married, another group, the same thing—now we have about our fourth shift of girls here!"

Dating seemed not to be a problem. When one got a boy friend, "He's the friend of all of us," they giggled. But, we demurred, didn't he sometimes want his girl to himself? No problem there, they assured us. There was a special reception room, there were quiet hallways, there were dances, there was the whole outside world in summer time and back rows at the movies and entertainments in the winter—they managed!

"Yes," Tatiana went on, "We have the highest birth rate in the Soviet Union! Angara used to be the highest—now we've outstripped them!" (Padun was one of about ten towns in the Soviet Union where I heard this proud claim.)

The girls told us that they worked out their mutual problems very easily, each taking care of her own things and dividing up the general cleaning. Living was very cheap. Three rubles a month covered room rent, electricity and linen. Meals, at canteens connected with the dormitories, were substantial and very inexpensive. They often chipped in to have birthday parties or wedding celebrations in their own rooms, or in the general reception hall. There was a lot of visiting back and forth with the men's dormitories.

They all loved to dance. What kind of dances did they do? The twist?

Oh, they did all the usual old dances—and the twist, too. But they didn't have enough new records and they felt they didn't really know the modern dances well enough to be experts, they needed someone to teach them. The Charleston had been very popular for the last few years but now was going out. They'd love to have some new American dance records. They had heard a few records of American folk music and would like to have more. One said she loved Negro spirituals—Paul Robeson's records were the best of all—and how was he and would we please give him their greetings when we got home?

LITTLE by little we learned something of the work and interests of the various girls. Galya Grigoriev, from Voronezh, a dark-haired girl with glasses, the only one we might call plain, 23 years old, was a skilled worker at a shop packaging products from the dairy farm. They were trying to learn from American methods of packaging, she said, but still had a long way to go. She came last year, loves it, will stay at least another two years, maybe forever!

Zoya Yurina, 23, with bleached hair, looked older and more sophisticated than the rest. This was misleading; we found her as simple and natural as the others. She told us:

"I finished a teachers' school in Voronezh. I was offered various places to teach, but Bratsk appealed to me most, especially because my best friend, Galya [a second Galya] wanted to come. So we came together. I teach in a kindergarten. Why did I choose that work? Because I love children, love to work with them. We are opening many kindergartens here, but there are still not enough for the needs—that's one of our biggest problems."

Galya Gardiyeva, who came with Zoya:

"I also work at the kindergarten, and I love to work with children too! I went home to Voronezh the first summer and, like Rita, I was bored and came back even before my vacation was over. I like all my friends here. It's strange to hear you ask whether we get on each other's nerves! There are eighty girls in each dormitory and we always feel sad when anyone leaves. We all work at different jobs. We get together when we are free and talk and argue about simply everything under the sun. In our free time we dance, go to movies, walk along

the seashore, go water-skiing in summer, take part in amateur performances, go to lectures—most of us are studying either in correspondence schools or evening courses. Life is very full for us!”

Lida Dolkykin, the fourth of the Voronezh girls who were rooming together, in the room next door, told us she had finished vocational trade school, then she had seen an advertisement in the papers calling for salesladies in Bratsk, and now she was working in one of the stores. She told us:

“There’s one thing the others forgot to tell you about our activities. Along with everything else, we all read like mad, everything we can get hold of!”

They all started talking at once about writers they liked best. Some preferred the classics, some modern writers. They loved Tolstoy and Gorky and Chekhov and of course Sholokhov. Lately they had all been reading Constantine Simonov’s *Soldiers Are Made, Not Born* and Yuri Bondarev’s *Quietness*. They all said they were interested in reading everything they could exposing the evils of the Stalin era, which both of these books did. They had previously read Solzhenitsyn’s *A Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*.

Their comments revealed quite a different attitude than we had found in talking to some of the young people in Moscow who were, in fact, somewhat older than this group. In Moscow in some circles, though by no means all, the disclosures about Stalin had left a certain pessimism and cynicism, and all this was still very much a part of their lives. To these wonderful young people in Bratsk, the disclosures represented a dark page of past history, something over and done with that didn’t affect their lives. They felt they must know all about what had happened and why and so they read and discussed everything they could lay their hands on. But there was no cynicism in them at all, no pessimism, only boundless faith in the future.

They went on to discuss other books. Rita was studying French so she could read French novels in the original. She was especially fond of Stendhal. They were all crazy about Salinger’s *Catcher in the Rye* and were eager to know about other writers in the United States, especially those reflecting problems of American youth in their work. They all knew Hemingway and something of Faulkner. Some had read Jack Kerouac and they were very curious about the beatniks and the decadent trends in American literature they had heard about.

BUT their greatest love was poetry. Pushkin, Lermontov, Yesenin, Mayakovsky, Voznesensky, Yevtushenko. Most of all they loved evenings of poetry readings. Did we have such things in America? Rita spoke up:

“Yevtushenko was here in May, and gave poetry readings. There was a huge meeting for him at the Energetik Club. Everyone crowded in, jamming the corridors, window sills, lobbies. We love Yevtush-

enko’s poetry, and especially the way he reads it. He’s a real Sibiriak, you know, he’s one of us! He wrote a big poem about Bratsk. And we were the very first to hear it. He said it wasn’t finished yet, and he wanted our criticism. Some of it was wonderful. He caught the very spirit of Bratsk just the way all of us here feel it. But the poem was about all sorts of things, and there were some parts we didn’t like so much. We had a hot and heavy discussion with Yevgeny. He listened carefully to all of our criticisms, and said he would take them into account in his final writing.”

What didn’t they like about Yevtushenko?

“Oh, he’s very gifted, but sometimes I think he’s a bit too crude,” Rita answered. “Sometimes he says sensational things just for effect. Then he writes too much about himself—there’s too much I-I-I. Several of us told him just what we thought. He took it all very seriously and thanked us and said he would try to change the things we didn’t like.”

(As I recount this discussion of nine months ago there is already on my desk the first draft of a translation of a part of Yevtushenko’s *Bratsk* which appeared in the magazine *Yunost*, No. 4, 1965, which Bernard Koten is working on. The poem is very long, some sixty pages, but we expect to bring our readers sections of it in an early issue.)

Galya, the kindergarten teacher, then spoke of the special emphasis in their kindergarten work on poetry and how her children loved to learn verses by heart and recite them. One of the favorite children’s poets in Russia, she said, was Kornei Chukovsky and she asked whether I knew his work, which indeed I did (I had the joy of visiting this beloved writer at his home in Peredelniko later in my visit). She told me she had especially enjoyed his recent book *From Two to Five* (which has been translated and published in this country) which is all about the marvelously inventive language of young tots.

The girls plied us with questions about American young people. Galya Grigorieva asked:

“We have heard that most American young people choose their specialty in life in the field where they can make the most money. Can that be true, aren’t they interested sometimes in studying just to know more, to be able to do more interesting things, to be able to contribute more to society?”

THIS led to a discussion about their own goals, and what they thought life would be like in the future Communist society. Rita said:

“Now we work a certain number of hours and get paid for it. We do the work we want—we study in order to work better. But there’s not yet enough of everything to go round, so we still have to think about money—not for its own sake, that would be meaningless, but

to get the things we need. Now, under Communism, we'll work only as long as we want to, and we won't have to think about money at all because there will be enough of all the things that everyone needs and payment will be arranged so that everyone gets everything they need. We will always want to work, life would be dull without it, but we'll have more time for art and music and poetry or whatever else we are most interested in. Life will be much better for everyone. That's what we are working for today!"

What specifically would she like to have right now that she doesn't have?

"I'd like to have more sun in my room, for one thing! All houses everywhere should be full of sunshine, just like the Energetik Club, with its all-glass front! Then we need more theaters here, more buses and trolleys—and we want everything around us to be beautiful! And I myself want to go on with my medical studies, to help people be healthy and live longer."

Galya Grigorieva, the plain one, added:

"We have plenty of food now, but we'd like more variety, and for it to taste better, and especially we'd like more fruit! We'd like more restaurants with music, where we can go on special occasions. We have enough clothes, we are warm in winter—but we could use more sweaters and coats. But we want more pretty clothes, not just useful ones! We need more stores, with more things in them—not just the essentials, which we have. Under Communism we'll have all these things, so we won't even have to think about them—and we'll have more cultural facilities too. We need more clubs right now. Don't think I am only interested in comfort. Of course I want it. I've already finished high school since I've been here, along with my work, and now I'm learning still a new trade, to be a telegraphist—I think that will be more interesting than packaging. Then I'd like to go on and take a college course by correspondence, and study cybernetics!"

More questions about our American young people. We told them everything we could about the civil rights movement and the movement for peace. Then came the usual flood of questions about who really killed President Kennedy and whether Goldwater had a chance of being elected. This deep concern about Goldwater was universal; we ran into it everywhere. It was a measure of the universal hatred of war among the Soviet people. The girls asked how such a man could have become a candidate, was there really a fascist trend in our country, were there really people who supported war policies, why didn't the people just rise up and throw him out? We reassured them that the majority of the American people really could be counted on, and that they would indeed throw Goldwater out in the elections. We could not know then that within a few months President Johnson, elected because he opposed the war policies advocated by Goldwater, would be carrying them out himself. . . .

When it was time to leave, the girls presented John and me with huge bouquets from the garden, and begged us to come back to their dormitory for tea in the evening when more of the girls would be there. We accepted eagerly.

WHEN we went back we found that tables had been put together in their pleasant reception and reading room, and laid out with a white cloth and set with fruits and crackers and cakes and candies. When we arrived the girls were just getting back from work and were still dressing, and there was a good deal of scurrying around the halls.

One by one Rita and the others appeared, some of those we had seen in the morning and several new ones. They all had stylish bouffant hairdoes (They help each other, they told us. They are not satisfied with the local hairdresser.) and pretty dresses. Nails had been manicured and polished, lipstick and even mascara were in evidence. One, with dark hair piled high, huge brown eyes and a delicate, flower-like face, was a real beauty. It was some time before I realized that she was the Galya of the morning session we had called the plain one, transformed by a becoming hairdo and by taking off her glasses.

All of them were good looking and attractive with a fresh bloom on their faces, lips rosy even without lipstick. All were lively, spirited, excited about life and full of laughter as soon as the first shyness had passed.

We resumed our morning's conversation, this time most of the questions being directed to us and we had a wonderfully warm and gay time.

As we talked, we noticed that one after another young men started walking back and forth in the hall outside, from time to time peering at the doorway. We asked whether we were keeping them away from dates with their boy friends. Much laughter at this. It appeared the boys had all been invited to join the party, but had been too shy and so were just prowling around waiting for their girls to be free.

We felt uncomfortable to be keeping the boys and girls apart, so we presently rose to leave, asking what messages they would like to have us take home to the young people of America.

Galya I: "Tell them we hope that your young white people will give still more help to the Negro people in their fight for freedom, and will work still harder for peace and to end the war in Vietnam!"

Rita: "Tell them that we hope that they will all have a goal in life like the young people in Siberia have!"

Galya II: "Tell them we hope that the two extremes you have told us about in your country, of rich and poor youth, will somehow balance out!"

Rita: "Please tell your young men and women to come to Bratsk and visit us. We will welcome them warmly and show them around.

It's better to see something once than to hear about it a thousand times. When they see us they will understand us better. They will know how much we want peace to build a beautiful future—and perhaps American and Soviet young people together can figure out a way that our countries can be friends and help keep peace in the world."

Amid warm farewells they wrote down for me the name and address of their dormitory and begged me to find some American young people to write to them. Rita said that any letters could be sent in her name, and she would share them with the others. Rita Podgornaya is her full name. But when we saw her it was September of the year 1964. And I think it is more than likely that by now she has married one of those young men prowling restlessly in the hallway. If anyone wants to find a pen pal among the young women in East Siberia it will probably by now be with others than the group that entertained us so gaily. So why don't you just write to Girls' Dormitory No. 18, Ul. Hidrostroyteli,* Padun (Bratsk 2) Irkutskaya Oblast, USSR and see whom you can find there. Put on an 11-cent stamp for surface mail, or 25 cents for air mail, which of course is faster. Better still, enclose the letter in an envelope and send it to me, and I'll write in the address in Russian too, which will make surer its delivery.

And do let me know if you get an answer, as I think you will.

* The name means "Street of the Builders of the Hydroelectric Station."

ROCKWELL KENT, ON THE NEED FOR PEACE

CONFRONTED BY the hideous nature of my country's actions in Vietnam, of its armed intrusion in the affairs of the people of Latin America, of Korea and China, of its part in the rehabilitation of the Nazi Wehrmacht, how can I or any American discuss in dispassionately general terms the need of peace on earth! Peace? Yes, we people want it, need it. Need it as all living creatures need and cling to life. And we—yes, we the *people* of America and citizens of what is termed a Democracy—have Peace within our hands, to give or to withhold. Faced with this deep responsibility there is one loyalty, and only one, for each and every one of us: it is to Peace—for that is loyalty to Life itself. And of that loyalty, disloyalty to all that *threatens* peace is the concomitant.

Believing, as I deeply do, in the essential goodness of the American people, I would invoke their unrestrained hatred of the Administration now in power that by its policies and acts of war has shamefully betrayed them. If only those Peoples of the world who until now have been to some degree our friends would for our friendship's sake now be our enemies! Should we Americans, then left alone, reveal ourselves at last too ill-informed, too slothful, too incompetent to act then let there stand revealed to us and all the world—as a tragic example to be learned from—the final failure of the vaunted and once proud American Democracy to justify itself in what may prove to be the greatest crisis that mankind has ever faced.

Written for use in "The Blue Book of Peace," of the Soviet Peace Committee.

THE ARTS IN BULGARIA

by WILLIAM CAREY

UP TO NOW, very little has been published in the United States about contemporary Bulgaria. But in Bulgaria the Foreign Languages Press (1 Levski Street, Sofia) has issued a number of publications in English—on Bulgarian history, the arts, archaeology, education, government, economics, public health, industry, agriculture, and so on; also some novels, short stories, and poetry. For example: *A Short History of Bulgaria* (illustrated, 462 pages, 1963); the novel *Under the Yoke*, by Ivan Vazov; and the monthly illustrated magazine *Bulgaria*, which has articles on many aspects of Bulgarian life. Balkantourist (Lenin Square, Sofia) publishes in various languages, including English, guidebooks, maps and other material for tourists.

While talking with a Bulgarian acquaintance, I happened to use the phrase "economic and cultural life." He commented that Bulgarians, in the present stage of their country's development, had "more cultural life than economic." And indeed, while Bulgarians are still comparatively poor in "the things of this world," they are rich in spirit, in ideals, in achievement. Bulgarian novelists, short-story writers, poets, playwrights, and directors are not pessimistic or frustrated. They do not write sensational stuff. Painters and sculptors, likewise, from what I saw in a number of exhibits in Sofia, do not consider that life is worthless today, nor a disappointment, nor a racket, nor a rat race. In short, Bulgarian life is vigorous and forward-looking.

Many stories and films describe the struggle against the Turks, under the yoke, and against Bulgarian reactionaries in the period before World War II. Also the struggle against the Nazis who occupied the country; problems and successes in developing "the new man"; and the conflict in attitude between those whose interests are mainly selfish and those whose sympathies are social and humanistic. Bulgarian writing is a part of the nationwide effort to build social-

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His article on Bulgaria is from his forthcoming book, *Bulgaria Today: The Land and the People*, to be published shortly by Exposition Press.

ism, and a favorite theme is how prejudice, mistrust, and alienation from society and from oneself are overcome.

It is forbidden to publish or to import pornographic literature. This is not a Communist ruling; it is a pre-1944 law which is still enforced. Newspapers and magazines do not print stories about the private lives of movie stars or anyone else. To do so would be considered in bad taste and an invasion of the rights of the individual.

American films are very expensive to import. The funds allocated for them and for other foreign films are used, as a Bulgarian friend put it, "for those that have artistic value and human relevance, not mere cheap entertainment."

At the opera one evening (it was *Tosca*, beautifully presented), I heard several English people during intermission agreeing that the Sofia opera was as fine, in acting, voices, costumes and scenery as that at Covent Garden. At present, the Sofia National Opera has a repertoire of thirty-four operas and eleven ballets. Opera and theater are not only nor mainly for the well-to-do; they are subsidized by the Government and are brought within the means of everybody. The best seat in the opera house in Sofia costs a little over a dollar; a seat in the back of the top gallery costs about the price of a cup of coffee.

This little country with about the population of Massachusetts and Connecticut together has five State opera companies, nine symphony orchestras, and many excellent theatrical companies, choirs, and dance groups. One reason for so much talent is the Bulgarians' deep-rooted musical tradition. Under the Turkish yoke, folk songs kept alive a sense of national unity and hope. People sang at farm work, at weddings, and on holidays in the public squares. And now there is widespread free musical education.

The most famous of all the folk ensembles is the State Folk Song and Dance Company, whose director is the composer Philip Koutev. They had just returned from a tour of the United States when we were in Sofia. We saw them three times—a feast for eye and ear. Since their first public appearance, in 1952, this ensemble has given concerts to enthusiastic audiences in Austria, Belgium, Canada, China, Czechoslovakia, France, Great Britain, Holland, Israel, Italy, Korea, Mongolia, Poland, Rumania, Syria, the United States, the USSR, Vietnam and Yugoslavia.

Practically every factory and cooperative farm has a somewhat similar group, or one for instrumental music or dramatics. Each year the Ministry of Education and Culture, and the District People's Councils, hold local and national contests among such groups.

The Committee for Friendship and Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries (5 Russki Boulevard, Sofia) was set up to help Bulgarian cultural organizations develop contacts abroad. It also maintains relations with foreign organizations concerned with friendship

between their countries and Bulgaria. It organizes Bulgarian exhibitions, artistic and scientific, to be sent abroad; arranges for sending cultural and scientific workers to other countries; and receives foreign ones. It does not deal with any commercial activity.

At the rest home of the Union of Cultural Workers, in Borovets, I met one of Bulgaria's most distinguished actresses, People's Artist Zorka Yordanova. Since she has acted in many plays both before 1944 and after the big change-over, I asked her what differences she had noticed in production and acting, then and more recently, in the same play.

She replied that even though a play by Shakespeare, Goethe, or Schiller is produced with exactly the same words now as before 1944, the director can change the emphasis. An example is the role of the grave digger in *Hamlet*. Before the war, minor roles were often given to rather inexperienced actors; now, when what the minor character has to say is considered important, a better actor is assigned this role. Even in a major role, with the same words, one can give a different emphasis.

"The theater," she said, "is very popular in Bulgaria, and the plays give rise to much discussion by the people. Even in small towns there are theaters and dramatic groups."

She commented that Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*, which was playing in Sofia at the time, was an absorbing human drama and greatly interested Bulgarian audiences.

Many other foreign plays, new and old, come to Bulgaria. Recently a classical Greek tragedy, presented in Sofia in Greek by a cast from Athens, was tremendously popular.

WHILE in Borovets, I had a talk with a director of documentary films, Mr. Numa Belogorski. He told me that although twenty years ago the Bulgarians had no film industry, they now have a very active one. The films that interest the directors are those with human significance. Such a film is *Stars*, made a few years ago jointly by Bulgarian and East German studios. It concerns a trainload of Jews, during World War II, being taken from Greece through Bulgaria on the way to a German death camp. One of the German guards falls in love with one of the Jewish girls, and this brings about a great change in him. The story, however, ends tragically: the train does go through.

"We Bulgarians," said Mr. Belogorski, "are very tolerant, perhaps the least discriminatory people on earth. In this film there is an internationalism which is one of our inherent qualities. That's why we make a lot of films not only about our country but about our international spirit. We are sorry we haven't the power to present this international spirit so well that it will capture the imagination of people everywhere. Our main theme is the contemporary scene. As

background, we like to tell about our history, about our struggle against the Turkish yoke, and about the 1923 anti-fascist uprising—the first in the world.”

He was at the time working on a documentary film in color on Bulgaria's cooperative relations with other countries. It starts with Syria, where Bulgarian engineers and supervisory personnel were building two complete hydroelectric plants. It shows that country of ruined civilizations, the desert, then the people on the construction project bringing water and life. Next, the film goes to Tunisia, where Bulgarian architects and engineers have won a contest to rebuild the center of Tunis. Two contrasting ideas are presented: the city exploited and ruined by colonialism; and the city now being reconstructed with the help of the Bulgarians—whose country is also developing but at a more advanced stage. The scene then shifts to Algiers, where Bulgarian architects and engineers are building a hospital which is to be equipped and staffed by Bulgarians. The two final episodes present the Bulgarian exhibits at two international fairs—in Vienna and Moscow. These show “not only tomatoes and peppers,” but also Bulgarian industrial and cultural achievements.

In 1963 Mr. Belogorski made a documentary color film called *On the Roads of Africa*, presenting the newly liberated nations there. The first country to buy this film was—West Germany! The Germans commented that they were “tired of looking at jungles and tigers,” and wanted “to know something about the people of Africa, how these people are going to live from now on, and how they are going to use the new freedom that they have.”

“In making this film,” Mr. Belogorski said, “we didn't have West Germany in mind; it was intended mainly to show to our own people.”

The talk turned to how Bulgarians feel about their life and their work today. “We are happy here,” he said, “because we are not very rich. If we were rich, we would not be happy.

“There is a feeling of security in our socialist society,” he added. “You can receive a pension after you have worked twenty or twenty-five years. A writer, for example, can retire at about fifty on a pension and then continue to write for many years, without financial worry. His sense of security comes also from the knowledge that he can receive medical and hospital care free of charge, and that his children will get an education. About 80 per cent of his salary is paid him as a pension.

“If you have this security,” he said, “you can work better and create better.”

Back in Sofia, at supper at a friend's apartment, we met a Bulgarian architect, Hristo Blatev. He is a hearty, self-confident young man, in the thick of city-planning activities. I asked him his views on the rather severe, monumental architecture of the Hotel Balkan,

the TSUM Department Store, and the Communist Party Building, which had been built about 1954 in the center of Sofia.

He replied that Bulgarian architects have made many mistakes, and have also had many successes. Ten years ago they were influenced mainly by the architecture of the USSR.

“Has there been in recent years,” my wife asked, “a conscious attempt to make buildings lighter, more varied, and more suited to a southern climate?”

“Yes. Many Bulgarian architects have been traveling abroad recently, and have been reading architectural journals from many countries, both West and East.”

In 1960 two Bulgarian architects, working together, won the second prize in a competition for a large building in Bagdad. In 1961 a larger team won a prize in an international competition for the reconstruction of part of Tunis.

Bulgarians are building schools, hospitals, hydroelectric plants, etc., in the Near East and in Africa—Senegal, Egypt, Iraq, Mali, Guinea, and elsewhere.

Two things, he said, have greatly influenced Bulgarian architects: sound traditions and new freedoms. There was an excellent artistic tradition in some of their domestic architecture of one hundred to two hundred years ago; and now there are some very competent professors who have inherited these traditions and who are also assimilating the best in foreign countries.

ROUZHA STAIKOVA, a friend of ours, is a ceramic artist. She is a beaming, generous-hearted, humorous person and a steady campaigner for higher artistic standards. She speaks English fluently; before the war she was a student at the American School in Lovech. Her studio is only a “hole in the wall,” behind a battered facade off one of Sofia's main streets. My wife and I made our way between the pottery wheel, the kiln, and a table laden with drying clay shapes in the back of the room. There, instead of a staircase (for there wasn't enough space for one), we saw a ladder. Invited to climb up, we found ourselves in a small loft, which served as living room, bedroom, dining room, and library. It was full of interesting things: vases and bowls from her pottery wheel, experiments with glazes, plaster casts made from Thracian originals, books in half a dozen languages, and shards of pottery from many centuries and many civilizations, from which she was drawing ideas for her work.

She told us that for a time she had worked as a restorer of ceramics in the Archaeological Museum. One day, officials there showed her a big heap of pottery shards in the cellar of the museum, which they thought they could do nothing with, and said, “Rouzha, have a look at this. Why don't you try your hand and see if you can put some of these pieces together?” She spent several months, off and on, at the

task. It was very puzzling at first, and progress was slow; but at the end, she had assembled and put together a number of irreplaceable jugs, platters, and other pieces from ancient epochs. She told us that in this experience her hands became so skilled that, with her eyes shut, she could tell—by feeling the surface, the glaze, and the unglazed material at broken edges—whether a fragment had been made by Greeks, Thracians, Romans, Byzantines, or others.

We learned that some four hundred or five hundred of the artists in Bulgaria—painters, sculptors, ceramic artists, wood-carvers, textile designers, etc.—are members of the Union of Bulgarian Artists. A jury decides which applicants shall be admitted to membership. To be a member carries certain advantages: you get space for a studio assigned to you, and commissions for work—for example, on public buildings, in restoring archaeological treasures, and creating new and better designs for industrial production.

An Art Council within the Union meets twice a week and allocates the available commissions for work. Each contract is signed by the Union, the enterprise for which the work is to be done, and the artist. Payment to the artist is made through the Union.

A WRITER on Bulgarian history has commented that “there are a few countries in the world where the past is so much a part of the present as in Bulgaria.” This is true of archaeology as well as of history. For more than two thousand years Bulgaria has been a crossroads for many civilizations; and especially since 1944 many beautiful and strange objects of great artistic interest have been discovered by accident or dug up during organized excavations. One of the curators of the Archaeological Museum in Plovdiv told me that there are an estimated ten thousand Thracian tumuli in Bulgaria, most of them in the valley of the Maritsa River (which flows through Plovdiv), and that most of these have not yet been excavated.

One day about four years ago, some workers on a cooperative farm turned up a copper vessel containing 786 gold coins. These had been minted in the reigns of various emperors of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. They had probably been buried by a feudal lord who was forced to flee the country when, in the twelfth century, armies of the Second Bulgarian Kingdom swept down and drove out the Byzantine rulers. Many of these coins show an emperor in royal robes, holding a sceptre in his right hand and an orb in the other. On the reverse side is the head of Christ with a halo, and the inscription: “Lord God, Protect Emperor Comnenus” (or whatever the name was).

In our country, with all our twentieth-century progress, it would seem that in basic attitudes we are not very different from these medieval rulers. Instead of a scepter, our leaders' symbol of power is Foreign Aid; instead of the orb, the Bomb. And on the reverse side of our coins we still put: “In God We Trust.”

Soviet Jews Protest Anti-Soviet Meeting

TWO LEADING Jewish scientists of the USSR protested the recent Madison Square Garden rally against “Soviet anti-Semitism” in a letter to the *New York Times*, published June 2. They were the famous Academician Lev Landau, theoretical physicist, winner of the Nobel and Lenin prizes, and Prof. Yevsei Liberman of Kharkov University, one of the leading Soviet economists (See his article in June NWR). The text of the letter follows:

We Jewish citizens of the USSR, express profound indignation regarding the fact that some Western circles continually spread all kinds of fabrications on the position of the Jews in the USSR.

What precisely is this being done for? Could misinformation of public opinion ever serve the cause, dear to us all, of peace and mutual understanding between peoples?

The Jews of the USSR, as the other national minorities, are inseparable from all Soviet multinational peoples. They enjoy all social benefits in an equal degree, and participate in all economic, political and social life of the country. This gives us ground to declare sharply that no one has been given a right to act as unbidden lawyers, intrude on our life and slander our motherland. The Soviet Jews regard the Madison Square Garden meeting of June 3 as a provocation where without us, without our representatives, it is intended to discuss a non-existent problem.

We would like to avail ourselves of the courtesy of the *New York Times* to declare to Americans, including American Jews, that all the problems that may arise here we decide ourselves in the fraternal family of the USSR peoples.

We call upon Americans not to participate in the provocative meeting, which will do nothing but harm mutual understanding between our countries. Instead we express sympathy with those American men and women who are fighting against the real danger of neo-Nazism and Birchism; against those who again want to use gas chambers for Jews; who spread racism and anti-Semitism.

In conclusion, we want to reiterate: We resolutely protest against the convocation of the provocative meeting at Madison Square Garden.

The ugly effort of the organizers of the meeting to stir up new anti-Soviet furore brought to light undercover dissensions among Jewish leaders on this issue. At a press conference on June 10, eight days after the meeting, Dr. Nahum Goldmann, president of the World Jewish Congress, while critical of the Soviet Government, declared that charges against the Soviet Union on the Jewish question were “too often distorted.” He said in part:

Too often the problem is being distorted in its character with the result that accusations are being made against Russia which are not justified, and which can only delay the solution of the problem, and even harm Soviet Jewry.

The problem is not only of persecution in the usual meaning of the word, although there is anti-Semitism in many parts of Russia, and the government must be criticized for not acting more vigorously against anti-Semitic incidents, especially as anti-Semitism is a crime under the Criminal Code of the USSR.

But to compare in any way the policy of the Soviet Government with the Nazis is not only a hideous distortion, but highly unfair to Soviet Russia, which has saved hundreds of thousands of Jews when they escaped from the Nazis at the beginning of the Second World War.

RUSSIAN WRITERS NEW AND OLD

A review by SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

The New Writing in Russia, Translated with an introduction, by Thomas P. Whitney; Ann Arbor, U. of Michigan Press, 1964. 412 pp., \$6.95. *Pages from Tarusa*, Edited, with an Introduction, by Andrew Field; Boston; Little, Brown and Co. 1964. 367 pp., \$6.75. *Russians Then and Now; Selected writings from early times to the present*. Edited by Avrahm Yarmolinsky; New York, Macmillan, 1964. 455 pp., \$8.50.

THE *New Writing in Russia* offers eleven stories and a screen play by five relatively young Soviet writers, along with a heavy dose, consisting of about 80 pages, of "expertizing" by the editor and translator. Such "experts" on Soviet culture seem to have been inoculated against socialism at the time they learned to read Russian. They regard any work with a heroic theme, or imbued with love of country, or that seeks to help build socialism, as by its very nature, official propaganda forced on unwilling writers. They look for "revolt" among Soviet writers, "revolt" being signified by a turn to private life and the unhappy ending. Their ideal of a "good" story is one that could be published in the *New Yorker*.

The Soviet literature of the 1930's and 1940's, with all its remarkable achievements—including private life and unhappy endings—is described by them as dismal and barren, in order to make their present-day selections seem more significant than they are. As for Whitney's selections, some of them simply prove that there can be weak stories with unhappy endings just as there can be weak stories with happy ones. They do give us

interesting pictures, however, of some aspects of life in the Soviet Union today, and of the quite normal development of a young generation which wants to try things for itself instead of following paternal paths. Outstanding is the novelette, *Short Circuit*, by Vladimir Tendryakov, which raises searching questions of human values alongside of production statistics.

There is a higher all-over literary quality, I think, in *Pages from Tarusa*, and thankfully there are only six pages of "expert" comments. Since we are told, however, that the anthology of this name published in 1961 in the Soviet Union aroused quite a hot discussion, there is disappointment in not being given the complete collection instead of selections. We get nine stories by seven young writers, a sampling of five poets, and selections from the works of older writers who were associated with the town of Tarusa, a center of artists and writers.

Interesting themes are raised of personal, human relations, but some stories are little more than sketches. The best are the longer works, which allow their authors to explore their subject in some depth. Among these are Boris Balter's *Three From a Town*, in which three lads decide to make their own future instead of following the staid paths their parents have charted for them, and Bulat Okudzhava's *Lots of Luck, Kid!*, which is a harshly realistic depiction of the anti-fascist war through the eyes of a "green kid" who has gone directly from school to the fox-holes.

Russians: Then and Now is a kind of swift literary excursion divided

about equally between the Tsarist and socialist eras. As for the first part, its inclusion of twenty-five authors might serve to acquaint the beginning student with important names of which he otherwise would not have known, but the selections are too skimpy to provide an inkling of the mind and scope of any of the writers. Tolstoy for example is represented by two short excerpts from *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*, totalling sixteen pages; Dostoyevsky by ten pages from *The House of the Dead*.

The second half, dealing with Soviet literature, lays emphasis on the satirists, dissenters and uncommitted writers. These writers belong, of course, in any full picture of Soviet literature. But when writers like Leonov, Fedin, Ehrenburg, Kazakevich and Alexei Tolstoy are omitted in favor of lesser talents, it is an indication that Editor Yarmolinsky's distaste for socialism has affected his literary standards.

NABOKOV'S "ONEGIN"

Eugene Onegin, by Alexander Pushkin. Translated by Vladimir Nabokov. The Bollingen Foundation. Distributed by Pantheon Books, New York, 1964. Four volumes. \$18.50.

VLADIMIR Nabokov, the well-known Russian-born novelist, believes that his translation of Pushkin's masterpiece, which retains the stanza form of the original but makes no attempt to reproduce the elaborate rhyme scheme and the meter, is more faithful to the original than the several other English translations previously published. Whether Mr. Nabokov's achievement in his translation is all that he maintains it is in his lengthy preface in the first volume,

is a matter, of course, that time and the experts in the field of translation from Russian into English will decide.

Certainly the two volumes (No. 2 and 3) devoted to commentary on the poem is a valuable contribution to Russian studies generally, beside being a most enlightening and fascinating set of notes on all sorts and kinds of facts and details about Russian culture during Pushkin's day.

The fourth volume contains an index and a reproduction of the 1837 edition of the poem—the last to appear in Pushkin's lifetime — from which Mr. Nabokov made his translation.

The four volumes have been designed with the greatest taste—the type face used, the quality of the paper, the elegance of the handsome blue and red binding represent book-making at its best. The books are a pleasure to hold in the hands, to look at, to read from.

M. Y.

MORE ON ALASKA

The History of Kamtschatka and the Kurilski Islands with the Countries Adjacent, by S. P. Krashennikov. Translated by James Grieve, M.D. Quadrangle Books, Chicago, 1962. 288 pp. \$8.00.

THIS facsimile edition of the first English edition of Krashennikov's report, translated by James Grieve, makes available a source book on the early history of Alaska, and particularly on Russian-Alaskan relations.

Krashennikov accompanied Capt. Bering on his two voyages of exploration, on the second of which Bering claimed Russia America (Alaska). The report describes the geography, natural history, social history and the exploration of the areas visited.

PROBLEMS OF THE ATOMIC AGE

A review by CARL HAESSLER

The Atomic Age, a collection of essays, edited by Morton Grodzins and Eugene Rabinowitch. Basic Books, Inc., New York and London, 1963. 616 pp. \$10.00.

OF THE 65 articles, not counting editorial introductions, in this immense treasure house of scientific, atomic and related data, six were written by Soviet scientists. The articles first appeared in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* from 1945 on, plus reprints by permission from articles in *Fortune*, *Scientific American*, *Foreign Affairs*, and *Harper's*. Among the authors are almost a dozen Nobel laureates, ranging from Albert Einstein to Hungary's gift to U.S. hydrogen bombing enthusiasts, Edward Teller.

The Atomic Age explores not only strictly scientific aspects of its subject but intensely mundane and political facets such as redbaiting of distinguished researchers like Linus Pauling and J. Robert Oppenheimer by U.S. official agencies. While a majority of the American writers do their bit of flagwaving there is also a minority among them who face facts without narrow patriotic blinkers.

For example, the late Leo Szilard, of a different breed of Hungarian from Teller, fails to see the Soviet Union as the devil and the U.S. as God's avenging angel in world politics. He writes:

Contrary to what many Americans would like to believe, the American Government, much like the governments of all the other great powers, is guided on all really vital issues by considerations of expediency, rather than by moral considerations. . . . Both America [in the two world wars]

and Russia [against Finland] have resorted to war in order to avoid being maneuvered into a position where they might be vanquished in a subsequent war.

The crude and dishonest smearing of Pauling and Oppenheimer is exposed by Prof. Harry Kalven, Jr. of the University of Chicago law school. Senator Dodd's conduct of the Pauling hearings Prof. Kalven sums up as "an expression, not of angry demagoguery, but of calm, deliberate, gentlemanly malice . . . wasteful, hypocritical, and offensive."

The first part of the big book is devoted to the earnest campaign of most of the nuclear scientists to prevent actual use of the bombs that President Truman ordered released on crowded Japanese cities and of the effort to prevent production of the far deadlier hydrogen bomb—both campaigns being failures. Some blame the Soviet Union for the collapse of the phony Baruch plan for international control of nuclear weaponry. However, Eugene Rabinowitch shows some understanding of the Soviet's position:

They expect the international atomic energy authority to have a western-minded majority and they believe that the decisions of this body will be made in the interests of "capitalist" economy and to the detriment of Soviet "socialist" economy.

Since those issues became past history the contributors to the volume moved ahead into what the nuclear world—not merely in a holocaust but in peacetime—will be like. There are plans for nuclear restraint, discussions of genetics and fallout, espionage, poison gas and biological warfare,

disarmament, unilateral disengagement, civil defense, world hunger, international scientific cooperation, and some signs of hope.

An absorbing vision of world development without war is outlined near the end of the book by Nikolai N. Semenov, Soviet chemist who was awarded the Nobel Prize in chemistry in 1956. He predicts: "The modern development of science and technology gives mankind the full possibility of creating satisfactory life for all in the present century."

Whether the Johnson administration is interested in peaceful progress toward the goal Semenov indicates as

possible may be questioned in view of the *New York Times* story of May 3 by Gene Raymond which opens:

Defense officials do not like the terminology but they readily concede that Vietnam has given the U.S. armed forces a "laboratory for war." Tactical theories are being tried, men trained and weapons tested. Each military service—air force, army, navy, and marines—is involved. Officials hesitate to discuss Vietnam as a military proving ground because they fear it might be taken out of context—the Spanish civil war years ago was regarded by experts as a laboratory for World War II.

APPEAL TO OUR READERS

for back issues of SRT

In the process of moving our offices last year one carton of back issues of our predecessor, *Soviet Russia Today*, was unaccountably lost. If any of our readers have in their possession any of these back issues, we would deeply appreciate your sending them to us. The missing issues of *Soviet Russia Today* we would like to have, are:

1932—September, October, December

1933—February, May, December

1934—April, July

These are the issues entirely lacking. But since we have so few of any of those early copies, we would be glad to have any issues for 1932, 1933 and 1934.

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