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SOVIET LIFE

JULY 1968 No. 7 (142)

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FRONT COVER: Valentina Raldugina, member of a Ukrainian dance group, tours many countries but is always eager to return to her home in Kiev.

See stories on Kiev, pages 6 to 21.

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THE SOROCHINTSI FAIR

By Vladimir Mazur

OROCHINTSI, a small town in Central Ukraine, is famous for its traditional autumn fair. As in many other parts of the republic, the fair opens on the last Sunday of August and runs for three days.

The Sorochintsi Fair is not simply a time for business. It is a festive occasion. Here the people of the nearby villages can buy everything they need and want, from a refrigerator and TV set to a wedding dress, and sell everything, from homemade dumplings to apples from their orchards. Trade was very brisk at the last fair: Poltava, Kiev, and Lvov firms brought four times as much goods as usual and completely sold out.

As for the festive side of the Sorochintsi Fair, that has a long history. One of Nikolai Gogol's stories in the famous collection Evenings on a Farm Near Dikanka is called "The Sorochintsi Fair." And though more than a hundred years have passed since he wrote the story, the fair is much like it used to be, one big show. All the characters in his story are here—the devils, the fortunetellers, the gay lads in national costume, the village beauty Paraska, her lazy father and evil stepmother. They ride around in an oxcart accompanied by a crowd of spectators, who rarely get the chance to see a pair of oxen these days. A little farther on stands a very old inn, where the innkeeper will serve you a glass of gorilka (Ukrainian vodka) guaranteed to put you under the



Oldsters seem to be elbowing out the youngsters around this toy counter at the Sorochintsi Fair.



No fair in the Ukraine can be complete unless it offers a colorful troupe of real Gypsy dancers.

In this relic of an oxcart sit the shrew Khivrya and her lovely daughter Paraska, characters Gogol immortalized in his story "Fair at Sorochintsi." table as quickly as it did a hundred years ago. His menu lists *vareniki* (dumplings) and all the other wonders of the Ukrainian national cuisine prepared "by the hands of Eve's most skilled sister." (Gogol)

At the fair you can buy the famous Mirgorod plums as big as apples, apples the size of watermelons and watermelons the size of . . . well, I really don't know what to compare them with. You choose your melon on the spot, at the melon field, where a gray-bearded old man in a wide-brimmed straw hat can tell how ripe a melon is by tapping its striped side. If it rings like a tambourine, it's ripe.

When evening comes, the sellers tot up their profits and losses. And Dmitri Khristus, representing the Poltava producers' cooperative society, confesses that he miscalculated, just as he did last year: He brought twice as many motorcycles and sold them all the very first day of the fair. So he had to go back and bring some more. The village beauties try on new frocks, for the fair is the place where every girl wants to look her best. It is no accident that there are so many September weddings in the villages.

The three days pass quickly, and the fair in Sorochintsi is over. "From somewhere there still comes a noise very much like the murmur of a faraway sea, snatches of music, but soon everything becomes quiet and empty." (Gogol) Till next autumn!







The winner. All the villages in the neighborhood compete in the traditional troika race.

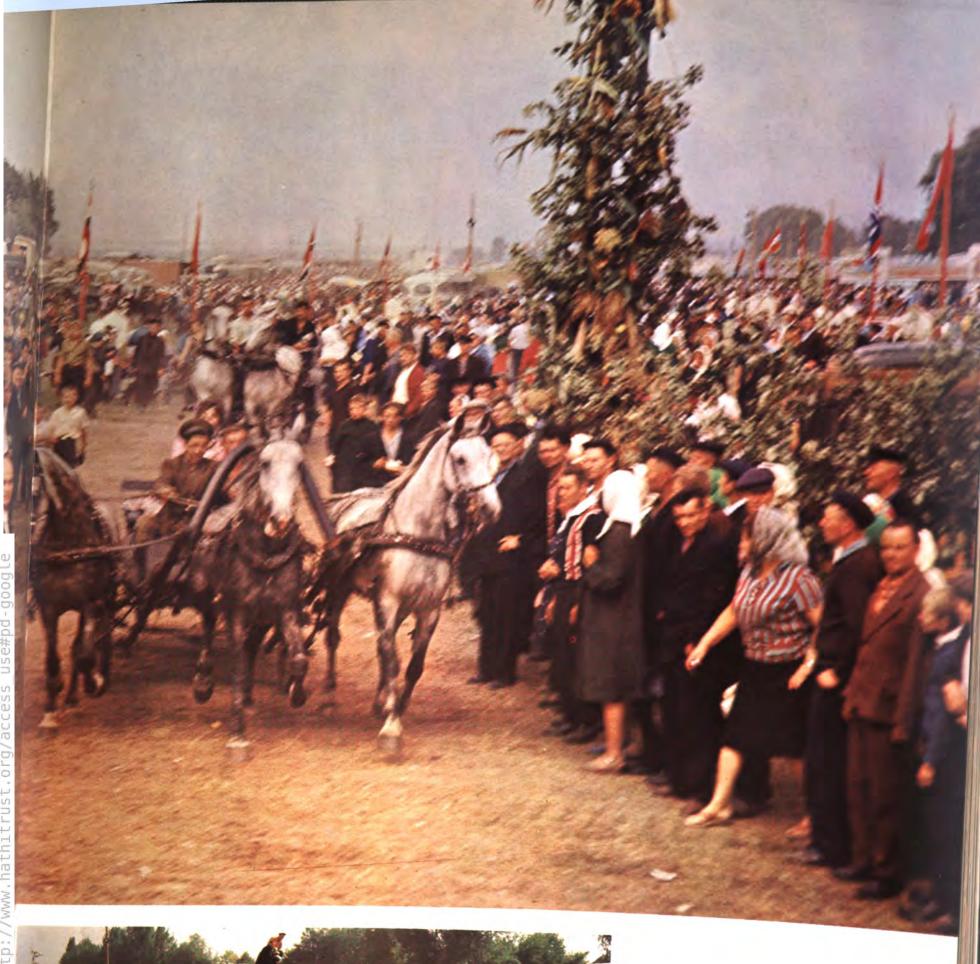


These pots may look alike, but no two are identical. They are hand painted by local craftsmen.

2









Want the best watermelon that you ever tasted? Panas Yurko sells them at the Sorochintsi Fair.

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RUSSIAN TRAVELER

Pictures the Early American Scene



Pavel Svinin, diplomat and artist.

By Vladimir Vladimirov

The Skyline of New York.





Traveling by Stagecoach.

T IS the year 1812. A 23-year-old Russian diplomat and painter is traveling through America in a rickety mud-be-spattered carriage which gets stranded in flooded hollows and on tumbledown wooden bridges. Early in the morning he is awakened by the postman's horn, and the same horn sounds the dinner hour at the inner he passes. Gentlemen in broad-rimmed hats are eager for the latest news of the war. Hastily they jot down the market prices of cotton, pork, timber, black slaves. Strong drink flows in torrents at every stop. And at the same stops preachers in Geneva gowns adjure the men to abstain from drink, "to save their souls and make peace with God."

It is a new land. Its roads are treacherous, often completely washed away by heavy rains. The stagecoach has to ford the smaller streams, the coachman instructing his passengers to hold on to the window bars and tuck in their legs because "water will be flooding the bottom of the carriage in a min-ute." But the perils of American travel do not end there. The worst is still ahead—one of the country's frequent rainstorms. Winds blow with gale force, and blinding sheets of rain fall amidst lightning and thunder. Sidling off the flooded road into the dubious shelter of a clearing, the coachman orders his helpers to unharness and hobble the horses. Every measure of protection is taken—the rest is left to "God's mercy." When the storm subsides, there is great and general relief. One or two of the trees nearby, the traveler learns, were struck by lightning. But the horses are back in harness, and the

But the horses are back in harness, and the coachman, in his place again, calls out, "Gentlemen, take your seats, please." With jerks and bumps, knocking their heads against the ceiling and jostling each other, the travelers continue their trying journey. What else awaits them on their long trip from Philadelphia to New York? Another fierce storm, a fall from the bridge into the river or a well-aimed Indian arrow shot from behind a tree? In this trackless country a thousand dangers In this trackless country a thousand dangers

stalk their path.

That was the United States 150 years ago as described by this Russian painter and diplomat hardly four decades after its independence, in the midst of its second war with

In the hotel register he signed himself "Pavel Svinin, secretary of the Russian Consul General at Philadelphia." His post was not burdensome, leaving him plenty of time for travel with his writing pad, sketchbook

and paints.

The subjects our artist chose were varied: a portrait of Washington, a view of Niagara Falls, scenes of the lively little town of New York tucked away on the green shores of the big bay, a Methodist prayer meeting, cod fishing in the Atlantic with whale ripples relieving the monotony of the ocean surface. He had a sharply observant eye and a sure

He also wrote a book of impressions he

called Experiences of a Painting Trip in North America, published in Russia in 1815. North America, published in Russia in 1815.
"Half the people writing about America,"
Svinin noted, "want to sell the land they buy
there at a profit and therefore picture it a
paradise." The other half, according to him,
were Englishmen fighting a war against the
North Americans, who spared no effort to
paint the country as black as they could.
Svinin himself tried hard to be unbiased.
He was friendly to Americans, but he also

He was friendly to Americans, but he also saw some of the oddities of American life. ... The stagecoach with the Russian traveler

reaches recently founded Washington, which has only one street; the rest of it is farmhouses standing a mile or two apart. Pigs roam around the heart of the town, and goats and cows are part of the visible landscape. In the middle of these farmsteads, on the banks of a small stream with the proud name Tiber, stands an unpretentious two-story structure, the White House, the residence of Washington, Adams,

Jefferson and Madison. Behind the White House is a big empty lot with a few trees.

How different this was from the parks and sumptuous palaces of European rulers. America in those days was mostly farmland. It was not a rich country. The president's annual allowance was no more than 25 000 dellars. allowance was no more than 25,000 dollars. A year after Svinin's visit Washington fell into British hands and was burned to the ground.

Svinin is struck by the beauty of Niagara Falls—a roaring avalanche of water in the flaming bronze of the setting sun. He sees half-naked Indians fishing in the shade of

halt-naked Indians fishing in the shade of century-old trees.

He reaches Morrisville, the estate of General Moreau, exiled from France by Napoleon. It is the destination of the secretary of the Russian Consul General in Philadelphia. For Svinin had been sent by the Russian Ambassador in the United States to offer Moreau the command of a rebellion against Napoleon in France. Later Svinin accompanies the banished general to Europe on the panies the banished general to Europe on the Hannibal and is at his side during a storm at sea when a fire breaks out on the vessel. With typical ardor and exaggeration Svinin claims that he saved Moreau's life and saw the general safely to Prague, where Alexander I gave him an audience

eral sately to Prague, where Alexander I gave him an audience.

Svinin also claims to have been on the spot when Moreau was mortally wounded by a French cannonball near Dresden and at his bedside when he breathed his last. There is no way of proving or disproving that, but we do have Svinin's portrait of Moreau, one of the few extant of the "worthy rival of Napoleon," as the general was called.

Moreau was a colorful figure. He was per-

Moreau was a colorful figure. He was perhaps the most outstanding general of revolutionary France. Napoleon thought he might be a potential rival and forced him into exile in America, where he settled. Had he not, he would probably have lost his life. Moreau later agreed to serve Alexander I. Like his fellow general Bernadotte, he might have

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Working on a Plantation.

An American Fort.



ended up a pretender to the French crown but a less romantic fate awaited him. He fell in the camp of Napoleon's enemies even be-

fore he reached the borders of France.

Svinin writes of Moreau with great warmth.

The young diplomat pictures himself an important actor in a tragedy in which he had only a small part. But whatever the subject. Svinin lets himself be carried away by it, his imagination usually dominating fact.

Svinin becomes almost rhapsodic when he writes about the newly invented steamboat. "Imagine a vessel that looks like a flatbottomed frigate," he wrote, "unafraid of storm, scorning wind, mocking bad weather. sailing at remarkable speed with safety and making its passage in scheduled time. Inside it offers repose, comfort and every luxury. That is the American steamboat."

That is the American steamboat."

He is too much carried away by his own enthusiasm to stop there. "You see a pair of lovers nearby, a politician engrossed in his newspaper, some chess players. In another part of the boat a Federalist is engaged in a heated argument with a Democrat to the strains of a neighbor's flute or guitar. Some distance away a tight-fisted man is furious with noisy children who prevent him from concentrating on his bills. And finally, dogs and cats add to the charm of the scene and make you wonder where you really are. This is not just a house, it is a whole floating townlet. . ."

townlet. . . ."

At the beginning of the last century the steamship, like today's jet liner, was the last thing in applied science. Svinin thought of forming a steamship company in Russia. His imagination conjuged up the most idealing. imagination conjured up the most idyllic scenes. "Merriment, marital love and fidelity will return to our deserted villages," he wrote. "The peasant, instead of spending his strength and often his life at the end of a towline dragging a barge, will regain his prosperity and his health behind the plow. And besides, we shall save our greatest and most precious treasure—our timber.'

In the history of Russian-American cul-tural relations Svinin was one of the first travelers to leave us fascinating sketches and descriptions of the early American scene at a time when, to Europeans, the United States was a strange and outlandish country known mostly from the books of James Fenimore

Reproductions of 52 of Svinin's water colors were published in the United States in 1930. The writer of the foreword to this American edition appraised these water colors as unrivaled illustrations of the early

American scene. The water colors reproduced here were not in the American collection.

Few of the things Svinin saw on his early travels in the United States are still there. His inquisitive mind, facile pen and sharp the left was betaled. eye left us sketches and descriptions that aside from their intrinsic interest, may well serve as historical records.



LETTERS THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

We have had the pleasure of reading your magazine. The politics, economics, art and various other aspects of Soviet life that you describe must certainly interest readers abroad, especially since SOVIET LIFE has no dry newspaper-like articles but only well-illustrated feature stories.

However, we think that Americans interested in our country would also like to know how Russia looks after its younger generation: how our young people live, what their problems are and how they work and amuse themselves.

At our Pedogogical Institute we have student research societies in each of the 12 departments. We also have a Discussion Club which arranges meetings with scientists, musicians, actors, composers and editorial boards of magazines and newspapers. These meetings always draw a full house and go on for hours.

Every year we meet many foreign delegations of students, teachers, members of the press and actors. Often they know very little about our country. But what is encouraging is their interest in our educational system and even in such simple things as what we do after school hours. They always ask us: "What kind of dances do you enjoy?" and What are your fashions like?" All this tells us that more written material on our generation is needed. And one source, we think, should be your magazine.

Sincerely, Lyudmila Leveikes and Tatyana Rudakova Students of Herzen Pedagogical Institute Leningrad

Gentlemen:

The students of our campus ask, "Why doesn't this magazine give us more of the social and home life of the ordinary citizen in Russia?" They want to know your people who are working folks, not just the politicians and artists.

Thank you! Pennsylvania State University Monaca, Pennsylvania

Dear Sir:

I look forward to receiving my issue of SOVIET LIFE each month, and your most interesting and informative orticles and illustrations help me to understand your great country a little more each

Here's hoping that an understanding and lasting friendship will develop between these two greatest countries in the world.

Respectfully, L.W

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania







Kreshchatik, Kiev's main street (top), in the mid-nineteenth century; (above) in the early twentieth century; (below) during the Second World War. The buildings were gutted shells, and an old poplar was the only tree left standing along the whole of the mile-long street. (Right) Kreshchatik today.









PHOTOGRAPHS BY OLEG IVANOV AND NIKOLAI SELYUCHENKO

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Street with a History

By Leonid Khinkulov Doctor of Science (Philology)



Kreshchataya Valley, the hunting preserve of the princes of Kiev, as it was when the Mongols invaded in 1240. Old Rus took the main blow and so saved Europe from being overrun.

E SAW KIEV as it lay in ruins in the pallid light of a November morning.

We climbed the steps from the Dnieper, from the statue of Prince Vladimir, who brought Christianity to Russia, to the square where Kreshchatik, the main street of the

Ukrainian capital, begins. To the right were the ruins of a power plant. On the square stood the scorched walls of the defense building. Above them drifted the

hot smoke of a recent fire.

hot smoke of a recent fire.

There lay Kreshchatik, transfixed, dead. Piles of brick instead of houses. Desolation, as though we were entering an ancient city, deserted and lifeless, a place that had suddenly been turned into ruins by molten lava and earthquake.

Kreshchatik had once before given me the same weird feeling. In my childhood this was, during the Civil War. The time had also been morning, after a night of White Guard terror, when Kievites were greeted by the sight of bodies hanging from lampposts. The street itself had not been damaged. It looked perfectly normal, and that made the scene even more horrifying.

During the last war we saw incomparably greater horrors. In Babi Yar alone tens of thousands of children and old people were murdered.

dered.

The Nazis tortured Kiev for 25 months. They killed its people and burnt down its buildings. They razed architectural monuments and defiled the graves of our ancestors. The Nazis wanted to wipe our city off the face of the earth.

We walked down Kreshchatik, between the skeletons of burnt-out buildings, stumbling over piles of rubble.

The beautiful City Duma on Kalinin Square had burnt down. It had been the setting for political demonstrations by workers and students for decades before the Revolution. On October 18, 1905, the revolutionary masses flung the Czar's emblem from the Duma balcony, and on March 16, 1917, after the autocracy was overthrown, a magnificent demonstration was held there to mark the Day of the Revolution. The statue of Pyotr Stolypin, the czarist minister who was killed by a terrorist in Kiev in 1911, was torn from its pedestal.

Directly opposite the main entrance to the Duma was a fresh mound of yellow clay covered with fir branches and hastily woven wreaths. Written in pencil on an unpainted board were the words:

"Senior Lieutenant Sheludenko, Nikifor Nikitovich (1919-1943), Communist. He was the first to break into Kiev and died heroically for his native land on November 5, 1943."

for his native land on November 5, 1943."

Twenty-five years have passed since then.

Those who were in Kiev 25 years ago would find it hard to recognize Kreshchatik today. Not only because buildings faced with white and yellow tile have risen on the ruins. The street itself is different. It is twice as wide as it used to be; the sidewalks are broader too,

It is twice as wide as it used to be; the sidewalks are broader too, and a luxuriant green boulevard stretches the entire length of the street along the left side.

Remaining from prewar days are just two blocks on the right side, from the Square of the Lenin Komsomol to Kalinin Square and from Lenin Street to Taras Shevchenko Boulevard. Of the prewar buildings the most interesting are monumental granite structures designed by famous architects, in the style typical of early twentieth century construction, to house banks, business offices and hotels. The ground floors were given over to shops, restaurants and motion picture theaters. Streetcars rattled down the middle of the street, which was

paved with granite blocks, and the sidewalks were too narrow to accommodate the noisy crowds that thronged Kreshchatik, particularly in the evening.

When restoration of Kreshchatik was being planned, it was decided to make it a smart, gay, tree-lined avenue. The war was still going on when the government announced a competition for an architectural plan for Kreshchatik. The final design, based on 22 competition entries, was approved after wide discussion at public gatherings and in the press. in the press.

The buildings that now stand on Kreshchatik were erected be-tween 1949 and 1963. They are faced with white and yellow ceramic tile that add a festive note and harmonize with the leaves of the

famous Kiev chestnut trees and the bright blue Ukrainian sky.

I walk along Kreshchatik every day. Since I am a literary historian who rummages in "chronological dust," I journey in both time and

space.

My journey in time carries me back to the origins of the word Kreshchatik.

Kreshchatik.

Originally there was a deep valley here overgrown with trees, where the princes of Kiev went hunting. It was called the Valley of Nets because that was where nets were spread to trap animals. Gradually the lonely valley grew into a thoroughfare lying between the two upland sections of Kiev, the Old Town and Pechersk. It began to be called Kreshchata, meaning cross, because, they say, it was crisscrossed by gullies. Hence the word Kreshchatik. However, I believe (and my opinion is shared by other scholars) that the word Kreshchatik comes from the verb krestit, meaning to christen, because Prince Vladimir christened his 12 sons in the brook that flowed through the Valley of Nets.

There are few traces of past centuries on Kreshchatik today. If you want to see what a main street in Kiev looked like half a century ago, you have to go down Vladimir Slope to Podol, where the old streets are better preserved.

streets are better preserved.

Improvement of Vladimir Slope, connecting the beginning of Kreshchatik with Podol, the river-boat station (the first steamboats appeared on the Dnieper in 1842), and the Dnieper Embankment, was completed in 1849. A few years later, in 1853, the first chain bridge was built across the Dnieper.

was completed in 1849. A few years later, in 1853, the first chain bridge was built across the Dnieper.

Although the Dnieper and the splendid parks along the right bank are not part of Kreshchatik, if I were a guide I would certainly take visitors up to the top, to the statue of Prince Vladimir. This, too, is connected with my childhood memories of the turbulent events of the Civil War. When we looked over to the city from the left bank of the Dnieper in the evening, the first thing we saw was the enormous cross, outlined in electric lights, which the Prince held high in his hands. That burning cross above the city, together with the sound of scattered gunfire, filled us children with indescribable terror. But when we played around the statue in the sunshine, the Prince, whom time had covered with a patina of green, seemed to us a kindly magician from a fairy tale with a happy ending.

As I grew older and became interested in literature, especially poetry, I fell in love with the parks along the Dnieper because the poets Taras Shevchenko, Lesya Ukrainka, Alexander Blok and Boris Pasternak had all feasted their eyes on the Dnieper from the parks. It was here, I feel, that Pasternak must have composed those lines from his famous "Ballad": "The lightnings flash, the storm is raging o'er the nocturnal Dnieper and still Podol."



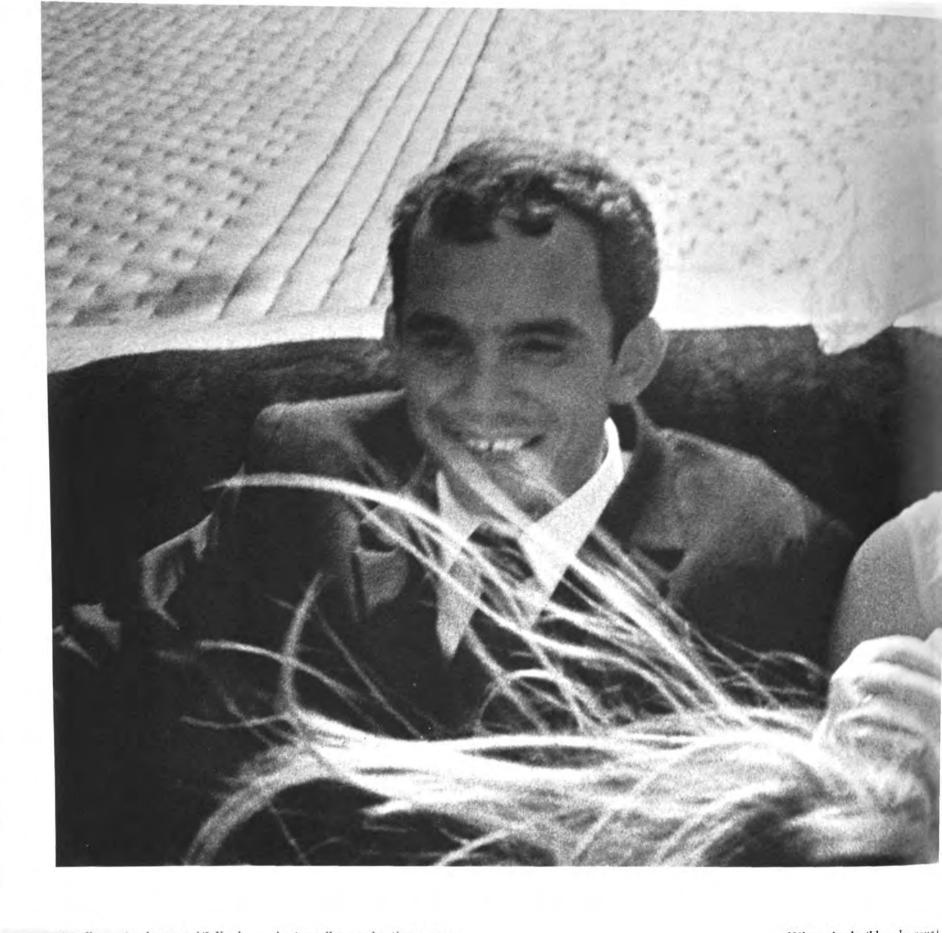
Commanding the Dnieper riverside is this statue of Prince Vladimir, who introduced Christianity into Russia in 988. The monument is a reminder that for 300 years Kiev was the capital of Old Rus, the place, the chronicles say, "from whence the Russian lands took their beginnings."



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KRESHCHATIK - a crossroad



A walk, movie, theater, café? Kreshchatik is where you take your date.



A wine cellar, maybe, if you want a jazz version of a castle dungeon.

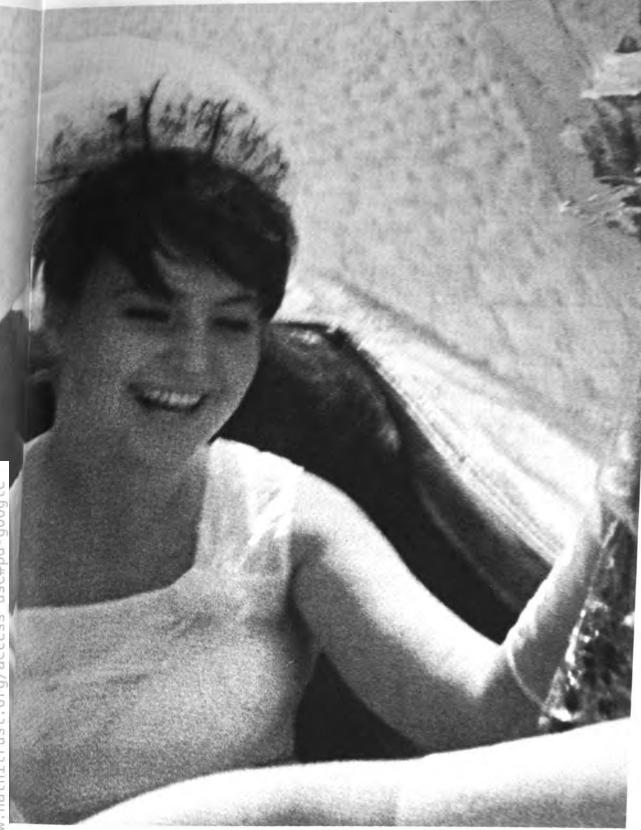


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Where the devil has she gone whole long street is full of



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Where do newlyweds head after the wedding? To Kreshchatik of course.



St. Louis Post-Dispatch photographer David Gulick at work on Kreshchatik.

Rush hour on Kreshchatik. Shoppers and office workers headed homeward.



Some of her distant Kiev forebears were the very first Russian writers.



It makes a good picture but not for a textbook on gentlemanly behavior.



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The Chairman of the Kiev City Soviet, Mikhail Burka, talking to our interviewer.

The Mayor



The Kiev City Soviet is housed in an imposing building on Kreshchatik Street, in the very center of the city. The Chairman of the City Soviet is Mikhail Burka. Mayor Burka, 54, was born in Donets Region, the Ukraine's major industrial area. He was graduated from a civil engineering institute in the summer of 1941, but he did not start working in his field until he was demobilized after the war. For about 10 years he held a high managerial post in Zaporozhye, the Ukrainian steel city, and then was elected First Secretary of the Regional Party Committee. In 1958 he moved to Kiev. Shortly thereafter he was elected to the City Soviet, where he found that his engineering experience was a decided asset in running a big city. Elected mayor in 1963, he handled the city's problems so competently that he has been twice re-elected. Here Mayor Burka is interviewed by our correspondent. Q. The windows of your office look out on Kreshchatik, a street we want to tell our readers about. Will you give us your impressions and memories of the street?

A. Let me begin by saying that every city has its Kreshchatik, and I can easily understand the pride New Yorkers take in Broadway.

I have been living in Kiev 10 years now, and I know that the one word "Kreshchatik" tells Kievites more about the history of the Ukrainian people than a whole library of scholarly volumes. Imagine that you spent three and a half of the hardest years of your life in the thick of action at the front, where many of your good friends were killed, and perhaps you will understand what Kievites must have felt when they came home to find their bustling Kreshchatik a pile of rubble and ashes.

Kreshchatik was not, of course, the only main street in the Ukraine destroyed in the war. There were thousands of them in the cities and villages. But Kreshchatik became a symbol of the Ukraine's reconstruction.

Do you see that poplar across the street? It is much older than the chestnut trees visitors to Kiev admire so much. That poplar was the only tree left standing on the street after the war. It lived through the destruction of Kreshchatik and then saw the street reborn. I have a very special feeling about that poplar.

Q. What are the problems your City Soviet is grappling with?
A. The typical problems of a big modern city. Our most important problems are housing and urban development. The war smashed the whole economy of the city and a large part of its housing. The population is growing fast. Kiev will soon be celebrating the birth of its one million five hundred thousandth inhabitant.

Last year we submitted a plan for the city's development over the next 20 to 25 years, and it has been approved by the Ukrainian Government. Kiev will be divided into 11 districts, and the districts into residential neighborhoods. Each neighborhood will have its motion picture theaters, restaurants, recreation centers, stores, kindergartens and every other facility.

By 1980 Kiev will have about 600,000 apartments. We propose to continue our emphasis on housing construction by industrial methods. We are trying to use land in the city economically by putting up more tall buildings. Wherever it is architecturally feasible, we will erect buildings 20 to 30 stories high. We plan to begin intensive apartment building in the center of the city, the old part, enough to accommodate 200,000 families.

Kiev is to spread out along the Dnieper. Twenty-five years from now almost a quarter of the city's population will be living on what are now water meadows. , a street

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And here he is again, making a progress report to the City Soviet.

City transport, water supply and purification, gas supply, planting of trees and shrubs, and the telephone system are all scheduled for expansion.

Those are plans for the future, but we have plenty of current business. Right now, for instance, we are busy reconstructing old transport lines and building new ones. We don't want our citizens to have to spend more than 30 minutes getting to work, so we are building new subway lines, doubling the length of bus and trolley bus routes and creating express highways and express streetcar lines. We are designing new overpasses and underpasses to keep up with growing traffic.

None of this construction will harm Kiev's greenery. Later on we plan to build a big city park on islands in the Dnieper.

Q. Newspaper consensus is that Kiev has done very well with its housing problem, its green areas and its municipal services. How was it done?

A. From talks I've had with the mayors of some of the world's biggest cities, I know that green areas and unpolluted air, to say nothing of such vital matters as housing, are almost universal problems.

Not everything we're doing is perfect, of course, but we have gotten some things done. I've talked of housing, but mostly of what we hope to do in the future. Our present situation is this: We are building 21 apartments for every 1,000 of the population annually. Not bad, considering that the average for the whole country in 1966 was about 10 per 1,000.

About our green areas-Kiev is a garden city; that is the first thing visitors notice. We have more than 194 square feet of greenery per inhabitant, something of a record.

No big factories are being built in Kiev any more, and some of the present ones are going to be dismantled. The air in our city is fresh and clean.

Community services have been put on a new footing. We are giving our big enterprises more independence. For one thing, we are letting them use a large part of their profits as they see fit. Our Kiev Service Agency fills 1,500 orders a day. A list of its services covers three pages of fine print and includes such things as finding a private tutor for a schoolchild and meeting a relative at the airport. The last two are services the agency itself thought up, not the City Soviet.

Q. How about the composition of your City Soviet? Is it different than it used to be?

A. Yes, we have more women deputies, for one thing; almost half the deputies are women. Also, more of our deputies have gone through high school. There are more young people, and they are better educated than the generation whose schooling was curtailed by the war.

Of the 800 deputies, 435 are industrial workers, 123 are office workers, 87 are heads of factories or offices, 78 are party, trade union or local government officials, 45 are scientists or instructors at the university and colleges, and 32 are schoolteachers or doctors.

One of our women deputies, Ganna Seraya, who lives on Kreshchatik Street, right across from the City Soviet, is a building worker, the leader of a team of plasterers. She helped reconstruct Kreshchatik Street. I think she even worked on the house she lives in herself.

Yes, that is how it was after the war-we had so many men killed or disabled that women had to go into the building

Q. Is there any checkup on the work of a deputy to the City Soviet? Are deputies ever recalled? How do they report back

A. Each deputy is required to hold office hours for constituents at least twice a month. Twice a year he reports back to meetings of his constituents. After each session of the City Soviet he informs his constituents of the decisions taken.

Under the law a deputy who has not justified the confidence of his electors may be recalled and a new deputy elected to replace him. But nobody has been recalled in the time I've been mayor.

Q. Does that mean that all the deputies do a perfect job? A. Hardly. But they do pay attention to the complaints of their constituents before matters go too far. Who wants the disgrace of being recalled?

Q. What are the responsibilities of the City Soviet?

A. They are listed in the Constitution of the Ukraine. The Soviet guides the economic and cultural development of the city and the work of the city agencies. It sees to it that the laws are observed, public order maintained, and the rights of citizens protected. It is also responsible for the city budget.

Unlike the Soviets in other Ukrainian cities, the Kiev City Soviet is directly accountable to the Ukrainian Government since Kiev is the capital.

Q. The final question: What is your usual workday like? A. If I told you that I spent all day yesterday in conference and the day before touring the city, that would not give you any sort of a picture. An accurate account would mean enumerating the many important little details as well as the big questions that come up. The City Soviet sometimes has to handle the little things too, because that is what makes up the daily round of life of a city.

POWER, LAW AND GRACE

Kreshchatik is the administrative heart of Kiev, with several of the Ukrainian ministries. Meet Konstantin Pobegailo, Minister of Power Engineering and Electrification and a power engineer by profession. "Power," he says, "is our major industry. Our output of electricity multiplied 50 times between 1920 and 1940. But all our power plants were destroyed in the war. Our present 100 billion kw-h a year is all postwar product."



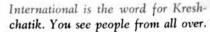


An old three-story building at the very beginning of Kreshchatik, once a hotel where writers liked to stay, now houses the offices of the Attorney General of the Ukraine, Fyodor Glukh. "Nothing sensational to report," he told our interviewer. "Most of our cases have to do with complaints about rulings in labor disputes, abuses of power and unwarranted prosecutions. And then, of course, we have other cases, of theft, embezzlement and the like. Nothing very newsworthy about them, either."



It's hard to catch Kiev's chief architect, Boris Primak, in his office. He's usually at building sites or design offices. We found him in the mayor's office talking to foreign visitors about city planning. He was one of the group who worked on the design of today's Kreshchatik







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Pedestrians check their watches with the Town Hall clock on Kreshchatik.



The programs of Kiev TV, just off Kreshchatik, are relayed nationally.



We wanted to ask who this walker was, but his legs were longer than ours.

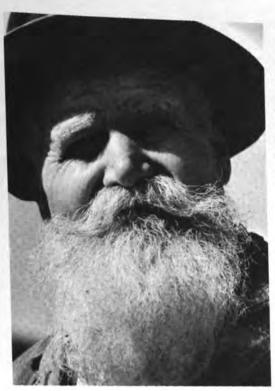


Maryvonne Lacoeuille and Josiane Feuvrier, French visitors to Kiev.



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We asked a few of the pedestrians what they thought of Kiev's main street.
Pyotr Markevich, 86 and on pension, lived on Kreshchatik before the war. "I liked it better 60 years ago. Know why? Because I was a young and handsome guards officer then."



itali Slobodyanik works
in shipping at Odessa. "This
is my third visit to
Kiev," he told us, "and the
street strikes me as
more beautiful every time.
Of course, it doesn't
begin to compare with our
Deribasovskaya in Odessa, but
then, what street does?"



uthor of a fascinating journal of his travels in the USA and elsewhere, Victor Nekrasov takes his mother out for a stroll every afternoon along Kreshchatik. "Please don't ask me about Kreshchatik," he said. "There's nothing left of the street I used to know."



efrosinya Ignatenko
lives on a collective farm in
the suburbs and rides in
to sell vegetables from her
truck garden. "I like
Kreshchatik best," she said,
"early in the morning,
when it's clean, just washed
and the air is as fresh
as in the country."



ITH STREET?



bdel Kader Nuini, from Morocco, had been in Kiev only two days. "It's almost as sunny here as at home," he said. "Kreshchatik is a nice street, plenty of greenery and pleasant for walking. It's one more spot my wife and I will always happily remember."



Okhrimenko, 20-year-old medical student, when she had the blues. "To tell you the truth," she said, "I don't like Kreshchatik. You've heard about haunted places? That's what the street is to me, a place of sad, haunting memories."



xpansive Victoria
Zelinskaya, office secretary,
is an old Kiev resident.
"On Kreshchatik," she said,
"it's the people I like
most, especially the young
and pretty girls. I
think their talk of hairdos
and the twist is okay; they
have time to get serious."



emyon Korot, a fitter at the Arsenal Works, said, "I'm not crazy about Kreshchatik. Too showy for me. I like simpler things. Like the famous bullet-marked wall at our plant, a finer monument to the Revolution than all your bronze and marble."



he youngest person we talked to was Sasha Kisayev, a third-grader and eight and a half years old. "It's great here on Kreshchatik," he said. "I'm on the afternoon shift in school and have the morning free. So I help my mother with the shopping."



FOLK DANCE ENSEMBLE



Pavel Virsky has dedicated almost fifty years of his life to choreography. He was a prominent figure in the dance world even before he founded his internationally famous Ukrainian Folk Dance Group, which has performed for enthusiastic audiences in many countries, including a long tour in the United States.



18-19A-x 12-

Kreshchatik was once called Theater Street too. These dancers from Pavel Virsky's group are performing at the concert hall of the Kiev Philharmonic Society, which stands at the beginning of the street.

The most popular and frenetic of Ukrainian dances is the Gopak. But you get acrobatics like this only in Virsky's group.







The Ukrainians have a passion for dancing. The Zaporozhye Cossacks used to dance even when their towns were under siege.

Those banner headlines in the foreign press, "The Cossacks Are Coming!" are the product of six hours of grueling rehearsals.

This is Kiev as artist Gherman Ogorodnikov sees it. The view is approximately the same as in the big photo on page 7, with the details touched up here and there. But you get the same impression in both of a big and busy modern city. Should you visit Kiev, you will perhaps stay at the Hotel Moscow, the towering structure in the top right corner. If you come during the summer, cross the Dnieper Bridge and spend some time on the city's fine sand beaches. The St. Sophia group (see the domes in the top left corner) is well worth several sightseeing hours. The most interesting of its structures is St. Sophia Cathedral, the most venerable monument of old Russia still intact. Built in 1037, it was several times restored, with its medieval spirit preserved. Russian epic poems invariably describe Kiev as a hospitable city. Modern efficiency notwithstanding, Kiev still welcomes its guests with the traditional bread and salt. It awaits your visit.

> DRAWING BY GHERMAN OGORODNIKOV



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AROUND the COUNTRY



NEW MINIBUS

The Ulyanovsk Automobile Plant has put out a new line of minibuses intended for rural use. Tested on rough mountain roads, on the sands of the Kara-Kum Desert, on roadless steppes and under severe winter conditions, the buses gave a fine performance.

FOR CREATIVE ARTS

n the old days poets recited their verses, and chess players and wits competed in the Square of the Arts in Tashkent. The ancient mausoleum in its center will be a dramatic contrast to the new structure planned for the triangular square by Tashkent and Moscow architects. It will house Uzbekistan's unions for creative workers. Painters, writers and composers will continue the tradition of their ancient, artistic forebears. The square will, from time to time, be converted into a big outdoor exhibition hall.



ULTRASONICS

COMPETE

WITH LASERS

Scientists have built an experi-mental device in which ultra-

sonic beams operate like laser

beams. The device produces a flux

of energy with an intensity of

990,000 watts per square inch of

surface. The ultrasonic flux pro-

duced has an alternating pressure

of 700 atmospheres. A plexiglas

plate placed into such an ultra-

sonic field is immediately reduced

to powder. The device is for re-

searching the uses of ultrasonics

in industry.

WATER PIPELINE

he Taman Peninsula, which lies The laman relinionship to the laman he laman he laman he lack and Azov Seas, has fertile soil and a warm climate. But insufficient fresh water has slowed its development. Water had to be raised from deep wells, and spring floodwaters had to be collected in primitive pools. A pipeline begun last winter will bring water to Taman from the Kuban River in the Caucasus. The pipeline will be 140 miles long.

RELICS OF A

CENTURY-OLD STORM

Two anchors from sailing-ship times were found in 75 feet

of water during undersea opera-

tions near the resort town of Ad-

ler. The anchors were well pre-

served by a coating of fossilized

earth. They probably belonged to

Russian warships wrecked in a

Black Sea storm in May 1838.

Seven merchant vessels were also

shipwrecked in that same storm,

and from that time guns, cannon-

balls, anchors and other such

objects have been found in the

sea near Adler.



SUPERDEEP DRILLING

his drilling rig looks unimpres-This drilling by sive—any number like it can be seen in Krasnodar Territory and the foothills of the Northern Caucasus—but it is doing a very impressive job. Although it is designed for a drilling depth of 1,640 feet, it has sunk a well 20,000 feet deep. Why is this depth necessary? The oil reserves in the upper strata are being depleted, and geologists look for oil at greater depths. They found it. Today a total of 120 superdeep wells are in operation in the Caucasus.



wo years ago the Soviet Army newspaper Red Star carried an item about men towed by a plane. Today this exercise for parachutists is no longer novel. More newsworthy is volleyball at an altitude of 8,200 feet.

SKY VOLLEYBALL

Without opening their chutes, the men pass a ball back and forth. The ball weighs 10 to 15 pounds, so it falls with them. The players occasionally have to dive or swing to the side for the ball. This calls for good coordination to avoid going into a spin. Very few cameramen, needless to say, can be persuaded to cover the game on the spot.



MONUMENT TO A SCIENTIST

Sculptor Yulian Rukavishnikov has cast a bust of Academician Igor Kurchatov, the noted atomic scientist and winner of the Lenin Prize. It was preceded by a study of the scientist's life that included dozens of talks with people who knew him. The 15-foot bronze bust will be placed upon a 130-foot pillar on Kurchatov Square in Moscow.

GOLDEN LEGEND

A golden man whose head

rested on Alaska, his body on

Chukotka, and his feet on Kolyma.

Geologists have discovered that

the legend has a basis in fact.

Dozens of gold deposits have

been discovered on Chukotka. This

past year was an especially good

one for the Anadyr expedition.

It found five deposits, three of

gold and two of mercury, in

Northern legend speaks of a



ARCHEOLOGICAL FIND

hukchi archeologists on the Bering Strait coast have found 37 burial mounds dating back to the first centuries after Christ In one of the mounds they unearthed more than 170 artifacts, mostly ornaments, which will provide scholars with invaluable information on the ancestors of the present-day Chukchi.





Red giants, the largest and cold-est stars, are focused on by astronomers because of their variable radiation. They may furnish clues to many processes in the universe. A new township of astrophysicists has grown up not far from Baldone, a Latvian resort. It has two 22-inch telescopes for permanent observation of the varying red giants, and recently the Karl Zeiss firm of the German Democratic Republic installed a 47inch Schmidt system telescope. A push of the button and the 30-ton structure performs the required maneuver. Apart from optical telescopes, the Latvian astrophysicists also plan to use radioastronomical instruments, including a radio interferometer operating in the decimeter wave band to investigate cosmic dust and gas as well.



OPERATING MODEL OF A RIVER

An operating model of a part of the Amu Darya River was constructed at the Central Asian Irrigation Research Institute in Tashkent A 120-mile irrigation canal is to start from this part of the river. The model will help Uzbek hydraulic engineers forecast the operating conditions of the future project.



The black parrot Pablo no longer swears. Tamara Morozova of Kiev, his new owner, has cured him of the habit. By the time she bought him in Odesso two years ago, Poblo had sailed all the oceans of the world on the ships of practically every sea power. His cage had a long list of ships and ports autographed by the various owners. He knew phrases in English, Greek, Spanish, French and Russian, most of them unprintable. Apparently his former owners never heard that familiar saying of Will Rogers about living in such a way that you won't be ashamed to sell the family parrot to the towns prize gossip. Tamara had a hard time with Pablo. She would give him lessons for two hours a day, but progress was slow. Gradually the parrot began to forget the swear words. He had lapses, of course, particularly in party situations or when the bathroom taps were turned on. Apparently guests and splashing water sparked certain questionable memories.



BRIDGE MOVED

The bridge is on one of the busiest highways in the country. It runs from Moscow to Leningrad and is inside the city limits of the Soviet capital. The road, which links the country's two largest cities and the international airport of Sheremetyevo with the capital's center, was broadened, and the bridge, built 30 years ago, has become a traffic bottle neck. Road builders proposed that it be replaced by a new, wider bridge to be built on the old supports. Until the new bridge is ready, traffic will travel over the old bridge, which has been moved on rollers to a new site. Moving the 4,200-ton structure took three days.



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eastern Chukotka.

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DOCTOR'S SIGNAL

Latvia has introduced an official signaling device which doctors can use to stop cars on the road in emergency situations. The signal is a disc with a red cross attached to a striped handle. A car must stop when so signaled.

STALINGRAD DIAMOND

A 166-carat diamond has been found in the Siberian town of Mirny—the center of the country's diamond-mining industry. The largest diamond ever found in our country, it has been christened "The Stalingrad" to commenorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle for that city.



BALTIC AMBER

Amber articles made by Lithuanian craftsmen are popular in many countries. The seacoast town of Palanga has founded the world's first museum for the display of amber. Unique items made of "sunstone" and pieces of amber containing preserved insects and plants are on exhibit.

HOSPITALITY, MOLDAVIAN STYLE

One of the rooms in the Moldavia Restaurant of Kishinev specializes in Moldavian national dishes. Guests are welcomed by a host and a hostess who serve them wine and then seat them on wooden casks placed around a table.

STADIUM UNDER A ROOF

Moscow architects have designed two new buildings for the local Dynamo stadium. They will be connected by a closed gallery. One will house a gymnasium and indoor skating rink, the other will have two regulation-size fields, one for loccer and the other for track and field.

MEDICINAL SPRINGS SAVED

Builders of the new subway line in Tbilisi, the capital of Georgia, came on a crack in the cliff through which hot, sulphurous water was seeping from an underground lake. A hazard for the builders, it also deprived medical institutions of medicinal water. The ground surrounding the tunnel was cemented, the water found a bypass, and the springs were saved.



NORWEGIAN BLUE FOXES IN SIBERIA

Four years ago 150 Norwegian blue foxes were brought to the Transbaikal area from Norway. They acclimatized easily, Pelts of this valuable fur-bearing animal have already appeared at international auctions.

HOMES FROM KARELIA

The Petrozayodsk housebuilding plant in Karelia has made a considerable contribution to the country's housing. Karelian housebuilders have manufactured 130,000 of their prefabricated one-family houses for rural areas in many parts of the country.

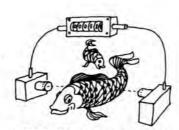


NEW UNIVERSITY CAMPUS

Kiev University has outgrown its present quarters. A new campus designed for the outskirts of the city includes a six-story building for lecture and classrooms, a five-story building for laboratories, a museum and aquarium building and an 18-story library, which will be the tallest structure. Nearby will be a sports complex with an indoor swimming pool, several gymnasiums and a stadium.

FOR DINOSAURS

oscow architects have designed a new building for the Paleontological Museum of the USSR Academy of Sciences. The four exhibition halls and the work areas of the museum will cover more than 40,000 square feet of floor space. The halls will be large enough to house such bulky exhibits as mammoth skeletons, fossil rhinoceroses and dinosaurs. The museum's indoor court will form a paleontological garden for the display of fossile plants.



UNDERWATER COUNTER

chthyologists must know how many fish go through bypass structures of power plants during the spawning season. Designers have evolved a photoelectronic instrument, with the relay connected to a counter. The device registers the passage of every inhabitant of the underwater kingdom and measures its dimensions.

GIFT OF PARIS COLLECTOR

The Hermitage Museum in Leningrad has a gift of 20 Picasso prints. They were presented by Daniel Henri Canveiller, a French art collector. All the Picassos exhibited at the museum were done by the artist in the past 20 years.

MOSCOW TELECASTS FOR KOLA PENINSULA

A radio relay connecting Leningrad with Petrozavodsk, capital of Karelia, is the first section of a new communication line to be extended to the Kola Peninsula. When campleted, the line will relay Moscow and Leningrad TV programs to the shores of the Barents and White Seas.

TRAFFIC REGULATOR

Even the most experienced human traffic-flow regulator has problems during peak hours. Now he can call on an electronic assistant. The first electronic regulator has been installed in a Moscow square at a crossing from which six heavily used streets radiate. Unlike the conventional traffic signal, the electronic traffic regulator studies the immediate traffic situation and promptly reacts to all changes.

MUSEUM IN THE OPEN

Arkhangelsk, an old city in Northern Russia, is creating an architectural preserve. It has set aside 125 acres, a plot large enough to accommodate several dozen sixteenth to nineteenth century buildings. Churches, houses, windmills, barns, chapels and peasant cottages will be moved here from scattered places in the region.



NEW ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE

A new locomotive manufactured by the Novocherkassk Electric Locomotive Works has this special feature: upon braking, its engine returns to the contact circuit as much as 20 per cent of the electricity used for accelerating. The experimental electric locomotive is being readied for road

MICROBIOLOGISTS LOOK FOR OIL

Microbiologists noticed that the bacteria which oxidize propane gas occur in large quantities only in water and rocks located over oil and gas deposits. Drawing on this observation, geologists have been making water-bacterial surveys. They analyze water from various sources for propane-oxidizing bacteria. The results are plotted on a map, and the area most favorable for exploratory drilling is autlined. The efficiency of microbiological prospecting runs as high as 80 per cent.



FISH MUSEUM

The ships of the Atlantic Research Institute for Fisheries and Oceanography in Kaliningrad have made hundreds of longdistance cruises. After each of them, the Institute's Museum adds to its collection. A moonfish caught in South American waters is among the interesting new exhibits

HOT UNDERGROUND LAKE

eologists discovered an im-Geologiss underground lake with a water temperature of 482°F. on Kunashir, one of the islands of the Kuriles. The lake is relatively near the surface and is superior for thermal energy resources to the famous thermal springs on Kamchatka Peninsula, Specialists conclude that a geothermal electric station on Kunashir Island will be more economical than the Soviet Union's first geothermal power plant on Kamchatka. Moreover hot underground waters will give the community on the island central heating and will serve a hothouse farm



ARCTIC SKI CENTER

One of the country's biggest mountain skiing bases is being built in the city of Kirovsk on the Kola Peninsula, beyond the Arctic Circle. The course for a giant slalom run is being laid out on the Aikuaivencharr Mountain, not far from the country's biggest apatite mines. Two ski lifts will carry skiers to the top of the 8,200-foot mountain and a hotel with 100 double rooms. The hotel will be connected by galleries with another building which will house a gym, a canteen, some doctors' offices, workshops to repair ski equipment and a movie

AROUND the COUNTRY

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QUERIES FROM READERS

QUESTION: Please describe how the

Russian flag came into being. (David D. Davis, San Francisco, California)

ANSWER: The flag of the Soviet Republic was adopted in April 1918 at a meeting of the Council of People's Commissars chaired by Vladimir Lenin. Article 90 of the first Constitution of the Russian Enderstein described stitution of the Russian Federation described the flag: "Red, with the gold letters RSFSR (Russian Socialist Federative Soviet Republic) in the upper left corner near the staff.'

In 1922, when the Russian Socialist Federative Soviet Republic, the Ukrainian Socialist Soviet Republic, the Byelorussian Socialist Soviet Republic and the Transcaucasian Socialist Federative Soviet Republic formed the USSR, the flag was changed. Now it is red with a gold sickle and hammer in the upper left corner near the staff and above them a five-pointed red star bordered in gold. The length is twice the width.

QUESTION: I am interested in Soviet medals for motherhood. Why are these awarded, and are they of gold, silver or bronze? (Robert Werlich, Washington,

ANSWER: Mothers who have given birth to and brought up 10 children are awarded the Order of Mother-Heroine. It is made of gold. By 1965 some 88,000 mothers had received this award.

The Order of Glory of Motherhood is awarded mothers who have given birth to and brought up nine children (first class), eight children (second class) and seven children (third class). These orders are made of silver. By 1965 the respective orders had been awarded to 220,000, 579,000 and 1,354,000 women.

The Medal of Motherhood is awarded to mothers who have given birth to and brought up six children (first class) and five children (second class). The medal of the first class is silver, and the medal of the second class is bronze. As of 1965 the first class medal was awarded to 2,491,000 women and the second class medal to 4.575,000 women.

OUESTION: In a profit system, the shop keeper sees to it that the shelves are kept full with his eye to the profit. The manufacturer and the wholesale dealer are anxious to keep the store owner well supplied for the same reason. It is difficult for me to understand how you people work for the benefit of your nation, not to fill your pockets. (Russell McIntosh, Yuma, Arizona)

ANSWER: In our society the social consciousness of each member of society is very important. From early childhood people are brought up to place the interests and welfare of the community above personal welfare. Nevertheless, under socialism personal interests continue to play an important role. Hence the principle "from each according to his ability, to each according to his work." It is in the interests of a store manager to have a large variety of goods since this affects his sales plan, and the plan fulfilled or overfulfilled means a bonus for store personnel. Much the same thing holds for the factories that supply goods to the stores. Thus, the better people work, the greater the recompense for their work. But since there is no private enterprise, which implies the exploitation of another's la-

bor, work does not become a source of profit at the expense of others. The profit accrues to the state, and the state uses it for the benefit of society as a whole.

QUESTION: How does one go about submitting books for publication in your country from here? (Leonard L. Lewis, Modesto, California)

ANSWER: The manuscript can be mailed to one of the publishing houses that puts out translated literature. Among them are several in Moscow: Progress (for fiction and scientific literature), Mysl (scientific literature), Politizdat (political literature), Detskaya Literatura (children's literature).

These are some of the questions asked by visitors to the USSR Education Exhibition, which toured the United States from October 1967 to January 1968:

Question: How many university-level institutions do you have and with how many stu-

Answer: We have 767 such institutions,

with 4.3 million students.

Question: How many libraries have you?

Answer: We have 380,000 libraries, with 2.3 billion volumes and 110 million registered readers.

Question: How much income tax do you pay, if any?

Answer: The earnings of factory and office workers, bonuses included, are subject to a progressive tax ranging from 1.5 to 13 per cent. Pensions, scholarship grants and welfare benefits are tax free.

Collective farms pay a tax on total farm income that ranges from 6 to 15 per cent. Collective farmers individually do not pay

an income tax.

Question: Some information about the Kara-Kum Canal, please.

Answer: The first three sections—500 miles of the Lenin Kara-Kum Canal, the largest canal in Central Asia, have already been built. The canal brings water to 470,000 acres of arid land. It is navigable for more than 300 miles. Up to now the cost of the work done has totaled 286 million rubles. When completed the 900-mile canal will connect the Amu Darya River to the Caspian Sea.

Question: What is the USSR's coal output?

Answer: The 1967 total was 595 million

Question: Have you any tidal stations?

Answer: An experimental tidal station is now being built on the Barents Sea in the Kola Inlet.

Question: What happened to the Tashkent families who lost their homes in the April

1966 earthquake?

Answer: The earthquake left 80,000 Tashkent families homeless. All the union republics allocated funds from their budgets to send building materials, machines, construction workers, doctors and other specialists. By autumn of 1966 all the families had been provided with homes in Tashkent itself or in other cities in Uzbekistan. Thirteen thousand families were furnished housing in other re-

By January 1, 1968, some 60,000 apartments (two-thirds of those destroyed) been built in Tashkent. By 1970 an additional 70,000 apartments will be ready.

The satellite town of Chilanzar, with a population of 300,000, has grown up near Tash-kent. Sergeli, a second satellite town, is being built. Eight hundred families have already

settled in the new town.

All of the help given to the earthquake victims was provided free.

Question: Are Soviet scholars engaged in African studies?

Answer: The USSR Academy of Sciences has an African Institute. Moscow University trains researchers in the field: its department of African studies teaches the languages, history, culture of the African peoples and the socio-economic structure of the various Afri-

can countries.

Question: Can you buy a private car in Russia and then sell it?

Answer: Yes. New cars are sold in state

stores; used cars are bought and sold through stores selling secondhand goods.

Question: Can you build your own house

in Russia?

Answer: Yes. Since the Revolution more than 31 million private homes have been built. Question: Can you will your property to

Answer: Yes, if the will is drawn up in

accordance with the law and notarized.

Question: Does Moscow have bits of untouched nature around it where people go in their free time?

Answer: There are 32 parks, with a total area of 5,500 acres, within the city limits and large tracts of untouched land right outside Moscow's boundaries. From 1958 to 1965 the green area in suburban recreation zones was increased by 175,000 acres. By 1970 greenery will be planted on an additional 115,000.

Question: Do you have any functioning monasteries or convents?

Answer: Yes, we do. The best known of the monasteries are the Troitse-Sergievo in Zagorsk near Moscow, the Pskov-Pechora near Pskov and the Pochayev monastery in the

Question: What industrial crops do you

Answer: Potatoes and sugar beet head the list. We also raise cotton, flax, sunflower, heinp, castor bean and tobacco. We are experimenting with sugar cane in Central Asia.

Question: How many theaters are there in the USSR?

Answer: There are 508 theaters with permanent companies: 37 opera and ballet theaters; 344 drama, comedy and musical theaters and 127 theaters for children and teenagers. In 1967 they had an audience totaling 105 million.

Besides professional theaters there are 907 people's theaters. In these theaters amateurs do the acting, but the plays are often staged by professional directors. In 1967 the people's theaters had an aggregate attendance of 14

Question: Is it true that there will be no cab service in Russian towns in the near

Answer: On the contrary. The number of taxicabs increases from year to year. Besides the ordinary cabs there are also multi-seater

route taxicabs linking various city districts.

Question: I would like to see something on private aviation and sport flying. (R. Eachess. Spokane, Washington; D. Rogue, Santa Fe, New Mexico)

New Mexico). Answer: We have no private planes. People who want to learn to fly belong to air sports clubs and use their planes.



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YURI GAGARIN citizen No. 1 of the universe

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Yuri Gagarin, Colonel (1934-1968)



Vladimir Seregin, Engineer-Colonel (1922-1968)

IN MOURNING

T IS HARD to believe that the man who opened the way to space is dead. Yuri Gagarin and pilot Vladimir Seregin were killed in a plane crash. At 10:19 A.M., local time, on March 27, Gagarin and Seregin took off from an airfield near Moscow on a training flight. The take-off was normal, and they arrived in the local flying area for training. The area is over the town of Kirzhach, Vladimir Region. Upon carrying out the assignment, Gagarin reported: "Mission accomplished, returning to airfield." The plane was at an altitude of 12,000 feet, about 30 to 40 miles from the base. A minute later the flight control officer tried to re-establish radio contact with Gagarin, but there was no answer from him or Seregin. Radar showed the aircraft on the screen for a few more minutes. Then the blip also vanished. An alarm activated all aircraft detection agencies in the air and on land. A helicopter found the wreck in a forest ten miles from Kirzhach. The plane, flying at very high speed, struck the ground at an angle of 65-70 degrees.

The Earth has lost two heroes. They have joined the great company of pioneers who ventured into the unknown before them.

The people of the Earth bow their heads in mourning, as they did to honor the memory of Roger Chaffee, Virgil Grissom, Edward White and Vladimir Komarov.

MESSAGES OF CONDOLENCE

The Presidium of the USSR Supreme Soviet, the Government, the CPSU Central Committee and the Soviet press are receiving messages of condolence from practically every corner of the earth on the occasion of the tragic death of cosmonaut No. 1 Yuri Gagarin and test pilot Vladimir Seregin.

Here are a few of them. All texts have been retranslated from the Rus-

His Excellency Mr. A. N. Kosygin Chairman of the Council of Ministers of the Soviet Union The Kremlin, Moscow

It is with deep regret that I have learned of the untimely death of cosmonauts Yuri Gagarin and Vladimir Seregin. The memory of Yuri Gagarin as the first man to accomplish an orbital flight will be forever inscribed in the annals of mankind. I well remember his visit to the United Nations and was deeply impressed by his modesty and dedication to this work. I extend to you, Mr. Chairman, to the families of the two cosmonauts and to the Soviet people my profound sympathy and sincere Soviet people my profound sympathy and sincere condolences.

His Excellency Alexei N. Kosygin Chairman USSR Council of Ministers Kremlin, Moscow, USSR

Yuri Gagarin's courageous and pioneering flight into space opened new horizons and set a brilliant example for the spacemen of our two countries. I extend the deep sympathy of the American people to his family and to relatives of Colonel-Engineer Vladimir Seregin.

Lyndon B. Johnson The White House Washington March 28, 1968

U Thant

His Excellency Nikolai Podgorny President, Presidium of the USSR Supreme Soviet

I was stirred by the news of the tragic death of Colonel Yuri Gagarin, Hero of Europe and the whole world, whom I had the great pleasure of meeting personally.

Permit me to express to Your Excellency my sincerest condolences and deep sympathy.

Charles De Gaulle

Central Committee, Communist Party of the Soviet Union Presidium, USSR Supreme Soviet USSR Council of Ministers

Dear Comrades:

It is with profound grief that we learned of the tragic death of Yuri Alexeyevich Gagarin, Hero, First Cosmonaut and Pioneer in space exploration.

The Central Committee of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia, the National Assembly of the-Czechoslovakia and the whole Czechoslovakia and the whole Czechoslovakia proposes their profound condolerness. ment of Czechoslovakia and the whole Czechoslovak people express their profound condolences in connection with the death of the glorious Soviet cosmonaut who gave up his life in the fight for human progress. Our grief is all the greater because soon after his heroic flight Comrade Gagarin made his first trip abroad to our country, which received him as her son and regarded him as such. The memory of Yuri Alexeyevich Gagarin will live forever in the minds and hearts of the Czechoslovak people.

Kindly convey to the family of the deceased our sincere condolences in connection with this grave and irreparable loss.

and irreparable loss.

Central Committee of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia National Assembly of the CSSR Government of the CSSR

His Excellency Mr. N. Podgorny President, Presidium of the USSR Supreme Soviet

On behalf of my government and myself I express to Your Excellency our deep condolences on behalf of the sad event—the death of the cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin.

Gorge Pacheco Areco President Republica Oriental del Uruguay

His Excellency President Nikolai Podgorny Chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR The Kremlin, Moscow

The tragic death of the late cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin filled me with great sadness and sorrow. The USSR and the world at large have lost a brave man who sacrificed his life for the glory of his country and the progress of humanity through his daring and pioneering adventure in space. The world shall always remember him as the first man who transported human beings from the confines of their planet to the threshold of limitless infinite space.

I seize this sad occasion to convey to Your Excellency, the bereaved family of the deceased and the great people of the USSR our sincere and heartfelt condolences.

Hussein I King of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan

His Excellency Mr. N. V. Podgorny President, Presidium of the USSR Supreme Soviet

Please accept, Mr. President, my heartfelt condolences in connection with the tragic death of the world's first pilot-cosmonaut Yuri Alexeyevich

Urho Kekkonen

His Excellency Nikolai Podgorny President, Presidium of the USSR Supreme Soviet

The people of the Republic of San Marino deeply mourn together with the peoples of the Soviet Union the death of Yuri Gagarin. This tragic death means mourning for all peoples, because his heroic flight opened to all peoples the unexplored routes to the universe and new horizons for peaceful research.

Would Your Excellency kindly convey the feelings and sincere condolences of the people and government of San Marino to the Government of the USSR and the family of Gagarin.

Domenico Forcellini Romano Michelotti Captain Regents Federico Bigi Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs San Marino

General Secretary, Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union Comrade Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev

President, Presidium of the USSR Supreme Soviet Comrade Nikolai Viktorovich Podgorny

It was with sincere grief that we learned about the tragic death of the first cosmonaut Colonel Gagarin, Hero of the Soviet Union.

On behalf of the peoples of Yugoslavia and myself I express to the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, the Presidium of the USSR Supreme Soviet, the Soviet people and you personally our deep condolences.

Kindly convey our sympathies to the family of the late Yuri Gagarin whose dauntless feat opened a new era in space exploration.

a new era in space exploration.

Josip Bros (Tito) Belgrade March 28, 1968

His Excellency Nikolai Viktorovich Podgorny President, Presidium of the USSR Supreme Soviet

It is with deep sorrow that I learned of the death of the cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin. The tragic loss of the pioneer in space exploration is a loss not only to your country, but to the whole world as well.

We express our sympathy to the people and government of the Soviet Union. Kindly convey to the family of the deceased our sincere condolences.

Archbishop Makarios President Republic of Cyprus

His Excellency Mr. A. N. Kosygin Chairman of the Council of Ministers

On behalf of the people and the government of India and on my own behalf I send you our sincere condolences on the tragic and unexpected death of Cosmonaut Col. Yuri A. Gagarin and Engineer Col. Vladimir S. Seregin. Mankind will honor Yuri Gagarin's name for all time to come. His historic and trail-blazing conquest of outer space is one of the greatest heroic deeds of history. Please convey our sympathy to the members of the bereaved families.

Mr. Leonid Brezhnev General Secretary, Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union

Mr. Nikolai Podgorny President, Presidium of the USSR Supreme Soviet

Mr. Alexei Kosygin Chairman, USSR Council of Ministers

I was deeply stirred by the news of the accident as a result of which the cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin lost his life. The memory of Yuri Gagarin, whose death is a grave loss to science and mankind, just as the memory of his feats performed in the name of his country and mankind will live forever. On behalf of the people of the United Arab Republic and myself permit me to express to the peoples of the Soviet Union sincere condolences and heartfelt sympathies. and heartfelt sympathies.

Gamai Abdel Nasser

President, Presidium of the USSR Supreme Soviet N. V. Podgorny

The news of the tragic death of the cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin profoundly grieved the Italian people. The mourning of the Soviet Union in connection with the loss of its heroic son is the mourning of the whole of mankind. The admiration and amazement which his nearly legendary space flight evoked and the fondness which later accompanied his person made him a real hero. His flight infinitely opened the bounds of mankind's peaceful conquests; it opened a new path not only to knowledge, but also to daring. May this be a source of pride and comfort to the nation which managed to rear a man of such distinguished qualities. With these feelings I wish to express to you, Mr. President, and to the peoples of the USSR the sincere condolences of the Italian people and my own.

Giuseppe Saragat President Republic of Italy

To the Soviet Cosmonauts, Soviet Academy of Sciences Moscow

We join you in mourning Yuri Gagarin. Nothing will ever dim the memory of his achievement in becoming the first pilot to fly in space. Our sympathy goes to Valentina Gagarin, the children and to the family of Colonel Vladimir Ser-

All the American
Astronauts plus
Carpenter and Glenn

The death of Gagarin is not merely the loss of a very good man. It is the death of a star in the sky. It is a loss for all. He was not just a man. He was the symbol of a dream of all mankind that has been realized, a son of mankind who

The people of the whole world mourn his death and share the grief of Gagarin's family and of all Soviet people. This is a grave loss indeed. His glory will live in the ages to come.

Feiz Ahmad Faiz Pakistani Poet Member of the World Peace Council

Academician A. A. Blagonravov Chairman, Commission on Exploration and Use of Outer Space Academy of Sciences of the USSR Moscow, V-312

We at NASA were saddened this morning to learn of the tragic accident which cost the lives of Colonels Gagarin and Seregin. We know from our own experience the sense of loss which you now feel. Yuri Gagarin will always be remembered as the first man to brave the cosmos and start mankind on his journey into space. Please extend our deepest sympathy to the families of these two courageous men and to their colleagues. James E. Webb



Sergei Korolyov (1906-1966), designer of Vostok I, with Yuri Gagarin, its pilot.

HE WAS so full of life, energy, smiles, sun and light. Everyone loved Yuri Gagarin. Probably no other man of our time was so well loved.

In 1961 a boy was born into the family of Mohammed Et-Tadja, a merchant in Ujda on the Moroccan border. The father named him Gagarin. Perhaps Gagarin Et-Tadja is in school by now. In a suburb of Edinburgh I saw a small picture of Gagarin in a butcher shop. One night in a Cairo coffeehouse I heard three sleepy Arabs singing a song to the beat of long and shiny drums that had been polished by an infinite number of strokes. In the refrain their strange guttural voices repeated the name: "Gaa . , garing, Gaa . , garring. . . ." He could have knocked on the door of any dwelling on any continent and been assured of an honored welcome.

People who tried to explain why they loved him would say: "He is young, hand-some and has such a charming smile." All true, but these were not the only reasons. People loved him as a herald of the future. This man who could have been the grandson of a soldier of the Great October Revolution embodied the triumph of that Revolution. Driven out of his home by the Nazis when he was a child, he represented the victory over fascism. Having blazed the trail to space, he embodied the concepts of peace, knowledge and progress. Perhaps he personified all of us, so the grains of love meant for many heaped into a great love for him.

His fellow countrymen thought of him as their next of kin. People who never even saw him called him Yuri. Every person saw a bit of himself in Gagarin. The youngster saw him barefoot, fishing for gudgeon in the local stream; the student saw him as a recent classmate working on his diploma project; workers saw him as a fellow founder with his hands in sand offering a wrist for a handshake; servicemen saw him as a respected lieutenant based at a northern airfield sharing the bread and salt they ate.

Yuri experienced the hunger of wartime, the questionable comforts of a student hostel and the sleepless nights of happy fatherhood. In his book he quotes this from a poem: "I like to have kids in the house and hear them cry at night." We have all gone through the same thing. He liked fishing. There is a snapshot of him standing in the sedge, his wet trunks stuck to his thighs. He is smiling, though he is stiff with cold, and holding his catch up high. This son of a peasant landed from his space flight in a field, and the first people he met were collective farmers. They were doing spring planting, working at the oldest job on Earth, when they saw a man in an orange spacesuit, working at the Earth's youngest job. He was in a great hurry to get to the nearest telephone to tell a waiting world the news of his safe landing. But he stopped to ask: "Sowing already?"

HE WANTED TO

Before he became a hero of the Soviet Union, he lived like us, with us, among us. After he became a hero he didn't change, except that the spotlight was on him. That is why we think of him as our next of kin.

I first saw him as he stepped out of the plane that brought him to Vnukovo Airport near Moscow. He scuttled down the ladder, then marched along the carpet to the tribune in even, firm steps to the rhythm of the Air Force march: "We have been born to make fairy tales a reality. . . . " As he approached us, I thought: "So that's what you are like, a major who earned immortality in 108 minutes." Then I noticed that his shoelace was untied. Everybody saw it, and all of us in the three-tier stand packed with buzzing journalists prayed silently: "Don't fall, Yuri. He stopped and made his report. People began to hug him. A bit confused, he embraced his wife, touched her neck with

His entry into Moscow was unforgettable. It was not just the cheers and the joy. He seemed to propagate waves of buoyant optimism. "Here he is safe and sound, driving through the city, waving to people after his fantastic experience. See what we can do!" He seemed to give people confidence. That morning he made us prouder of belonging to the human race, to his country and his people. He made us want to work harder, to use our talents more effectively, to do important things.

The day that Senior Lieutenant Yuri Gagarin reported at Baikonur Cosmodrome to the State Commission that he was ready for the flight, he was ready indeed, not only technically but psychologically. Some considerable time after this I asked him:

"I can understand your confidence in the equipment. But how could you sleep on the eve of the launching? A person doesn't usually sleep on the eve of a difficult exam." He answered me with a question: "Would it be right to take off if I were drowsy? It was my duty to sleep, so I slept."

I couldn't grasp this at the time, and to tell the truth, I don't altogether grasp it now. It was some sort of extraordinary self-discipline he had. He obeyed because he understood that the man giving the order knew the job better than he did, that the man could therefore be more concerned for him than he could be for himself. While he slept, chief designer Academician Sergei Korolyov stayed awake. At three in the morning he tiptoed to Gagarin's door. Seeing him asleep, he left quickly and read a magazine till dawn, or tried to read.

That spring Cosmonaut One was not an expert in space; he was a trained and competent cosmonaut. But he soon became an expert. Much has been written about his resourcefulness and personal charm. But

on top of that he was a man of intelligence. He had a quick Russian brain laced with common sense, and he became a competent specialist in a rather short time. The designers sought his advice. The scientists heard him out at their board meetings. He was invited to work on important commissions, and not merely for the prestige. When another cosmonaut, Pavel Belyayev, requested permission to land the Voskhod II by manual control, there were only a few minutes, perhaps seconds, to think it over. Yuri took part in this very brief conference. It was he who gave the order to Belyayev.

I remember him at the cosmodrome just before the Soyuz was launched. He walked Vladimir Komarov to the hatch. After that he hardly left the communications room. In the morning he had bloodshot eyes after a sleepless night.

"Did you sleep?"

"I did; Leonov relieved me," he said.

Leonov relieved him all right, but he hadn't slept. I didn't push it. You don't argue such details at Baikonur Cosmodrome when there is a manned ship in space.

A cosmonaut told me that seeing a friend off was harder than taking off yourself. Perhaps he was right, but taking off yourself is not easy either. The pattern of emotions is all tangled. Gagarin tried to analyze it. He wrote: "It is hardly possible to describe the feelings I had when they told me I would make the first space flight in history. Joy? No, it wasn't joy alone. Pride? No, it wasn't pride alone. I felt happy, very happy indeed, to be the first to venture into space, to challenge nature to an unprecedented duel. Could one dream of anything like it? But then I thought of the tremendous responsibility that rested on my shoulders. To be the first to do what many generations of men had dreamed of doing, to blaze the trail to space for mankind. This was a responsibility not to one man, or to a dozen, or even to a collective. It was a responsibility to the whole Soviet people, to all humanity, to mankind present and future."

We, his contemporaries, cannot know all the implications of that historic, epochmaking flight. Yuri launched man not only into space, but into a new course of human history. On April 12, 1961, the people of planet Earth started on the endless path leading to the stars. The irreversible process of populating interplanetary space has started. You can speed it up or slow it down, but you can't stop it, for, as the ancient Romans put it, "The sea is there to sail." Yuri started the clock of the space age for us earthlings. Years will pass into centuries and millenniums. And no matter how small



By Yaroslav Golovanov

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TO SPEED UP HISTORY

the Vostok may seem in retrospect, no matter how short her circuit may appear, she is the beginning of it all, of all the future Moon stations, all the settlements on Mars and Venus, all the stellar craft, all the photon rockets with solar sails, of the unimaginable things we still have no conception of, all the discoveries that have yet to be made.

While grasping the magnitude of the event. Yuri felt that the world's first "stellar Columbus," as the papers dubbed him, was also a contemporary space worker, one of many. Now he had to translate his exploit into scientific and technological terms. He had to translate the enthusiasm of the historic circuit into a system of definitions and figures. He was the first to experience such unknowns as life in a weightless world. He spent hours in talks with cosmonauts, designers, engineers and medical researchers. He repeated time and again every detail of his 108-minute flight outside the Earth. It was hard work. Hard, because there were no words for many of the feelings. But it was a noble job. Noble, because he gave people access to every single corner of his memory. He passed everything on to the others: his confidence and doubts, the weight of the stresses, the soaring in weightlessness, the unfathomable depths of the unfamiliar black sky, the beauty of dawns outside the Earth, everything that the cosmos taught him, showed him and gave him as a gift. He kept nothing to himself. He shared his experiences over and over again, on every occasion when his comrades were launched.

The paper Zarya Molodyozhi published a photo of an aeroclub trainee. The boy sent the paper home. His mother wrote him: "We are proud of you, son, but watch out you don't get conceited." A few years later every paper in the world printed his picture. After all the tests in the pressure chamber and the centrifuge there was another, perhaps the hardest, that he had to pass. Many otherwise strong people fail It. It was the test of fame.

Everybody wanted to shake his hand, to give him a smile and get one in return. He gave his autograph to thousands of people. Wherever he appeared, a cheering crowd surrounded him. During the Second International Film Festival in Moscow famous Italian, American and French film stars tried to get into the camera's eye with him. Wouldn't this make anyone dizzy at 27?

It would anyone else, but not Yuri Gagarin.

He said honestly: "The newspapers both pleased me and confused me. To be in the spotlight not only of your own country but of the whole world is something of a burden. I felt impelled to sit down and put in writing that I was not the only one involved, that tens of thousands of scientists, specialists and workers had made this flight possible, that any of my fellow cosmonauts might have made it. I was aware of the fact that many Soviet pilots were ready for a space flight; they were prepared physically and psychologically. I was aware that I had the good fortune to be born at the right time. Had I been born a few years before, I would have been too old; had I been born later, someone would have already gone where I wanted to go more than anywhere else in the world."

Yuri Gagarin first circuited the globe and then traveled all over it. They called him the "peace envoy." He was also the youth envoy, the Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the Soviet Young Com-

In 1962 he went to the World Youth Festival In Helsinki. There were hundreds of meetings, and he had to make dozens of speeches. He spoke of keeping the Earth at peace. He had seen how beautiful fts oceans and continents are. From outer space you do not see the frontiers of countries; from there the Earth is only man's big, splendid home.

One of his last trips as a member of a Soviet youth delegation was to Paris. A joyous storm raged for half an hour in the hall. For half an hour the French boys and girls chanted his name. Finally he managed to quiet them. He spoke about the Soviet. Union, Soviet youth and the YCL. They listened to his every word. He had the gift of eloquence.

There were a few occasions abroad when people asked him awkward questions. I don't know of any instance when they boxed him in. He was a man of conviction with a broad range of knowledge. In addition he was resourceful, a quality he developed which served as a weapon for both defense and attack. Quite often those who tried to trip him up did the stumbling.

Japan is famous for its toys. Yuri bought a few presents for his girls. That evening at a news conference he was asked many questions. One of them was deliberately nasty:

"Mr. Gagarin, we know you are taking some toys home with you. Why is it that even your children, the children of the world's first spaceman, can't get good toys in the Soviet Union?'

The implication was obvious: The Soviet Union doesn't have toys. A doll had suddenly taken on political coloration.

Yuri answered with a smile: "I always bring presents to my kids. This time I wanted to surprise them with some Japanese dolls. It's a pity you brought it up because tomorrow it will be in the papers and even Moscow will hear about it. You just spoiled a nice surprise for my little girls."

There was a murmur in the hall, a murmur of approval because the reply had hit the nail on the head.

in May 1963 he wrote in Komsomolskaya

"In all times and eras there has been no greater joy than helping to make new discoveries.'

On his return from space he said:

"I liked it."

In his first interview on the Volga he told the newsmen-and he seriously meant what

"My plans for the future are to devote my life, my work, ideas and feelings to the new science which is engaged in the conquest of outer space. I would like to go to Venus and see what is hidden under its shroud. to visit Mars and see for myself whether it has canals. The Moon is not a remote neighbor at all. I don't think we will have to wait too long before we undertake a flight in the direction of the Moon and to the Moon,'

He didn't want to wait. He was eager to work every day, contributing what he could to turning the future into the present. He wanted to speed up history.

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"Every single victory over nature has taken its toll in blood. You cannot stop flights into outer space. This is a historical process which is the logical outcome of human progress. But this is not an easy path to glory as you may sometimes be led to believe by the press. Both Soviet and American cosmonauts have perished on this difficult trail."

Yuri Gagarin

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HIS LIFE'S CAUSE

Nikolai P. Kamanin Colonel-General, Air Force

SOME SAY we should have taken better care of him, that we should not have let him fly.

As I see it, as cosmonauts see it, as flyers and most people who know about cosmonauts and aviation see it, that is no answer. It is like asking a sailor: "Why do you go to sea?" It is like asking any man who likes and respects his trade or profession, "Why do you work at that trade or profession?'

How can you possibly tell pilots and cosmonauts not to fly? You often hear pilots and cosmonauts say that not every pilot can be a spaceman. And they are right, of course. But a cosmonaut can't stop flying. Our cosmonauts want to fly every day. As officer in charge of the cosmonaut training programs I often have to insist that they not fly so often. I tell them: "Comrades, you are overdoing it; you are overworked. You are flying too much. You must cut down."

We had many talks on this subject with Yuri Gagarin. Ever since I've known him, and I've known him since his fellow-cosmonauts first met him a few years ago, there have been unending requests on his part for more flying time. There was one instance of the kind last November. The weather was particularly bad. Yuri insisted on flying in bad weather. But that day I ordered him to stay on the ground. Later he raised the question again, and I had to go through the explanations once more. He would come to me and plead with me. How could he be in charge of cosmonaut training unless he flew, he insisted. We could not keep turning down his persistent requests. More than that, we were trying to give Yuri and the other cosmonauts every opportunity to do training flights.

The cause to which Yuri Gagarin devoted his life, the trail he blazed into outer space and his memory all call to us-the cosmonauts and everyone else in the space exploration program-to reach further into the cosmos. Space exploration is in the interest of science, technology and all the people of the Earth: it is for the whole world's benefit.

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Two days before his tragic accident on March 25, Yuri Gagarin was reading proofs of a book he wrote with medical researcher V. Lebedev. Psychology and the Cosmos describes the psychological aspects of cosmonaut training. It will be issued by Molodaya Gvardia Publishing House in the Eureka series. This is an excerpt.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF OUTER SPACE

WHEN HE DRIVES a vehicle, whether it is an automobile or a spaceship, the operator has to manipulate certain mechanisms. But before he does the manipulating, he must perceive the surrounding world and be aware of the information he has received. A nervous impulse goes from his senses to his brain which acts on the information delivered. A motor reaction follows in response. All this requires time which, as experiments indicate, varies from 0.1 to 0.2 of a second in different people. In more complex experiments, like those in which a man is required to push a button of a certain color in response to a light, the reaction may not occur for 0.5 of a second or even more.

That neuropsychical lag began to be felt particularly when we started to fly jet planes. For instance, at Mach-3 there is a blind space in front of the aircraft which the pilot cannot perceive with his eyes. He thinks he sees an object 31 feet ahead when it is already behind him. If two pilots fly toward each other at this speed and one of them suddenly darts out of a cloud 61 feet away, they will not see

Experience has shown that it takes a jet pilot 1.5 to 2 seconds to grasp a normal situation. Now a spaceship flying at 5 miles a second covers 10 miles in that time. At such speeds—and in the future they will be even greater—the cosmonaut will not be able to react to any development in space or distinguish any object that may come into sight. That would seem to indicate that interplanetary ships must be automatically piloted.

However, even the first manned space flight demonstrated that this is not altogether true.

Flying at cosmic velocity, man sees the characteristics of the Earth's surface or those of even more remote stars. Apparently distance is a factor. If you look at a railway embankment from the window of an express train, you see hardly anything but a continuous blur. More remote objects, however, are seen much more clearly. There are three zones: blending (blurring), flashing (glimpses) and distinct vision of separate objects. It is worth noting that the boundary of the zones of blending and glimpses helps an experienced pilot determine the distance to the Earth's surface when he lands.

The shorter the distance to the Earth the more difficult it is for man to distinguish objects. The higher the orbit of the satellite ship, the less the effect of speed on man and the better his eyesight. In interplanetary flight the cosmonaut will not feel the speed at all.

He will have an excess of time as the ship pulls away from this or that planet. Conversely, he will have terrific time trouble, to use the chess term, when he makes the approach for landing or encounters a celestial body, a meteorite for instance. This is where automatic controls come in.

Radar and optical devices in the spaceship extend the human senses. Apparatus to pick up signals from the surrounding medium quickly process them to transmit correct—and what is more important—timely commands to the executive mechanisms of the rocket. This apparatus performs dozens or even hundreds of times faster

Another example. Maneuvering a spaceship closing in with another craft for docking is different than for an aircraft. For instance, one aircraft must overtake the other. To do that the pilot boosts the speed and starts maneuvering. To climb he increases the angle of attack of the wing, so the lift will exceed that of horizontal flight. But these well-known laws of aerodynamics are not valid for outer space. For instance, a spaceship must overtake another craft in the same orbit. If the boost is applied, it will alter not only the velocity but also the parameters of the trajectory. This means that the ship will switch over to a higher orbit. Decrease the velocity, and the ship will drop into a lower orbit.

A man is unable to decide in a matter of minutes or even seconds the commands he must give the spaceship engines for the required maneuvers; a computer can do that for him.

However, without denying the unquestionable merits of the computer, the fact is that the algorithms for the problems it has to solve are fed into it by man. It can therefore give out only that information it is designed to give. It cannot solve a problem it is not programmed for. It is impossible to program an automatic device to cover all cases, particularly phenomena which in principle are not yet known

to science, phenomena we are bound to encounter in outer space.

Man has all sorts of advantages over the automatic device. He receives information simultaneously through his various senses and sums it up to form an image. He has a memory of tremendous volume. This means that he can store information, which, to use the cybernetic term, calls for minimum programming. Man alone is capable of abstracting data from perception and of summing up information to form complete concepts. And so he can reconstruct images and events which occurred in the past and even mentally foretell or predict events.

When he meets an unknown phenomenon, man is able to analyze it in terms of past experience, interpret it correctly and thus avoid undesirable consequences.

Man is more flexible than the computer. The ability of the computer to adapt itself to the control operations depends on its programming. As a rule, present automatic control devices are narrowly specialized. Man, given the training, can extend his skills to control a variety of systems, alter programs of control and, in the event of breakdowns, switch over from one system of controls to another.

The advocates of automatic control devices argue: "But man is not a machine: He is subject to fatigue, boredom, depression. This inevitably affects his ability to control the ship. Computers are more reliable; they do not get tired. They are also more resistant to the

Here is an experiment which proved them wrong.

American experts compared the operation of a spaceship's systems. One system was operated by a man. His job was to receive signals from instruments and to make decisions to control the ship. The other systems were operated solely by automatic devices. To insure a higher degree of reliability the engineers, as usual, duplicated the elements in the circuit. Four systems were tried out-with double, triple, quadruple and quintuple repeaters.

At first all five systems performed with equal reliability. But by the fourth day of the simulated flight the systems were showing differences in performance. By the end of the second week the performance of the double, triple and quadruple repeater systems was not meeting the reliability requirements. The performance of the quintuple repeater system was also not up to specifications. But the reliability level of the man-controlled system hardly changed. Now if you take into account the fact that the weight of the apparatus in a spacecraft is very important, the man-operated system showed great advantages over its automated competitors.

Man's role increases immeasurably in emergency situations. American astronaut John Glenn was forced to switch over to manual control to land Friendship 7, because the automatic controls failed. He later wrote that the human pilot should be given more responsibility for the control of his spaceship. There may be times when his safe return will depend upon what he himself can do. Although this was not done in the Mercury Project, here too the astronaut was not simply a passive rider. Even where automatic systems are needed, their reliability is much increased by a man's presence. The flight of Friendship 7 is a case in point. The ship might not have made three circuits or returned to Earth, were it not for the man on board. The American astronauts ran into trouble more than once and had to switch over to manual control.

There was an instance when automatic controls failed in the Soviet spaceship Voskhod II. Captain Pavel I. Belyayev analyzed the situation and selected a place for landing. He oriented the ship manually and cut in the decelerating engines at the prearranged moment.

This proves that regardless of the number of automatic devices a spaceship carries, man will always play the leading role of organizer. Of course, it would be foolish to think that man can replace automatic devices. Without them space flight would be unthinkable. However, at our present level of science and technology, there is no point in opposing automatic devices to man; the sensible thing is to strike a rational balance, to use man's capacities and those of computing devices.

Computers and machinery should be controlled and operated by man. They should replace him where they can perform more effi-ciently. In this case a spaceship's control system will be much more

Aided by automatic devices man can control a spaceship better than automatic devices used alone. He can do a better job of putting the ship into an orbit. He can more accurately correct the trajectory of flight to one planet or another. He can select a better site for a landing on a celestial body. It follows then that the job of a cosmonaut is to serve as the operator of highly automated equipment. To get the best results from both—to incorporate man into a manspaceship system—we have to take account of his psychophysiological capabilities and of computer characteristics. And this we must do at the design stage of spaceship construction,



RED SQUARE MARCH 30, 1968



Funeral service at the Lenin Mausoleum.

The procession entering Red Square.



"Though you have perished,
In songs of courage
And in brave spirits
You will be always
A living pattern,
A haughty summons
To life, to freedom!"
From Song of the Falcon
Maxim Gorky











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IS STEEL OBSOLETE?

By Academician Alexander Samarin

TEEL PRODUCTION GROWTH in recent years has been trailing aluminum, titanium, plastics and silicates. The use of aluminum is on the increase. You find glass and aluminum buildings in many towns. High-power electric transmission towers of aluminum are erected in swampy areas, where poor roads make the trucking of heavy steel and reinforced concrete expensive. The higher production cost of aluminum towers is compensated for by their cheap helicopter-assisted assembly. Eventually car bodies will probably be made of aluminum instead of steel.

Titanium is in growing use, especially in aircraft construction. Half the weight of steel, titanium is almost as strong, and it has several other properties essential in supersonic and hypersonic aircraft construction.

Plastic materials are in everyday use. Housewives are buying more and more plastic articles instead of the steel and iron equivalents formerly produced. Plastic fittings are now being manufactured. Plastic pipes have in some instances replaced steel ones. Experimenting is taking place in the manufacture of plastic car bodies.

Silicates (cement, ceramics and glass) are being pushed as research enlarges their properties. Multistory buildings are going up with glass walls and roofs. Glass fiber has won a place for itself, and new properties have expanded the uses of ancient ceramic.

Observing all this, some people reach the hasty conclusions that steel is on the way out, that in time it will be entirely replaced by other materials—light metals, plastics and silicates. They forget that world steel production and consumption is steadily rising, that it is now an annual 500 million tons, with the USSR accounting for more than 20 per cent of it. These biased observers also ignore the fact that steel has new uses. The very machines that turn out the new and "old" materials—plastics and silicates—are made of steel. Without steel there would be no way of processing aluminum and titanium,

The Material of the Future?

Engineers and scientists are researching for structural materials with a highly diversified range of properties. Builders want superdurable materials with which to erect single-span bridges over wide rivers and buildings that climb up hundreds of stories. Power men want material of very low resistance for lightweight conductors to transmit electricity over superlong distances. And the builders of aircraft, automobiles and ships want their materials to be both superlight and supertough.

Specialists in plastics say their material is the youngest of all materials and therefore the most promising. People in ceramics push for their material because it is the oldest, hence the toughest. And these materials

do have qualities which give them advantages over ordinary steel. Exposed to air and other aggressive media, steel rusts and erodes. After intensive heating and slow cooling, it loses its strength.

Today's techniques often require very low temperatures as well as very high temperatures and pressures. Thus steel is in perpetual competition with the new and old materials. Metallurgists must invest it with new properties and new applications.

For steel to stay in construction, it must become rustproof. Special protective coatings have been devised using lacquers, paints, films of those same plastics and nonferrous metal alloys. Oxidation-resistant or enamel-plated conventional steels are used in conditions which require them. A heat-resisting steel has been created for aircraft engines and rockets.

What About Costs?

To win customers over, specialists in plastics and silicates are quick to point out that metals, steel among them, are expensive. Moreover, the earth's crust has a great store of silicates. Besides, they add, even if more economical ore-processing methods are devised, minerals, being so much more abundant, will probably be cheaper.

The chemists are wasting no time. They are evolving materials with predetermined properties, not letting themselves get bogged down by original "natural" qualities. Experimental samples of reinforced plastics have been created that are as strong as steel and have certain other properties superior to those of special steels and ferroallovs.

Ceramic combines with other more durable materials, so parts and elements have been manufactured with a high degree of plasticity and acid- and heat-resistant qualities. Reinforcement with metal thread gives ceramic materials a strength almost equal to that of metal and a chemical resistance far greater than that of the best steels.

There is some speculation that ceramics in combination with metal will become the leading material. But to be in the lead, the material must be technologically inexpensive. Neither plastics nor ceramics can as yet compete with metal in cost.

Metallurgists are nevertheless working hard for higher technological and economic standards in steel production. They are trying to raise labor productivity and introduce more mechanization and automation so as to eliminate backbreaking manual work. Soviet metallurgists have been pioneers in applying certain effective production methods. Our foundries were the first to use oxygen and natural gas in iron and steel smelting, to introduce continuous steel pouring, electroslag remelting and out-offurnace vacuum treatment. Soviet metallurgists led in the general application of iron-ore dressing methods, of fluxed sinter production and other progressive techniques.

Technical progress has had to fight for its right of way. There was bitter opposition to the project for a second mining and metallurgical base in the East, the Ural-Kuznetsk complex. But every second Soviet shell and tank used during the Great Patriotic War was manufactured from steel produced at that complex. The erection of oxygen-blown converters was unduly delayed and the need for vacuum metallurgy disputed.

The technological and economic indexes of foundry production, other things being equal, depend on the quality of the ores and the capacity of the furnaces.

We have already built and are operating 70,000-95,000 cubic-feet blast furnaces. More than 60 per cent of the total number of these aggregates at the turn of 1967 were of the 35,000 or more cubic-foot class. Thanks to this and other measures, we net 1.5 tons of cast iron per day instead of one ton.

Soviet metallurgists have also worked out methods to increase steel production. Converter steel smelting is in general use. Converters will be producing 25 million tons of steel annually toward the end of the current five-year-plan period.

Export of Know-how and Ferrous Metals

Our engineers have elaborated the continuous-steel-pouring process which has been patented in many countries. It has been in wide use at Soviet mills for some years.

We have sold a number of licenses to foreign firms, among them techniques for continuous-steel pouring, high-productive foundry processes and liquid self-setting mixtures for mold cores.

Foreign companies that buy licenses are assisted by Soviet specialists. Two continuous-steel-pouring installations have been built in Japan, an electroslag remelting plant has been commissioned in France and a continuous-steel-pouring plant is being built in Italy.

Our share in world ferrous metal production has increased considerably in the Soviet period. We now produce over 100 million tons of steel a year.

With metallurgical industry development has come an increase in export. We are one of the world's major ferrous metal exporters. Soviet metals are now sold to 60 countries.

In 1966 we exported 4,384,000 tons of pig iron, 5,019,000 tons of rolled metal and 290,000 tons of pipe.

Pig iron and rolled metal are the principal ferrous metal items exported to industrially developed capitalist countries.

Our main ferrous metal export used to be pig iron; now we export an increasing volume of steel goods, pipe and rolled metal. We sent abroad more than 50 types of alloyed structural steels, over 30 kinds of tool steels and 50 brands of stainless and heat- and oxidation-resistant steels. We also export 30 brands of ferroalloys, shipbuilding, boiler, machine, bridge-building and structural steels.

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Senerated

COLUMN • CULTURE COLUMN • ULTURE

By Natalia Chulaki

The aim of today's film shorts and documentaries is the same as it has always been, to impart a maximum of useful information rapidly and to make the viewer see the truth of what you have to say. But film producers seem to have recognized the importance of another element in our poetry-hungry age, and that is the communication of truth through beauty and the warmth of human feeling.

the communication of the three actors or any other aspect of the theater has built-in audience appeal, so that practically anyone could make an interesting film based on such material. But when a studio can produce a fascinating 20-minute short on the bureau of standards, the theory of relativity or your daily loaf of bread, that is real film making! These three topics have been recently ing! These three topics have been recently

released, respectively, by the Kazan, Kiev, and Central Popular Science (Moscow) Studios.

Journey to the Ideal (Kazan) shows us, in quick succession, a view of St. Basil's Cathedral in Red Square, the assembly line of a large auto plant and a circus arena. What do they have in common? Standardization—believe it or not. The car plant would seem to be the or not. The car plant would seem to be the ideal illustration, but the circus ring runs a close second. Its dimensions are exactly the same as every other circus ring in the world, and for very sensible reasons. As for the fa-mous edifice in Red Square, the architecture of this church, it turns out, is made up of only ten different elements, any of which would be usable in another style of architecture. ture. But only this particular combination gives us the fantastic storybook glory that is St. Basil's. After this, the rest is simple. Easy to demonstrate the necessity and convenience of standardized road signs, dress sizes, spare parts for machinery, but the church-that took some doing!

Man and Bread (Kiev), far from the collection of classroom platitudes one might have expected, is almost unbearably tense and moving. It tells of sleepless nights when the earth is cracked and sterile from lack of moisture, or when a driving rain lays low the nearly ripe grass. The face of an anxious botanist poring over his notes and samples is compared with that of a Don Cossack woman in the fields. Famine, when a piece of bread is the most precious thing in life, and good times, when the greatest joy is a field of gently waving grain, are compared.

The delicate balance of credibility in such dramatic or poetic film shorts on science or the arts is often in danger of being upset. Two films that did not quite make the grade were based on intrinsically high interest material. For example, the doctor in The Problem of Cancer, has, judging by his permanently harassed expression, the weight of all the problems of medicine on his puny shoulders. The lighting and camera work make his every look and gesture heavy with meaning, and finally we find ourselves doubting both doctor and

Another debatable film, Sunbeam Observa-tory, begins on a delightful note. A little boy playing in the sun observes one law of nature after another, spontaneously finding the answers to problems that have had scientists guessing for centuries. When, however, the

solutions become too pat, we stop believing in the curly-headed genius and his games.

In contrast to these, one twenty-minute wonder of a film that does make its point is dressed up as a chance conversation between passengers on a train. What do they find to while away the hours? Einstein's theory of relativity! Contrived as the situation may be (the film does not pretend to be a bona fide coincidence—you know it is a specific the accoincidence—you know it is a spoof), the actors are so refreshingly natural you are almost convinced it might have happened. Before you can say "mc'," the twenty minutes are over, and you are the richer for the knowledge and

MUSICAL DOUBLE-DECKER

Without a split personality, it is not easy to be a successful young composer of hit tunes and at the same time a really good composer of serious music. But chubby-faced, bespectacled Andrei Petrov is unquestionably both, though there is no conspicuous division of self! Like most composers of popular music, Petrov is pretty much at the mercy of his performers. The kind of mood pieces he writes have just the pinch of irony required by modern man, without negating bright-eyed sincer-

ity or youthful dreaminess.

Many of his songs have a serious side, despite their breezy manner, and it is perhaps for this kernel of meaning that people tend to remember them long after a merely catchy melody is forgotten. The romantic element in Petrov's songs extends far beyond sentimental love themes so common in pop tunes. Not that he ignores songs about love; there are those aplenty. But he is drawn to lyrics about the sea, about faraway places, cities that have yet to be built and the friendship of men in war-

The lilting tunes always sound fresh against his imaginative orchestral arrangement (he likes to combine guitar, vibraphone, violins) spiced with original details or a tricky rhythm. Petrov's penchant for traveling—he would rather visit a small unfamiliar place than return to a him site has a see a see that the second seed to be a see that the second seed to be seed to be a seed to be seed to b

turn to a big city he has once seen—has been widely indulged; for, besides tourist trips, he often goes to music festivals in the Soviet Union and abroad. In addition his duties as head of the Leningrad Composers Union require all sorts of trips and tours, most of which he enjoys thoroughly.

A trip with a youth delegation some years ago took him to the United States, all over the Eastern Seaboard and parts of the Middle West, where he met Americans from many walks of life. "But it was over too quickly!" he says regretfully. In 1966, he and a favorite singer Edward Hill went to Rio de Janeiro for the jazz festival and won a prize.

When composing, he never reworks a song he feels isn't right; he prefers to toss off 10 or 15 versions until he gets one that satisfies

There is an American recording of one of his most popular tunes called "Meet Me in Moscow" (the Russian title: "Walking Through Moscow") in which the tune is whistled instead of sung. Russians who have heard it find the new arrangements without words different but sympatichno, which means "not bad



Composer Andrei Petrov

Asked about the musical influences in his life, Andrei Petrov produces a "family tree" beginning with Bach and including Ravel and Gershwin, as well as "Prokofiev, Prokofiev and again Prokofiev." One of his latest songs

is in the Big Beat style.

Many of Petrov's popular songs were written for films. He did the music for The Amphibious Man, Watch Out for Cars, Walking Through Moscow and, most recently, Bon Voyage and Blue Bird. He also composed a number of humorous instrumental numbers for orchestra: "Troika," "The New Violinist," "Russian Twist" and others.

His early leanings toward the literary in music have evolved into a more impressionistic style in his more serious works. Ballet music that once tended toward the romantic, like "Shores of Hope" and "Over the Waves," now, as in "Creation of the World," includes symphonic jazz in addition to gentler styles.

But his most impressive, as well as his most moving piece of music is the recent "Poem in Memory of Those Who Fell During the Siege of Leningrad." Somehow, you can hear the very silence in the streets of the city that many had given up for dead. Even the wild sounds of bombardment and alarm are not so oppressive as that awful silence, in midwinter, when men and women walked to work and back like ghosts. In the midst of this is born the theme of courage. The poem is both tribute and

MUSIC FROM ASIA

Music from the mountain republic of Tajikistan takes many forms, but easily the most popular is the old folk style. The Union Ensemble-twelve folk instruments (string, wind, percussion) and 14 voices, male and femaleperform on their own and also accompany the solo singers of the Shashmakom, a kind of love poem dating back to medieval times. The bestknown singer, Barno Iskhakova, is justly famous. Her voice is amazingly soft, the attack as gentle as in speech, her style personal and intimate.

Instrumental solos and duets are often performed by virtuoso players of the doira (re-sembling a tambourine) or rubob (a plucked string instrument). An ironical note is not lacking in the program which lists a Duet on Eight Doiras!

JOURNEY ACROSS THE ARTS

"Be sure and bring something back, something really typical, not just a souvenir!"



COLUM CULTURE COLUMN NCULTURE

Something wonderful . . . something from abroad.

From ancient times travelers have been exhorted by family and friends to keep a sharp eye out for a gift at once beautiful, exotic . and a bargain! So it is today. But with nations beginning to resemble each other more and more, and modern ways of life overcoming the traditional, finding the something wonderful becomes a real problem.

The revival, in some cases the perpetuation, of traditional arts and crafts has achieved the proportions of a large-scale happening in the Soviet Union. Certainly the marked difference in cultures and customs between our many nationalities is a strong reason for the variety in the folk arts, though modern factory methods so often give them the streamlining and smooth surfaces of machine work. The number of those who appreciate hand work, with its infinite variety of ornament and happy accident, is large and growing larger.

As for the traveler, he has only to buy his

ticket and keep his eyes open. With Moscow as starting point, a trip of any distance, in any direction, will bring him within reach of local craftsmen and their product. In fact Moscow itself, its galleries and shops can give him a good sampling of what he will find if he trav-

els.
Central Russia, with an inexhaustible supply of wood, and the generations of skill and imagination of its masters, offers carved and pointed wooden articles, from the ever-present wooden ladle or soupspoon, painted red, black and gold, to the exquisite miniature scenes painted in the Palekh style, in luminous reds and blues on black lacquered boxes of every shape. In between are wooden vessels of every sort, wood carvings, decorative or humorous, toys with movable parts, painted or lacquered tables and chairs, and such country household utensils as a yoke for carrying water pails.

Pottery, plain and painted, rough or glazed, is plentiful all over, but southern Russia, the Ukraine and Moldavia are particularly noted for traditional designs, the pitcher with the hole, for example, or the wavy white lines on brown pottery tableware. Different regions are known for different styles of ceramic decora-

tive dolls and animals, painted and mostly unglazed. Here, as in the North, embroidery on linen shirts, aprons, tablecloths, towels and runners exists in splendid variety. Hand-weaving in linen and wool comes from the Baltic republics of Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania, as does pottery, with incised geometric decoration and modern glazes, fine carving in wood and amber

jewelry.
The North of Russia—Yaroslavl, Rostov, Ivanovo, Vologda—besides its own embroidery designs and wooden toys, is also famous for laces and fancy work of every sort. The humble arts of working birch bark and colored straw flourish here, too.

From the Far North and the Far East come knitted and felt socks, mittens, moccasins with and without fur and beads. The Far East is also famed for clothing and bags of mosaic fur de-

sign, and the rare whole fish and bird skins.

The art of carving in bone is old and honorable. Mostly representational. It comes from Kazakhstan, Kirghizia, Tajikistan, Turkmenia.

These are the lands of rugs and carpets, with the ancient designs, dyes and weaving of the peoples of the mountains and beautiful valleys and plains.

As ubiquitous as the rugs are the embroidered, squared skullcaps worn by literally everybody.

Westward to the Urals, where the semiprecious stones found in the mountains are worked as jewelry, vases, carvings.

And finally, to the Caucasus, the chased silver and copper (vessels, platters, utensils) of Georgia, the elegantly shaped, dark, unglazed pottery and stoneware of Georgia and

And so the traveler returns, his bags laden with presents for every taste. The end of a happy journey.

NOTES OF MUSIC

A students' choral society in Tbilisi, Georgia, is making quite a name for itself performing works by half-forgotten Renaissance composers, which they sing in Latin, German, Italian and French.

Their interest was aroused by the discovery of old music in the library of the Georgian Conservatory and in various private collec-

tions.
The tradition of choral singing in Georgia goes back 15 centuries, and there has been a

great revival in recent years.

Composers in the students' repertory include Orlando di Lassus, Josquin des Pres, Jommelli, Anerio and Palestrina.

The first volume of a new musical encyclopedia is to appear next year, under the general editorship of Yuri Keldysh.

Keldysh, a distinguished musicologist, is the brother of Mstislav Keldysh, president of the Soviet Academy of Sciences.

The encyclopedia, to be completed in 1972, will be the most comprehensive ever published in the Soviet Union.

Many foreign musical authorities have been invited to contribute.

It will deal exhaustively with Soviet music and musicians and the musical culture of the various Soviet republics.

Svyatoslav Richter has been screened for a documentary for the first time.

Richter has always avoided the camera.

Latvian film men, director Gunar Piesis and cameraman Genrikh Pilipson, shot Richter on stage and at home.

Admirers of the famous pianist will see Richter in a new role as a painter.

A Hindemith chamber work—No. 4 of his Five Pieces for Strings—was given its first performance in Moscow by Igor Oistrakh and the strings of the Moscow Radio Orchestra conducted by Gennadi Rozhdestvensky.

Hindemith, along with Bartok, Stravinsky and Britten, is one of the most popular modern composers with Moscow's audiences.

SPARTACUS AT THE BOLSHOI

The Bolshoi Ballet is now rehearsing a new production of Spartacus, to the music of Khachaturian.

The producer is Yuri Grigorovich. Spartacus will be danced by Vladimir Vasilyev and Mi-khail Lavrosky, and Phrygia by Yekaterina Maximova and Natalya Bessmertnova.

The sets are by Simon Virsalidze, who has worked with Grigorovich for years on such ballets as The Stone Flower, Casse-Noisette

and The Sleeping Beauty.

Spartacus goes into the bill at the end of March.

All concerned think this is the "lucky third time"as two previous productions failed because of unimaginative choreography—"too much like pantomime."

CHABUKIANI DANCES AGAIN

Once a year, on his birthday, the famous Georgian balletmaster Vakhtang Chabukiani returns to the stage as a dancer.

This year he danced the role of Basil, in Minkus' Don Quixote, at the Tbilisi Ballet. The 58-year-old dancer was stormily applauded.

In previous years he danced the part of Othello in the Georgian ballet by Alexei Machavariani, but he says the part is too much of an emotional and physical strain now for a man of his years.

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Duet on eight doiras

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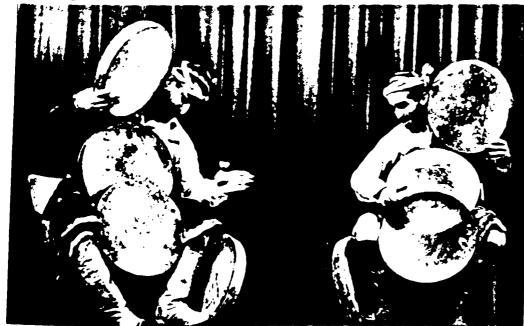
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COLUMN •





ROOT OF LIFE

nature's pharmacy

By Mikhail Maguta

INSENG, A PLANT with astonishing properties, grows in the dense forests of the Soviet Far East. Its root, often forked so that it looks like the body of a wrinkled old man, is responsible for many legends, as well as for happy recoveries and tragic accidents. Hunters of this rare root scour the forests in autumn, making their way through dark thickets, along barely discernible paths and through places where there are no paths. Long known in Eastern folk medicine as a cure for all ailments, ginseng became dearer than gold because of its scarcity.

As time passed it became harder to find, a matter of no great concern to medical men. Russian medicine did not officially recognize the curative properties of ginseng. "Too many miracles are attributed to it," said the doctors. "The effect on a patient is largely psychological."

One man, however, thought the root valuable and said so. Professor Israil Brechman, an army doctor in the Far East, did not consider ginseng a cure-all, but he did find it an unusually effective stimulant. An infusion



Professor Israil Brechman, Laboratory Chief of the Research Institute for Biologically Active Substances. His research is in the curative properties of ginseng and other plants of the Araliaceae family.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VSEVOLOD TARASEVICH

of ginseng greatly increases endurance and energy, the reason hunters and trappers value it so highly. When carefully controlled experiments showed that ginseng raises resistance to disease and calls forth additional reserves, the reputation of the root was restored. Bottles of the new drug began to appear in pharmacies. The first ginseng plantations were laid out in the Primorye Territory. And then a state farm devoted entirely to ginseng was set up. Now a recognized drug, the miracle root remains capricious, requiring careful cultivation and a long growing period.

The laboratory which Professor Brechman heads began a study of all the plants belonging to the family Araliaceae, the immediate relatives of ginseng. The roots and leaves of this ugly plant, which hunters call Don't Touch Me or Devil's Bush because of its sharp thorns, have as much and perhaps more healing power than ginseng.

Professor Brechman and his assistants are now trying to find out exactly what these superior properties are.

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A plant is a unique and complicated natural laboratory. The plants of the Araliaceae family have survived the glacial period. Nature seems to have given these green marvels tremendous vital strength, the power to build up body resistance. Hunters in the Far East have always been aware of the eagerness with which deer and bear eat the leaves of the Devil's Bush. Pharmacological and chemical analyses and its use, in many instances, show that eleutherococh has important curative values. A liquid extract of the roots and leaves increases energy, improves vision, builds up resistance, reduces sugar in the blood and has other healing qualities. Drugs made from eleutherococh have proven helpful in the treatment of nervous and cardiovascular diseases, diabetes and atherosclerosis.

The new drug has been tested at medical institutions in Moscow, Leningrad, Khabarovsk and other cities. A liquid extract is now being produced by the pharmaceutical factory in Khabarovsk.

The Eleventh Congress of Pharmacologists in Prague showed great inter-

Growing ginseng is a slow and careful process. The "miracle root" likes shadow (the reason for the canopies). It is sensitive to the composition of the soil, to its temperature and even to other neighboring plants.





est in Professor Brechman's report on the healing properties of plants in the Soviet Far East. Professor Brechman also took part in the work of the Second Pacific Congress in Tokyo in 1966, and a paper of his was read at a symposium in San Francisco. He corresponds with India's noted pharmacologist Professor Mukerjee, with Professor Shibata of the University of Tokyo and with American scientist Windsor Cutting.

"Man and his health concern scientists everywhere in the world," says Professor Brechman. "We need more exchange of information about folk medicine in the various countries, about discoveries of curative plants. Nature is called The Oldest Pharmacy for good reason, but she never reveals her secrets immediately. We had to study hundreds of plants before we found eleutherococh. Doctors, pharmacologists, chemists and biologists at the Institute of Biologically Active Substances in Vladivostok, to which our laboratory belongs, are searching for new drugs in nature's pharmacy."



A tincture made of this forked root that looks very much like a dancing little old man increases energy, improves the eyesight, builds up the body's resistance, reduces blood sugar and works many other wonders.



IS THE EARTH
THREATENED WITH THIRST?

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CHANGING THE COURSE OF RIVERS

By Georgi Ganguart Department Head, Hydroproject Institute

THE SURFACE fresh water resources of our country are estimated at 5.7 million cubic yards a year. This is one and a half times more than the supply available to the United States or China. Nevertheless our fresh water problem is no less pressing than that of other industrialized countries. The threatening possibility of a shortage is evident when we look at the uneven distribution of our water resources.

Some 75 per cent of our river flow is in northern and eastern Siberia, where population density is low and industry is less developed than in the European area of the USSR. Fresh water resources per person in the European area are only one third of the average throughout the country. The distances that separate Siberian water resources from the industrial centers are also a factor to be taken under consideration. Some of the key industrial and farm areas -the Southern Ukraine, the Caspian plain, Central Asia and Kazakhstan-have insufficient atmospheric precipitation in addition to poor river networks.

Uneven river flow from year to year makes it difficult to organize a stable water supply. In arid areas the annual river flow may range from 3-4 per cent to 300-400 per cent of the average. Besides, 50-90 per cent of the annual flow is in spring and summer. In spring rivers flood settled territories and often cause serious damage, while for the rest of the year the same areas are plagued by drought. Correcting these mistakes of nature will go a long way toward meeting fresh water needs.

Conflicting Demands

The figures indicate that the world water demand will grow 3.5 times in the next 20 years. Obtaining this great volume of water is only one part of the problem; it has to be rationally distributed. Many branches of the economy need water, but the demand varies. Water supply to industry and to people must be uninterrupted throughout the year, and potable water must be of high quality. Farms need water most for irrigation during the growing period. Ichthyologists need high water in rivers during the spawning period. Navigators need a high water level during the navigation period.

UNESCO designated 1965-1975 the hydrological decade. During that period the UNESCO countries will jointly investigate the world's water resources.

Until recently power production was the dominant interest of hydrology. Apart from producing cheap power, the hydroelectric power dams form large reservoirs, thus regulating the flow of rivers, providing water for irrigation and all but ruling out the possibility of floods. But the creation of numerous water-storage lakes has had an adverse effect on the spawning of fish. Also reservoirs evaporate a considerable portion of



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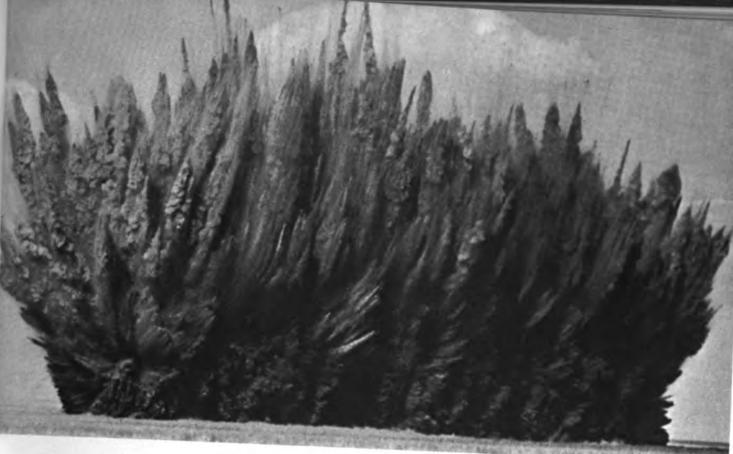
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Explosives have their constructive uses. They uncover coal layers, lay roads and build dams. This explosion is blasting rock to prepare the bed for the Irtysh-Karaganda Canal.

Cutting a big canal is a job for power equipment, lots of it. The volume of excavation is staggering. Besides the canal bed, reservoirs have to be dug, embankments reinforced and dikes built.



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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Cutting through the farm acres of the Central Asian republics is a dense irrigation network, but water is still in short supply. Several canals are being dug simultaneously. The goal is to irrigate another seven million acres by 1970.

the water of a basin, while thousands of acres of fertile bottom land is lost to these artificial seas.

New power dams can only be built after thorough consideration of all the positive and negative effects on a region, as we have found out at our expense from errors that have lost us large fisheries and thousands of acres of valuable land.

Specialists believe that the rivers in the Southern European area of the USSR and the water systems of Central Asia and the Caspian can only be saved by tapping the water resources of the rivers of the North and Siberia. The discussion of plans to direct northern water shows how carefully all the pros and cons are being weighed. Hydrologists and soil experts point to the danger of raising subsoil water in areas through which canals will be cut. Foresters defend their woods with a persistence worthy of true conservationists. But everyone understands that the tapping of northern rivers will save inland seas, improve the quality of water in the basins of many rivers and increase the volume of fresh water available. The problem of the planners is to take these many warnings into account and find the most rational way of directing the flow of northern and Siberian rivers.

New Lines on Maps

Water redistribution was being done even before World War II. In the late thirties the Moscow Canal was built to supply water to the growing capital. It carries water from the Volga to the Moscow River. The 80-milelong canal not only provides water to the capital but also connects it with the chief waterway of the European part of the country. With navigable canals connecting the Volga and Don Rivers and the Baltic with the White Sea, Moscow is a port of five seas. Meeting the growing demand of the Moscow industrial area are the Mozhaisk, Rublevo, Pestovo, Klyazma and other reservoirs.

Every Muscovite uses up an average of 90 gallons of water a day, double that of the Londoner or Parisian.

In Central Asia, the largest irrigated



farming area, the Kara-Kum Canal is being constructed. Already 500 miles long, it cuts across almost the whole of Turkmenistan from the Amu Darya River to the city of Ashkhabad. The waterway that spans the desert has irrigated 470 thousand acres of fertile land, watered pastures and started a new industry, fish breeding. The canal is an important transportation route for the republic. Eventually it will be continued to the Caspian Sea, which will bring its total length to 900 miles.

In Southern Ukraine the first leg of the North Crimean Canal has been completed to carry the Dnieper water to the Crimean plain. The project will not only serve for irrigation but will give Dnieper ships access to the Sea of Azov.

The industrial areas of the Donetsk coalfield already receive water from outside the area but still not enough. One proposal is to bring in Dnieper water through a 190-mile canal. Another is to build desalination plants in the Donetsk area to process the salty pit and ground water. Both are being considered.

The industry of Kazakhstan also needs fresh water badly. Some 90 per cent of its water resources are concentrated in the eastern area of the republic, while the

mineral-rich central and southwestern areas have almost no rivers. To supply these areas with water a 300-mile canal from the Irtysh River in Siberia is scheduled for completion by 1970.

It takes 800 gallons of water to mine one ton of coal, 8,000 to smelt one ton of steel, 130,000 to make one ton of artificial fiber and 800,000 to produce one ton of paper.

The Volga and Ural rivers, both flowing into the Caspian, are spawning grounds for some of the most valuable fish. Pollution of the Ural River has seriously hurt the fishing industry of the Northern Caspian. The Ural River is to receive Volga water. The canal which will connect the two rivers will take away sufficient water from the Volga for irrigation purposes and for reproduction of the fish population.

Rivers Aid Seas

The biggest of our water redistribution projects is the one to direct the flow of the northern Pechora River into the Volga basin.







Desalination requires great quantities of heat. The atom will eventually push out other fuels in desalination installations. The atomic reactors to power the USSR's biggest desalination plant are now being assembled on Mangyshlak Peninsula.

As early as the next decade 52,400 cubic yards of water will be directed into the Volga from reservoirs in the headwaters of the Pechora. In addition water will be transferred from the basins of the northern rivers Vychegda, Sukhona and Onega into the Volga, Don and Dnieper.

Less fresh water is flowing into the Caspian and the Sea of Azov. This increases the salinity of their water, affects fish reproduction and leaves the chief ports without harbors. Specialists assert that, unless something is done, in another 15 years fish will no longer breed in the Sea of Azov. The only way to restore the water level of these seas is by a greater inflow from the Volga and Don rivers. Transferring the water of northern rivers will end the threat of water starvation in the industrial and farm regions in the European area of the country.

The Moscow-Volga Canal is not only a huge water supply line but an important shipping route. It connects the capital with five seas: the Black, Caspian, White, Baltic, Azov. Cruise boats run from Moscow past many scenic spots along the way.

The rivers of Siberia offer even greater resources. One of them, the Irtysh (a tributary of the Ob River) is already supplying water to Central Kazakhstan. The possibility of directing the Ob water into Central Asia and Kazakhstan is being explored, and there are long-range plans to create a latitudinal water-transport route connecting several large Siberian rivers.

River redistribution plans now under consideration reach as far into the future as the year 2000.

SUBTERRANEAN SEAS

By Igor Duhel

N THE LAST 10 years Soviet hydrogeologists have discovered large reserves of underground fresh water. Academician Ufa Akhmedsafin found subterranean water in one of the most arid regions of the country, South Kazakhstan.

In the early forties this Kazakh scientist came to the conclusion that the source of fresh-water springs in the desert was not precipitation but melted snow that flows down from the mountains in the spring and summer. He explored the foothills bordering on the desert from the south and was persuaded that this was where the water-bearing strata came near the surface. The water fills these natural underground canals and then flows at an incline toward the center of the desert

The world's population uses seven billion tons of fresh water every day. It takes a year to extract that same volume of useful minerals.

The Central Asian deserts lie on layers of fragmented, loose rock. The empty spaces, occupying about 40 per cent of the volume, constitute enormous underground reservoirs in which the waters coming down from the mountains can accumulate. Where the path of the water is blocked by water-proof layers or the water-bearing horizon itself comes to the surface, we have desert springs.



Consistent with the data he had on surface springs and the location of water-bearing strata, Akhmedsafin drew the contours of the probable underground pools and created a predictive hydrogeological map of South Kazakhstan.

The first several dozen wells confirmed his predictions. As the years passed, forecasting the location of artesian basins was developed to a high level of mathematical precision. Of the 250 wells drilled in the areas of the Kyzyl-Kum Desert where, according to the forecasting chart, there should be underground seas, 245 produced water. In the Muyun-Kum Desert, the score was 50 out of 50. Akhmedsafin discovered a total of more than 60 artesian basins. These reserves of underground fresh water add up to 7.21 billion cubic yards of water or, to put it more graphically, 17 Seas of Azov!

Artesian basins now supply water to Alma-Ata, the capital of Kazakhstan, and other of its cities and also irrigate hundreds of collective and state farms. The subterranean sources discovered by Academician Akhmedsafin can provide 10 times more water if required.

The artesian basin has an important advantage over canals and other water supply sources. Unlike all other sources, it serves no other purpose: There are no fish or flora in an artesian basin; it has no effect on climate. This water, then, is not extracted at the expense of some other branch of the economy or of nature. It is, moreover, comparatively cheap. One well costs 10,000 rubles. In gravel ground it is drilled within a month; in sandy ground drilling takes two weeks. And many of the wells yield from 8,000 to 10,000 cubic yards of water a day.

The intensive extraction of artesian water tends to lower the subterrestrial water level. The level near Moscow has gone down 165 feet in the last few decades.

Not all of it can come to the surface by its own power, however. Akhmedsafin and his assistants are working on ways to increase the number of gushers. They plan to use compressed air pumped into the subterranean reservoirs. Other problems now being tackled have to do with desalinating millions of cubic yards of underground moisture and changing the course along which the water flows.

Akhmedsafin believes that his science is barely making a start; its unsolved problems are legion. It may well be that many of the world's deserts have a geological structure like that of Kazakhstan. If they do, it is likely that these deserts too are lying over subterranean seas. And perhaps the methods elaborated by the Kazakh academician will serve the people of other continents. But this is only a hypothesis. Akhmedsafin talks about it very cautiously. His many years of work in the desert, his experiences with its mirages, have taught him not to come to hasty conclusions.

OCEANS OF FRESH WATER OR THE ATOM FIGHTS THIRST

By Boris Kolychev

SEAS AND OCEANS constitute more than 70 per cent of the Earth's surface. Their great volumes of water cannot be used for drinking or industrial purposes because of the high salt content (about 3.5 grams per quart). Water shortage is as much of a possibility on the shore of an ocean as inland.

There are several desalination methods, the simplest being distillation. It is the only commercial method for obtaining fresh water from sea water.

As far back as the end of the last century big water distillation plants were operating in Russia and Chile. The capacity of the Baku desalination plant, built in Russia in 1898, was around 1,500 cubic yards a day. The world's distillation plants now have a capacity of 169,500 cubic yards of fresh water every 24 hours.

The first Industrial water-purification installation went Into operation in 1872 in Los Saiinas (Chile). The station was powered by solar energy and yielded five tons of fresh water a day. A few years later another installation was built in Baku, Russia, with a daily capacity of 1,200 tons. The heat was provided by mazut furnaces.

As time went on and the demand for fresh water grew, the method was perfected. Vacuum devices were introduced in the distillation plants, and various methods used to get rid of the coating that forms in the evaporators. The aim was to reduce energy consumption and raise the efficiency of water-fresheners, thus cutting the cost of fresh water.

Desalination is a power-consuming process. It takes 13 to 15 kilowatt-hours of electricity to get one ton of fresh water. To reduce power consumption, designers favor multistage plants that make repeated use of the steam which heats the sea water. The number of stages (units) in a distillation plant may range from five to twelve. Beyond that number, the greatly increased construction and maintenance cost outweighs the savings in power.

Back in the sixteenth century Queen Elizabeth of England offered an award of 10,000 pounds to the inventor of a cheap desalination method. The Queen's offer still stands, but there is no one qualified to receive it.

The multistage principle is used in a pilot commercial desalination plant built in 1963 on the Mangyshlak Peninsula (see story in June 1968 issue), where fast growing industries and cities demand a great deal of fresh water. Its capacity is 7,860 cubic yards every 24 hours. It has four stages, not the optimal number, but it is easier to experiment with this many units. The plant has been operating continuously for three years; the use of effective chemical agents has made it unnecessary to shut down the plant in order to clean the scale off the heated surfaces. Since the demand for fresh water on the peninsula is growing, the total capacity of its desalination plants will, in the next few years, be brought up to 157,200-169,500 cubic yards a day.

Water and Atom

To produce such volumes of fresh water requires great quantities of fuel, which are not always available in the areas where fresh water is most needed. Besides, the use of coal and oil is becoming less and less practicable, although deposits frequently occur in such fresh-water-starved areas as Mangyshlak or Kuwait. It seems sheer waste to burn in furnaces the raw material from which hundreds of valuable synthetic products can be derived. Authorities in the field are looking to the new source of energy, nuclear fuel. Atomic energy opens new vistas for meeting fresh water shortages. The United States and the USSR, both concerned with the problem, signed an agreement in 1964 to co-operate on desalination.

In the USSR a fast-neutron, 1 million kilowatt nuclear reactor is being built on the Mangyshlak Peninsula. It will provide 350,000 kilowatts of electric energy and, in addition, will power a 157,200-cubic-yards per-day desalination plant. Specialists think this is a happy combination, both technologically and in terms of the development of a new economic area. The great advantage of a nuclear powered plant is its independence of geographical distribution of minerals and volume of water in the rivers.

The efficiency of water-purification units burning conventional oil never exceeds three per cent. The water obtained from units of the usual type is scores of times more expensive than artesian water.

The atomic power industry is developing rapidly. The design of 2-3 million kilowatt reactors has been perfected. Their use in desalination will bring down the cost of fresh water to 2-3 kopeks per cubic yard. And the development of 10-20-million-kilowatt reactors will lower the cost of water to the point where it can be used for irrigation. Work to build such giant reactors is under way in both the USSR and in the USA. Desalination of sea water is not the only way by far to correct nature's mistakes in distributing water, say physicists, but is only one tactic in the great battle for water.



An Extraordinary Adventure



Water flowed into his nose and mouth. Spluttering, he grabbed at a log, and he was carried onto an island in the middle of

Climbing out, he looked round. He couldn't see Valya. He shouted her name loudly, but there was no reply, only the echo across the

Kolya could not believe that he was alone. Surely at any moment Valya would appear from behind a tree.

Never before had he been left without friends, and only now did he realize how sad it was to lose them. It grew dark, and with evening came the cold. Kolya's teeth began to

Suddenly he caught sight of a dark object by the shore. A radio! It hadn't suffered in the least from the water for it was in a water-

He turned it on, and there came pouring out, as though specially for him, the cheerful

noise of a soccer game.

But it failed to cheer Kolya. He sat down and pressed his face against the rough bark

Just then, behind him, he heard a splash and a tremendous snorting. Kolya looked round and then stood stock-still.

Along the river swam a crocodile, and seated on its back was Valya! "Come on!" she called. "He'll give us a lift to the camp."

Kolya jumped on, but he wasn't happy. "It's ly!" he pointed out. "Crocodiles don't let silly!" he pointed out. "Crocodiles don't let you ride on their backs—they eat you up!" "Quite true," Valya agreed. "So it's a good thing, isn't it?" "What's a good thing?" asked Kolya crossly. "It's a good thing," Valya explained, "that this is only a dream!" said Kolya in sur-

"But it isn't a dream!" said Kolya in sur-prise. "How can it be? You can't prove it!"
"I can!" said Valya, sticking a pin into him. And Kolya woke up.

The Hare Saves the Deer



The hare was nibbling the fresh green grass in a forest clearing when suddenly a deer bounded by.

'What's the matter?" asked the hare fear-

fully, preparing to run.
"The old wolf is following me," cried the deer. "What shall I do? The snow is melting

in the forest, and my sharp hoofs break through the drifts. The snow crust tears my legs, and I can't run any farther."

The hare's teeth chattered with fear, but he tried to sound brave. "Never mind," he said. "Let's hurry to the river."

The hare bounded off, and the tired little

deer ran behind just as fast as he could. At last they reached the river. Huge cakes of ice were floating down it, turning and twist-ing in the swiftly flowing water.

ing in the swiftly flowing water.

Just then the wolf leaped out of the forest.

"I've got you, my beauties!" he shouted in high glee.

The tired little deer turned and ran along the riverbank, but the hare jumped onto a cake of ice right near the wolf.

The wolf couldn't resist jumping after him. The ice cake split, however, and the wolf fell into the water. into the water.

He was never seen again.

Meanwhile the hare floated down the river on his cake of ice.

"How shall I get ashore?" he wailed. He was afraid to plunge into the icy water.

Suddenly he heard the voice of the little

"See where the bank sticks out into the river? You can leap ashore there!"

And that's exactly what happened. The two friends were soon hurrying off to a sunny clearing in the forest.

RUSSIAN CUISINE



The staff of SOVIET LIFE is not so pre-sumptuous as to think we can compete with Alexandre Dumas' Le Grand Dictionnaire de Cuisine, so we shall not even try. But we would like to introduce our readers to our country's most popular dishes. To this end we launch our column "Russian Cuisine," which will appear each month. Our first recipe is the cold plate presented by Mr. Bochurin, Chef of the Soviet Embassy, on the Cadence Show, Channel 9 in Washington. Mr. Bochurin will be happy to answer through SOVIET LIFE all questions our readers may have on Russian dishes and the national dishes of the other peoples of the Soviet Union.

FISH ASPIC

2 pounds of yellow pike (or rock fish) fillet 1 onion

1 carrot parslev 10 peppercorns 2 bay leaves salt to taste

4 packages Knox gelatin

GARNISH:

I tomato sliced l lemon sliced

1 egg sliced olives

radishes

Boil 6 cups of water. Add fish cut in squares of two and a half inches, onion, carrot, peppercorns, bay leaves, parsley and salt. Simmer for 20 minutes. Remove from heat. Cool for 20 minutes. Carefully remove pieces of fillet from water and arrange them on a dish half an inch apart.

Pour the stock through a sieve. Moisten the gelatin with cold water. Add the gelatin to the stock and bring to a boil. Boil for 20 minutes. Cool. Pour three-quarters of the stock over the fish. Place in refrigerator to set for 40 minutes. To decorate the aspic, place slices of lemon, egg and olives on top of the fillets and cover with remaining stock. Arrange slices of tomato and radishes around the dish. Place in refrigerator for final gel.

CAN YOU SAY FOR WHOM!

By YEGOR YAKOVLEV

In reviewing a work of fiction, there is always the problem of how best to interpret and convey its values. Ernest Hemingway's novel For Whom the Bell Tolls is prefaced by the moving words of the seventeenth century English poet John Donne: "No man is an Island, intire of it selfe; every man is a peece of the Continent, a part of the maine; if a Clod bee washed away by the Sea, Europe is the lesse, as well as if a Promontorie were, as well as if a Mannor of thy friends or of thine owne were; any mans death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankinde; And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; It tolls for thee."

I wish to dwell on certain particulars recently come to light, which may open another door to Hemingway's workshop, showing to what extent he was faithful to fact and how much was invention. In his stories it is relatively simple to divine whether the situation he uses is modeled upon an actual experience—his own or one to which he was an eyewitness. So much so that Hemingway has often been described as a newspaperman who never really abandoned his earlier profession.

The judgments of a person who lived through the events of Hemingway's For Whom the Bell Tolls will, I am sure, interest the reader, as they did me.

T WAS BY CHANCE a few years ago that I met Colonel General Mamsurov, whom I was advised to consult about an article I was then working on. I phoned him, introduced myself and explained my business. He told me to come right over. Wishing to address him somewhat more informally, I asked for his first name and patronymic. His full name, he told me, was Haji-Umar Giorovich Mamsurov.

"But that's too long," he added. "Call me Comrade Haji."

After that first meeting I went on seeing the general. He was most eloquent talking about other people, but took some drawing out when he himself was the subject.

In the spring of 1922 Kalinin, who had just become President, visited a newly founded university in Moscow for students from the Eastern Soviet Republics. There he saw Haji in a group of Caucasian highlanders. The young men wore the typical long Circassian tunic, shaggy fur hats, daggers and pistols. Kalinin was surprised to learn that Haji, despite his youth, had fought in the Red Cavalry during the Civil War. A year later Haji was wounded in a skirmish with a bandit gang on the road on which Kalinin was expected for celebrations in the Soviet Caucasus. I learned, too, that in the early months of the last war Haji had been one of the organizers of the guerrilla movement in Byelorussia.

To fill out the notes I took during our conversations, I rummaged in books for more background, especially on the Spanish Civil War, in which the general had fought. In Spain Haji's underground name was Xsanti. I reread The Spanish Diary by Soviet journalist Mikhail Koltsov, a veteran of the Spanish Civil War, and was fascinated by his account of the anarchist Durutti, a most romantic figure. Durutti fought on the barricades in his early youth, was sentenced to death in Spain, Chile and Argentina, and deported from eight countries. Koltsov writes:

His anarchist blunders and delusions, notwithstanding, he was beyond a doubt one of the most remarkable figures in Catalonia and the whole Spanish working class movement.

In November 1936, at the head of the Catalonian column, Durutti arrived to defend Madrid. Koltsov writes:

He asked for an officer to act as military adviser. Xsanti was recommended. He inquired about him and took him on. Xsanti was to be the first Communist in Durutti's fighting units. When Xsanti came, Durutti said to him:

"You're a Communist. But that's all right; we'll see. You'll be

with me all the time. We'll eat together and sleep in the same room. We'll see.'

Xsanti replied:

"I hope I'll have some time free. In a war you always have time on your hands. I'll be asking permission to be excused then.

"And what do you propose to do with the time?"
"Use it to teach your men to handle a machine gun. They're not good at it. I'd like to drill a few crews and form a machine-gun company."

Durutti chuckled:

"Good idea. I'd like you to teach me, too."

But Durutti was not destined to get the instruction. We know that from the account of cameraman Roman Karmen, another of our Spanish Civil War veterans:

At the War Ministry in Madrid I met Haji. He said that Durutti's brigade had arrived from Catalonia some time before. The anarchists had made a big noise about it-they were marching to save Madrid! They demanded that the brigade be placed in that sector of Madrid's defenses where the fighting was heaviest. But that morning they had suddenly asked to be withdrawn

from the fighting, to be relieved. It was monstrous!
"And what stand does Durutti take?" I asked.
"You see," he replied, "I've taken a strong fancy to him. I can't help believing in his integrity. He really hates the fascists and loves Spain. But his environment is horrible! I hate to think of the tragedy that's ahead for him. In moments of confidence he told me how disgusted he is with the many adventurists and blackguards who, he says, are disgracing the pure ideals of anarchism. I'm certain he does not want to pull his men out. I'm going to him now. Come along if you like."

We went with him and were ushered into an office where Durutti was dictating to a typist. On seeing Haji, he jumped to his feet and walked briskly toward him, gripping his hand in a long clasp as though he hated to let go. Although Haji had been with him only a few days in the capacity of adviser, Durutti, it seemed, could not bear to be parted from him for even an hour. He had taken to Haji at once, admiring his courage, stamina and frankness.

Taking him silently by the arm, Haji drew him to the blue, silk-uphoistered sofa into which Durutti sank. He averted his

eyes.

"Is it a fact, Durutti, that you are pulling back your brigade from the frontline?" inquired Haji. "You know we are short of reserves and that you are therefore imperiling the most vital sector of the front."

"Yes, I'm pulling the brigade back," Durutti shouted. "The men are tired, tired of the bombing and the shelling. They can't take any more, and neither can I!"

"But you've been on the fighting line only two days! You know how much the people appreciate the anarchists' having finally come from behind the lines to fight in Madrid! Have you thought about what effect the withdrawal of the brigade will have on them? Why are you doing it?"

Durutti dropped his head and, pressing his temples, said in an undertone:

"I know. But they insist."

He pronounced the word "they" with rancor, jumped to his feet again and started pacing up and down the carpeted floor.

"I'm going to the brigade right away."

"I'll go with you," Haji proposed.

Haji and I drove off to the staff headquarters of Madrid's

defense, and Durutti went to his brigade.

An hour later, walking down the corridor at headquarters, I caught sight of Haji. He was standing with his back to me, looking out of the window. I called him by name, but he did not answer. I tapped him on the shoulder. He turned around to face me, his eyes full of tears.

"What's the matter?"

"The anarchists killed him. It just happened."



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THE BELL TOLLS?



Colonel-General Haji-Umar Giorovich Mamsurov

That was Karmen's account. I now asked Mamsurov if it was

"Yes, that was exactly what happened, and I shall never forgive myself for having gone to headquarters instead of staying with Durutti; I might have averted that sad end."

The more I talked to the general, the more questions arose which I tried to clear up. I made notes, but in the process new questions kept cropping up until I realized that our few talks would be inadequate. To get his eventful life into some sort of focus, I would have to go to other sources. One such sourcea passage in Ilya Ehrenburg's reminiscences about Spain in which he refers to Mamsurov simply as Haji—set me off on a long and rewarding trail. Ehrenburg writes:

At Gaylord's Hemingway met our officers. He particularly liked Haji, a man of reckless valor who worked behind the enemy lines. He was of Caucasian birth and easily passed for a Spaniard. A good deal of the material on the guerillas in For Whom the Bell Tolls is based on what Haji told him.

This, too, was corroborated in Karmen's account:

Haji was a man who always held his tongue. In answer to a question, he merely gave a toss of his black shock of hair; a shy smile played on his chiseled mouth and his white teeth flashed. Only to one person, after long coaxing by his comrades, did he talk at length, Ernest Hemingway, with whom he sat for two nights in the Hotel Florida. Hemingway later used this courageous man as a prototype for one of the characters in his novel For Whom the Bell Tolls.

Eager to hear what Mamsurov had to say on that, I arranged for another meeting.

found him in his dark green army tunic to which were pinned five rows of medal ribbons. His shoulders, bent a little, still gave the feeling of power; his movements had the grace and agility of the mountaineer. Only a few gray stands of hair were visible in the dark, well-groomed head. Time had relaxed the muscle tone of his face somewhat, but the features were unaltered—prominent, clear-cut and manly. Perhaps the sole indication of age was that Mamsurov was inclined, as are heart patients, to touch the left side of his chest now and then.

"I spent about two years in Spain, leaving once and then going back. It was Koltsov who introduced me to Hemingway."

A pause followed. The talk went slowly, and I thought it would

take some time before we came to Hemingway.

"I often met Koltsov when I saw Comrade Pedro Checa, the Second Secretary of the Central Committee of the Spanish Communist Party. We became friends in November 1936. The army retreated, and the front at Madrid was undefended. I was busy organizing detachments of workers. We got nearly 15,000 men together. They dug trenches close to Madrid and beat back the fascist attacks. It was vitally important that Madrid be defended by the Spanish people themselves. The battalions of the International Brigade arrived later."

I learned that Mamsurov had not read For Whom the Bell Tolls. Before World War II he had just skimmed through it, he told me. In the summer of 1941 leaflets with an excerpt from this novel about the Spanish patriots were dropped in the woods near Minsk and Novgorod to Soviet partisans who were fighting against Franco's fascist Blue Division. But Mamsurov couldn't take the time to read it then.

"In Madrid Koltsov said he wanted me to meet a famous American writer. 'What the hell for?' I asked. I must admit that I had never even heard of Hemingway. 'He wants to see the units and ask you some questions,' Kolstov explained.

"That made me even more touchy. I was pledged to the

strictest secrecy. I was acting as chief adviser to Corps 14, which was working with the Republican Army. But as a matter of plain fact, there was no such office, only a staff in charge of sabotage and other operations in the fascists' rear. And I was certainly not going to give him information on the mechanics of our staff. But Koltsov insisted.

The first time I met Hemingway, I believe, was in Valencia. It may have been in March 1937 or somewhat earlier. It was just after a raid on the fascist airport near Talavera. I was reported killed, but I got away with only a wound.

"I didn't much enjoy that first meeting with Hemingway. Nobody in my family drank, and I had an aversion to hard drinkers and tipsy company generally. I couldn't stand the smell of vodka or cognac. Hemingway didn't look sober to me; I can still see him, dressed carelessly, with a round untrimmed beard.

"Koltsov introduced us. Taking me by the arm, Hemingway led me to a table. We were served wine and whatever food was available. For some reason Hemingway spoke French and Koltsov interpreted. The conversation was about military operations in Estremadura. At that meeting I said very little, constrained by reasons of secrecy. Hemingway kept taking notes and sipping his glass of wine. My temperance amused him. Obviously trying to flatter me, he said I was a handsome man and must drive the women crazy. He was surprised when I said that I was not interested in women. I remember telling Koltsov that evening that I didn't much care for the American he had introduced me to. But Koltsov again insisted that I talk to him at length, telling me how important it was for Hemingway to write the truth about what was going on in Spain.

'The second time we met we spoke in Spanish. We saw each other three days running. Our conversation began at about six in the evening and lasted until well past midnight. We sat in the restaurant or walked the streets. I told him about the dynamite crews, described the people in them without, of course, mentioning names.

"We met in Madrid a few times after that. Hemingway would greet me cordially, eager to get on a more intimate footing. But he was a person I knew only casually, and I was not inclined to be too communicative."

After a pause Mamsurov said he really ought to read the novel to help him recall those days. And we agreed that he would.

"But bear in mind," he cautioned me, "there were others who could have told Hemingway about the activities of the Spanish guerillas. There was an international detachment operating behind the lines commanded by a German Communist known as Friedrich. Reinforcements for Friedrich's detachment were drawn, as a rule, from the international battalions. One of the men who came to join the detachment was a tall, blond, handsome young American called Tom. He resembled the North German type. Tom was found to be undisciplined. He didn't follow orders and had to be sent back to the Lincoln battalion. Perhaps the memo I sent then is still in some file of that period. I asked that they take Tom back, that he needed somebody to keep an eye on him.

"I learned shortly afterward that Tom knew Hemingway and spent a good deal of time with him.

'In July 1937, when I met Hemingway at the front, he reproached me: 'Why did you have Tom kicked out of the detachment?' he wanted to know. They may have been good friends but Tom had no right to tell Hemingway about it; he was pledged to silence."

The next time I met Mamsurov For Whom the Bell Tolls was on his desk. My host began turning the pages of the book with such gentleness and care that it told me more eloquently

than words the impression that the novel had made on him. "I read it, so has my wife. It brought back a host of memories. The novel is very well written. But there are some pages that lack insight or, it seems to me, ring false. There is much that

Hemingway did not understand. And yet it is a stirring book, with real affection for the men who fought in Spain. Although the brunt of the war, naturally, was borne by the Republican soldiers on the fronts, where many Soviet men battled too, Hemingway described guerilla warfare behind the enemy lines. To the lot of a few of our comrades, myself included, fell just

this diversionary work.

"What impressed me most is the technical accuracy of his descriptions of the dangerous work of those who operated behind the lines. In our talks Hemingway pressed me for details. I happened to mention in passing that a diversionary action, to accomplish its purpose, had to be carried out at the stated hour. And in the novel, when General Golz sends Robert Jordan on his mission, he says to him: 'To blow the bridge at a stated hour based on the time set for the attack is how it should be done. You see that naturally. That is your right and how it should be done.

"I told Hemingway then that the men operating in the enemy rear must not know the plan of attack. They should not be burdened with that information in the event they were captured and tortured by the fascists. And in the novel Golz explains to

"We can take Segovia. Look, I show you how it goes. You see? It is not the top of the pass where we attack. We hold that. It is much beyond. Look—Here—Like this—"
"I would rather not know," Robert Jordan said.
"Good," said Golz. "It is less of baggage to carry with you

on the other side, yes?"

"Hemingway had asked me on one occasion how the local men wrote reports after their scouting missions since most of them were illiterate. I explained that we used a system of strokes and marks.

"And when Robert Jordan sent the Spaniard Anselmo to watch the road, he said to him:

". . . Make a note of everything that passes both up and down the road.'

"I do not write."

"There is no need to," Robert Jordan took out two leaves from his notebook and with his knife cut an inch from the end of his pencil. "Take this and make a mark for tanks thus," he drew a slanted tank, "and then a mark for each one and when there are four, cross the four strokes for the fifth.'

"These were some of the details," Mamsurov continued. "It was a joy to recognize the characters. I think I recognized them all and, first, Hemingway himself in Robert Jordan. We must, of course, remember that this is a novel; the characters are not exact replicas of real people. And it would be presumptuous to take issue with Hemingway over details. The people he writes about fought in Estremadura, south of the Tajo River. That is where the main fighting took place. The writer shifts the setting to Segovia, a rather quiet sector and, I believe, for a good reason. The novel was being written in the hot wake of events and about real people, and to have spelled everything out might have hurt these people.

'Mostly I know the Communists, who in one way or another

served as the models for the characters.

"In the novel mention is made of the man who worked with Jordan, his Russian friend Kashkin who became obsessed by the fear of falling into the hands of the fascists. When Kashkin was wounded, he begged Jordan to shoot him. Jordan did. For this character Hemingway apparently borrowed the name of his critic and Russian translator, Ivan Kashkin. By chance there was a kind of truth in the name. Kashka in Russian is a variety of flower. And in Kashkin I recognized Senior Lieutenant Tsvetkov (tsvetok is the Russian word for flower). He was very good at explosions, but with time fatigue and too much tension began to tell. Tsvetkov grew jumpy, and his bravery sometimes bordered on sheer madness. That is what happened in his last

battle. He blew up a troop train. The thing to do was retreat. But Tsvetkov broke the rule. He engaged the enemy and was mortally wounded. His comrades carried Tsvetkov away, and he died in their arms. They buried him in a secluded spot in Estremadura.

A map of Spain lay on his desk, and Mamsurov followed a

line with his pencil.

"Here from south to north ran a road the guerillas had to cut off. Their guide was an old man of about 70 called Bautista. The very soul of kindness, he was against all killing. This to a certain extent, especially during the early phase of the fighting, was typical of the Spanish guerillas. Fighting a civil war was far from a pleasant business.

"In the novel old Anselmo, who takes Jordan to the guerillas,

"... To me it is a sin to kill a man. Even fascists whom we must kill."

But Anselmo proved to be a loyal comrade. He got the sentry on the bridge out of the way and died in the explosion himself.

"Bautista suffered an even more tragic fate, proving by his death that you could give the fascists no quarter. In July or August of 1937 we burnt up 17 planes at the Seville airdrome. Those attacking broke up into groups of two and three. Bautista's partner was killed and he himself wounded. We could not get him away, and he fell into the hands of the fascists. Near Badajos on a wooden cross they put up on a hill, the fascists crucified the old man while he was still alive and then burned

Mamsurov let the point of his red pencil move across the

map.
"This is where he was wounded and this is where they crucified him," he said. "They drove him from this spot to the other for a distance of 100 kilometers, no less."

The telephone rang and Mamsurov picked up the receiver.

"Hello, Nikolai. By the way, do you remember the first name of Senior Lieutenant Tsvetkov? He died in your arms. You took part in that operation. Remember his name? Too bad we're beginning to forget our comrades' names! When will I see you? If you think of his name, call me.'

Hemingway seemed to be making very detailed notes and later must have put things down directly from his pad into the novel, often without changing a word. I recall telling him about the girl Maria, the way the fascists shot her parents and what they did to her. Maria's father, the mayor of the village, was one of our best guides. When the fascists put him against the wall, he cried: 'Viva la República!' The fascists raped Maria's mother and then shot her. Before her death she cried: 'Long live my husband who was Mayor of this village!' The very same thing the parents of Maria, the novel's heroine, say in the book.

Nor did the fascists let the Mayor's daughter go. In the novel what happened in real life is described, what the two Falangists actually did:

"Then the two men looked at us and one said, 'That is the daughter of the Mayor,' and the other said, 'Commence with her.'

Then they cut the rope that was on each of my wrists, one saying to others of them, 'Tie up the line,' and these two took me by the arms and into the barbershop and lifted me up and put me in the barber's chair and held me there. . .

At that time I wore my hair in two braids and as I watched in the mirror one of them lifted one of the braids and pulled on it so it hurt me suddenly through my grief and then cut it off close to my head with a razor. And I saw myself with one braid and a slash where the other had been. Then he cut off the other braid . . . and struck me across the face with the braids . . . and he said, 'This is how we make Red nuns. This will show thee how to unite with thy proletarian brothers. Bride of the Red Christ!'

And he struck me again and again across the face with the braids which had been mine and then he put the two of them in my mouth and tied them tight around my neck, knotting them in the back to make a gag and the two holding me laughed. "... Then the one who gagged me ran a clippers all over



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my head; first from the forehead all the way to the back of the neck and then across the top and then all over my head and close behind my ears.

. they took me out of the barbershop holding me tight by each arm and I stumbled over the barber lying there still in the doorway on his back with his gray face up, and we nearly collided with Concepcion Gracia, my best friend, that two of them were bringing in and when she saw me she did not recognize me, and then she recognized me, and she screamed, and I could hear her screaming all the time they were shoving me across the square, and into the doorway, and up the stairs of the city hall and into the office of my father where they laid me onto the couch. And it was there that the bad things

"The difference is that the real Maria was a child of 12, while Hemingway's heroine is a young woman. Yes, it was just a child the fascists raped and treated so cruelly. After the war Maria was brought to the Soviet Union where she grew up and received a college education. She married a Spaniard and went back to her homeland with him.

"The character of Maria reminded me of another Spanish girl whom Hemingway, too, knew.

'One of the guerilla detachments in Estremadura was commanded by Miguel Julio Justo, a Mexican Indian. He was short, with a typical Indian face. He made a remarkable impression. He commanded with the utmost calm, never yelled, was taciturn, rarely smiled and nobody had ever heard him laugh. El Sordo in the novel reminds me of him.

The man to whom Pilar spoke was short and heavy, brownfaced, with broad cheekbones; gray haired, with wide-set yellow-brown eyes, a thin-bridged, hooked nose like an Indian's, a long upper lip and a wide, thin mouth.

"In Spanish El Sordo means Deaf. Miguel Julio Justo was also hard of hearing.

"There were two girls in his detachment, one called Shura, the other Marusya. The nicknames were given to them by Max Tadek, the Polish Communist; they reminded him of two Soviet girls whose acquaintance he had made in Moscow. Incidentally, they are both alive today. Tadek met his death in Spain about two weeks after Tsvetkov.

"The Spanish Shura was a full-grown woman. She had once been married to a well-known matador; later she became a member of the Communist Party and joined the guerillas. In Miguel's detachment she was quartermaster and scout. She would make her way to Cadiz and back; thanks to her we knew the cargo that the Germans and Italians unloaded in that port. Shura looked very much like the Pilar of the novel.

We kept calling Marusya Maria. She was a young, lovely, Spanish shop girl from Seville. I met her in Madrid. She could not make her way back to her native Seville. And on the recommendation of Pedro Checa, I dispatched her to Estremadura as I did also Miguel Julio Justo.

Incidentally, to some extent, it was because of Maria that we had to ship off Tom, the blond American who looked like a North German. He fell in love with her, and she, I think, with him. But in a war people don't belong to themselves. Miguel came to me and said: 'We've got to send Tom back right away. He can foul up everything.' Tom may have told Hemingway about his love for Maria and the way we separated them. We had no choice, not when one of our operations could be

The love of these two young people inspired Hemingway to write some of the finest pages in the book. The love between Jordan and Maria helped them carry out a mission which would almost certainly kill them.

The real operation was not successful. We were planning a raid. Maria was our liaison officer who was to report to a three E group when the fascist generals arrived at Burgas. The three E stood for the names of three guerillas which began with the letter E. Maria reported. The three men broke into the hall just as the generals assembled. Two of them fired their pistols, the third threw a grenade. But it did not explode soon

enough, and the convoy officer had time to throw it out of the window. Ernesto and Emilio got away, but the third guerilla, a young lad of about 18, was captured. I can't recall his name."

Mamsurov turned to his wife.

"Do you remember it, Lina? We're getting old. The first two were called Ernesto and Emilio, but the third? He was a young Catalonian. You remember him? I can see him as clearly as

though he were here in front of me."
"I can't remember either," replied his wife Lina. She, too, had fought in the Spanish Civil War, and so had her father and sister. She was 20 then, and a deputy commander of a Young Communist battalion.

Mamsurov went on:

'After fighting in Spain, Maria went to Mexico with Miguel Julio Justo. And there they got married, as Lina and I did in Moscow. I heard that Miguel became a general. I saw Tom last June 1937. He had fought bravely in the Lincoln battalion. When the last of the Republicans were left in northern Spain, he managed to fly to Bilbao where he fought and fell.'

From Mamsurov's account each of these people was more striking than the next. As he spoke, I felt that I was seeing into Hemingway's workshop. Mamsurov turned the pages of the last

"Hemingway certainly knew what he was writing about," he said, smiling.

I asked something I had been curious about all along: "Tell me, did you recognize yourself in the novel?"

Yes and no. General Golz is Sverchevsky-Walter. But General Sverchevsky was not connected with guerilla activities in Spain. When Golz talks to Robert Jordan about his mission, he sounds very much as I used to when I sent men on similar missions. When he introduced me to Hemingway, Koltsov told him that I had fought in our Civil War as a boy and that I had been in the cavalry. We are told this about Golz, too.

"I can't say I like everything in the novel," continued Mamsurov. "One of the things I object to is the way Hemingway makes out the Spaniards to be so coarse. In the novel they keep using the most obscene language. Spanish people don't do that.

He smiled and continued: "They are too proud a people to keep throwing filthy obscenities at each other. I have heard them curse in anger, but these curses were never as crude as those in the novel. Nor have I ever seen a drunken Spaniard.

Whenever Hemingway departs from the truth, it is perfectly obvious. I don't think his descriptions of the Spanish and Soviet Communists are true. Notice that he loses himself in the other characters, but when he describes the Communists, he speaks from the outside. I think he did not really understand them, and that must have been a frustrating thing to him."

And as I looked at Mamsurov, I realized that the Communist Haji was not the man Hemingway would pick for a hero. A man with clear goals ahead of him, completely dedicated to the new social order, would have to be the hero of quite a different novel. The persons Hemingway wrote about and loved were the bitter, cynical, alienated people who could not come to terms with the world. They were ready to fight—and to fight to the bitter end-but only against injustice, not for a new world. They would go no further than "playing the game fair," whether they hated the war, as in A Farewell to Arms, or fought against fascism, as in For Whom the Bell Tolls.

But is it fair to reproach the writer for not doing what was not in his nature to do? What we must not forget is that Hemingway was a sincere artist and a true and uncompromising antifascist, that he always sided with those who fought for freedom and made revolutions.

Once again the telephone rang. Mamsurov picked up the receiver and after listening for a while said to me, "Tsvetkov's name was Vasili. My own name Hemingway never knew. When he asked me in Valencia who I was, I told him I was a Macedonian, the Macedonian terrorist Xsanti. Macedonians have a reputation for being very skillful terrorists.'

Courtesy of the magazine Journalist

NAZIS' WATERLOO

25th anniversary of a great tank battle



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Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA ITADEL was the nazi code name for an operation intended as a "major attack on the last stronghold of the Russians." of all its forces on the Eastern Front. Committed in this battle by both sides were more than three million officers and craft. The battle began at daybreak of July 5. The opening salvos shook the ground, and a cloud of dust and smoke blotted at the country of the sun.

The nazi offensive was exhausted in eight days. The turn came on July 12, when the Soviet forces launched a counter-offensive. The miles of Russian soil churned up by bombs, shells and tanks became the Waterloo of the Third Reich. Coming recovered.



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a librarian

By Irina Linkova

Photographs by Yuri Chernyshov

ussia's first public library-a collection of ethnographic relicswas opened in 1862 in Moscow. Over the entrance was inscribed "Door to Enlightenment." Today, 106 years later, it is the immense Lenin Library with more than 25 million volumes, including such incunabula as Pliny's Natural History printed by Gutenberg's comrade Johann Speer 500 years ago (the frontispiece is handilluminated in gold), lifetime editions of Newton, Florentine firsts of Homer, and two volumes of Don Quixote impressed on gossamer-thin sheets of cork oak. Finally, jealously preserved in a black casket are 18 lifetime editions of Giordano Bruno. One of the youngest large libraries of the Soviet Union is the Foreign Languages Library, which is not yet 50. Every year it acquires up to 50,000 books and several thousand periodicals in 130 languages and conducts exchanges with 1,300 institutions in 72 countries. The great library of the USSR Academy of Sciences is in contact with all the major universities and takes an active part in the work of the International Federation of Library Associations. However, the libraries we have just mentioned are for the specialist. What about the layman? The USSR has some 400,000 libraries owned by either the state or the trade unions. They fall into several categories. There are special libraries for children, for teenagers, for technical readers; libraries at offices, colleges, factories and even aboard ships at sea. Then there are what we could call community libraries, which subscribers themselves put together from their own books and which are housed in premises supplied free by the trade unions. Small, they are actually book clubs in apartment houses servicing mostly pensioners and children who live there. The state pays a great deal of attention to library development. It earmarks upwards of 100 million rubles annually for the acquisition of books and periodicals, besides funds for physical expansion.
New additions include the recently opened Book Palace for the Foreign Literature Library in Moscow and new buildings for the Moscow Central Children's Library and for the biggest libraries in Baku, Frunze, Vilnius, Sverdlovsk and other cities. The number of volumes shelvedthey now total 2.3 billiongrowing steadily.

> This public library at Perm, a big industrial city in the Urals, is one of 400,000 like it in the country. Perm also has more than 400 specialized libraries-for children's books, technical material, foreign language texts-and libraries attached to the various colleges and the large factories. Use of the libraries is free.



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OW DID I come to be a librarian?
It was ambition, believe it or not. Ambition has always been my strong point. I was sure I could solve any problem. All they had to do was ask me. I also had an uncommonly active imagination as a youngster. It seems to me that if I am worth anything today in my present capacity as librarian, that if anyone has benefited from my present store of knowledge, it is because at the age of 10 I wanted to be a painter, at 12 a poet, at 16 an author, and at 17 a journalist. I was a bit too fat for a ballerina and a bit too cowardly for a flyer. But my ambition was a help. I read everything I could lay my hands on about each of my interests. Had I dreamed of being even more things, my young readers would be reaping the benefits. They expect a librarian to know practically everything. As I see it, the librarian is a kind of middleman, a go-between of enlightenment, the person bold enough to come between reader and book. After all is said and done, it is the li-

brarian-not the editor or the publisher or even the writer, but the librarianwho has the chance to see how the message, the ethic, you might say, of a book reaches the reader, whether it is

assimilated or rejected.

That almost indefinable, even somewhat mythical link between literature and life, the link that the critic seeks and the writer dreams of, is the ordinary routine of Anya, Masha and Yura, my colleagues in Children's Reading Room No. 2. Though few stop to think about it, it is my belief that every librarian is a potential, hidden gauge of the relationship between literature and people. It is the librarian who sees the true picture, a picture that is not made up of letters written to editors or ceremonious readers' conferences, but of 12-year-old Petyas lining up at her desk who have foregone the skating rink for a favorite book.

Of course anyone can be a librarian. But if you want to get pleasure out of it, let alone be of use, you must be interested in how a book, or in other words, some other person's ideas quietly bedded in the printed page, changes and governs, in some mysterious way, the life of a living person. If you are not interested in this complex and refinedyes, refined-process, then better do something else.

As is only natural, to be a link between literature and life calls for a knowledge of both. Indeed, from my very first day as librarian I was awed by the varied assortment of abilities the job requires and enables one to display. I

Special training is required for library work. Oktyabrina Rurkova is a library school graduate. Those who already have a technical or philology background take a one-year librarian's course.









started working at the age of 17, but at a printshop. After that I tried my hand at nearly all my childhood dreams. I went out on assignment for Komsomolskaya Pravda, took classes at a writing school and was even a club artist for half a year. But I was never satisfied. Painting sets for the club stage, I deplored the lack of time for reading; out on my journalistic assignment, I wondered whether I couldn't arrange to stage a couple of skits.

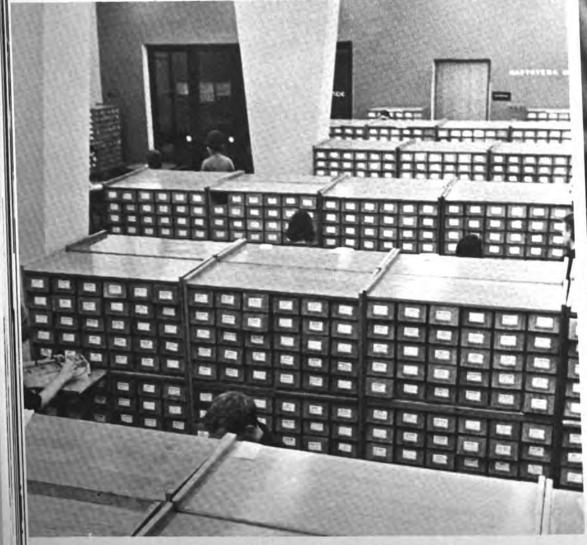
There are people who want only one thing in life and can do only that one thing. And then there are people who have to do a little of everything to be happy. Though the central aspect of a librarian's job-enlightenment-is quite definite, the fact that you are the link between reader and book requires you to do a thousand and one other auxiliary, yet absolutely necessary, things. This versatility, I believe, is the main feature of the librarian's job.

Indeed, your job is to popularize the book. But to do that you have to paint on paper, cardboard, glass and the wall, organize get-togethers with parents, tell fairy tales, give classes in literature, lecture to schoolteachers and even bake cookies for a readers' social.

Possibly it is this versatility that generates the third aspect of the librarian's job-the one I treasure most-the personal contact with others, and through the finest of media, the printed word. When the reader hands in his book, you know you have brought together two people who, though not yet friends, are no longer strangers. The book is the hand stretched out in greeting, their first conversation.

request slip and wait 15 minutes for the book. Chamber and similar agencies in the republics.

You find title, author and book number in the Several copies of each book published in the card catalogue (with the assistance of the ref- Soviet Union are available to libraries free. erence librarian if you need it), turn in your They are distributed through the USSR Book





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The library serves a great variety of occupations and professional and leisure-time needs. It is where students, young and old, do homework assignments and highly specialized research. They enjoy the quiet of the reading rooms as well as the noisy discussion that goes on in the halls.



DEVELOPMENT THROUGH DRAWING

By Ariadna Zhukova Schoolteacher

HE SCHOOL Tom Sawyer attended did not teach drawing. When Tom drew for Becky a house with two gables and a man who resembled a derrick, she exclaimed: "It's a beautiful man."

In Soviet schools children come to their first drawing lessons and sketch their little man, an odd figure that looks like a derrick or an hourglass topped by a full moon (the way Tom drew Becky), a manikin with double-elbow arms, crooked eyes and hands, funny little feet pointing the wrong way. He is always doing something, that little man, building a house or picking apples, watching a circus or looking at pictures in a gallery, skating, flying a helicopter or sailing a boat. He lives in a world without perspective or light and shade, where smoke curls out of chimneys in all directions, the mooring line of a boat stands straight up instead of dropping down, and five-legged horses and three-legged goats trot about.

Adults find it amusing and delightful.

Occasionally, however, they try to arrest the development of that world, to stop the child's progress in drawing, a wasteful and destructive thing to do.

What is a drawing?

What is a drawing?
It is a steppingstone to an understanding of the world. It is thinking with pencil in hand, pondering the position of an object in space, its form, its color, the light that strikes it.

Full-bodied and realistic draftsmanship is not the product of artistic skill alone but of a historically cultivated and enhanced vision of

the world

The child draws his manikin. He follows al-

most a set formula.

A Russian limerick tells the child just how A Russian limerick tells the child just now to make his man—"Tochka, tochka, dva kruchochka, nosik, rotik, oborotik, ruchki, nozhki, ogurechik—vot i vyshel chelovechek!" "A dot and dot, two circles, a nose, a mouth, a line around, the arms and legs, a cucumber drawn in—and there's your manikin."

Now and then an adult will say: "Stop, do not go away!" The little man stays, and we see him at international exhibitions of children's drawings.

dren's drawings.

A boy of 14 or 15 studies algebra and geometry. He knows something about astronomy. He can drive a motorcycle and a car.

omy. He can drive a motorcycle and a car. The adult world is opening up for him.

But in his drawing he seems to go back to the world of the six-year-old, to the formula of "a dot and dot, two circles, a nose, a mouth, a line around, the arms and legs. . . ."

That little figure, natural from a six-year-old, is grotesque from a 15-year-old. It strikes us as a distortion of the teenager's more mature and more realistic view of the world. The teenager all too conscious of the deficiencies of and more realistic view of the world. The teenager, all too conscious of the deficiencies of this funny ittle figure put up against a real man, has lost hold of any link there may have been between them. His manikin becomes a rigid, impenetrable wall isolating him from the living world. The little manikin is turned into "a thing in itself;" it becomes the seed of an art cut off from, aloof from, the world. Call that art what you will—dadaism, primitivism, tachisme, abstractionism. The name does not matter. What matters is that an art growing out of the crude childish drawing of a man, revived after dying a hundred clinical deaths, leads us up a blind alley.

up a blind alley.

A drawing must be man's link with the world.

A drawing is a key to understanding the

Drawing and painting are gateways into a big wondrous world pulsating with a thousand and one mysteries and the excitement of unraveling them.

Drawing requires a serious approach. Leonardo da Vinci said that we apprehend the world through analytical thought, through science and through efforts to imitate nature, that is, by means of art. Drawing stimulates our minds and transforms our vision of the

world.

When I was five I was taken to a biological museum. I saw butterflies and colorful birds, birds' eggs the size of a pea and the size of an orange, stuffed squirrels and silver foxes. What I never forgot were the little pink creatures who had never lived to be born, taken from the mother's womb at four or five months.

The crude little man, when a teenager draws

The crude little man, when a teenager draws him, is an abortive creation, with no prospect of further life, no vitality. The little man must be born. He must develop, grow to man-

nust be born. He must develop, grow to manhood.

Of course, the child's early scrawls are pleasing and amusing, as are, too, his first lisping words, his first faltering steps. We watch him waddle after his ball on chubby legs which suddenly fail to support him, and he plumps down on the grass, then scrambles up on all fours, stretches himself to full height and soon is chasing his ball again. How charm-

up on all fours, stretches himself to full height and soon is chasing his ball again. How charming the scene is!

But children have a way of growing up. Their movements grow supple and strong. We exercise their muscles in sports activity. We teach them to speak correctly. And yet often enough we do not think it wrong to arrest the development of the little man scrawled by the child; we keep him away from air and space, confine him to the embryonic stage, cut him off from manhood.

from manhood.

Drawing is taught in Soviet schools. Why?

Not because only one boy or girl out of a thousand or ten thousand will become an artist; that game would not be worth the candle. Nor is it taught because draftsmanship leads the child to the visual arts, and they constitute a lion's share of the spiritual treasures man has been accumulating for the generations to come ever since prehistoric times. A course man has been accumulating for the generations to come ever since prehistoric times. A course in art appreciation could do that, and the teaching of drawing, though desirable, could be dispensed with.

The reason drawing remains a required course from the first to the sixth or seventh grades of our schools, no matter how drastically syllabuses are changed from year to year, is that a knowledge of drawing is an asset in any calling.

To learn to look at the world, to convey that

any calling.

To learn to look at the world, to convey that world on a two-dimensional surface with an illusion of the third dimension is a complex and manifold process that helps to develop habits that stand the child in good stead no matter what vocation he chooses.

The artist has a much sharper eye than the ordinary man. He can see simultaneously the countless manifestations of the life around him and select what he needs, detach one quality (for example, color, shade, linear perquality)

him and select what he needs, detach one quality (for example, color, shade, linear perspective) from the thousands of things that make up his world and grasp its true values. In no occupation can we afford to scorn the hand that minutely and swiftly records what the eye sees. Perfect coordination of visual and manual effort is an asset to the machine operator and the engineer, the truck driver and the ballerina, the physicist intent on his experiments and the surgeon operating on the heart. Many years ago when preparing for a lecture on the barren and fruitful flights of man's imagination, I chose as one of my examples the brothers Wright. With delight I read how Orville and Wilbur Wright watched birds in flight, designed their flying machine, draped it in the most fashionable muslin of the time,

Little Lady of the House Linoleum cut.



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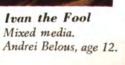
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Russian Fairy Tale Gouache. Katya Vasilyeva, age 8.





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and flew it lying down, their bodies reacting sensitively to every heave and motion.

sensitively to every fleave and finding.

The brothers Wright could draw. And it is apparent that they owed much to that ability. It gave them the practiced eye and the untring sense of form they needed to realize erring sense.

their visions.
Galileo, Giordano Bruno and Copernicus were master draftsmen, as were many famous writers and actors. Vladimir Filatov, the eminent and beloved Soviet eye surgeon who returned sight to countless unfortunates, gave so much time to drawing and painting that his study looked more like a painter's studio than a medical man's sanctum.

An engineer who draws well wastes no words explaining his idea; he makes a drawing. A detective who can draw does not resort to a word portrait but draws one. I feel certain that if every educated person were a good draftsman, it would add greatly to the world's progress—and not nearly so much to the arts as to every other field of human endeavor.

But here's the rub—it is not easy to learn to draw. Drawing is the privilege of the chosen few. We should bear in mind, however, that not so many years ago to read and write was also the privilege of the few. Knowing how to draw does not make you an artist any more than being able to express your thoughts on paper makes you a writer. The aptitude is especial but it is not everything.

sential, but it is not everything.

Today only "the elect" can draw. If we do not put a pencil into the hand of a two-year-old and patiently teach him to draw, when he is nine or ten he will decide that he cannot draw because he has no aptitude for it. He will say: "I can't draw, it's a waste of time teaching me to draw and I don't want to draw."

I taught drawing to children in the intermediate grades, beginning in the fifth and sometimes in the fourth. Almost all the boys and girls thought they had no aptitude for it. When it came to drawing, they suffered from an inferiority complex and were reluctant even to make the effort.

Some time ago our press wrote of the experiments done by the psychiatrist Vladimir Raikov. He used hypnosis to teach young girls and boys to draw. He helped them overcome their fear of failure by suggesting, when they were in the hypnotic state, that they were reincarnations of well-known Russian painters. The hypnotized subjects confidently picked up a pencil and started to draw. The first drawing was poor. But after criticism, to which they listened closely, their next drawings showed decided progress. Only a few such sessions were needed for the subject in the waking state to be so amazed at his effort that he wrote below the drawing: "I can't believe this is my work." That is what happens when you break through the formidable barrier of no self-confidence.

As a teacher I was interested in these experiments by a psychiatrist who had invaded my own domain. But they did not convince me that hypnosis was at all necessary. Like other drawing teachers faced with a class of 10- or 11-year-olds, I knew that the first few lessons I must spend uprooting their belief that drawing is beyond their capacity.

When I come to the first lesson in a fourth or fifth grade, I see before me 30 or 35 children, inert, uninterested, their faces blank. They have no talent, they cannot draw, they are not going to be artists—this is what they seem to be telling me.

The first thing I try to do is appeal to their imagination. I search my mind for romantic stories about artists. And there are plenty of such stories. There is the one about the grapes painted by Zeuxis, so real that birds pecked at them. Hegel told another about a picture of a beetle in a book which a monkey saw and gobbled up. And we all know the story of Claude Monet persuading Londoners their fog was pink and not really grey, as they had thought all along. Artists, I tell my class, did not hesitate to make great sacrifices at the altar of their art. Michelangelo spent so much time looking up when he painted the Sistine Chapel ceiling that his eye muscles were deformed, and the only way he could read books was to hold them above his head. Toward the end of his life rheumatism and gout so crippled Renoir that he painted his gay, sunlit pictures

with brushes tied to his mutilated hands, and yet he kept saying that he was a very lucky

And so in this way the child's imagination is fired. And while a painting is still a closed book to him, the painter's heroic dedication has an immediate and clear meaning.

Next I appeal to the child's practical sense and try to show him the value of drawing in almost any vocation he may choose.

And finally I tell the children a story or fairy tale that I am sure they have not read or heard before. A favorite of mine is Crimson Sails,* by the Russian writer who used the pen name Alexander Green. I tell the story to suggest subjects for their first drawings.

In this way several lessons precede the actual teaching of drawing, but I do not consider them wasted. They are meant to arouse an interest and a love for the subject and to build up confidence.

The very first drawings some of my classes submitted on themes from *Crimson Sails* were displayed at international and Soviet exhibitions of children's drawings. Had I been able to show the child his drawings before he started the term, he would not have believed they were his, just like the hypnotized subject.

Right from the beginning, too, the child needs praise. Criticism of his work must be tactful and always encouraging.

I was educated at the Leningrad Academy of Arts, where, they said, even a horse could be taught to draw. To learn the mechanics of drawing requires no special artistic ability, just as the learning of literary composition requires no writing talent. All it needs is schooling. And even abilities, we know, do not stay with us forever; they need to be used and developed like any other muscle, as Vladimir Obruchev, one of our great Soviet scientists and scholars, a geographer, geologist and science-fiction writer, has said more than once.

The children who won prizes at the Soviet and international exhibitions drew the same droll manikins, with their odd proportions, crooked eyes and hands, many resembling a derrick, just the kind of man Tom Sawyer drew for Rocky. That the

for Becky Thatcher.

After the first good drawing gives the child confidence and he stops saying, "I can't draw," the real work begins.

Gradually the little man has to take on human form, and the childish scrawl must turn into a realistic sketch, realistic because when I spoke earlier of drawing as an asset in any occupation, it was realistic drawing I meant.

The little man locked in a world only he lives in, holding himself aloof from human intercourse, runs the danger of growing into a monster of art cut off from contact with life. Not so the little man maturing and growing in struggle. Emerging from a realistic drawing, he can enlarge our conception of the real world, sharpen our eye to an extent which seems almost incredible to those who cannot draw, develop our visual memory so that a thing once seen is never forgotten. That thing is registered forever in the brain, which be-

comes an inexhaustible reservoir.

To master the art of realistic drawing is a long and arduous process. But it is that kind of drawing alone that creates a lasting bond with the life and people around us. I remember our professor asking us why so much of our time was given to drawing the human face. He provided the answer himself: We almost unconsciously observe and react to the human face, note the least change of expression. Your friend comes in, and you know he is upset because there is something in his face he cannot hide which your eye catches immediately. The trained eye of a person tutored in the mechanics of drawing will react with the same sensitivity to almost any phenomena of the surrounding world.

If we want the child to grow up to be master of his world, alert, observant, moving in harmony with life, we must help his bizarre little men to mature with him until they, too, are people, staring sturdily at us from drawings which reveal perception and embody the reality of life

ity of life.

-----For excerpts, see SOVIET LIFE, December 1963.

Basketball Water color. Arvid Lepinsh, age 9.



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The Tomcat Vaska Engraving. Vladik Semyonov, age 11.

At the Dairy Water color. Lena Ivanova, age 12.



NEXT ISSUE



phthalmologist Svyatoslav Fyodorov of Moscow City Hospital No. 50 gives the blind back their sight. He is the first surgeon in the USSR, and one of the very few elsewhere in the world, who graft artificial lenses made of plastic to replace those affected by cataract and other diseases of the eye. He has performed more than 300 of these delicate operations that have to be done with specially made microinstruments and jeweler-like precision. The plastic lens is grafted on the eye tissue with fine thread a tenth of a millimeter thick. After eight years of experience with the technique, he has found that people with artificial crystalline lenses see perfectly and experience no discomfort whatsoever. As a matter of fact, he believes that the optical qualities of the plastic lens are superior to those of the natural variety. One of his patients, a professional hunter who became blind, regained the sight of only one eye and now hits the bull's-eye seven times out of ten at marksmanship contests. Another, a music teacher who by the age of 40 developed cataracts in both eyes, no longer wears glasses. Professor Fyodorov feels that despite the progress in transplanting organs and tissues, there is more promise for eye surgery in artificial substitutes.



avoi is a town in the Central Asian republic of Uzbekistan. It is situated on the same latitude as Philadelphia and Lancaster, Pennsylvania, but the geographical resemblance ends there. Its summer is almost twice as hot, and its winter is twice as cold. Besides its harsh climate, Navoi has water problems; it was built on the edge of the arid Kyzyl-Kum Desert. Leningrad architects, who did the town planning, had their work cut out for them. Navoi's concrete, aluminum, steel and glass, in a setting of young greenery, seems to challenge the blistering sun and searing wind. The climate—one of the reasons for the bonus of several per cent in local wages—will eventually be improved by the waters of the Zeravshan River. But that will not happen for some time, when the town's recently planted gardens begin to give shade. Some 90 minutes of easy driving away, following the Great Silk Caravan Road that once ran through the desert to link the rich lands of the Mediterranean coast with far-off China, is ancient Bukhara. In this land of mosque and mausoleum Navoi looks the offspring of a new civilization.

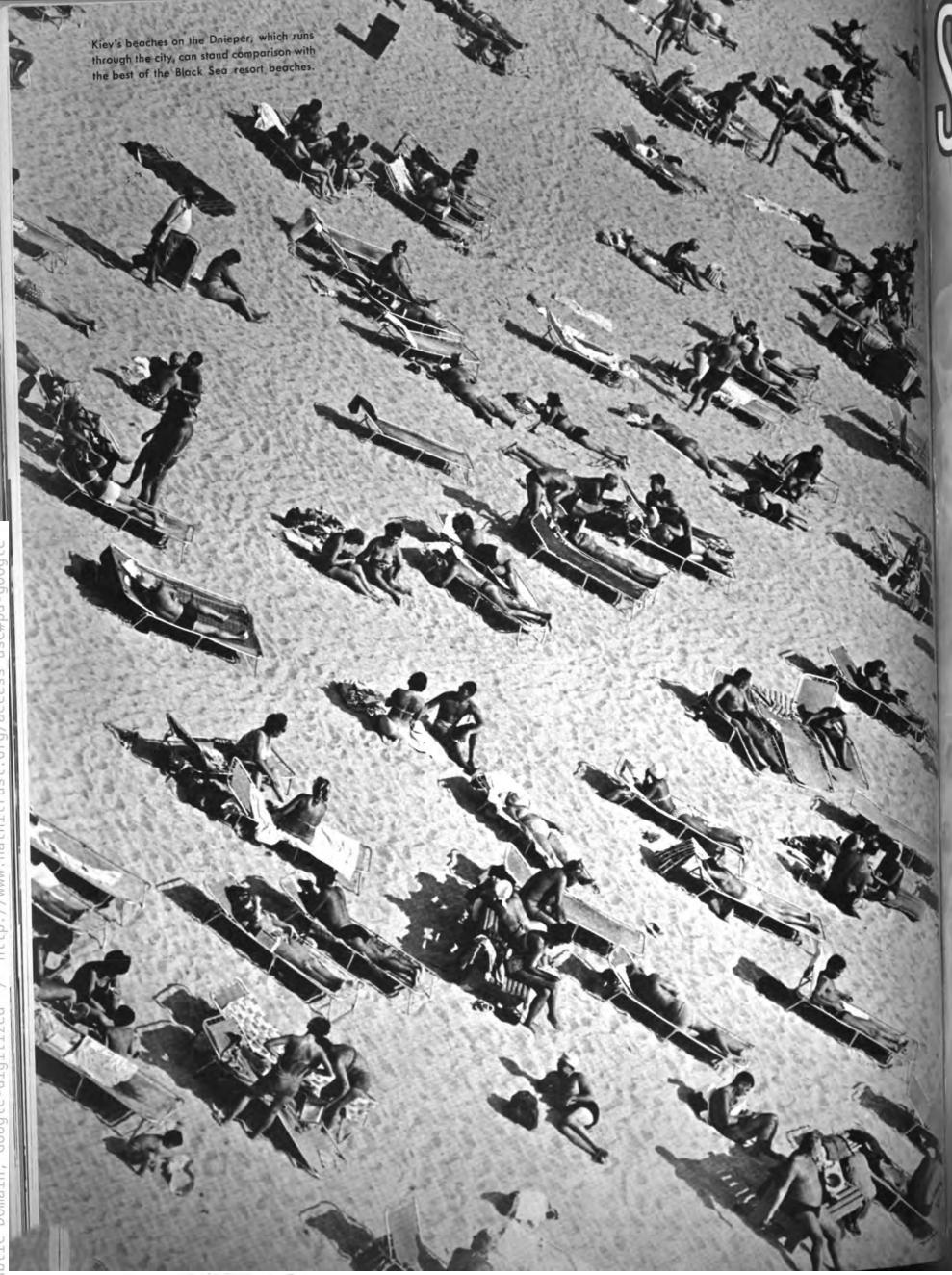
A picture story on *Ptichi Rynok*, the Bird Market, an oasis surrounded by the capital's concrete and asphalt, where people come to buy, sell, but mostly to look at pets of all kinds, shapes, varieties and dispositions.

About Robert Vitolnieks, a prodigy, researcher at the Astrophysical Laboratory of the Latvian Academy of Sciences. At 16 his original study of luminous clouds, an unknown phenomenon, won him international fame.

The Svanetians say they live closer to the stars than any other inhabitant of the planet. The Caucasian mountaintops is their home. Isolated for centuries, they retain their customs and mountaineering way of life.

COMING SOON

How do people spend their vacations in the Soviet Union?



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SOVIET LIFE

AMERICANS IN MOSCOW
PEOPLE AND PETS
DIONYSIUS' ICONS

August 1968 . 35 cents

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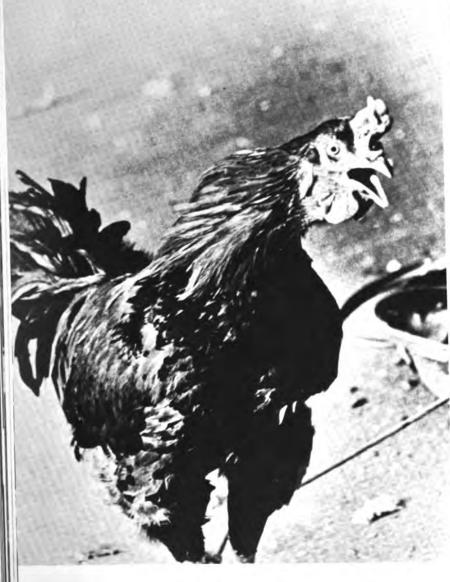
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PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEXANDER LOBOV







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Every Sunday, despite spring floods or autumn rain, winter frost or summer heat, Muscovites of all ages and professions, from seven-year-old schoolboys to 70-year-old professors, gather at the Bird Market.

Bird Market is a misnomer, for here you find pets of all kinds, sizes and pedigrees: from Great Dane to toy dog, from thoroughbred Doberman pinscher to mongrel, from noble Siamese to alley cat—untitled kittens, fluffy Angoras, turtles and rabbits, birds and fish. No crocodiles and lions but almost everything else with paws, wings and fins.

Buyers begin to gather at about eight in the morning, and by 10 or 11 the Bird Market looks like a stock exchange on a busy day—hardly room to move. At four o'clock in the afternoon it begins to look empty.

Nowhere else in Moscow can you feel the change of seasons so sharply as in this oasis surrounded by the concrete, glass, stone and asphalt of a modern city. Here you are reminded that the world is still full of animals, birds and fish.

The people who frequent the Bird Market fall into three groups. Most numerous are the animal lovers; they have been coming here for years and know one another. In the second group are chance visitors driven here by curiosity. And finally there are those who come strictly for business. They sell all kinds of things: river sand, pebbles, seaweed, feed, fish and birds—mostly pigeons. It is odd to see pebbles and river sand displayed on the counters—a little like selling air—but this is a large city we live in, and its needs are diverse.

The Bird Market differs from other markets because of its many one-time merchants. Those who sell dogs look for a special buyer. They inspect each one carefully—is he a suitable master for their pet? An acquaintance of mine who bought a charming sheep dog pup at the market was told by the owner: "If you decide not to keep it, don't give it away to just anyone. Get in touch with me. Here is my address." Dogs and even cats are often visited by former owners who want to know how their pets are doing under different patronage.

Age is irrelevant at the Bird Market; old and young are on equal ground. You might see a group of elderly men standing around a youngster selling pigeons, listening to him as though he were an oracle. You have such curious incidents as this one happening: Not long ago a boy of 12 sold a sparrow he had cleverly painted to resemble a finch.

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A word about the very small children parents bring to the Bird Market. Brought up in the city, they are bewildered at first. Once they find the animals are real and can be touched, you can't tear them away. Even the most obedient child will raise the roof unless he goes home with at least a tiny turtle. Older children come here alone, a sticky ruble in a clenched fist which the proud possessor will exchange for a fish. Of course there is a zoo in the capital where one can see all the animals and birds, as well as several pet shops, but the Bird Market is something special.

Aquariums, square and rectangular, oval and round, form a whole row in the Bird Market. They are inhabited by fish of wondrous beauty—striped like

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zebras, spotted like leopards, with tails like fans and crescents on their sides.

The Russian winter that frightens so many foreigners does not disconcert the inhabitants of the Bird Market. The Moscow River may be covered with thick ice, but the temperature in the tiny water reservoirs is the usual 65° F. to 68° F. The aquariums are kept warm by hot water bottles, primus stoves and heaven knows what else.

The row of birds twitters and warbles as if they were still deep in the woods. Bullfinches, titmice, goldfinches and canaries sit all ruffled up on their perches inside the cages. But these birds, despite their looks, are only members of the chorus backing up a famous singer; the male canary reigns here, singing and trilling for admiring crowds. Those who go to these "concerts" are acquainted with one another and sometimes exchange a word for politeness' sake. Mostly they listen in reverent silence, and when some canary gives a particularly brilliant performance, their faces glow with the inspired look of music lovers at a concert by Svyatoslav Richter or Mstislav Rostropovich.

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SOVIET LIFE

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FRONT COVER. Durdona (which means pearl in Uzbek) Ziyakhanova is a dancer with the Bahor folk dance company. She always likes to go on tour to the new Uzbek town of Navoi. Photograph by Dmitri Baltimants.

Moscow Editorial Board

See story on page 18.

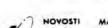
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MIDWAY IN THE FIVE-YEAR PLAN

This July was the halfway mark of the current five-year (1966-1970) plan for economic, social and cultural development.

The fiftieth year of Soviet power, 1967, brought higher rates of industrial growth and a rise in living standards for the 237 million people of the USSR, despite the bad weather which reduced farm yield.

Industry, which now employs 29 million factory and office workers, increased its output by 7.3 per cent in 1964, 8.7 per cent in 1965, 8.7 per cent in 1966 and 10 per cent in 1967. The last figure compares well with the average increment of industrial production, 11 per cent, during the five-year plans of 1929-1967. Economists hope to maintain this rate.

Development was more rapid in the branches which are decisive for the development of industry as a whole: 13 per cent in the chemical and oil-chemical industries, 12 per cent in machine-building and metal-working and 9 per cent in electricity production. A steady increase has been evident in production of consumer goods, in light industry as a whole by 11 per cent and in the manufacture of durables by 15 per cent.

Steel production has passed the dramatic 100 million mark; the industry produced 102.2 million tons of steel. The largest production increase is in synthetic detergents-32 per cent. Manufacture of refrigerators increased by 22 per cent, bringing it up to 2,697,000 units a year, although this is still below the target figure. Last year there were 5 million more Soviet-made TV sets on the market-a 12 per cent increase. Figures for passenger-car manufacture are more modest: a 9 per cent increase and a total output of 251,400 units. A marked rise is expected by 1970 when automobile production will top the million mark.

Per capita real income increased by 6 per cent. This was also shown by the number of savings bank depositors-64 million. Their deposits grew by 17 per cent and totaled 27 billion rubles at the opening of this year. Some economists argue that the sharp increase in personal savings indicates shortages of certain consumer goods. An increased output of such goods is planned for this year.

The current year is going to set a record for living standards, the USSR State Planning Committee says. Individual cash income will rise by 13 billion rubles and real income per capita by 6.9 per cent.

This present year, also, the rate of expansion of consumer goods production will exceed that of capital goods production

Housing construction is being stepped up-a 13 per cent increase over last year: 11 million people will move into new apartments or improve their present housing. A 26 per cent increase in public services is envisaged in rural areas and a 20 per cent increase in urban areas.

Expansion of production and services calls for large investments. The over-all investments in the economy last year came to 56 billion rubles; this year the figure will be 60 billion, with consumer goods industries receiving 25 per cent more centralized investments (exclusive of those made by the enterprises proper) than last year.

A characteristic of Soviet industrial development in the late sixties is that it was intensive rather than extensive. The large number of construction projects under way, especially in Siberia-metallurgy and chemical plants, oil and gas extracting and refining complexes—the watchwords today are: "Efficiency and Quality." To realize that slogan means to step up the application of scientific research, to mechanize and automate produc-

tion and to utilize equipment more efficiently.
"Improve the quality of product!"—such banners are displayed today at most plants. This does not imply that quality has been low in all areas. The war-ravaged economy had to be supplied with a minimum of necessities at the same time; quality, therefore, in many cases, had to be sacrificed for quantity. The economy's present level of development makes it possible now to focus on unsolved problems, such as further improving the quality of goods and raising labor productivity.

Labor productivity increases at a faster rate than wages; an accumulation is thus created for increased development. Industrial labor productivity last year rose by 7 per cent (the plan stipulated 5). It was this, basically, that made possible an increase in the output of industrial goods, while the labor force had grown by only 3 per cent.

Most industrial enterprises will this year adopt a new system of planning and incentives, the goal of the economic reform program introduced two years ago. After lengthy discussion and two years of experimenting, first at individual plants and then in whole branches of industry, by the beginning of this year more than 7,000 enterprises were operating under the new system. The number now is almost double.

The reform will not only take on broader scope but will affect many aspects of production. One of its major aims is to make it materially worthwhile for every enterprise and worker to raise the quality and quantity of production. In former years the greater part of a plant's profit went into the country's treasury; now the plant retains a considerable share of its profits. It goes into three funds: a production fund, a bonus fund and a cultural and welfare facilities fund (this last is spent on housing for the staff, on kindergartens, clubs, sports facilities, etc.). An especially weighty inducement is the enterprise's share of its surplus profits. Enterprises operating by the new system recorded a 23.5 per cent increase in profits in 1966 and a 25 per cent increase in 1967. This raised last year's profit increase rate throughout the economy to 16 per cent.

The reform gives a greater guarantee for a rise in the industrial rate of development and the over-all fulfillment of the fiveyear plan. Planning organizations need no longer check every detail of operation of the enterprises they are responsible for; they can spend more of their time and energy on long-term planning and in working out principles for an optimum territorial distribution of industry. This latter consideration is of prime importance for Siberia, where tremendous reserves of minerals have been found and are being exploited and where new centers of the metallurgical, chemical, timber, paper and pulp and consumer goods industries are going up. Requirements here are very exacting: Plans must be explicit to avoid unnecessary expenditures and dissipation of resources and to provide normal living conditions for the pioneers who are developing this rigorous part of the country.

There is still a shortage of manpower in the eastern regions despite the influx of settlers. The emphasis on mechanization and automation, especially in the oil and gas extraction industries, is to cut manpower needs to a minimum.

As a whole, the five-year plan is doing well, with most branches running ahead of schedule, though agricultural stability is still dependent on the whims of the weather. The results of the first half of the five-year period show that the goals of the 1966-1970 plan will be fulfilled ahead of schedule.



LET'S JOIN HANDS!

INTERVIEW WITH VALENTIN VASILENKO

By Olga Trofimova

WHEN I CAME into his office, Valentin Vasilenko, Vice Chairman of the Committee of Youth Organizations of the USSR, was on the phone. I had come to see him about the Ninth World Youth and Student Festival.

"You couldn't have come at a better moment," he told me. "That was Sofia, the host city, on the line. We were double-checking some details with the International Preparatory Committee. The committee arranges the festival program, handles organizational items and helps the delegations make travel arrangements. Representatives from Bulgaria, Hungary, the German Democratic Republic, the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, Chile, Finland and France have been working on the Committee's Permanent Commission for about a year now. The Du Bois Clubs, an American organization, is also cooperating.

"The festivals are organized by the young people themselves, through their various international and national organizations. The World Federation of Democratic Youth (WFDY) and the International Union of Students (IUS) actively participate in organizing these youth rallies. The two associations alone have an affiliated membership of more than one hundred million young people in all parts of the world. National preparatory committees, composed of young people of different political convictions, are set up in many countries long before the festival is held. The French committee, for example, includes representatives of more than 50 organizations, the United Socialist Youth, the Christian Rural Youth Movement, the Radical Youth, the French Young Communist League, among others. The committee of Great Britain has representatives of 14 organizations, including the Young Liberals, National League and the Catholic Student Union. The same is true for Canada, Chile and other countries.

"This festival, opening in Sofia on July 28, is the ninth. The idea originated back in 1945, when many of the participants of this festival were not yet born. A World Youth Conference convened in London founded the World Federation of Democratic Youth. Its delegates had just discarded their World War II uniforms. They wanted friendship and unity. They wanted coming generations to avoid the tragic mistakes that had led to the war. 'For Peace and Friendship' was the festival motto they chose. They called for an end to bloodshed, for skies without bombers, for the neighborly co-operation of all peoples. A second motto was 'Let's Join Hands, Young People!' And millions of boys and girls responded.

"The first festival took place in Prague in 1947. Over the ashes of Lidice, a Czech village razed by the fascist barbarians, there

rang, like an oath made by young people from all over the world, Lev Oshanin's song set to composer Anatoli Novikov's music:

'One great vision unites us,

Though remote be the lands of our birth'

"The song has since become the festival anthem.

"The next festivals were held in Budapest, Berlin, Bucharest, Warsaw, Moscow, Vienna and Helsinki."

"Are any new youth organizations participating in this festival?" I asked.

"Yes, quite a number, including those which refused to participate in earlier festivals, like the International Union of Socialist Youth (IUSY), the Federal Youth Circle of the FRG, the World Organization of Demochristian Youth and the Demochristian Youth of Latin America.

"The Festival organizers understand that there are differences, at times very sharp differences, in the political and ideological views of the young people of various countries and various social groups. But no matter where young people live and no matter what their political views are, they have common interests and common aims. These common interests are what bring them to the festival."

"Is there going to be any difference between the Sofia festival and previous ones?"

"Young people, as you know, don't like to repeat themselves. The Sofia festival will have many new aspects. First of all its theme has been broadened; it's now 'For Solidarity, Peace and Friendship.' The reference is to youth's solidarity with people fighting for their national independence; they support all those who are fighting the vestiges of colonialism and for the right of all peoples to free development, education, work, peace and democracy."

"What will the festival include?"

"It is very broad and varied. Among the general events scheduled are a Solidarity Day, a Youth and the Struggle for Peace Forum and an Antinuclear Weapons March. There will be regional meetings of delegations from Europe, Asia, Africa, Latin American and other countries. Professional meetings of young teachers, farmers, artists, writers and journalists are planned. The students will hold discussions on such topics as 'The University and Education.' Delegates from children's organizations will take a children's friendship cruise along the Danube, plant an International Friendship Orchard and have meetings with Bulgarian school children. As at other festivals there will be a free rostrum where young people of different nationalities and different points of view will voice their opinions on vital issues.'

"What about the cultural and sports section of the program?"

"Some 30 to 40 concerts will be held daily. There will be contests for singers, pianists, violinists and dancers, for folk music and for light music, with Ninth World Festival Laureate Diplomas going to the winners. There will also be a film festival, an exhibition of children's drawings and a photo exhibit. For the first time the delegations will stage productions built around the national traditions of their people. The high point of the cultural part of the program will be a carnival. In sports men will compete in 15 events and women in nine."

"Who are the members of the Soviet Youth delegation?"

"They number 800: industrial workers, collective farmers, students, members of amateur theatrical groups, athletes and young people in the arts. It goes without saying that our delegation is multinational, representing scores of Soviet peoples.

"Our National Preparatory Committee has been working hard. We have had meetings and competitions at the village, district, regional and republic level. The final choices of new talent were made at the All-Union Youth Festival."

"How are our Bulgarian friends planning to welcome their quests?"

"In the very best traditions of hospitality. The patron of the Bulgarian National Preparatory Committee is Todor Zhivkov, Chairman of the Council of Ministers of Bulgaria. Chairman Zhivkov has said that the government and the people will do everything possible to provide the most favorable conditions for festival participants."

"Where will they be housed?"

"A housing complex has been built in the eastern part of Sofia for the delegates—two large hotels and five new restaurants. A big festival hall in the form of a modern sports structure seats 5,000. Close by are tracks for sprinting, swimming pools, tennis courts and a hostel for the athletes. The best theaters will be placed at the disposal of the festival actors, as well as 15 specially built open-air stages. Transportation facilities will include 400 buses and hundreds of passenger cars.

"After the ten-day festival, participants will have an opportunity to tour the country and get a closer look at what the Bulgarian people have accomplished."

"My last question: What do you think is the significance of the world youth festivals?"

"Walter Lowenfels, an American poet, put it well in an interview he gave to our youth newspaper Komsomolskaya Pravda. Young people, he said, are coming out of their shells; they are growing and steeling themselves in everyday struggles all over the world. These festivals give them a chance to meet and learn about each other, to draw strength from each other."

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AMERICANS IN MOSCOW

TEACHERS EXCHANGE III

BY MYRTLE G. McCALLIN

Our delegation was made up of Joseph Gius, teacher of Russian in the Baltimore County schools, Thomas Forsythe, teacher of Russian and literature at Rooseveit University in Chicago, and me-former sixth grade teacher in the Swarthmore Elementary School, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, School Affiliation Service Director, and "Mother Myrtle" to the seven Soviet teachers who had been in the United States on American Friends Service Committee*exchanges over the last six years. We arrived in Moscow on April 16 and left on June 20. 1967-nine weeks and three days in all, which we look back on as a high point in our lives.

Why should a report be written? Because the experience is too big to keep to ourselves and too important to share only with those who come into contact with us professionally and soclally. And what do we hope the report will mean to you? That you may sense what it was like to be there; that vicariously you too may experience the life we lived. So I turn to our diary entries. What to include? The first draft contained 35 entries! Many of them iong. It will be difficult to reduce the number and to shorten the script.

E GOT OFF the plane. I looked up, and there were our friends on the upper gallery of the terminal. I was really unprepared for the emotional impact of seeing them, even though I had expected they would be there. Such waving and throwing of kisses! Then, quite quickly through the passport and visa check and off to the baggage pickup. They were all there inside the customs gate-Nina Kislova, Valentina Shipova, Lydia Philipovna, Valentina Zorina and Tamara Tsareva! Nina Kislova managed everything; we never answered a question or opened a bag. A bouquet of red tulips was presented to me-much talk and more exclamations. I am sure onlookers wondered who on earth we were!

Then off to Moscow in two taxis. Be-

fore long, the city-a city of apartment houses. The bigness of such building projects amazes me. Little old Philadelphia with its preponderance of single family homes is a far cry from Moscow. But here there are trees and open spaces. creating a sense of spaciousness in these building projects. Since the day was fine, many people were out walking or driving.

With all that happened in the first two days you can't imagine that there could be much more excitement. But there is. The welcome goes on. I had no idea of the good will we have created. Our seed has really increased a hundredfold. My life these days has been filled with exclamation points marking generosity, affection, concern for my personal comfort and pleasure. I have never known anything like it. But don't think for a minute that Tom and Joe are "also present"; the welcome to them is just as warm. I have to admit to all of you who pressed me to come that you were right. The "Mother Myrtle" title is real. I hope that doesn't sound like self-satisfaction. I mean it most humbly and with gratitude that my role with the American Friends Service Committee has made this personal experience possible.

This morning we went to our first school assignments. Mine for a few weeks in School No. 1. It was the first of the special schools in the Soviet Union in which English language instruction is begun in the second grade. Beginning in the seventh grade other subjects, such as geography, are also taught in English. As we entered the school, the principal Valentina Shipova met us. I went into a room where the second grade class, studying English for the first time, met and greeted us in chorus with "Good morning! We are very glad to see you, and we hope your visit will be a pleasant one." They were quite good. Then an older boy stepped forward and welcomed me in Russian. Then a girl, one of the advanced students, finished off the welcome with a very informal greeting, very natural, warm and correct. We went into Valentina's office and set up class visits beginning with the next day, visits to English, Russian and geography classes.

On Thursday morning Tamara and a young teacher from her school came for us, and we spent the morning at a kindergarten. This term in the USSR is what we mean by day-care center, nursery school and kindergarten. The children

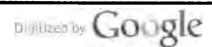
are in age groups starting at two or three. We saw the youngest children in the playground. They arrive early in the morning, when the parents go to work, and are picked up between 4:00 and 7:30 p.m. All except about 25 children who stay all night as well. They play and learn and eat and take naps and baths in the bright, clean, orderly place with teachers and nurses who are kind and encouraging and dependable. Besides, in May the whole school moves to its summer-camp site not far from Moscow. The parents visit them there once a month. These children are from professional families and from families of factory workers. They are beautiful, healthy and happy. I didn't see one who seemed insecure. In the abstract I'd say this sort of separation from the family is wrong; in reality the results in this particular kindergarten would argue for its rightness. I must add that the director is a remarkable woman. Parents are very involved in the operation of the school, and vice versa; that night there was a lecture for parents, and we saw some teaching materials which parents had made.

Tamara Pritykina came for us in the morning and took us to a meeting of principals in her district. There were over a hundred in attendance. After a brief explanation of the purpose of the meeting and a cordial welcome to us. the whole group was divided into several sections to attend classes where various mechanical devices were being used to augment the teachers' efforts. In a physics class we saw students dialing answers: On a board at the front of the room lights indicated right, wrong, incomplete. Thus they knew whether to go on or to work on the same problem. In a literature class we saw a TV program presenting the work of Nekrasov; before the TV film the teacher gave excellent guiding questions and topics, which were discussed afterward. Then we saw a third grade class studying nature, art appreciation, reading and poetry; the topic was spring. A film was shown. At one point the children read a section from a text using small telephonelike instruments and earphones; they had learned to read audibly but not too loudly, just a pleasant buzz in the room. The teacher at a receiving instrument listened to various children, sometimes speaking to individuals about pronunciation, phrasing and so forth.

Just as in the United States, there is a great difference of opinion about me-

^{*} The AFSC, a Quaker organization, was founded in 1917 to give expression to the Quaker concern for peace. Through the years, the Service Committee has grown until it now sponsors approximately 60 programs of relief, service and education around the world.

In addition to the teacher exchange program, the Service Committee has arranged a number of special reciprocal projects in cooperation with various Soviet organizations. Last summer the fifth Tripartite Work and Study Program took place in the United States, and the sixth will be held this summer in the Soviet Union. The Tripartite program is a combination work camp and seminar for young people from the United States, the Soviet Union and Great Britain. In May of this year the second in a series of residential seminars for professional people from the United States and the Soviet Union took place at Dedham, Massachusetts.



chanical devices. We stayed for a while after lunch for the discussion, which came out as I would have expected—useful for certain subject areas, for checking correctness before going on and as supplementary material—if well done. (The latter had to do with the quality of TV programs and films.) But no substitute for the teacher, they said.

Now I come to Saturday night. There were 11 of us at Tamara's home, including her husband and Margarita's husband. We had a delicious meal, and the conversation was gay, noisy, happy, excited and embracing. Friendly isn't strong enough.

Then we went to the Bolshoi with Valentina Zorina and Tamara Pritykina. Golden horseshoe — red velvet — gold and white — crystal chandeliers — the essence of elegance. The orchestra and stage setting were superb. The Stone Flower, a new ballet, departs to some degree from the classical steps. It was so beautiful.

Again the ballet, Swan Lake, at the Palace of Congresses. We walked up what used to be a driveway to the Kremlin; it was cobbled, walled in a distinctive design; it led us through a tall, ornamented gate tower, sixteenth century. Inside that could be seen the yellow and white Kremlin buildings, two old, old churches with their onion domes, and then the very modern marble and glass palace. Trees and grass and flower beds brought another form of grace into the picture. . . . But it is the sense of space which makes the greatest impression. Space and again elegance. The building seats 6,000, and on the various levels there is space for that many people to walk around between the acts. And they do walk around. And they ride the escalators to the buffet on the top floor.

This building belongs to the people; the art forms presented there belong to them. And they are proud owners. If anyone has a notion that elegance went out with the czars, just attend a ballet. It seems to me, in the field of the arts, that the new society has increased astronomically the numbers who enjoy the theater and dance and music. They are not there to be seen or to play a part. In a sense they do play a part-at least as a stranger observes the scene. To me those 6,000 people said: "Whether my grandparents were peasants or intellectuals, on this night I walk proudly in a beautiful building, and my being responds to the beauty of this ballet."

On Tuesday, the day after the death of cosmonaut Vladimir Komarov, the principal spoke to the school over the intercom system about the man and his contribution. Then he asked the students to stand in silent tribute for about two minutes. They did this with bowed heads.



Visiting with 1st grade after the "last bell."

It seemed exactly what we might have done at home.

The city was lighted in honor of May Day—strings of lights with stars in the middle, which seemed like Christmas; floodlights on clusters of Soviet flags or fluttering, massed banners; pictures of men who had contributed to the rise of the USSR, especially Lenin. Red is a wonderful color, and it was certainly used to advantage.

I introduced Charlie Brown and the book Happiness Is a Warm Puppy to the classes. Humor is the same everywhere. They responded warmly. Since I wanted to bring samples of students' work back with me, I asked them to write something on "Happiness is . . ." The response was gratifying—some even drew cartoons to illustrate their ideas. At a party which the students gave when I left, one boy presented his composition to me—a very touching one—which stated that "happiness is peace." He had lost his father as a result of injuries suffered in the last war.

Friday's big event was a program put on by the Special English Schools. AMAZING! Skits, music—singing with instrumental accompaniment—sonnets, scenes from plays. All in excellent English. It went on for four hours! And we enjoyed every performance right up to the end. One musical group of seven boys could go on tour in the United States and pass for Americans. I was particularly impressed with the poise of several girls.

The afternoon was a genuine climax to the first part of the exchange. A program put on by the students in my honor lasted almost two hours. There were songs in English and Russian, a skit titled "The Golden Goose," several poetry readings and an exchange of gifts. The students gave me a set of books, almost all poetry, lots of it contemporary. A photographer from Moscow News took pictures. For me the climax was an hour spent in Valentina's office with her and Olga and Lydia. I asked them to mark in the index of a book the

students gave me the poems they most love. They were so excited and carried away by their feelings for the poetry that the impression is one I'll never forget. Lydia recited poem after poem from memory while they shared with each other their enthusiasm. The poem I wrote for the occasion served at least to convey my appreciation for Russian poetry. It was a shared moment that went beyond gracious and warm hospitality. By feeling this closeness to the live nerve center of Russian culture, I know my teaching will have an authority far beyond that of simply having "been there."

We went to see the Pioneer Palace, a building which is a center for Pioneers in Moscow and in the whole Soviet Union. All kinds of hobbies and art are taught there; exhibits, lectures and sports events are held there. A science show had just opened, and a permanent art exhibit occupied a large space. The next day was the anniversary of the Pioneers, and each year certain units are chosen for marching, dancing, drills (not military) in Red Square.

After school we joined three of the English teachers from Tom's school and went for a boat ride on the Moscow River. The part of the river we saw had only a few industrial plants. It was almost entirely parkland. This is one aspect of European river cities which scores way ahead of most American river cities. But give us time—we have ideas.

Then we got into two taxis and went way out to a suburban development south of the main part of the city. Suburban means large apartment houses with gardens and play space between buildings. The three teachers are part of a very interesting group of people who have known each other for years. They spend holidays together, go to plays and spend evenings just talking. They had prepared a meal for us. Altogether there were 13 at the table-teachers of English, math, Russian literature; one was a lawyer. And gay, alert, vivacious people they were. There were literary conversations, political discussions; teasing was

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apt to break out at any point. And the food! This, like the evenings at Tamara's and Margarita's and Irina's, was a wonderful opportunity to know Russian people.

At our school this morning the ceremony of the Last Bell was observed. It is carried out in every school. At 11 o'clock the tenth graders (graduating class) assembled in the auditorium. They stood in two long rows down the length of the room; behind them were the ninth graders and a few from other classes. On the stage were teachers of the tenth grade and a number of others who had taught the class in lower grades. When everyone was assembled as I described, in marched the two first grades, each child carrying a bouquet of lilies of the valley. They stood in two lines facing the tenth graders. After a brief introduction by the principal, the students took over-the tenth graders giving loving advice, and the first graders assuring them that all would be well with the school. Then they exchanged presents, lilies of the valley going to each tenth grader, balloons and books to each first grader. The principal, vice principal and class advisers spoke brief farewells; they all said in effect "be good men and women." Tears began to flow. Then every single tenth grader presented flowers to some staff member, each with an appropriate expression of thanks. Tears and kisses. Then finally, when it was all done and the commotion had ceased, a girl walked to the back of the room and pressed the bell which sounded through the school. Even I had a catch in my throat.

I spent a long time recording; I read some poetry from Silver Pennies and then left it as a gift. I sang some songs, too. Warming to the project, I went on to read some Burns, Shelley and Wordsworth from their literature book. On Monday I dictated six dialogues which I had composed over the weekend. It was a pleasure to do them, but I didn't have a vocabulary list so I'm not sure how useful they will be.



We saw good teaching, especially in Russian and English language classes. The profession attracts able people. At all age levels the relationship between teacher and student is one of mutual respect. The newness of educational opportunity in the USSR is still a motivating influence in the classroom.

The table was set with pretty china and glass and silver. The candles which Margarita had brought from the United States burned for a short time and then were extinguished to save them for other occasions. Now the menu-cranberry juice and wine (homemade and wonderful), pickled mushrooms à la Margarita, salted pickles, grated beet salad, cheese, fish, cold roast pork, caviar, wonderful Russian bread and butter, tomatoes, fresh cucumbers, radishes, pickled plums and sausage. After a long time and many servings, Margarita brought in the main dish-and a shout went up from us for we thought we had eaten dinner which, by the way, was on our schedule as tea. Believe it or not, we ate it, and still there was dessert, a torte and two kinds of preserves and tea. Candies and oranges were on the table. Do you think we can afford to entertain Russians? I'm thinking apologetically of my simple suppers! That Margarita! She is an artist with food. The acclaim she received was both in words and in action.

There were farewell luncheons for all three of us. They were much the samegood food, good will, gratefulness and a sincere wish to strengthen the bond between our people. Our being here is a kind of miracle to them, and the possibility of their visiting the United States begins to take form. There is a feeling of lifting the gates for people to come in and people to go out. But Vietnam hangs over us all. Whether it is their consideration for us, or whether it is really true, I'm not sure, but there seems to be a great hope that a way will be found to stop the war. Perhaps the hope is great because they remember the last war so

Leningrad! Nina and her husband invited us to the Leningrad Ballet. We entered by a side door and were greeted by a maid and doorman; our coats were swished away. Up one flight of stairs through a beautiful room with an oriental rug on the floor, tapestries on the wall, gilded furniture covered with satin damask-into the box just to the right of the stage. The performance was wonderful. It was the graduation performance of students about to enter the professional life of the dance. During the first intermission, we went back to the room I've just described. There in a corner was set a table. And such a table it was! At the end of the performance we found that the table was spread again. This time ice cream and fruit were added to the sandwiches and beverages. The atmosphere was gay and sophisticated. And, as I have said before, the classless society allows for elegance and quite a few other unexpected facets. We'll not forget that evening.

After supper Tamara and Margarita came to see us, bringing gifts for us and for many of you who will read this letter. The unbelievable Russian generosity! All the love and care they have given us, and now more gifts to express their affection and appreciation. These two are among the world's great people. When they left, it was a little after ten o'clock. I suggested that the three of us go for a walk to say farewell to Moscow. We walked through the park to Pushkin Square, down Gorky Street and then home again. These few lines are being written just before I go to bed. The excitement has quieted down, but within the quietness I am so very alive. I think during these weeks we have experienced what love can do.

We were up this morning at 5:30 and off to the airport with a farewell delegation of eight in attendance. We all dreaded the farewells, but when the time came, I didn't feel that it was forever. After all, I had seen all my seven "daughters" for the second time and one of them for the third time. The distance does not seem so great now; bonds are closer.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

On the way home I wrote "The distance doesn't seem so great now; the bonds are closer." A month later the distance does seem far, but the time seems only yesterday. And, indeed, the bonds are close.

What will we do with this experience? Sometimes, as with this report, we will make a conscious effort to share the hope and friendliness we have felt; sometimes, it will be done unconsciously. It will color every relationship with students and friends, family and fellow workers.



By Irina Kalitenko

Photographs by Yan Tikhonov



Young Robert Vitolnieks lecturing at the planetarium. His work on luminous clouds is acclaimed by world-famous astronomers.

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One of my notebook entries for a possible article reads: "Robert Vitolnieks, stellar boy."

He created a sensation four years ago. TASS reported then: "The Academic Council of the Radio Astrophysical Observatory of the Latvian Academy of Sciences has approved new research into a mysterious natural phenomenon—luminous clouds. New data has been obtained by a 16-year-old boy, Robert Vitolnieks."

What is he doing now? Is he still interested in astronomy? Or in something else by this time?

went straight to the university in Riga, figuring that Robert is now about 20. There I was told: "He is working for the Academy of

Sciences of our republic. I headed for the Academy of Sciences, pleased at having located Robert so easily and wondering what he is doing at the Academy of Sciences. There hadn't been enough time for him to get his univer-

sity degree. The director of the academy's Radio Astrophysical Observatory,

the well-known Latvian scientist Janis Ikaunieks, explained:
"Yes, Robert is a scientist at our observatory. He is still a university student, but circumstances delayed his studies. For several years he had to work to support his ailing parents. He is now in his second year at Moscow University. You will find him at a conference on ionospheric research going on here in Riga."

At the conference, with scientists from all over the Soviet Union present, I met Robert. Slim, with smooth blond hair and ruddy cheeks, he looked like a boy among these sedate older people. When I told him that I wanted an interview, he turned red with embarrass-

Robert follows a strict work schedule. I had to tag along after him, looking and listening, so that, for the most part, the following is my own impression of this young scientist.

. In 1956 Robert's family lived in the city of Liepaja, on the shore of the Baltic Sea. He had just started school and was also taking violin lessons at a music school.

One November day, on his way to an exam at the music school, Robert saw an announcement of a lecture on Mars at the city library. It was still early for the exam, so he went to the lecture. It was so interesting that he didn't want to leave, but there was an exam to

From that day on he read astronomy-first simple books, then more difficult ones.

Like all the boys in Liepaja, Robert spent his summers at the seashore. He went in for skin diving. From a rubber hot water bottle and a piece of plexiglas he made himself a mask and from old automobile inner tubes, flippers. He became an underwater hunter.

On one dive he came across some tiny jellyfish, a kind he had never seen before. Each was about two inches in diameter, with a brown cross on its back. They must have been washed in by a storm. Robert caught some of these odd jellyfish, brought them home and put them into a homemade aquarium. Next day he couldn't move his arms or legs.

The doctors thought it was polio. Later it was found that the paralysis was caused by the jellyfish he had caught. The semi-

paralyzed boy was bedridden for a long time.

His father, an architect, gave him a pair of field glasses for his birthday so the boy could have a closer look at the outside world. His mother, a lawyer, left her job to take care of him. One of her first chores was to get him books on astronomy. To answer his questions she, too, began to read the bulky volumes.

Once Robert came across an article by Janis Ikaunieks.

'Mama, I want to write and tell him that I am going to be an astronomer, too.

"Why write? When you get better, we'll go to Riga, and you'll tell

him yourself.'

It was an offhand comment. The boy, she was certain, would develop other interests and soon forget the article, its author and her

Janis Ikaunieks takes up the story:

The door opened, and a frail boy walked in. 'I want to work here,' he said. 'What can you do?' I asked. He told me what he knew. Just then another astronomer came in whom I introduced to our future colleague. I gave Robert a task: to observe the star Delta of the constellation Cepheus every night for a year and to compile a graph of variations of its brightness. I did not tell him the star had been studied long ago.

A year later Robert returned to the academy and put the graph of his observations of Delta that he had compiled on the astronomer's desk. Janis Ikaunieks was impressed enough to propose Robert for the Astrogeodetic Society. He was 11 then, the youngest member of this august society.

He was given other, little known stars, to observe. But his real work

began when he became interested in luminous clouds.

Luminous clouds are a strange natural phenomenon. They are clearly discernible only in northern latitudes, and then only occasionally-in summer and after sunset. At times they are barely visible, and only the eye of an experienced astronomer can discern them. Sometimes they grow bright enough to read by. Astronomers knew that they appear at heights of up to 50 miles and travel at a velocity of 187 miles an hour, but they knew nothing about their origin or the periodicity of their recurrence.

Latvian astronomers undertook to study these clouds during the International Geophysical Year. Part of the work was entrusted to Robert. Janis Ikaunieks told me: "We tried dissuading the boy, telling him it was too hard. But he was adamant."

To make the observations. Robert had to travel to the observator in Sigulda, quite a distance from Ogre where the family now lived. Three times a week he took the evening train to Sigulda and returned early next morning. From 10 p.m. till daybreak he would stand at the instruments, entering his observations in a log. Precisely, pedantically. A mistake of a second, or even a tenth of a second, he con-

sidered a discredit to himself. During these sleepless nights, Robert decided for himself that the old equipment—telescopes—were no longer adequate.

The stars were now being observed by means of the radio waves they emit. So he began studying radio engineering and radio astron-

omy.

In a foreign radio magazine he came across a curiously familiar curve, very much like the one marking the occurrence of luminous clouds. But the caption read: "Graph marking the appearance of the ionized layer of the atmosphere." This layer appears at times at heights of 62 miles and reflects ultrashort waves, those responsible for the transmission of distant television broadcasts, as remote as

Robert was struck by a thought: Perhaps the similarity in the curves was not happenstance. Perhaps it is when this ionized layer

develops that luminous clouds appear.

TV amateurs who went in for long-distance reception could help. Robert got the address of one of them, Leopold Osols of Krustpils, and went to see him. Osols turned out to be a systematic person who noted down the precise times he received long-distance transmissions. Robert compiled a graph on the basis of Osols' notes. The graph looked like the one marking the appearance of luminous

His father came home from work shortly thereafter and found that the TV set he had bought the day before was a pile of components, screws and wires. His son was assembling something from them. "Listen here," fumed the father, "if that TV set is not assembled when I come home tomorrow, I'll throw out all of your junk.'

Next day Robert toiled in earnest. He got it together in time and even installed an antenna. When father came home, son and mother

were sitting in front of the screen.

But it was not the studio broadcasts that interested Robert, He was waiting for the day when he would see dark, nearly black bands on the screen, a sign of the appearance in the atmosphere of that condensed layer which allows television broadcasts to be received many thousands of miles away. At last the bands appeared! A broadcast from London. A turn of the knob and there was Rome.

Robert was so excited he saw nothing of the broadcast flickering on the screen. Drumming in his head, as if in Morse code, were the

words: "In two days luminous clouds should appear!"

Next day he went to the Academy of Sciences and reported that in two days luminous clouds should appear. His announcement was received with considerable skepticism. Thus far no scientist had been able to even approximately forecast the appearance of luminous clouds.

The clouds appeared as predicted. They were followed by that

sensational TASS report which began my story.

"That was a happy day," recalls Esmeralda, Robert's mother. "But still happier was the day we learned that the Academy of Sciences in Moscow was shipping a radar station to Robert for his further investigation of the ionosphere. For two days he could neither eat nor sleep. He posted himself in the street, waiting for the trucks with the equipment. And when he saw them, beside himself with joy he ran up the hill shouting: 'Mama, they've come!'

He set up the equipment by himself, without the help of techni-

Esmeralda, still young and attractive, sits on a couch in their house, showing me books and articles that refer to Robert.

"We used to live in a different house, near the river. But when Robert had to install high antennas, we applied to the town council, and they gave us this house on top of the hill. They also gave us ground near the house for the antennas and equipment. We will soon be getting even bigger antennas from the observatory in Baldone. I don't know where we'll put them.'

Esmeralda explained everything to me in great detail. Something she did not tell me, I later learned in Riga, was that she, too, had become an astronomer. She is now working with the magazine Stellar Sky and is a member of the astronomical society. Truly the ways of a mother's love pass all understanding!

She showed me a large collection of badges. Many of them had

to do with space exploration.

This collection and a motor scooter are all that are left of his earlier enthusiasms. He still wants to take up skiing and sailing, but

he can't make the time.'

And, indeed, I noticed that Robert, like all scientists, values time highly. He doesn't slow down even when he walks. But he did find time to enter a contest sponsored by the German Federation of Astronautics, an international contest in which 6,000 people took part. A reminder of his participation is a Stassfurt TV set in his room. One of the contest requirements was to write a composition on the theme of man and space.

Robert wrote a science fiction story about men eventually traveling in space at the speed of light. For this man has to be transformed several times during the flight into something other than man, but

he becomes man again at the end. Risky, of course, but so is living.
The story is reminiscent of Oscar Wilde's "The Star Child" but
with a difference. That how were a vision and the but his dream was with a difference. That boy was a visionary, too, but his dream was that no one would be cruel to wild animals. He dreamed also of prosperity for his city. Cood this animals. prosperity for his city. Good things to dream about but very down to earth. Who would have thought that in a few decades a boy of his age, a real boy and not a literary character, would dream of flights to other worlds and of prosperity on a universal scale.



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His mother, a lawyer, shares Robert's interest. She writes writes about the history of astronomy.

"You call astronomy your work and hobby. What's swimming?" "Oh, only habit, I suppose."

Robert and his mother are both opera buffs. Music, like his swimming, is just another "habit."

The advanced equipment was installed in his home in Riga, a rare tribute to his unusual talent.





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NIKOLAI TSARYUK, manager of a factory in Lvov, found his semimonthly pay envelope 50 rubles short. So did chief engineer Anatoli Yurchuk. Several heads of shops were shy 20 to 30 rubles. Nobody was happy about it, but nobody was surprised either; fitter Stanislav Gerasimchuk had warned management the fines were coming, and management had not listened. management had not listened.

management had not listened.

Gerasimchuk is a man of some importance at the factory: He is chairman of the labor protection committee of the trade union local. His predecessor, also a fitter, had graduated from the evening school of a technological institute and been promoted to assistant head of a shop. Since the union rules say that no executive can serve as rules say that no executive can serve as chairman of a labor protection committee, a new election was held and Gerasimchuk elected.

Holdout

The rights and duties of the labor protection committee make a lengthy list. Fitter Ivan Adamenko, chairman of the local, summed them up for me.

He ticked off the items: "First, the committee's function is to safeguard the lives and health of the staff. Second, it looks for ways of making the work easier. Third, it helps out workers who are not getting a square deal and punishes those responsible in other words, a committeeman has ble. In other words, a committeeman has

BY YURI IVANOV

Correspondent for the newspaper Lvovskaya Pravda

FIFTY-RUBLE FINE

to be a doctor, engineer and lawyer rolled into one and still not get fancy ideas.

"At the last Congress of Trade Unions, held in Moscow, the point was made that the labor protection committees have their work cut out for them. There are still a great many manual operations, and safety standards are not always what they should be."

I realized how right the chairman of the trade union local was when I sat in at a meeting that was considering where a compressor should be placed. Present in addition to management were specialists who agreed, with good reason, that the spot suggested met safety requirements. Management was relieved because that meant no delays in the work schedule. Gerasimchuk, however, refused to go along. The eight others voted "for," while Gerasimchuk, the sole holdout, voted "against."

"The ventilation system is inadequate," he insisted.

"Now listen, have you looked at the speci-

"Now listen, have you looked at the specifications?" chief engineer Yurchuk pleaded. "They say the present ventilation will do the

job."
"Somebody must have slipped up there."
"So it's a veto again?" the chief engineer

asked.
"Yes," was the answer.
Gerasimchuk asked a sanitary inspector to take another air sample; sure enough, it was found that the moisture-content level was too high. It was not until an additional ventilation system had been installed that the ninth signature appeared next to the other eight.

"Trust to Luck" People

The main concern of Gerasimchuk's committee is to prevent industrial accidents. No new employee, especially one on his first job, is allowed to run a machine tool or work on a belt line without the approval of a member of the labor protection committee. There is a committee member in every shop. A new employee must satisfy the

committee that he knows the safety rules. Every worker has to pass a yearly test on safety-first techniques, regardless of his work record.

The committee occasionally has trouble with "trust to luck" people. When a rank-and-file worker feels "whatever will be, will be," chances are he will hurt no one but himself. But sometimes a foreman or the head of a section succumbs to this philosephic and section succumbs to a section succumb. ophy and goes through the safety-instruction routine with a new worker in a superficial way. When the labor protection committee catches up with him, he's lucky if he gets off with a reprimand. More often the local will recommend that management fine

or even demote him.

If an injury occurs as a result of inadequate instruction, the statement signed by a member of the labor protection committee member of the labor protection committee goes to a people's court. There have been no such cases in the last three years at the factory I visited, which has been in operation six years. And the accident rate has dropped 70 per cent, compared with the initial period. There have been no serious accidents at all

accidents at all.

This is not owing to luck but to the labor protection committee's scrupulous concern. There are times, of course, when management is irritated with the committee. Once when the factory was working on a rush order, Gerasimchuk wanted the boiler room shut down: He said it was not accident-proof. An accident might not happen, but then again it might. He was taking no

chances.
Having exhausted all the arguments, the shop foreman flew into a rage: "We'll all lose our bonuses—you too—because of your idiotic precautions!"
The whole shop, including the chairman of the committee, did in fact lose their bonuses. The 30 or 40 rubles would have been a welcome addition to the modest income of Gerasimchuk's family. He thought safety and a clear conscience were more safety and a clear conscience were more important.

The Work-Study Problem

Another committee project is helping those who combine work and study. A considerable number of people at the factory have to plan their school schedules to work

have to plan their school schedules to work in with production demands.

Stepan Novosad came to Gerasimchuk with a complaint: His foreman had given him a second shift in spite of the fact that he was taking evening courses at the university. The committee had a problem. Strictly speaking, those who study are supposed to work only the first, or daytime, shift. On the other hand, consider what can posed to work only the first, or daytime, shift. On the other hand, consider what can happen if a factory's schedule is in danger of being thrown out of gear when every third worker is a student at an evening school, an institute or a secondary technical school. The factory wants people to study, of course, but what about those who do not? Do they have to take the evening shifts? That would obviously be unfair.

The committee is trying to work the thing out with management. They have many common problems. Automation, for example.

mon problems. Automation, for example. Both management and staff are interested in greater productivity, more profit and fewer unproductive and physically wearing operations.

ations.

The new system of planning and incentives has raised the living standards of the factory personnel. It has also given the labor protection committee more financial backing. Last year 76,000 rubles were allocated for hygienic and safety needs. About 20 per cent more above that figure was actually spent, but nobody objected.

All this comes out of the factory's profits, so the union is very directly interested in

so the union is very directly interested in how the factory makes out. Nevertheless, when it comes to such matters as overtime, the union committee in the union committee in the union committee. wnen it comes to such matters as overtime, the union committee, whose permission is required, will say "no" to management unless the need is compelling—in the case of a breakdown of equipment, for example. The union will not permit a situation where overtime work compensates management's







No human foible escapes the barbs of the magazine Krokodil. This cartoon by Anatoli Tsvetkov satirizes the chief engineer who never leaves his office. To him the plant is a labyrinth of Crete.

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HOT OCEANS

SOVIET PRESS SURVEY



HE FUEL RESOURCES of the earth are not unlimited, and the growing output of coal, oil and gas is a heavy drain on its treasures. The estimate is that at the rate of output to be reached by 1980, the world will exhaust its fuel resources in about 300 years.

Science must therefore find the best way of using the energy available and dis-

cover new sources. The development of engineering-indeed of civilization itself—is impossible otherwise. Potential sources are nuclear power development, controlled thermonuclear fusion, new types of storage batteries, the energy of sea tides and, finally, the water reserves of territorial depths.

The waters of the terrestrial crust make up a vast underground hydrosphere which is cool on the surface and hot below. The total volume is figured at 168 million cubic miles, roughly half the volume of the world ocean. Underground seas are located in volcanic zones as well as in the depths of seismically calm platform areas with the geothermal resources of the latter exceeding those of the former by some 10,000 times. This heat is still untapped.

The resources of volcanic depths, however, are also considerable. The capacity of power plants that can be run on volcanic energy is estimated at 500 million kilowatts. To date only an infinitesimal fraction of this heat has been tapped. A few geothermal power plants have been built-in Italy, Iceland, Japan and the Soviet Union-with a total capacity less than one thousandth of the potential.

TAPPING VOLCANIC DEPTHS



Now, are we likely to harm the planet by tapping its heat? That is not a problem. The heat man can take from the depths of the Earth is a tiny fraction of its total reserves, which are, moreover, being constantly replenished by radioactivity.

The thermal waters of platform areas lie mainly at a depth of four to six miles. In some areas the temperature of the stream

is as high as 572 or 662°F. Deep drilling can tap these heat sources.

In the active volcanic areas the high temperature layers are generally close to the surface. The thermal activity here is often in the form of great spouts of steam and geysers, perpetual steam boilers which may some day turn the turbines of power plants. In some seismically active areas of the Soviet Union there are no other energy resources, and freighting fuel is expensive. Building geothermal plants in these areas is therefore economically sound.

An experimental commercial 500-kilowatt plant is already operating on the Pauzhetka, a river in South Kamchatka. It generates power for the Ozerkovo canneries, the collective farm Krasny Truzhenik and the Pauzhetka settlement.

The world's first geothermal 750-kilowatt Freon plant is running on the Paratunka, 35 miles from Petropavlovsk-Kamchatski. The plant uses a Freon boiler, one-stage jet turbine and Freon pumps. The temperature of the source at the surface is 158 to 176°F. The bore yields 200 tons of water an hour. Liquid Freon is heated to 131°, and its vapor enters the turbine at a pressure of 14 atmospheres.

An underground lake with a temperature of 482°F. has been discovered relatively near the surface on Kunashir Island in the Kuriles. The Novosibirsk department of the Teploelektropoekt (Thermoelectric Project) Institute is already working up technological and economic estimates for a geothermal power plant on this island.

For the time being small geothermal plants are being built. One of their shortcomings is their limited capacity. The heat of a subsurface source is often insufficient to feed large power generators.

ARE GEOTHERMAL PLANTS ECONOMICALLY PRACTICAL?



Preliminary estimates for building and operating power plants using volcanic thermal water indicate that the capital outlays and the cost of power output are lower than for conventional thermal stations. More specifically, the construction costs of geothermal plants are no higher than for thermal plants of the same capacity, and the operating costs are much lower.

The power generated by a geothermal plant is no more expensive than that produced by large hydroelectric stations. On Kamchatka the cost of geothermal power is a tenth to a fifteenth that of the local diesel plant power.

A geothermal plant requires neither fuel nor the complex equipment to burn it. Such expensive items as boiler rooms, fuel transportation facilities and warehouses do not have to be figured in.

Drilling is in progress on the Bolshe-Bann sources of Kamchatka to find and appraise the local reserves of thermal waters. As of now 20 boreholes have been made, and 50 per cent of the heat sources required for a 25,000-kilowatt plant have been found. Altogether, taking into account the verified thermal water sources on Kamchatka, we can build plants with an aggregate capacity of 300,000 kilowatts, sufficient to meet the needs of Kamchatka's developing indus-

If this is the case, why have so few geothermal plants been built, and why are they so small?

For a variety of reasons, among them insufficient experi-

The steam of subterranean waters in volcanic areas contains chemical elements and gas impurities that corrode the working parts of turbines. The turbines installed at the Pauzhetka geothermal plant are not intended for a natural steam and water mixture.

There are two ways to meet this problem. The first is to obtain pure steam in a heat exchanger heated by the steam from a well. However, as much as 25 per cent of the effective heat is lost this way, and the turbine capacity decreases accordingly. The other way is to manufacture turbine parts out of chemically resistant metals, but for the time being this is too expensive.

Another factor responsible for the slow progress in the field is the lack of an institution to coordinate development and of a special agency to design geothermal plants.



NOT ONLY ELECTRICITY



Low-temperature subterranean waters as a rule lie closer to the surface and are usually artesian. They can be used widely for heating urban residential and industrial bulldings. Sometimes there is no need for new boreholes to obtain continuous heat. For example, many years ago oil prospectors drilled some hundred boreholes 4,000 to 5,000 feet deep in Makhachkala. Forty of

these boreholes are still yielding hot water 140 to 158°F. in temperature. A bore hole spouting 70,000 cubic feet of hot water a day has been supplying heat and hot water to dozens of residential and industrial buildings for 16 years.

Experimental research indicates that the potential heat of thermal waters in the depths of the Yevpatoriya-Novoselovsk basin in the Crimea, for example, equals the power obtained from burning 100,000 tons of coal a year, enough to heat 50,000 apartments.

Many cities can be heated by subterranean waters, among them Tbillsi, Grozny, Nalchik, Krasnodar (Caucasus), Astrakhan (the lower Volga), Tashkent (Central Asia), Omsk, Tobolsk (Siberia) and Alma-Ata (Kazakhstan).

Geothermal waters can also refrigerate: Freezing equipment can be heated by subterranean hot water instead of electricity or gas. High-volume production was recently begun of refrigerators producing 2,500,000 kilo calories of cold an hour and using geothermal sources. The unit does year-round service—as a refrigerator in summer and a heater in winter—and will be especially useful in Central Asia, the Caucasus and the Crimea, areas which have sufficient geothermal resources and need refrigeration.

The heat of depth waters is also good for hothouses and other farm uses. In Grozny a hot water borehole on a suburban state farm heats hothouses with a total area of 70,000 square feet. In winter they grow tomatoes and cucumbers. A hothouse farm with an area of 6.5 million square feet is under construction on Kamchatka.

Geothermal water has a promising future in medicine.

Finally, some geothermal sources contain as many as 60 commercially valuable elements, including bromine, barium, iodine, lithium, zinc, tellurium and rhenium. Geothermal power projects can be simultaneously designed as chemical plants.

PROSPECTS



Last year a board for the use of geothermal heat was set up in the Soviet Union. A map of geothermal water is now being drafted. At least 50 large areas have been surveyed for the purpose; some, in the Caucasus, West Siberia, the Far North and Central Asia, are hundreds of thousands of square miles in area. For example, the Tyumen "geothermal sea" (Siberia) is

larger than the Black Sea; the temperature varies from 140 to 570°F.

In seismically active areas the temperature of geothermal water is much higher. In the area of the active volcano Avacha, Kamchatka, the temperature of the magmatic center, two to three miles deep, reaches 1,292 to 1,472°F.

In a word, subterranean heat reserves are immense and have significant economic possibilities.

RUSSIAN CUISINE

By Vasili Bochurin



When I agreed to share my Russian recipes with SOVIET LIFE readers, I knew that my methods of preparing food would be well-received by an eager and sophisticated American audience. I was certain that this would be the reaction of our readers, because in no other place, either at home or abroad, have I been asked so many times for my culinary secrets.

This time I present the very popular Russian pirozhki. I have found that, at every reception or cocktail party given at our embassy, pirozhki is a favorite, second only to our Russian caviar and vodka.

PIROZHKI

½ lb. ground beef

l medium onion chopped fine

1 hard-boiled egg chopped fine

1 tube prepared biscuits

Crumble meat and fry in butter. Sauté onion in butter in separate pan until golden brown. Combine beef, onion and egg. Season with salt and pepper to taste.

Heat corn oil in pan for deep frying.

Remove 10 biscuits from tube and stretch to flatten. Place one-tenth of filling in center of each biscuit. Bring edges of biscuit together and pinch to seal. Fry pirozhki in boiling corn oil until golden brown. Remove with slotted spoon and drain on paper towel.

Rice or cabbage may be fried and substituted for the meat in the above filling. Plum or apple preserves may also be used as filling.

CHICKEN KIEV

Chicken Kiev is prepared for luncheons and for dinner parties. The following directions will result in an exciting meal for the gourmet.

½ chicken breast for each serving

l thep. unsalted butter for each serving

1 egg

1 tbsp. milk

salt

pepper

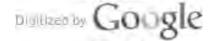
flour

bread crumbs

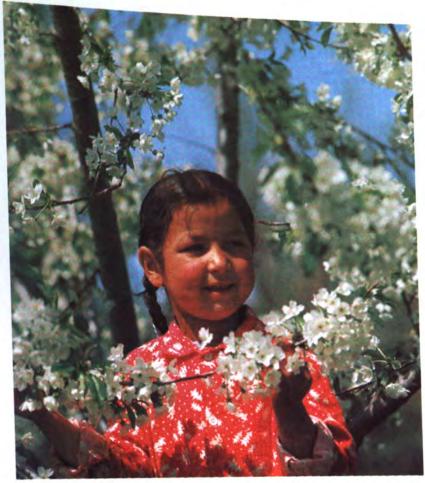
Remove skin and all bones except main wing bones. Pound breast flat with mallet and slice in half where breastbone was removed. Place a cigar-shaped piece of butter in the center of each fillet. Roll fillet around butter, with small piece of bone protruding so that each piece resembles a drumstick. Make sure there are no cuts or holes in the fillet.

Combine egg and milk. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Beat until well blended. Dip fillet in egg mixture, then roll it in flour, then dip it in egg mixture again and roll it in bread crumbs.

Fry in one inch of hot high-grade corn oil until golden brown all over.





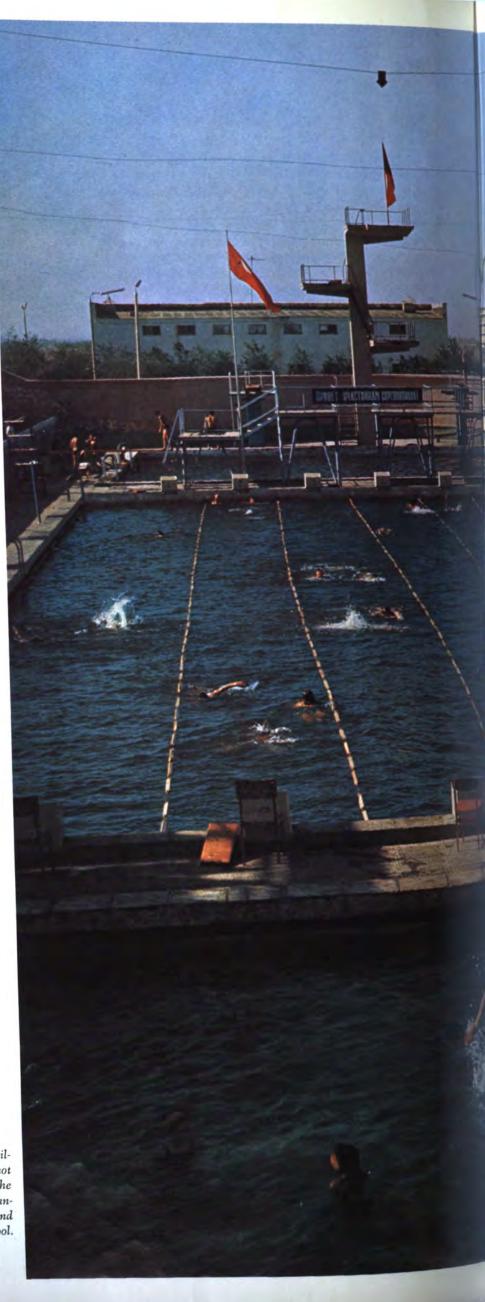


A young settler of a new community.

TOWN IN THE DESERT

By Mikhail Andrasha

This city, only 75 miles from Bukhara, seat of an old Central Asian civilization, has nothing of the exotic atmosphere of the Orient. Navoi was not built around the traditional oasis but around a subterranean gas deposit. The oasis appeared later, after the waters of the Zeravshan River had been chan-neled that way. Then orchards and gardens began to blossom in Navoi and the surrounding desert. There was plenty of water for a swimming pool.







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AVOI is a recent entry on the map of Uzbekistan. The new town is situated on the same latitude as Philadelphia and Lancaster, Pennsylvania, but the geographical resemblance ends there. Navoi was built on the fringe of the parched sands of the Kyzyl-Kum Desert. As though to challenge the burning sun and the searing winds of these parts, man has built a town of concrete, steel, aluminum and glass in a setting of young greenery.

The temperature range is startling. From 102°F. and 111°F. in summer the thermometer plunges down to -11°F. in winter. The eddies of sand raised by the wind seem always poised to swell into full-fledged sandstorms. No rain ever falls from the lowering clouds. The climate here (which, incidentally, is the reason for the bonus of several per cent in local wages) will eventually be improved by the waters of the Zeravshan River but that will not be for some time. Later, the town's recently planted gardens will begin to give shade, and, until then, the pitiless sun will keep beating down from the pale blue sky.

The pages of this region's history have been turned by the swords of conquerors—Persians, Greeks, Arabs and the Mongol hordes of Genghis Khan. The passage of time here was measured not in years or decades but in invasions.

Cities sprang up and vanished from the face of the earth. Some, like ancient Khwarizm, have survived and prospered. Others, like Ersha, the capital of ancient Fergana, are to be seen only on archeological maps. The invaders were all absorbed.

It takes about 90 minutes of moderate driving to reach Navoi from the ancient city of Bukhara. The traveler's imagination takes wing when he learns that he is following the Great Silk Caravan Road that once ran through the desert, linking the rich lands of the Mediterranean coasts with remote China. You need no great flight of fancy to see yourself a merchant, following the old caravan route from Europe to India. Here are the ruins of a fortress from whose gates the Emir of Bukhara would send his men to meet the wealthy traders passing through his domains. This is the crossroads of caravan routes that once bustled with traffic. A creaking arba, which looks lost in this stream of motor traffic and elects caustic remarks from drivers, reminds you of the ancient road which now lies under asphalt.

After Bukhara, with its Eastern-style dwellings in narrow and crooked lanes and its celebrated minarets, madrasahs and mausoleums, where Moslem prophets lie buried, Navoi looks like the offspring of a new civilization. It was, indeed, designed and built by Leningrad architects, though there is nothing here reminiscent of the mansions of the old St. Petersburg—no stylized twentieth-century imitations of nine-teenth-century architecture. What we sense here on the fringe of the desert is the spirit of the new and beautiful city on the Neva River.

A Central Asian Town Reaches Skyward

When they talk of their ancient towns and cities, Uzbeks will usually add that twice as many cities were built in Uzbekistan in the Soviet period as in the previous 2,500 years. Every third Uzbek is now a city

dweller, they will tell you with pride.

Since 1965 another 30 towns have been or are being built. The rapid and sometimes painful process of urban construction is confronting this formerly agricultural republic with problems.

One has to have some knowledge of the rhythm of life in Central Asia and the customs of its people to realize the impact of modern city living.

The Koran-hallowed type of dwelling is a kind of miniature fortress. The adobe *duval* or outer enclosure, the house walls of cob bricks and the front door of elm boards jealously guard the secrets of the inner court—the women's half of the house in which the wife or wives live. The head of the household, its absolute ruler, lives in the other half. The windows of the small rooms all face the inner court. There is the kitchen with its stove, and, at a respectful distance from the kitchen, the place assigned for ritual ablutions. Then there is the poultry shed and the blessed coolness of shade from fruit trees in the courtyard.

Equality of women has done away with many religious customs. Only one wife is permitted by law. The Central Asian Soviet city of today gives its inhabitants low-rent apartments with all modern conveniences.

All this is fine: bathroom, hot water, gas, electricity, garbage chute, and a balcony with boxes for a pint-sized garden. Splendid! But what about the old customs? Are a few years enough to change the thinking of the old people? Can one get along on the eighth floor without his favorite plane tree or elm? Or his poultry? Or again—the devout Moslem does not like the idea of the kitchen being close to the bathroom.

The problems are many and far from all have been solved. One of the big questions in Central Asia is how high to build apartment houses. Should they be two- or threestories high, with climbing plants adorning the façades, or tall buildings that seem to reach the sky? Such constructions are a tremendous change from the traditional flatroofed single-story Eastern dwelling.

Built to the specifications of a master plan, Navoi does not have the usual suburban periphery. It has the visual impact of an architectural maquette, the embodiment of the most progressive social ideas of urban planning. Last year a conference of Central Asian architects was held in Navoi, and the town served as a classroom for urban planners who are making blueprints for new towns in Kazakhstan, Kirghizstan and Turkmenistan.

With the most critical of yardsticks the visiting architects checked high-rise dwellings having all the conveniences, including balconies facing north and entrance galleries facing south. They took note of the gardens separating the buildings, with their young greenery and wading pools for the tots. They inspected the stadium, the swimming pool, the shops and the shopping center now under construction, the restaurant, the hotel and the 12-story municipal and local government center. The admiration for the brick and concrete buildings expressed in the morning, when the temperature stood at 86°F., yielded to a certain skepticism by two o'clock in the afternoon, when the thermometer showed 107.6°F. in the shade and there was not the slightest movement of the scorching air. The scepticism vanished

when the architects took a dip in the very popular local swimming pool.

The experience gathered in building Navoi was incorporated in the plan for the reconstruction of Tashkent, considerably destroyed by an earthquake. The plan calls for a garden city of tall buildings, blending looks with comfort and standing on solid and quake-proof foundations. The new capital of Uzbekistan will be able to stand up to very severe subterranean shocks and tremors. As for gardens the capital will average 325 square feet of greenery for every inhabitant.

High-Pressure School Construction

Prior to the Revolution, only two inhabitants out of every hundred in Uzbekistan could read and write. Today the new town that bears the name of Ali Sher Navoi, the great Uzbek fifteenth-century poet, has probably the highest literacy rate in the republic. The average age of its citizens is 27, a fortunate generation whose years of schooling coincided with the postwar education boom in Uzbekistan.

School construction has to be done at high speed in Navoi. The general education schools (enrollment 14,000), the secondary technical schools (enrollment 1,200) and the local branch of the Tashkent Polytechnic College (enrollment about 1,000) are coping with the job. But what about tomorrow?

The personnel at the chemical works, the ore-refining plant, the electric power station and the construction sites are young people for the most part. They have their sights on basic values—learning skills, a secondary or higher education, rearing families and obtaining apartments in modern housing. The local authorities know that if a young person cannot look forward to a school certificate or diploma in Navoi, he will go elsewhere. The best housing will not anchor him to Navoi. Hence the high priority given to the construction of school buildings, the science library and the youth hostel.

The same high demand holds true for other constructions—the Palace of Culture with an auditorium for plays, the new restaurant with a roof-top pool and the new park. The present stadium, swimming pool, cafés and movie theaters cannot keep pace with the demand.

Lesser Problems

This notice, painted in all colors of the rainbow, hangs in the shade of the trees:

"Register for classes in modern social dancing. Instruction for beginners, intermediates and advanced students. All the latest social dances, table manners, etc."

The young people in the park do not take offense at the reference to social know-how. Women enjoy equality but expect the courtesy that is their due; pilau should not be carried to the mouth with the fingers in the traditional fashion, if spoons, knives and forks are available. And it is certainly nicer to sit at a table than to squat, plate in hand.

In the twenties, the early years of Soviet power, local Communist Party women began setting up women's organizations to fight for equal rights. Wives came to see these suffragettes without the knowledge of their husbands and unmarried girls without the consent of their parents.



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Crane operator Valya Sandina is from the Urals. She likes the idea of building a new city in this ancient part of the world.

Here is an excerpt from a letter sent during this time by Gulsum Bibi: "In her ignorance, my mother wants me to become the third wife of a man of 40. I do not want to do that. Tell me what the law says, because I want to marry another man."

Another note: "Jerabai Raiskulov has sold his eight-year-old daughter Tursun Gul for three horses, a bull and a cow, and this despite her tears. What can we do about it?"

By the European yardstick, the distance between these common tragedies of the twenties and today's classes in dancing and table manners should have taken at least a century and a half to span. The Uzbeks did it in a few decades.

Three Uzbek girls are reading the notice, three pretty, round-faced girls. One of them is named Tursun, like the unfortunate child who was sold for cattle; the other two are named Mariam and Zulfia. All three are 18 years old. They finished secondary school in the town of Katta-Kurgan, and, leaving their dearly loved parents, brothers and sisters in their native town, came to Navoi "because it is a very beautiful place." They are students of a vocational school and, after the first year of instruction, are getting their practical training at the chemical plant.

They live in a hostel, which is simply an ordinary house, and have a rent-free apartment with modern conveniences. There is no charge for their three daily meals or their

work clothes. All vocational school trainees are taught, fed and housed at state expense.

Zulfia intends to go to Bukhara this year and enroll in the correspondence department of the Teachers' Training College there. She would like to teach history.

The other two girls have applied to the local evening branch of the Tashkent Polytechnic College. They like the work they are presently being trained for, the manufacture of silk and artificial wool. The plant is expanding, and by the time they graduate as chemical engineers, they will be able to transfer from the factory to the research laboratory.

"Marry? There's time for that when I get my diploma. Of course one can combine marriage with study, but it's much harder."

"Children? Two will be enough. We don't want to repeat the mistakes our elders made, six or seven children. One boy and one girl makes a good family."

"Complaints? Minor ones. We need more entertainment, for instance, a repertory theater. And the guest artists could be improved on. It's hard to get season tickets for the town swimming pool because of the great demand. We're glad they opened a school for dancing and good manners; a lot of the young fellows here should learn to dance."

Then there are such problems as 33-year-old Mansur Rakhmanov's. He is a garage mechanic and came to Navoi from Kazakhstan six months ago with his wife and two children at the urging of his sister. Mansur is due to get a two-room apartment in a week's time, but he's expecting an addition to the family in two months which would have entitled him to a three-room apartment.

"A couple of months too late," he sighs. Or such complaints as Abdullayev's. He works as an economist on a construction project. "For a whole month I've been looking for a mahogany bedroom suite. They have everything else in the store—walnut and birchwood but no mahogany. And most of it isn't worth what you have to pay."

The round-faced factory girls with their state-manufactured dresses, the problems of paterfamiliar Mansur, the complaints of the economist and the thousands of sun-tanned young people—all this is Navoi, a new town down whose broad streets the desert wind blows, until the buildings of concrete and brick block it off.

Elsewhere the heat of summer is welcomed; here it is cruel and parching. Even at night one feels the fierce and shimmering neat; the air is stifling. But the 33,000 inhabitants of Navoi are hopeful—and they have reason to be—that architecture and all the plantings will eventually turn their town into a cool and flowering oasis.





Konstantin Feoktistov in the Voskhod spaceship.

SPACESHIPS TODAY AND TOMORROW

INTERVIEW WITH KONSTANTIN FEOKTISTOV

Doctor of Science (Engineering) Pilot-Cosmonaut of the USSR

Photograph by Igor Snegirev

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QUESTION: How important is the shape of a spaceship? How does it change with the progress of spacecraft construction?

ANSWER: The situation is somewhat different for a spacecraft than a plane, where the shape is determined by the laws of aerodynamics. After testing various arrangements, aircraft designers arrived at the monoplane shape, with wings up front and the tail assembly in the rear.

In outer space, where there is no air resistance, a craft can be practically any shape. Remember our sputniks and the lunar and interplanetary stations? They differed considerably. The shape and size of a spacecraft depend, first of all, on the nature and quantity of its scientific and service equipment.

This is true to a degree of any type of ship. Spacecraft designers have a great deal of leeway here except for the shape of a reentry vehicle, where they are limited. The consideration is whether it is desirable to have what is known as a gliding descent or a ballistic reentry.

For a spherical ship, like the Vostok and the reentry vehicle of the Venus-4 station, only a ballistic reentry is possible, since a purely spherical shape will be subject to drag, no matter which of its sides is turned in the direction of the flight. The overload is regulated only by the angle of reentry.

In the case of another shape, let us say an inverted cone (the U.S. Gemini-type craft), the reentry vehicle might have a lift, with a certain balance achieved by a proper location of the center of gravity. If a control system is also installed, it will be possible with this form of reentry vehicle to change the direction and volume of the lift and consequently to guide the descent trajectory and regulate overloads. Even with an aerodynamic quality of small values it is possible to have overloads no larger than 3 or 4 g, which is less than in launching a ship into an orbit.

QUESTION: What do you think will be the difference between spaceships designed for the Moon and Mars or Venus?

ANSWER: The main difference will be in their power supplies, that is, in the rocket stages of the ship. The length of the flight will also be a factor. A return trip to the Moon will take from 10 to 15 days, while an expedition to Mars or Venus will take two or three years.

These two circumstances will determine the difference in shape and design. In my opinion lunar ships will be mainly using rocket stages burning chemical fuel-oxygen, hydrocarbon or any other chemical compound capable of producing sufficiently high specific impulses. The chemical rocket stages will then take up the greater part of the weight and volume of a ship. If, for example, such a craft weighs from 100 to 200 tons on its orbital flight as an Earth satellite, it will weigh from five to seven tons on its return to the Earth. The rest will be scattered in the form of burnt-up fuel and used-up rocket stages somewhere along the Earth-Moon trajectory, in the area of the Moon and on the lunar surface.

Speaking of ships designed for trips to Mars or Venus, to reach the velocities needed for escaping from their Earth satellite orbits to the trajectory of a flight toward the planet of destination, for braking and for entering the planet's orbit, it would seem more expedient, at present, to use either ion or plasma jets. But the question immediately arises: Where will the electric power for the jets come from? Obviously the ship will have to carry a nuclear power unit with a great enough capacity. A lunar ship will therefore look like a modern rocket with a spacecraft in its nose part, while a spaceship designed for a trip to Mars or Venus will look more like "sails," with a power plant in one end and living quarters and instrument compartments in the other.

The "sails" provide large radiation surfaces for the removal of unused power since the efficiency of a generator cannot be equal to 1.0.

QUESTION: What are the prospects for a single-seater?

ANSWER: It is hard to foresee any reason for building a single-seater spaceship. It was logical for the first flights since the designers were limited by the possibilities of carrier rockets. But only ships designed for many people will be used in the future, I think.

The scope of work to be done in outer space will be considerable: research of various kinds and the assembly of orbital stations and laboratories, among other things. And I can see only an increase in this scope with time.

A single-seater would not even serve for trips between orbital stations and the Earth. A transport ship to carry replacement crews for orbital stations must obviously have a rather large capacity.

Perhaps the lifesaving capsules on a satellite station will be single-seaters or two-seaters. This needs further investigation. What I have in mind is some major trouble on a satellite station which forces the crew to leave in a hurry when there is no transport ship in the vicinity. Such lifesaving situations will have to be provided for. It might be advisable, for example, to have lifesaving devices on the station. Cosmonauts will board them, find their bearings manually, switch on the brakes and descend to Earth. Such a capsule must not be large, of course.

QUESTION: What is the optimum size of a space crew at our present level of engineering skill, and is it likely to change with time?

ANSWER: It is too early to answer that question. All ships built up to now were approximately the same weight, from three to six tons. They could take no more than three men. The size of the crew is determined by the tasks of a given flight and the power capacity of the carrier rocket.

One man has to pilot the ship, another to navigate. For charting the course of the flight a good knowledge of the sky (which, incidentally, is not so hard to acquire) will not be enough. Also needed will be a knowl-

edge of celestial mechanics, the techniques of reading and analyzing instruments, the solution of navigational problems by electronic computers, and the methods of checking the validity of the measurements. All this will call for a certain degree of specialization. Ships bound for long flights will need doctors and biologists to observe the biological environment inside the ship and watch the health of the crew. But none of these people will have only one specialty, because on a flight to Venus, for example, you would then need a crew of 50 to 100 specialists. But a crew that big is not possible, particularly in view of the quantities of food and water the ship would have to carry. The probability is that no more than a 10-man crew will be used in the first flights to Mars or Venus. Each one will have to have something approximating an encyclopedic knowledge, be master of several skills. For example, the captain might be both pilot and navigator, and it would be good if he were an engineer as well.

QUESTION: What method of leaving the ship for a walk in outer space is most promising and why? Is any other method possible besides depressurizing the cabin or locking? ANSWER: Locking seems to be the most promising method, since it would be unwise to depressurize an entire ship or orbital station. To depressurize the cabin, all the members of the crew would have to put on space suits. We expect that people working on orbital stations will wear light suits, like those worn on earth or like those we were wearing during our flight on Vostok I. Locking methods will have to be worked out to make it possible for a spaceman to take a walk outside the ship or station without inconveniencing the other members of the crew.

I cannot think of any method other than depressurization or locking. A lock can be turned into a space suit, perhaps. That is easily visualized. Let us say that a rigid space suit is prefastened to a hatch. A man climbs into the suit, sticks his legs and arms out, the hatches are closed from inside the suit and the ship, and the suit is then detached from the ship. But this is not much more than a space suit with a different name, a kind of a trip in a lock. The lock will return to the ship and be fastened to the hatch; the cosmonaut will even the pressure, the hatches will open and the spaceman will find himself in the ship again.

I think that large ships and satellite stations will have more than one lock.

Imagine a large ship with a crew of 10 or even more people. It will be a huge object. The possibility of a meteorite striking it will be much greater than with today's ships. However, not every meteorite, even if it punctures the shell, is dangerous. The pressure does not go immediately. Still, it may happen that a crew is forced to leave the ship. In that case it would be best to exit through an undamaged section. There should therefore be at least two locks.

Courtesy of the magazine Aviatsia i Kosmonavtika



THIS AIR-BORNE GENERATION

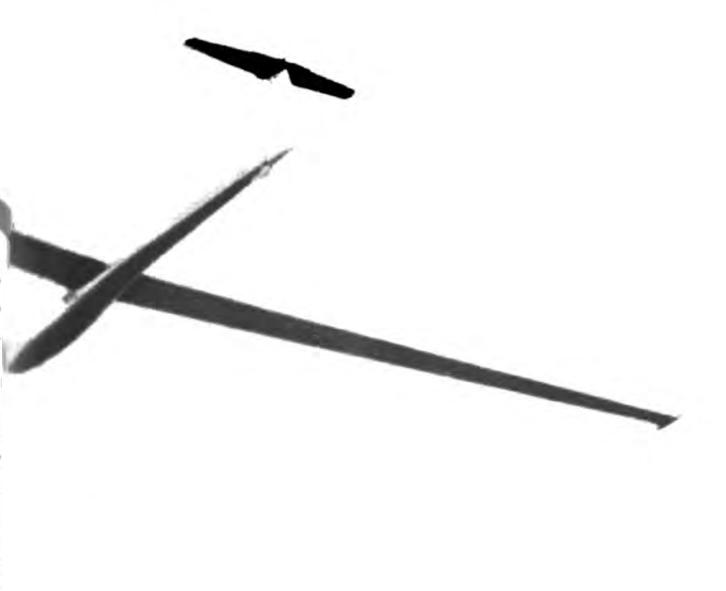
By Victor Kuprianov

To be a record holder like Victor Goncharenko takes an almost intuitive idea of where the air is solid and where it will give treacherously.



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The sense of flight that birds must have can be duplicated only in a glider. The pilot suddenly sprouts wings and, leaning on the uprising currents of air, he flies many hundreds of miles.

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S GLIDING in for another golden age? Or are its days as a sport numbered? Opinions differ.

Some say gliding is too tame for this jet-minded generation.

Others point to the zooming popularity Others point to the zooming popularity of the sport sparked by spaceman No. 1, Yuri Gagarin. When word of his flight got around, every boy on the block rushed into the sport with long-range dreams of voyages to other planets. The fair sex followed suit when cosmonette Valentina Tereshkova broke the male monopoly on space travel

when cosmonette Valentina Tereshkova broke the male monopoly on space travel. The girls have brought glamour to gliding. One summer day Tamara Zaiganova, whom many news writers call the prettiest miss in the sky, made all the headlines. This 24-year-old beauty took off from the national gliding center in Orel, near Moscow, bound for Volgograd, 455 miles away. She got there nine hours later in a flight that made gliding history. gliding history.

That might not seem distance in our daybut how far would you get driving an engine-less Rolls-Royce uphill? A glider has no en-gine to do the pushing or pulling. But with a little luck and a lot of know-how you can get the wind currents to carry you

get the wind currents to carry you.

Tamara Zaiganova still recalls an earlier flight which she had thought would be her last. She nearly crashed on a team flight when her glider slipped down to a low of 500 feet over a field hemmed in by a thick

The glider came spiraling down, and for a split second Tamara sat paralyzed. Her flying mates circled around, showing her where the rising air currents were. She dragged along to the nearest one—made it, and the current lifted her to an altitude of 6,500 feet. She completed the flight with the rest of the team for an excellent rating.

The modern glider is a long way from the wooden structure it used to be. The latest model in use in the Soviet Union is the A-15, an all-metal glider. This stream-lined, cigar-shaped model has a V tail for greater stability and maneuverability.

greater stability and maneuverability.

The glider pilot no longer feels as lonely as the long-distance runner. His model is highly instrumented for safety. Minimum equipment includes an altimeter, pressure gauge and gyro horizon. Also a radio to keep in touch with ground control and instructor and teammates in the sky. When structor and teammates in the sky. When Tamara Zaiganova made her record flight, she was in constant radio contact with her

she was in constant radio contact with his husband, who flew alongside all nine hours.

The Soviet team at the recent eight-nation contest in Orel used the A-15 model. The "A" stands for designer Oleg Antonov. A pioneer in heavy aircraft, he designed the world's heaviest plane, sometimes called the "their freight car" 'flying freight car."

Antonov designs gliders as a hobby. He leaves no more to chance there than when he designs airplanes. The other thing the code letter "A" stands for, besides Antonov, is "airworthy."

Although the A-15 is in general use throughout the Soviet Union, there are still a few A-2 veteran trainers around. Antonovice.

a few A-2 veteran trainers around. Antonov's A-9 is meant for speed. It was used to set all the records credited to Soviet fliers. The A-13 is for glider aerobatics and performs annually at Moscow's big air-sports ex-

The modern glider cruises at speeds as high as 90 miles an hour. And when it hits a vertical air current, it soars up at 12 feet per second. That can produce a feeling in the pit of the stomach that few high-speed vehicles can match.

Flying a glider takes skill, lightning reaction time and all the other attributes fliers and spacemen must have. The glider pilot

must brave rain, strong wind and storm.

At the national championship in Orel 57 glider pilots competed for top honors. A third were women.

The weather was called "inclement" by the forecasters. The contestants called it "terrible," and even that was an under-

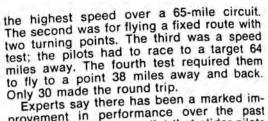
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There were four tests. The first was for



Grounded, gliders look like make-believe planes, graceful but impotent, until they take off in a long string to put on a dazzling aerobatic show.

Dmitri Dvoyenosov checks his radio before takeoff. A glider pilot has the same sense of solitude as the astronaut, discounting the occasional eagle.



provement in performance over the past several years. They predict that glider pilots at international tournaments may have to race distances of 400 miles or more to a target and back.

Camera bugs have brought back stories of fascinating shots taken from gliders. The Soviet Union produced a color film of a glider flight having breath-taking shots and

will gliding ever be able to compete with flying? Probably not. But then it doesn't have to. It holds an honorable position of its own. And for boys and girls headed for flying and astronautics, it serves as an introduction.

The Society for the Promotion of Aviation sponsors a nationwide network of clubs that offer a wide range of facilities for parachute jumping, gliding and flying. There is no charge for the use of equipment or the instruction. A year's membership dues is 30 kopecks, the equivalent of two ice cream cones a year.

The society has hundreds of airfields all over the country with up-to-date equipment. For aerobatics, club members even use YAK sports planes, ranging from those with piston engines to the jet models.

Membership is open to teenagers. Tamara Zaiganova started gliding at the age of 15 in her home town in Northern Kazakhstan. Prior to that she did aircraft modeling for several years at a children's recreation center. Modeling know-how is a must to join a

Before Tamara left the ground in a wooden RPO-11 trainer, she had to study the fundamentals of flight, meteorology and glider design. Her first flight took her only 30 feet above the ground after she was catapulted

This is the general pattern. The next step is the two-seater glider which is towed in the air by a plane. The glider pilot then graduates to the modern Antonov models.

Membership in a gliding club is an incentive to good scholarship in high school. And the theoretical studies of club members do give them a broad background.

Some youngsters decide on gliding as a profession and become instructors. There are various schools which offer this training. Qualification standards are high. Trainees not only do the practical flying; they are put through a thorough theoretical course, probably the reason most glider and aerobatic pilots are also aircraft engineers.

Thousands of boys and girls are now learning the art. There's no telling how many of them will go on to real flying, but there isn't a flier who does not wax enthusiastic about this fascinating sport.



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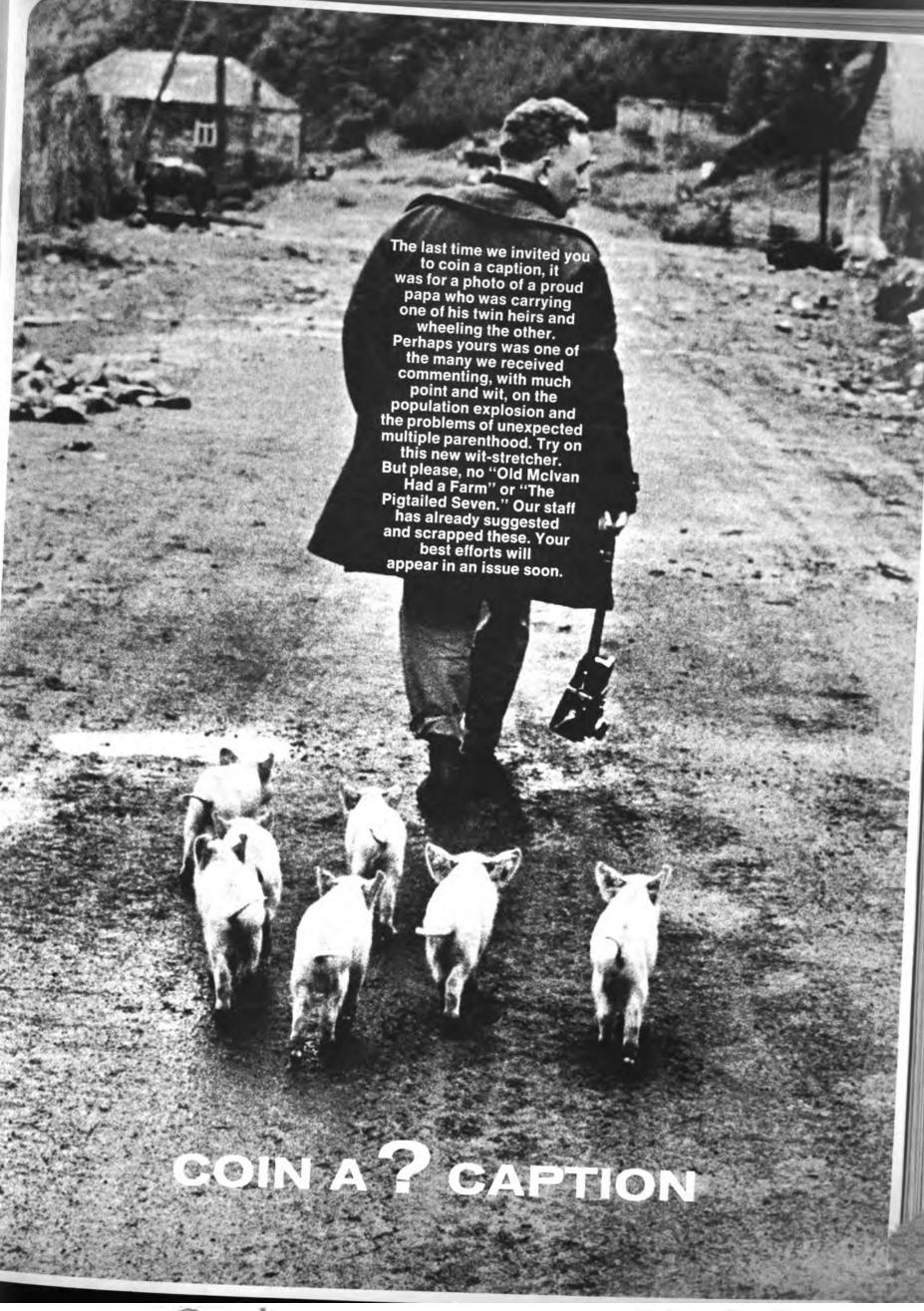
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Perhaps the most moving and profound trait of a child is his unconscious faith in the need for common sense.

"The Constellation of Capritaurus" Fazil Iskander

By Gustav Naan Member, Estonian Academy of Sciences

HERE ARE TRUTHS that are firmly established, obvious, proven beyond a doubt. For example, the truth that the Earth is flat and fixed in space. To doubt this is to run counter to our daily experience and common sense. There is also another, even more important consideration. To doubt this truth is to undermine our belief in our significance: to imply that we are living not in the greatest of all worlds but on some insignificant planet; that we are not the center of the

"Yes," the reader may say, "our naive ancestors really thought so. universel What next? Now we know how things really are. And we also know that our age

Note, however, that every generation believes its era is unique. is uniquel" And every generation has good reason to: unique by virtue of steam and electricity, of circumnavigation, of the Renaissance, of the pyramids, of bronze, of fire, of walking upright instead of crawling on all fours.

The Collapse of Truths

Then, quite unexpectedly, the precise science of astronomy declared that, odd as it might seem, the Earth is neither flat nor fixed in space; nor is it the center of the universe.

Our era differs from those preceding by reason of its greater dynamism, its higher rate of development. Formerly there were long intervals separating periods when scientific discoveries clashed with common sense and firmly established principles. Mankind had enough time to assimilate and digest the results of each successive collapse of accepted theory. Today these intervals are shorter, and in the physical sciences they have practically disappeared. In the memory span of one generation physics crushed a host of accepted absolutes, and the process continues at an explosive rate. Common sense is losing all credit in scientific evaluation. Recall what Niels Bohr said about Karl Heisenberg's theory: Is his theory mad enough

The same thing will undoubtedly happen with all the sciences. to be true? Physics has moved ahead farther than the others, and the situation in physics, therefore, has universal scientific and, indeed, human interest. It sheds light on the ways of knowledge and the role of com-

Now what is common sense? Common sense is experience plus mon sense. the prejudices of an age; the sum of verified experience on the one hand, and ignorance, delusion and prejudice accepted for knowledge, on the other. Knowledge, like anything else, progresses when each successive generation takes over the entire experience of the previous generation, minus some of its prejudices. Common sense, like everything else, changes from generation to generation, slowly and imperceptibly in the past, quickly and painfully at present. It is our weakness to underestimate our prejudices and delusions.

"... We are most likely at the very beginning of human history," says Engels, "and the generations which will have to correct us will evidently be much more numerous than those whose knowledge we can now correct and whom we very often look down upon." By cosmic measurement, mankind is still in its cradle.

This is why we should look at the theories based on the common sense of our age critically and not impose our prejudices on the generations to come. In this sense the experience of science also has universal importance. "Man has no more powerful and effective force than science," wrote Maxim Gorky. One may ask: "Why has science become the most powerful and effective force? One of the primary reasons is that science does not accept a single proposition without doubt and criticism. If the theorems of geometry are considered true, it is because they have been subjected to criticism and have stood up under that criticism for several millenniums.

The progress of knowledge is not a smooth, evolutionary process by any means. At each given moment the structure of knowledge is confusing, and its development is even more complex complex and and devious. Our system of information on nature, society and ourselves contains at least three important elements: knowledge, ignorance and knowledge of what we are ignorant about.

¹ Marx and Engels, Works, Russian edition, Vol. XX, Moscow, p. 87.

SCIENCE AND

An ignorant person is rarely assailed by doubts: He passes absolute judgments on everything. Few know how much we should know to know how little we know, says an eastern proverb. Einstein saw a problem where everything was clear to everyone else: the equality of weighed and inertial mass. The result was that most revolutionary theory of natural science: the general theory of relativity. To pose a scientific problem means to detect, circumscribe and understand an area of ignorance. It is by no means easy to know what we do not

Ignorance taken for knowledge is a delusion. Delusions play an important role. They can be comic, but just as often they can be tragic. A delusion is never labeled a delusion. On the contrary it is often taken for a truth, even a sacred truth, for which men flght, kill and sacrifice themselves. The history of religious wars is a case in point. Ignorance taken for knowledge leads to knowledge taken for ignorance, for a delusion, and from there on to heresy and sedition. A semiapocryphal story describes the end of one of the seven miracles of the world: the famous Alexandrian library. The custodians came to the leader of the conquerors and begged him to spare the treasures of knowledge accumulated by mankind. The military leader had some aptitude for logical thinking, and he thought for a moment. Then—"the library will be burned," he said, "for there are only two possibilities: either all those hundreds of thousands of manuscripts of yours say the same thing as the Koran, in which case they should be burned as superfluous. Or they say something the Koran does not, which is heresy. And they should certainly be burned." What survived the fire for the sake of the Koran—the minor Library of Alexandria-was burned for the sake of the Bible.

No, a delusion is never labeled as such. But as evil as a delusion is, it may have positive value: "A form of our knowledge of the unknown, a delusion does not present (in contrast to the truth) any adequate comprehension of the essence of inquiring reality; yet preserves an evolved system of knowledge from immediate death until this essence has been actually discovered. A delusion acts as a damper, softening (though not eliminating) the blows struck by the unknown at the known," write the authors of The Logic of Scientific Research. Without delusions our knowledge would never be a system of knowledge, for there are always gaps in knowledge. These gaps are filled by opinions mistaken for knowledge: by delusions.

The point is not to possess any delusions. This may be impossible. The point is to be able to analyze critically the entire structure of our system of knowledge to detect those areas in which ignorance is taken for knowledge. Delusions cannot soften forever the blows

struck by the unknown at the known.

It is commonly thought that scientific discoveries are made in conjuction with common sense and not contrary to it and, therefore, that they can be predicted and planned. In my opinion what lends itself to planning is, strictly speaking, not science as such nor scientific discoveries but the application of existing scientific discoveries. Under the same heading come some oversimplified notions on the connection between science and its application.

Dialectical Development of Knowledge

Oversimplifications are alien to dialectical materialism. From contemplation, to abstraction and hence to practice: This is the dialectical development of knowledge. This formula by Lenin expresses the essence of the matter. To give something essential to practical living, science must break away from life as far as possible and must rise to the highest abstractions. The stronger this break, the more abstract the abstraction, the more revolutionary will be its subsequent influence on life. However the break is by no means easy. Only a genius can really become remote from life. By going directly from practice to practice, without any intermediate separations, we can only improve on what exists; we will not create anything new in principle. Radio was born not as a result of improving telephonic communications but as a subsidiary and unexpected result (very alien from the point of view of common sense) of investigating a problem concerned with the structure of the electromagnetic field.

² See The Logic of Scientific Research, Moscow, 1965, p. 240.

Today hundreds of thousands of mechanisms, units and structures without which our pattern of civilization is inconceivable, are built on the principles of classic mechanics and calculus. Now Newton hardly created his mechanics and calculus for engineering. His purpose was to understand the motion of celestial bodies. Those who are inclined to think of astronomy as a type of science that satisfies curiosity rather than contributes to civilization should recall Einstein's words: "Intellectual tools without which no development of modern engineering would be possible came mainly from observing

If someone had placed a box of polished wood on a table a hundred years ago and declared that he would hear a singer performing on another continent, he would have been taken for an impudent fraud or a madman. Experts would have proved that it was impossible in principle as two times two makes five. Today this "grand magic" is a part of the daily routine of everyone's life. The point of departure for the miracle came from James Maxwell's equations. To express the laws of the electromagnetic field in mathematical terms and make them appear logical, Maxwell hypothesized the existence of a displacement current. Its definition is not important for our discussion. What is important, however, is the fact that the hypothesis was the crux of the discovery. Maxwell was not entitled to his hypothesis; it was not justified by either practice or experimental data; it was simply a bold flight of creative imagination.

Once written down, equations begin to live on their own, producing not only the expected results but results altogether unexpected and fantastic. One consequence of Maxwell's equations is that the field may break away from its source and exist on its own, propagating through space at a speed on the order of a billion miles an hour (approximately the velocity of light). A dozen or so years later Heinrich Hertz proved experimentally that these rays of electric force (radio waves) really existed (nature thus belied common sense). And several years after that the Russian inventor Alexander Popov transmitted and received the world's first radio message of two words:

It would be difficult to think of another factor which could exert a more striking influence on the whole of civilization other than the following unexpected conclusion derived from abstract and abstruse equations: Every night hundreds of millions of people sit before the more than a hundred million TV sets on our planet and imperceptibly change under the influence of good or bad TV programs. Discerning sociologists talk of the advent of a new and powerfully influential force on all continents. Besides the three traditional branches of power-the legislative, executive and juridical-we now have another-television.

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Radio also symbolizes our time, in a deeper and more subtle sense. In the age of steam and electricity man was interested mainly in the capacity of energy-generating installations. Today this is of secondary importance. The basic aim of engineering today is information rather than energy. The sensitivity of modern radio equipment and a sensitivity and ment makes it possible to use signals of infinitesimal energy. A conventional mass-produced radio set amplifies signals dozens and hundreds of thousands of times without any distortion of information (for example, the voice of a singer). As for specialized receivers, their sensitivity is beyond imagination. A participant at an international symposium was asked to pick up a sheet of paper from a desk. "When you picked up this sheet, you spent more energy than has been collected by all radio telescopes throughout the history of radio astronomy," read the inscription on the paper. Indeed, this infinitesimal quantity of energy has carried a vast volume of information on the structure of the universe.

is There Life on Earth?

Finally it is due to radio that man has become a cosmic factor. We can use an example based on the calculations made by Soviet astrophysicist and radio astronomer losif Shklovsky. Cosmic distances are so great, and our Earth is so small that it is impossible to detect it from even the nearest star. It is even more difficult to detect any signs of life on it. Our largest cities or other signs of civilization cannot be discerned even from our nearest planet, Mars. Martian astron-

omers, if they exist, could argue for centuries whether the Earth is inhabited. But there is one factor which changes the situation sharply. Even with primitive radio telescopes Martian astronomers could detect the radio emission created by thousands of television centers on Earth. Their attention would certainly be drawn to the fact that the radio emission on Earth in the meter bands has increased one million times and, as a radio source in the solar system, the Earth is now second only to the Sun. Martian astronomers would realize that this mammoth increase of radio emission cannot be explained by natural causes and must have an artificial origin. Therefore there must be life on Earth: moreover, a relatively intelligent civilization. Quite a sensation!

The sensitivity of radio telescopes is such that there is the hope of establishing direct communication between civilizations separated by distances that make them mutually invisible.

Now all this started with obscure equations less than a hundred

All over the world sociologists refer to the growing gap between the explosive development rate of our precise sciences (with the resulting development of engineering) and the very slow evolution of our moral, esthetic, legal and humanitarian concepts. Here is a typical example. Though quantum theory and the special and general theory of relativity, demonstrating that the world is not designed according to Newton but in a more intricate and contradictory way, have been current for dozens of years, at least nine tenths of the people with a college education haven't more than the faintest notion of these theories. For most people the world continues to be Newtonian; when a deviation from Newtonian theory is discovered, they can barely resist the temptation to exclaim: "Then the world is in-

The Newtonian world was a very nice and cozy place to live in, most likely because we got used to it for 200 years or so and learned as children that this was the natural image of the world.

Strict or Laplacian determinism reigned in the Newtonian world; any event might be predicted reliably. However with the development of science, beginning with statistical physics and especially quantum mechanics, we found that this was only a pleasant illusion. The world is much more complex, and chance and chaos play an immense role. The realization of this fundamental fact was one of the circumstances which paved the way for so fruitful a field as cybernetics. Finally we realized that a world in which everything is risid and where chance has no place cannot exist. It is bound to call rigid and where chance has no place cannot exist. It is bound to collapse like a bridge in which all the parts are perfectly rigid (the comparison comes from the father of cybernetics Norbert Wiener). It is interesting that in 1948, when statistical physics had been in experience. istence for a century, quantum mechanics for more than 20 years and cybernetics was born, the declaration was made that "science is the enemy of chance"! The irony of history seems to be inexhaustible.

The strict determinism of the Newtonian world is a manifestation of its continuity or regularity. However the development of science (primarily quantum mechanics) indicated that in nature there are discontinuities, intervals, cataclysms. Cosmology and astrophysics demonstrated that catastrophies may be stupendous, involving stars, galaxies and even the metagalaxy (at certain stages).

In the Newtonian world space and time are nice, even and flat. The sum of the internal angles of a triangle is always 180°, and the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. The world Is static and stable. The theory of relativity did away with these illusions. Actually we are living in a curved world, in a world with a curved space and time. The world is by no means stable and static: It cannot be. The metagalaxy, that is the entire system of billions of galaxies in which our solar system occupies a much more modest position than a grain of dust in the Sahara, has been expanding for thousands of millions of years.

Thus, contrary to our pet delusions and the authority of common sense, we are living in a complex and confused world: curved, poorly determined, expanding and irregular; in a world in which there is often no continuity. Is it good or bad? You may decide either way, but you must remember that nature is always indifferent to our judgments.

Courtesy of the Estonian science magazine Horisont



ALEXANDER TYSHLER'S WORLD

By Gennadi Gritsai

E HAVE BECOME used to thinking of 68-year-old Alexander Tyshler as an outstanding stage designer. His sets for Moscow and Leningrad productions and his 1957 and 1964 exhibits showed him primarily as a theater artist and a distinguished interpreter of Shakespeare.

Tyshler's sketches of sets, costumes and characters have time and again furnished the key to the imaginative solution of a production. They are not only the setting for a play; they have the power to embody poetic spirit.

In great measure Tyshler's success as a scenic designer has eclipsed his achievements as a painter and graphic artist.

At his 1965 show, however, stage design sketches occupied only a modest place in an impressive collection of works. But they proved to be a very integral part of the collection, not only because they are works of art in their own right, but because they reveal the same metaphorical treatment of the subject as do his paintings that have no connection at all with the theater-the projection of a philosophical idea by a heightened intensity of tone and plastic form. For example, in his decor for Shakespeare's Richard III the dominating motif was stones. Tyshler cluttered the stage with stones. "Stones crushed men's chests, the costumes were as heavy as stones, the men were like stone turrets, holding their shields with stone hands, and boulder collars supported their heads." Tyshler had given reality to a metaphor, poetic embodiment to the motif of the stonyheartedness of men. The festive spirit of Twelfth Night he conveyed by a whimsical transformation of the shapes of houses, bridges and trees. "The trees grow hearts; along with the revelers, the carnival houses and palaces in which Orsino and Olivia live are whirled by the merry-go-round." This is what Grigori Kozintsev, film director and student of Shakespeare, who did the wellknown Soviet screen version of Hamlet, wrote of Tyshler's settings.

Tyshler creates whole series of pictures which are variations on the same theme. It is not that he is out to exhaust a subject, but rather to give greater clarity to some basic idea of his.

In each of the series Rape of Europa, Show-Booth and Gypsies, and in the picture Shooting a Carrier Pigeon, the artist employs a metaphor to translate a philosophical idea into painting. What Tyshler paints is not a young girl's portrait (Show-Booth), not a picture based on a well-known mythological subject (The Rape of Europa), not a variant of the clown. The Rape of Europa thus strikes a rapport with Carmen, the two together acquiring a relationship by symbolizing the power of lust.

In the Show-Booth series we find the same young girl painted in a fantastic headgear

30





Shooting a Carrier Pigeon. Oil. 1965.

that serves the artist as an object-symbol of a psychological state—the young girl's glow-

ing and extravagant and colorful view of life. Tyshler suits his execution to his peculiar vision of the world. The creations of his imagination seem to materialize out of a vague flickering light or a bluish mist. Detail, the psychologically tangible background, are nonessentials. For this reason, Tyshler's gypsies are conventionalized. It is the associations into which the subject is projected that is impor-tant. To Tyshler the fate of the gypsies as a wandering tribe helps bring out his own conception of freedom. The same principle is at work in his series of pictures dedicated to the Civil War. He depicts the forces of the Revolution with an exultation tempered by

stylizing his work, in imitation of children's drawing. The Red soldier on horseback, the commander's death and the farewell are painted as a child imagines the Civil War from the stories he hears about it. The radiant pink and green color scheme carries with it a naïve symbolism of red star and green

By showing the Revolution through the eyes of the child, the painter establishes its link with the future. The counterrevolution, on the other hand, rouses associations with the past only-the Jesus Regiments, whose religious sects and fanatics represent the back-ward elements in Russia's historical develop-

An important clue to Tyshler's painting is

his triptych My Childhood Neighbors (1965). Stylized in the manner of an old daguerreo-Stylized in the manner of an old daguerreo-type, it introduces us to the isolated little Jewish world of a small town in the South of Russia, a world familiar to us from Marc Chagall's paintings, Isaak Babel's stories and Edward Bagritsky's verse. Each of these tal-ented men in his own fashion had sought a way out and broken with this world, although Chagall's vision of Europe itself, as can be seen from his paintings, remains colored by his early provincial background. Babel and Bagritsky had gone out into the big world "open to the fury of the winds." Alexander Tyshler's defiance took the form of a painter's vision of a world founded upon goodness, freedom and beauty.

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DIONYSIUS

By Nikita Goleizovsky and Saveli Yamshchikov

IONYSIUS, one of the greatest of the old Russian icon painters, is mentioned with admiration and respect by praise-stinting chroniclers and biographers. We do not know when this artist was born or when he died. The Ferapont Monastery frescoes, the last of his work that we have (April 1967 issue of SOVIET LIFE), were painted between 1500 and 1502. We surmise from this and from the fact that his youngest son Feodosius was commissioned to paint the frescoes in the Moscow Kremlin Church of the Annunciation that Dionysius died around 1508. The exact year of his birth is much more difficult to place.

At any rate, by the 1460s he was working at the Church of St. Pafnutius of the Borovsky Monastery and was already greatly esteemed. In 1481 Archbishop Vassian of Rostov asked him to paint icons for Russia's main shrine the Moscow Kremlin Church of the Dormition. "And he did a wonderful piece of work," writes the chronicle scribe. The following year he was commissioned to restore the greatly revered Kremlin icon of the Hodigitria Virgin. It was probably about that same time that he painted the celebrated hagiographic icons of Peter and Alexius, both Metropolitans of Moscow.



Details from the iconostasis of the Church of the Nativity of the Holy Virgins at the Ferapont Monastery. It was painted by Dionysius and his two sons, Feodosius and Vladimir, in 1500-1502. The posture of prayer of the archangels, the Holy Virgin, John the Baptist, as

well as their gestures and the folds of their clothing, directs the spectator's eye inward, toward the central figure of the Savior. The expressions of the saints are deeply meditative. The intense colors of the robes, despite their diversity, blend into a polychromatic harmony characteristic of early sixteenth century art.

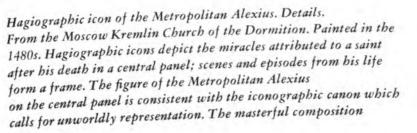
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During Dionysius' lifetime, Moscow icon painters, having learned from Andrei Rublev the value of the expressive line, were overly concerned with form. They tended to produce works which, though outwardly effective, only superficially portrayed ideas. At a cursory glance, Dionysius and his school would seem to have followed this trend. Their paintings show heightened interest in form and color, and the compositions are slow and stately. But closer examination makes it evident that they were probing for meanings; their works are more than mere majestic illustrations.

Dionysius invests the human form with spiritual "angellike" qualities. It is not physical strength but inner emotion that signifies the victory of good over evil and the final triumph of the spirit. The beautiful figures of his icons and frescoes are almost translucent, permeated with a radiant glow. The viewer feels that man can reach toward perfection.

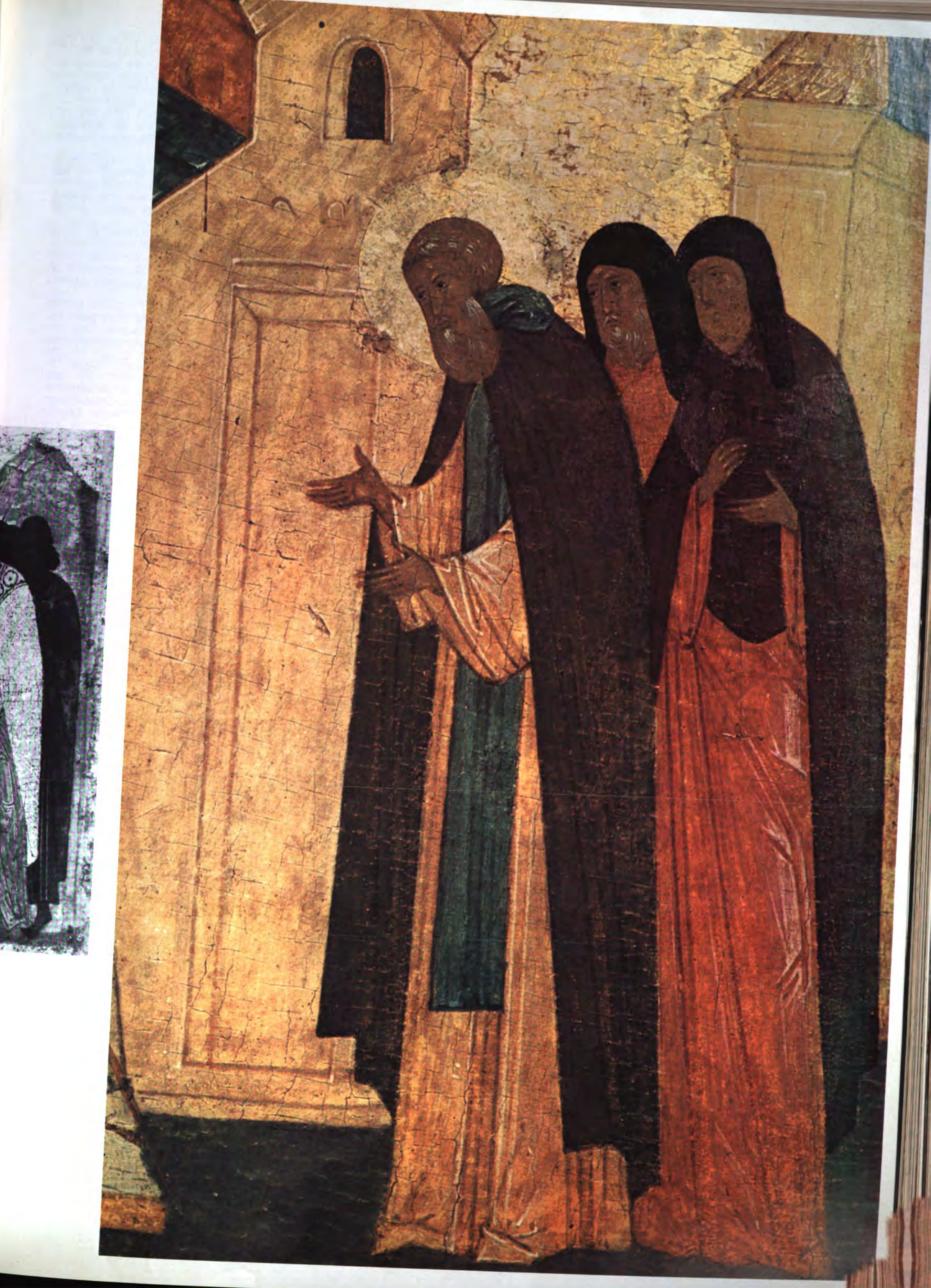
Reproduced here are two of Dionysius' icons, the hagiographic icon of the Metropolitan Alexius and the Deesis. Both are in the collection of the Tretyakov Gallery in Moscow.







ties this central panel to the 20 horder scenes from the Metropoliti life. Painter Dionysius was apparently not interested in depicting the Metropolitan's political affairs, the reason for surmising that the icon was commissioned by a cleric. The border scenes show Alexiu as a man of impressive spiritual strength. The color organization a combination of cold, transparent pinks, greens, yellows and browns, with the white high lights denoting wisdom and chastity



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MICROBES CHANGE THEIR BEHAVIOR

Will we ever arrive at a time when pathogenic microbes are nothing but museum exhibits? What are microbiologists researching today?

These questions were the agenda for a conference sponsored by the USSR Ministry of Health on infectious diseases. Members of the USSR Academy of Medical Sciences Oganes Baroyan and Victor Zhdanov, and President of the Academy Vladimir Timakov participated.

A CENTURY and a half ago, when small-pox, plague and cholera ranged the world freely and when the part played by the microbe was only a vague guess, physicians all over the world started pooling their efforts

to fight infectious diseases. Strict quarantine and international conventions were practically the only weapons they had.

"Thanks to progress in biology, which gave us information about many specific features of microbe life and was responsible for antibiotics, sulfa drugs and vaccines, thanks also to the joint efforts of epidemiologists, these infections have been driven out of Europe and many countries of the world," says Oganes Baroyan, Director of the Gamaleya Institute of Epidemiology and Microbiology.

"Dormant" Hotbeds of Disease

Black spots of infection hotbeds can still be found in the world. We still have plague in India, Africa, Indonesia and Indochina; smallpox in India and Brazil; cholera in the countries of Oceania and Southeast Asia; yellow fever in the jungles of Africa and South America.

The tested system of quarantines, life-saving vaccines and the many years of experience in predicting infection hazards have built a barrier against diseases that would probably be insurmountable if there were no blank spots in our knowledge of microbes.

microbes.

Everything seemed to be well known, or at least the main things were: the properties of pathogens, the way they get into the human body, their weak points, the effects of some antibiotics, the world geography of epidemics. But the facts of the recent years have again forced us to center attention on the so-called receding infections which we have been battling now for 150 years.

A combination of antibiotics is a tested means of controlling plague. But recently a microbe resistant to six antibiotics was found in rodents that transmit the pathogens

found in rodents that transmit the pathogens of this disease.

Another, and a no less unhappy, discovery has to do with spotted fever—pathogens of this disease have been found in animals in Ethiopia and North Africa. Are there unknown natural hotbeds of spotted fever from where this disease is transmitted via rodents and birds to man? These are the problems epidemiological research sponproblems epidemiological research sponsored by the World Health Organization is grappling with.

Chemistry vs. Viruses

Man is menaced by a host of species, classes, races and families of parasites. With a whole arsenal of protective weapons—from chemotherapy to epidemiology and social hygiene—medicine has been able to control bacteria, rickettsiae, fungi, etc.

But the picture is altogether different for viruses. A few decades ago typhoid fever and dysentery were to blame for most intestinal diseases. Now they have been retestinal diseases. Now they have been replaced by the virus of epidemic hepatitis. Influenza and viral diseases of the respira-

tory tract have turned into fatal "record

tory tract have turned into fatal "record breakers"—they cause more afflictions than do all other infection pathogens.

"Of course the situation is not the same for all viruses," says Victor Zhdanov, Director of the Virology Institute. "We are well armed against smallpox, polio and rabies. The system of quarantines and vaccinations and the measures evolved and tested by Soviet science already make it possible for us to think of wiping out these infections on a worldwide scale."

The turn of so-called transmissible infec-

The turn of so-called transmissible infec-

The turn of so-called transmissible infections, for instance, encephalitis, will come in the near future. But with influenza and hepatitis, unfortunately, we cannot predict even approximately when we will rid the world of these infections.

The virus of infectious hepatitis has not been identified at all. We have done better with influenza; its pathogen was discovered more than three decades ago. But to this day we have not caught up with its unique capacity for changing its properties within a short time. a short time.

Despite its success in controlling many viruses, science has not yet found an all-purpose drug even remotely like the sulfonamides, streptomycin and penicillin, which have done such yeoman service in the fight

against many kinds of bacteria. Why?

The virus is not the usual inhabitant of the microcosm. It is not dangerous of itself, but only when it has penetrated the cell of the living organism. And this is where the the living organism. And this is where the paradox enters. Having become dangerous, it stops existing as a single whole, sheds its protein membrane, and the stripped nucleic acid turns into a kind of machine that continuously produces fragments, components of new viruses.

components of new viruses.

Nothing like this happens with bacteria. They preserve their own structure and their own metabolism, distinguished from that of the organism they settle in. These "independent" microbes can be identified, traced and destroyed. But virsuses bind their lives so closely to the cell that meddling with them can damage the cell too.

Nevertheless, some barely perceptible distinctions in the development of the virus and its victim have been found. The virus penetrates the cell but has neither the "raw material" with which to build new particles

material" with which to build new particles nor any energy sources. But the cell has, and so the virus has to dethrone the former ruler—the desoxyribonucleic acid (DNA)—first. This operation is performed with elegant simplicity by T-even phages—representatives of bacterium viruses. They synthese sentatives of pacterium viruses. They synthesize a special agent — octimethylcytosine. To suppress its synthesis means to find an antiviral medicine.

Nucleic acid synthesis is another "vulnerable" moment in the development of the

able" moment in the development of the virus. We have already been able to obtain agents, for instance, guanidine, which inhibits the development of the virus of poliomyelitis and some others, as well as isatinthiosemicarbazone, which acts upon the smallpox virus. Analogues of thymidine inhibit the synthesis of desoxyribonucleic acid hibit the synthesis of desoxyribonucleic acid of the herpes viruses and the pox vaccine. Since they have little toxicity, these agents have proved effective in clinical tests.

The development of the virus can be stopped by acting upon the so-called "early" protein-enzymes. They start the process of propagation of the viral nucleic acid and —a most interesting feature to scientists—some protein-enzymes are absent in the normal, noninfected cell. This line of investigation was responsible for a recent chemotherapy discovery, the antiviral properties of benzimidazol.

Once the peculiar chemical and physical properties of viruses are found, it is not difficult to make them the targets of a chemical attack. But why not use the already known all-purpose agents which inhibit metabolism?

The analogues of thymidine in large

The analogues of thymidine, in large doses, have a lethal effect on the cell; in small doses they harm only the virus. Scientists were therefore able to use them in treating keratitis and skin diseases caused

treating keratitis and skin diseases caused by the herpes virus.

Another way of creating antiviral agents is to alter the surface of the virus particles, thus barring them from the cell. This can be done with synthetic compounds, analogues of neuraminic acid. Or we can obstruct the passage of the virus through the cell membrane by preventing it from "getting hold" of the cell surface. Amantadine, a compound with a unique three-dimensional structure, has been effective here in controlling some representatives of the famcontrolling some representatives of the family of influenza and parainfluenza viruses.

Bacterial Surprises

Bacteria were the first representatives of the invisible kingdom to get into the micro-biologist's field of vision. They have ad-justed well to laboratories, breed in ordinary

justed well to laboratories, breed in ordinary nutrients and require no unusual conditions. "From year to year research methods are refined, and related sciences provide us with data which alter our old concepts of the microcosm," says the prominent Soviet microbiologist Vladimir Timakov. "This process of altering our concepts is going on right now. Recent years have brought us fundamentally new data on the structure and chemical composition of bacteria and on the laws governing their heredity and variability.

variability.

"In 1961 our laboratory found in various chronic diseases some nontypical microbes, the so-called microplasms and L-forms of bacteria. As early as the past century scientists knew that they existed, but thorough study of these microbes began several years study of these microbes began several years ago. Why and how do they appear? And what danger are they? We already have

some of the answers.

"The L-forms are a previously unknown mode of existence for bacteria, their specific specific chamical cham mode of existence for bacteria, their specific reaction to unfavorable physical, chemical and biological environments. Bacteria were found to have other shapes than rods and cocci, the classic forms established several decades ago for typical microbes. Under some conditions bacteria draw out into filaments, join into spheres and granules, freely passing through ordinary bacterial filters. Moreover, despite the classic canon which says they reproduce by simple division, they are capable of creating offspring by budding

Moreover, despite the classic canon which says they reproduce by simple division, they are capable of creating offspring by budding and by separation from dying cells.

"Microplasms and L-forms can live for years without manifesting their effects. But if the protective forces of the organism have grown weak or if a course of treatment has been completed, these forms come to life. L-forms turn into dangerous bacteria again. Are they to blame for recurrences of tuberculosis, rheumatism and brucellosis? In these cases we are never able to identify the "typical" pathogens. Is there any point in looking for them?

"In recent years we have had proof of the pernicious role played by microplasms in many human and animal diseases. I think that these infections about which we are just beginning to accumulate information constitute the most pressing problem of microbiology. Perhaps microplasms are responsible for other processes—both autoimmunity and allergic—that we understand only vaguely now."



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queries from readers

QUESTION: We would like to know something about Murmansk and its role as a port during World War II. (Department of Sociology, Creighton University, Omaha, Nebraska)

ANSWER: Murmansk is in the Arctic Circle on the shore of the Kola Gulf, 30 miles from the Barents Sea. During the war it was the only ice-free seaport in the Soviet North and handled most of the lend-lease cargoes from the USA and Britain.

Aware of its importance, Hitler fixed three different deadlines for the capture of the port. In the summer and fall of 1941 it was attacked by such elite German divisions as the "Fuehrer," "Deutschland," and "Death's Head." The city was heavily bombed from the air; 800 enemy air raids destroyed threequarters of the buildings and hit the port hard. The total damage was estimated at 750 million rubles. But even in the heaviest of bombings the port handled three times as many ships as it had in peacetime.

At the end of the war Murmansk was rebuilt. Today it is a large commercial port and industrial center and the headquarters of the Arctic Sea's fishing fleet. The city has a teacher training college, a higher nautical school, several specialized secondary schools and an Arctic Research Institute of Fishery and Oceanography. It has three theaters and two museums. The population is nearing 300,000.

QUESTION: How is the Soviet monetary system organized? (Howard E. Marston, Rockport, Massachusetts)

ANSWER: Our monetary unit is the ruble. It has a gold content of 0.987412 grams, which determines its rate of exchange with other currencies. The U.S. dollar, for instance, is rated at 0.9 rubles. In circulation are state banknotes in denominations of 10, 25, 50 and 100 rubles and state treasury notes in denominations of 1, 3 and 5 rubles. Coins are 10-, 15-, 20-, 50-kopeck and 1-ruble nickel pieces and 1-, 2-, 3- and 5-kopeck bronze pieces. The ruble's stability is guaranteed by the state gold reserve and the country's entire national

QUESTION: I am very much interested in the city of Ushgorod. (H. Klein, Cleveland, Ohio)

ANSWER: Uzhgorod is in the Transcarpathian Region of the Ukrainian Republic. It is situated on the Uzh River at the foot of the southwestern slope of the Eastern Carpathians. It is a rail center and motor road hub. One of the oldest Slav cities, in the tenth century it was under the suzerainty of Kiev Rus, but after this medieval state broke up into various principalities, Uzhgorod had a checkered history. It did not rejoin the Ukraine until 1945. Since then, many of the old factories have been renovated and new ones built. Such ancient structures as the sixteenth century citadel are now hemmed in by new neighborhoods. In 1945 a university was founded with five departments: history and philology, biology, chemistry, physics and mathematics, and medicine. The city has 15 general schools, a school of music, a school for the applied arts and a school for training salesclerks. It has a Ukrainian drama the-

ater, a Philharmonic Society, a Folk Art House, a Young Pioneer Palace, 12 clubs, several movie houses, a museum of regional study, an art gallery and two sports fields. Newspapers are published in Ukrainian, Hungarian and Russian. The population is 60,000

OUESTION: I would like some information on Soviet railroads, figures on tonnage and passengers hauled as compared to American railroads. Do you have automatic couplings, air brakes and centralized traffic control? (Louis Alder, Monroe, Wisconsin)

ANSWER: The USSR has a total of 82,000 miles of track. Last year freight turnover was 2,160 billion ton-kilometers. In other words, we hauled 2.6 billion tons, twice as much as the USA, though we have only two-fifths as much track. More than 90 per cent of the traction is electric and diesel. To date 15,500 miles of road have been electrified. The technical standards of communication, signal system, centralization and blocking are all modern. Computer equipment is used. Automatic couplings and automatic brakes are employed throughout. All the major labor-consuming track maintenance and repair jobs are mechanized. Our railways account for 70 per cent of the country's freight and 55 per cent of its passenger traffic.

QUESTION: What are the mechanics of a currency violation? How does one profit by it?

ANSWER: There are currency regulations in all countries. They involve the illegal export and import of gold, precious metals, gems and large sums of money. Exchange of currency on the black market is one such violation. Currency is sold for a price higher than the official rate of exchange, then the buyer finds someone willing to pay a still higher price. Violations of the official rate of exchange and the regulations for importing and exporting currency are penalized in all countries.

QUESTION: Is there any reason why a multiparty political system could not develop within a society that accepts a communist economic philosophy? (Doreen M. Dudley, Lodi, California)

ANSWER: Our economic philosophy does not exclude the existence of several political parties. Thus, in such countries as the German Democratic Republic, the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic and the Polish People's Republic there are as many as five political parties. A single or a multiparty system in a given country depends on the concrete historical conditions of development of the country.

QUESTION: Would you please tell us about housing cooperatives. (Catherine Simonds, Chicago, Illinois)

ANSWER: Housing cooperatives are organized at factories and offices and by the district Soviets in the towns. The members make a 40 per cent down payment before construction. The remainder is lent by the state for a term of 10 to 15 years at a yearly interest rate of one-half of one per cent. In remote areas the down payment is 30 per cent, and the

term of the loan is 20 years. There is no charge for the land, and the state pays for laying roads, mains, etc. Last year the state lent a total of 470 million rubles to housing cooperatives. In 1966 cooperatives built 200,-000 apartments; in 1970 they expect to build four times that many.

The following questions were asked at the Education in the USSR Exhibition in the USA in October 1967-January 1968.

QUESTION: How is Lenin's body preserved?

ANSWER: By special embalming methods and under the supervision of a group of experts. The problem is that the body has to be on view all the time. Various antiseptic liquids injected into the vascular system largely reduce post-mortem tissue changes. As a result of lengthy experiment a mixture has been evolved that gives fairly reliable protection against changes in tissue and skin color even at ordinary air temperatures. Vladimir Vorobyev and Boris Zbarsky, two professors of medicine, worked on the embalming of Lenin's body. Now there is a special lab for the purpose.

QUESTION: Are any of Lenin's relatives alive today?

ANSWER: Vladimir Lenin, whose real name was Ulyanov, had two brothers (Alexander and Dmitri) and three sisters (Anna, Olga and Maria). His brothers and sisters, except Olga who died from typhus when young, all took an active part in the revolutionary movement. Alexander, the eldest brother, was executed in 1887 for his part in an attempt on the life of Czar Alexander III. Anna was married to the revolutionary Mark Helizarov but died without issue in 1935. Maria died in 1937. Lenin himself had no children. His brother Dmitri, who died in 1943, had two children, Victor and Olga, who both live in Moscow. Victor is 50. Olga 48. Victor has two children-Vladimir, born in 1940, and Maria, born in 1943. The boy is a physicist and the girl a philologist. Olga has one daughter. Nadezhda, who is 14 years old.

QUESTION: I would like to know about travel in the USSR.

ANSWER: In recent years some 30 million Soviet people have been making trips annually, mostly during their vacations. At their disposal are 5,000 health camps, 2,000 lodges for anglers and hunters, 1,500 clubs, 80 motorships, hundreds of special purpose trains and 8,000 shops that rent travel equipment. Camp sites, motels and guest houses are situated on major automobile roads. Last year 1,550,000 people went abroad and 760,000 foreigners came here.

QUESTION: Can you buy land in the USSR to build your own house?

ANSWER: No. The law prohibits the sale of land. But the state will give you a plot free in perpetuity if you want to build your own house. The local authorities decide how big the plot should be. For its use you pay a land



COLLECTIVE FARM CHAIRMAN

By YEVGENI BUGAYENKO

When the Zavety Ilyicha (Precepts of Lenin) Collective Farm in the Jewish Autonomous Region, Khabarovsk Territory, holds its annual general meeting, the election of officers is always on the agenda.

But as far as the chairman goes, that item is a pure formality. Every year they re-elect Vladimir Peller. Peller, age 54, a deputy to the Territorial Soviet, holds the Order of Glory and is a Hero of Socialist Labor.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS AGO a group of soldiers, ending their military service in the Far East, were celebrating with a farewell supper, when the quartermaster poked his head in through the door.

"Peller," he said, "you haven't picked up your train ticket."

"No, sarge. I'm not using it."

Vladimir Peller had relatives and his own house and land back in the Ukraine, but he had decided to stay in the Far East. A collective farm was being organized in the next village. Most of the people were Jewish, and he wanted to join.

Three years later Peller was elected chairman. Their farm did well that year, but the other farms of the district did not. They were making arrangements to sell part of their wheat to the state, to keep some for seed and distribute the rest to the members, when one of the regional farm officials showed up.

"I want a favor," he said to Peller. "Your farm produced a good crop, but the others can't meet their quota of grain for the state. Save the honor of the region by selling them some of the grain you've kept for seed."

"Sorry, I can't do that without calling a general meeting," Peller replied.

"You don't need a meeting, just tell them."

"That isn't the way to do things," said Peller.

"No? Well then, I'll take the responsibility." And the angry official stormed off to the granary, Peller following hard on his heels.

"Open up and load the trucks!" the official ordered the bewildered manager.

"Give me those keys!" said Peller.

"No, you don't!" cried the visitor, pushing Peller aside.

That did it. Peller, who has a Herculean build, grabbed the official, frog-marched him to the gate and threw him out.

"You've had it, Peller!" said the other people on the farm.
"They'll charge you with assault and battery and throw you out of the party."

That evening Peller wrote a long letter to Moscow, a full report of all that had happened.

An inquiry was held, and Peller was reprimanded, as was the official, but in stronger terms.

Somebody told me Peller had been sent to a disciplinary company during the war. This didn't seem possible, so I asked him point-blank.

"That's right," he said. "The charge was 'criminal generosity towards the enemy."

In the summer of 1943 his unit was stationed in the Kursk-Belgorod sector. Peller was in charge of a group of scouts sent to find out the advancing enemy's strength.

They made their way without incident to the village of

Petushki. After disposing of a sentry, they crept up to a lighted house and saw several Germans sitting round a table drinking schnapps, their Tommy guns in a corner.

Four scouts kept guard; the rest broke into the house. The frightened Germans sobered up at once.

"Don't kill us," they begged. "We've got mothers and families waiting for us."

"I knew how the Nazis treated prisoners; I knew they killed Jews just for being Jews, but I couldn't bring myself to shoot them in cold blood. We let them go."

Peller was court-martialed and sent to a disciplinary company. He ended up its commander!

He came back from the war with nine bullet wounds in his stomach.

"I wonder what happened to those Germans," he mused. When he was discharged from military service, Vladimir Peller returned to the Jewish Autonomous Region.

The Regional Council told him he had a perfect right to go back to his prosperous old farm. But they needed someone to improve one of the farms that was doing very poorly. Could they persuade him to take it on?

They could and did. A few months later he was elected its chairman. And in three years it was the best farm in the district.

Then a delegation from his old farm showed up at the annual general meeting. They said they wanted their chairman back. There was a roar of indignation. Peller got up.

"Comrades," he said, "at my age a man doesn't like to move again, but he doesn't like to refuse to help people, either. I hope you'll let me go."

I first met him at the annual general meeting at the Zavety Ilyicha Collective Farm, where he was making his report. He is still big and burly, with heavy fists; but he uses glasses to read, and I noticed a little box of pills on the table. He has a heart condition.

A few facts from his report:

The farm has a staff of 630, 60 tractors, 18 combine harvesters and 28 vehicles.

On the grounds are three primary schools and one secondary school, two clubs, a library and a hospital.

The main item on the agenda was a proposal by Peller to merge with a neighboring farm. Their own farm, he pointed out, was building up a fine herd of dairy cows but was short of pasture, while the neighboring farm had unused pasture. There were other advantages as well. The merger was approved by a majority vote after several hours of discussion.

Peller is the only man in the village who ignores the seven-hour day. He's up and around at 6 A.M., and at 9 P.M. you'll still find him in his office.

The young man who drives Peller's car came in.

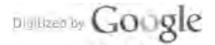
"What's the matter?"

"Well, you told me to take the vet to the station this evening."

"And . . .?"

"The concert at the club tonight—I've got tickets for my girl and myself."

Peller sighed. "Why don't you get married and finish with it? All right, I'll run him down myself. . . ."



One Thing Leads to Another

by Sergei Nikitsky

Grandad was sitting on a bench outside the cottage reading a book. At his feet lay Nosegay, the dog.

By and by grandad dozed off, and down slipped the book, right on Nosegay's nose.

Nosegay gave a yelp and started to run. The black hen started to squawk and run too, so fast that she went right over the fence.

Little Tanya saw her from the window, rushed out, picked up a stick and tried to drive her back.

Brother Igor shouted: "Tanya, wait for me! Where are you going?" and dashed after her, kicking over a bucket as he went and drench ing Stepka, the cat.

Stepka spat and sprang up a tree.

Up in the tree was a magpie who was not overfond of cats. With a whirr he flew to another tree, scaring a mosquito resting under

Away flew the mosquito, looked down, saw grandad and settled on his nose.

Grandad woke up with a start and brushed it away. "I must have been having forty winks," he said.



The Mad March

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One spring the Hares decided the Wolf must be taught a lesson. How could they live with him when he kept eating them up,

They decided to give him a good beating. But where was this to take place?
"Down by Vanin Well," Lop Ears sug-

gested. "That's a lovely place."

But Baldy Bill—they called him that be-cause he lived on Bald Hill—said no. "Beat him on our hill where everybody can see!"
"That's no good," cried Scabby Chops.

"Think how hot it'll be in the sun! Let's do

it by Beaver Dam where it's cool!"

They all started shouting at once, dashing about, boxing each other's ears and thumping the ground with their feet. You never heard

But they never came to an agreement. And to this day the Hares meet every spring and quarrel: "At Vanin's Well!" "On Bald Hill!" "By Beaver Dam!"

And whenever Wolf feels hungry, he just pounces on one, wherever he finds one. It makes no difference to him!

So now you know what March Hares are so mad about!

The Cat Who Wouldn't Eat Mice

Once upon a time there was a cat—a tabby

He lived in a nice house and thought himself something special. But he'd never seen or even heard of a mouse.

Then one day at last a tiny brown mouse

popped out of a hole in front of him.
"Good morning!" said Tabby politely. The
mouse said nothing but scuttled back toward her hole.

Tabby put his paw in front of the mouse and protested: "Wait a minute! Let's have a

"If you insist," squeaked the mouse. She started dashing all round the room with Tabby after her.

Tabby had a fine time. First he would spring on the mouse, then let her go, catch her again and toss her right up into the air.

At last the mouse cried out: "That's enough! You're supposed to eat me now.



"Eat you?" said Tabby. "Why? You're not sausage, are you? Or pâté de foie gras?"
"No!" said the mouse. "But cats are very

fond of mice. Real cats, anyway.

"But I don't want to eat you! I prefer to

play," said Tabby. "But you're a cat!" insisted the mouse.

"Does that mean I have to eat you?"
"You don't have to," said the mouse, "Cats eat tinned meat nowadays. But if you don't, everyone will laugh at me. They'll say you think I taste bad."

"Well, I'm sorry you feel like that," said Tabby, "but you'll just have to put up with

And stalking back to his fireside rug, he muttered: "I hope I did the right thing! But I just couldn't fancy eating that furry little

chap.
"I prefer the stuff in tins—it doesn't answer back!"

The Song That Wasn't Sung



When Spring came, all the birds came back, and with them came the Shrike.

The others all sang from morning till night, but the Shrike said: "Call that singing? You wait till I start!"

"Go on, then, sing!" said the other birds. "All in good time," said the Shrike. "Spring's only just come."

When it was nearly over the, birds said, "Now what about that song? You said you'd sing it in Spring."

But the Shrike replied: "Never mind, there'll be plenty more Springs."

Next Spring came and the next and the next, but every time the Shrike made excuses, until he was quite old.

"Are you ever going to sing that song?" asked the other birds.

"How can I sing now?" said the Shrike. "I'm too old. Let the youngsters have a go."

"You always boasted that you had the finest song in the world," said the other birds, "and now you tell us you haven't!"

"I did have a song," said the Shrike crossly, "but what time did I ever have to sing it? I was always building a nest, feeding the babies or something."

"Nonsense!" said the other birds. "If you had a song, you'd have sung it. The truth is you never had one to sing."

AT THE TURN OF

ECONOMIC GEOGRAPHY OF

By Vadim V. Pokshishevsky Doctor of Science (Geography)

ODAY, AS NEVER BEFORE, the world is trying to see the direction of its development, to evaluate not only the present but to envision the future. That future is being discussed at conferences of scholars and scientists and at international meetings of political leaders.

Economic forecasting is an intrinsic element of our planned economy. Along with our annual and five-year plan, we draft plans for 10- 15- and 20-years periods.

Can we see into the even more distant future, a future for which we have, as yet, no plan? Say, the year 2000? What will the economic geography of the USSR be like then? Such long-range forecasting is not pure guesswork for a country with a planned economy. Three or four decades is less than an average life span. A good many people now in their forties will still be alive at the turn of the century.

Let us start our mental trip into the future with a forecast of population growth.

Demographers estimate that the population of our country will be 333 \pm 25 million by the year 2000. This forecast should, probably, be modified slightly to allow for the continued rural migration to the towns, where the birth rate is somewhat lower. Calculations indicate that our urban population, presently 55 per cent of the total population, will rise to 68 per cent by 1980 and can be expected to reach 75 per cent by 2000.

The geographical distribution of the population, as well as its concentration in communities of various sizes, will depend, for the most part, on the future pattern of production. This pattern (with due account for territorial differences affecting labor productivity) can be predicted only in the most general terms. We can expect that the population of the USSR, by the time it reaches 300 million, will be distributed somewhat as follows: European part of the country—56 per cent; Urals and Kazakhstan—14 per cent; Siberia and the Far East—17 per cent; Transcaucasia and Central Asia—13 per cent.

Practical experience has shown us that giant cities are undesirable. Vigorous efforts have already been taken to limit their growth. As a consequence we can assume that their share of the total population will decline considerably by 2000.

On the other hand, small towns and urban communities can provide as high a level of municipal and cultural services as large cities, only at much greater cost. Soviet urban planning, therefore, tends to avoid excessively small urban communities, while restricting the growth of supertowns. Some of the present small communities will have grown into medium-sized towns by 2000, and economic needs will determine how many new towns will be founded. The bulk of the urban population will probably be living in the better serviced, more healthful and more economical medium and big communities rather than in supertowns.

The full development of natural resources will, for the most part, be realized by the close of this century. A rational approach to natural wealth (timber, soil fertility, the natural



OTHE MILLENNIUM

GRAPHE USSR IN THE YEAR 2000

fooder of meadowlands, fauna) means that so-called restorable resources will be spent in amounts and in ways that will ensure their perpetuation and, in some cases, their proliferation. The resources that cannot be restored, for instance, minerals, will be used to greatest efficiency and, if possible, be paralleled by prospecting for new deposits.

New metallurgy centers will appear in the East as the center of economic development shifts in that direction. In addition to the two present metallurgy centers in the Southern Ukraine and the Urals, which have been greatly expanding dur-Ing the Soviet period, there are two new ones, in Western Siberia (Kusbas) and in the central part of the country (Cherepovets, Tula, Lipetsk). Next in line are centers five and six, in Kazakhstan and in Eastern Siberia, near Lake Baikal.

A seventh center, to the east of Lake Baikal, will have been created by the year 2000, especially to meet the requirements of the Far East and, probably, for the export trade with the Pacific Ocean countries. This metallurgical development program is backed by ore and fuel resources to meet the most ambitious requirements.

Present efforts to harness rivers for power, irrigation, transport and other uses lead us to believe that the flow of rivers in the European part of the USSR, in the Caucasus and Central Asia will be under complete engineering control by 2000. These several projects will probably be completed before then: The waters of the northern rivers will be rechanneled to feed the Volga-Kama cascade and to maintain the optimal level of the Caspian Sea; a Battic-Black Sea shipping route via the Neimen and Dnieper rivers will be opened; the steppeland belt of the Ukraine, Moldavia, Northern Caucasus and the lower reaches of the Volga will be fully irrigated. All the rivers of Central Asia will be controlled. The Aral Sea will be preserved but only to the degree necessary for it to receive excess and drainage waters left after irrigation, industrial uses and other such re-

It is not fantasy to suppose that by 2000 we shall have some control over the thawing of glaciers in the Central Asian mountains. However, it would not be worth tapping the glaciers to maintain the water level of rivers, except in particularly dry years.

The rivers of Siberia, Kazakhstan and the Far East will probably not be completely controlled by 2000.

Although the distribution of industrial production in the Western and Eastern regions will change noticeably-much more so than population distribution—the East will be much richer In power by 2000, despite the fact that most of the power-consuming industries will be built there and at an accelerated pace. Power transmission to the European part will be an important economic and technical problem.

By 2000 we shall have a single high-voltage power system, covering all the main economic regions of the USSR and supplying current to neighboring nations. The advantages of this system are obvious. It will permit us to make complete allow-

ance for differences in time zones, to use the aggregate capacity of power plants at different hours of the day consecutively in the different zones of Eurasia.

Thus the old dream of power engineers, which had its origin back in the twenties, will be realized: The globe's rotation will be used to maneuver the generated power resources. Connected to the single power system will be power-generating installations of a new type or those now being mastered experimentally: tidal power plants, geothermic power plants and nuclear power plants. Nuclear plants will, in several cases, be operated separately from the single power system—in areas lacking other sufficiently economical sources of power and where high-voltage lines are not feasible.

An abundance of electric power in every part of the country will result in a high level of mechanization and automation. Since there is no limit to this process now under way; it will continue at an accelerated rate after 2000 also. By then all types of hard manual labor will have disappeared. Economic planning then, as now, will be based, as the CPSU Program declares, on "priority development of electric power output."

We will expand our economic potential substantially during the life-span of the next generation! This will permit us to use an ever increasing ratio of total industrial production to satisfy growing consumer needs. Soviet economists forecast a considerable rise in personal income in the form of both higher wages and increased benefits from the public consumption funds.

From the point of view of economic geography this large increase in the production of consumer goods and services will go counter, to some degree at least, to the general shift of industry to the less populated areas beyond the Urals. The intention is to bring the consumer goods industries closer to the consumer. The number of consumer industries moving beyond the Urals will depend upon the population growth there, in the Asian part of the country.

This, however, is the only exception to the general trend to move the center of heavy industry beyond the Urals, where it will be close to the practically inexhaustible natural resources of Siberia, the Far East, Kazakhstan and Central Asia.

Consequently, "east-west" freight will dominate "west-east" freight all through the period until 2000. But this does not mean that the eastern areas will only supply the raw materials. Very efficient processing of raw materials will be done there by the end of the century. An abundance of resources will make it possible for us to choose the best ones for exploitation, considering not only quantity and quality but for integrated processing as well. In over-all terms, Siberia is expected to be the most technically advanced region of the USSR in 2000. As a result, scientific and technical institutions will be moving there. The existing scientific institutions of the Siberian branch of the USSR Academy of Sciences are their prototypes. Reciprocity between new centers and the established ones in the European part of the country, with their proven research methods, will shape the economic geography of the future.

COLLAGE BY ALEXEI TERTYSHNIKOV



RHYTHM OF EXPRESSION



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IOTHROUGH GESTURE

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for Charlie Chaplin and Marcel Marceau. It took a great deal of time and disciplined study to master the economy and brevity, the gait, rhythm, the seeming relaxation of every joint and muscle that is the essence of the art. And then he had to develop his own means of expression in plastic gesture, his own artistic signature.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BORIS ELIN

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A NATION OF PHILOSOPHERS?

Foreign visitors often comment on how much book-reading they see in subways and parks. Soviet people are great readers. Which leads to the question, what do they read? Journalist Yevgeni Bogat published his observations on this score in *Literaturnaya Gazeta* and suggested a "wave theory." By his reckoning, we are rapidly becoming a nation of philosophers.

DROPPING INTO THE BOOKSHOP near my home almost every day, I noticed with some surprise that popular science books on physics, astronomy, mathematics and even biology, that used to sell like hot cakes, have begun gathering dust on the shelves. As always, fearing the last copy would slip out of my hands, I would rush to the cashier, grab my check and elbow aside other buyers. But next day, next week and even a month later—not without some feeling that I myself had been rejected—I would see it standing with the display of more recent arrivals. And so when two brilliant books on biology and astronomy that I had long awaited were even ousted from this display to a showcase devoted to publications as esteemed as they are unpopular, I reached my limit of silent endurance and made my way to the cramped office of stock manager Yefim Basner for an explanation.

A man of 70 with light, restless hands and a melancholy, ironic expression peculiar to old notaries public and book sellers, both recorders of strange fates—whether of men or books—he responded with his theory of waves, a simplified picture of the complicated dialectics of life, its infinite variations.

"Waves," he said, giving a majestic interpretation of a wild sea with the hands. "To give you a better idea, I'll begin way back in the early postwar years. What was the buyer after then? Galaxies or bees? Nothing of the sort. Art. Reproductions and albums, the large books with illustrations that children call picture books. People were looking for beauty then, visual harmony. I remember seeing them line up the night before to subscribe for sets of Balzac and Chekhov. My grandson doesn't believe it, but that's the way it was. Then poetry became popular, the craziest time of all. A book sold out if it had more than two rhymes. Readers craved verse! So they got verse . . . some good, some bad. At first everything sold. Lateronly the good. Then your bees and galaxies took over, and we lowered the prices of poetry anthologies. What is time, and what is the cosmos? What is a chromosome, and what is an ant? . . . We order 100 copies-not enough. Order 1,000-not enough. So we order 500 more, and what did we find? Too many. And when this happens a couple of times, we realize that a new wave has set in.'

"And whose turn is it now?"

"The turn of that which isn't," answered the old book seller. "A vacuum as they say in your favorite popular science books."

Yes, evidently what has set in or is setting in is a crisis caused by a plethora of information. When a new and exciting book about the wonders of the universe does not sell the way it used to, a plethora exists. The cup is full to overflowing, and each new drop is superfluous. It is not new information about the world that is wanted but a new understanding of the world. This does not mean popular science books will lose their readers: They will be bought regardless of a "wave," Balzac or Dostoyevsky. But a "wave" is a symptom.

The very air we breathe seems full of explanations of chromosomes and ants. And so we have those age-old but ever-new questions popping up again: What is man today? Man's spirit? The human personality? These questions are all the more urgent, because the reader

has been learning much from books about "galaxies and bees" and so little about himself.

And what will give him the answers? Philosophy, of course. But how?

The long history of human thought, beginning with the schools of antiquity, bears witness to the fact that when the human intellect was on the rise and when new facets of reality were discovered, philosophy tended toward communication with a broad variety of people. We, contemporaries of the great events of the twentieth century, understand the underlying meaning of this communication: After titanic efforts Marx gave to philosophy what Antaeus was given by his kind mother—the living strength of the Earth; philosophy then became a force that not only interpreted the world but also changed it.

To explain the increased interest in philosophy, Yevgeni Bogat illustrates with a study of existentialism done by Candidate of Philosophical Sciences Erich Solovyev.

For most of our intellectuals, one of the leading philosophies of the West has for years remained a puzzle. Our philosophical dictionaries and articles were unanimous in labeling it decadent, corrupt, subjectively idealistic and a reactionary trend of modern Western thought, without providing these harsh judgments with an exhaustive system of proofs. At the same time we saw foreign films and plays created, according to the press, by artists influenced by existentialism. On screen and stage we saw honest people suffocated by the inhuman reality around them, feverishly seeking the meaning of lifepeople, who suffered and failed at times and who behaved with a full measure of human dignity in tragic situations.

Examining existentialism, Solovyev centers his attention on the individual and the situation, a cardinal theme of this philosophy. This concentration permits him to disclose both the origin of modern existentialism and history's judgment of it.

Solovyev confronts the reader with the arguments of the existentialists, forcing him to appraise these arguments on their own merits. The rejection by Solovyev of generally available and authenticated criticism does wonderful things. Years ago when existentialism was stuck all over with labels (like a suitcase that has traveled round the world), I could not evolve a personal attitude toward it; now I am able to refute its arguments with growing confidence. This not yet fully understood peculiarity of human psychology should not be overlooked by philosophers or publicists. Solovyev makes the reader think; therein lies the virtue of his studies.

I came across this interesting fact: More than 200 copies of the book *Thomas Aquinas* by the Polish writer Jusef Borgosz were sold in an hour.

When I passed this information on to a young writer, he smiled ironically:

"Don't build a theory on it. A boy wants to impress a girl. Yester-day he bought Pushkin's works; today he buys *Thomas Aquinas*.

I would like to end on this ingenious, neo-Freudian interpretation of youth's interest in philosophy, for I believe that an article on philosophy should always contain a morsel of humor.

But perhaps it isn't so funny that today when a boy wants to impress a girl, he has to display a philosophical treatise in his bookshelf and talk about the need for meditation on ethics and an integral understanding of the world.

Courtesy of Literaturnaya Gazeta







DOCTOR FYODOROV: artificial crystalline lens instead of glasses

rofessor Svyatoslav Fyodorov, who heads the ophthalmological department of Moscow City Hospital No. 50, makes the blind see. The laboratory under his supervision fashions prosthetic appliances to replace the parts of the eye he removes surgically. Grafted into the eye, they restore sight. Dr. Fyodorov was the first surgeon in The Soviet Union to do an artificial lens graft and work out the various techniques for this operation that only a few surgeons in the world are able to perform.

He himself has done some 3,000 operations, 300 of them

artificial lens implantations. These first tentative steps

offer great promise.

Neither contact lenses nor cataract eyeglasses with large magnifiers will serve in these situations. With eyeglasses, the angle of vision is narrowed by half, and familiar distances between objects are changed. Patients who are drivers or dancers can no longer do their jobs. Artificial crystalline lenses, however, restore 80, 90 or 100 per cent of the patient's vision, and in many cases sight improves after the operation.

Lydia Shklyayeva of Moscow, a music teacher, was nearsighted from birth and were glasses all her life. At the age of 40 she

from birth and wore glasses all her life. At the age of 40 she developed cataracts in both eyes. Music notations blurred, and soon she could no longer manage by herself. Now, with a crystalline lens grafted into one eye, she sees perfectly. Though an operation still has to be performed on the other eye, she no longer wears glasses.

Mikhail Piskunov, a hunter who went completely blind, was brought to the hospital by his daughter. He used a stick to feel his way. After regaining the sight of one eye, he rides a motorcycle again and hits the bull's eye seven times out of ten at marksmanship competitions.

Almost bloodless and lasting 30 or 40 minutes at the most, the operation is performed free of charge and is therefore

accessible to everyone, although the international price of an artificial crystalline lens is rated at 34 dollars.

Crystalline lenses weigh eight milligrams and are five millimeters in size. They are grafted onto tissue with fine thread one-tenth of a millimeter thick. Dr. Fyodorov operates with microinstruments. He works with the utmost concentration,

The pincers, needles and automatic punches are made for him by Nikolai Syadristy of Kiev, whose work was described in the July 1967 issue of SOVIET LIFE in an article titled "Why Shoe a Flea?"

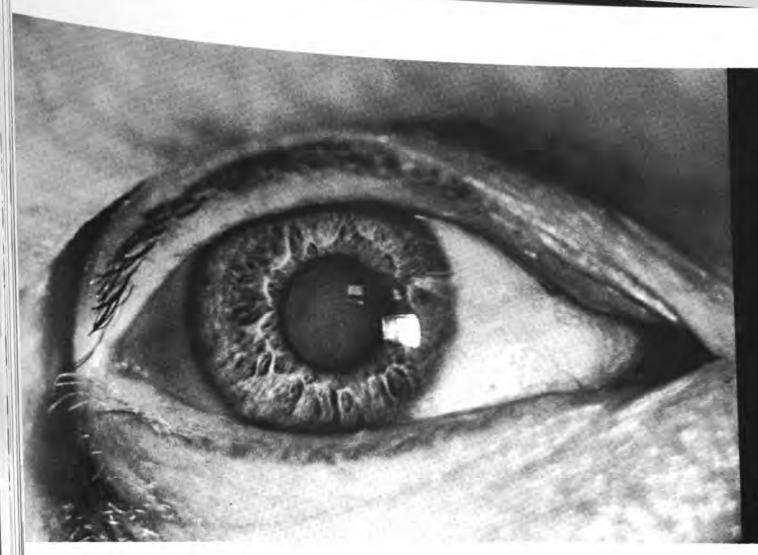
Dr. Fyodorov is 40. He did not win recognition immediately, he had to fight for his method. He did his first operation eight years ago, grafting a plastic crystalline lens into a 12-year-old girl's eye. She regained her sight. The operation was the first of its kind in our country. Now a special eye clinic is being built for Dr. Fyodorov.

The people in his laboratory were originally his students.
They are now improving on the crystalline lens, so that elderly patients may see as well as they did at 20. Besides performing one or two operations a day, Dr. Fyodorov is searching for new ways of restoring sight, the ophthalmologist's contribution to the miracles now being done with organ transplants and prosthetic biostimulator appliances.

Photographs by Vasili Malyshev

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Cataract (dimness in center).

hunters and drivers with plastic lens

Interview with Professor Svyatoslav Fyodorov

Q. Why replace the crystalline lens? When the lens of the eye becomes opaque and is removed, the affected person can see well enough with strong glasses. Can he not? A. He can, the way a man without a leg can walk on crutches. But, given a modern artificial leg, he can compete and even win bicycle and ski competitions. The same here. Glasses of more than 10 diopters serve as crutches, permit you to "walk" but not "run." Seeing through such glasses has many drawbacks. Most people thus affected can no longer work at their old jobs and have considerable trouble adjusting to new ones. Drivers, flyers and locomotive engineers, for instance, cannot even think of working at their old trades.

Q. What about a contact lens to substitute for a diseased crystalline lens? It has the advantage of being removable when it becomes an irritant.

A. Yes, but this is hardly an advantage. The fact is that contact lenses do irritate if worn continuously for more than four to eight hours. So they must be removed and put back at least once a day. That is because the cornea of the eye absorbs oxygen from the air, and its surface cannot be insulated by the contact lens for more than a certain period. Now, putting in and taking out the contact lens is something not every person can do by himself; it takes nimble fingers. It is not easy for elderly people and those whose hands are hardened by manual work, to say nothing of children. Moreover, contact lenses are not a completely harmless way of correcting vision. Ulcers may form on the cornea, its surface layers may become opaque, and other complications are possible if they are worn for a long time.

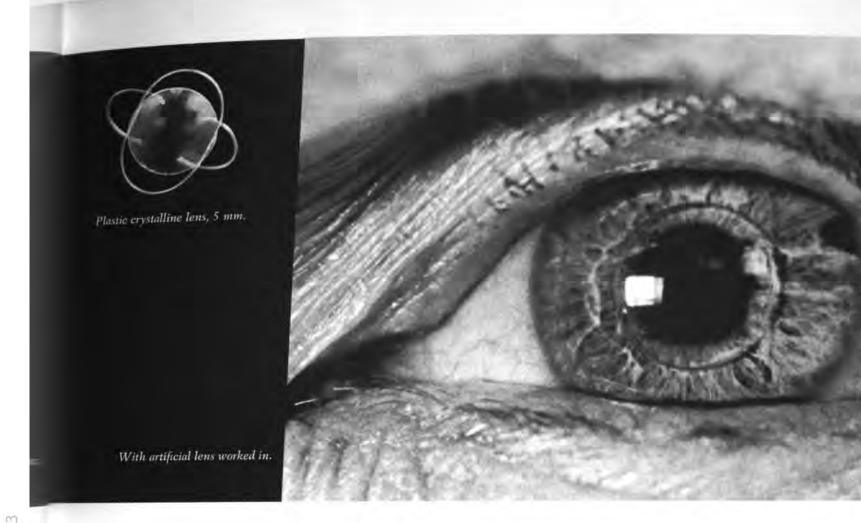
Q. Who first suggested replacing an opaque lens with an artificial lens?

A. Credit for grafting the first artificial lens into the eye goes to the English surgeon Harold Ridley. He did it in 1949, and since then has been considered the originator. An interesting sidelight is that the possibility of such an operation was discussed as early as the mid-eighteenth century by the Polish ophthalmologist Jacques Tadini. Casanova mentions that in his memoirs. But it was not until the forties and fifties of this century that progress in chemistry gave physicians plastics which the tissues of a living organism will not reject. How Ridley conceived the idea is interesting. During World War II he treated wounded English airmen who had gotten fragments of a transparent cockpit hood into their eyes. The hood was made of plexiglas. Ridley noticed that in spite of the large fragments, the eyes healed well with very little inflammation. From that he worked around to the idea of replacing a natural lens with an artificial one made of plastic. And he used plexiglas for the ma-

Q. What was the reaction of ophthalmologists to the operation?

A. Like anything new, the operation evoked mixed reactions, both approval and skepticism. Now that the fuss has died down, the technique is being evaluated more objec-

There were some failures at the begin ning, inevitable with a new technique, and several ophthalmic surgeons were fright-



ened off. Some clinics, however, refined the procedure, improved upon it, and in 95-98 per cent of the cases the results were positive. Now the procedure is being adopted by increasing numbers of clinics. I don't know exactly how many surgeons are performing the operation, but I do know that seven or eight clinics throughout the world are doing serious developmental work.

Q. Is seeing with an artificial lens different from ordinary vision? Does the patient have the feeling that he has some foreign matter in his eye?

A. Assuming that the operation is successful, the patient should see as well as he did before the affection. There should be no feeling of foreign matter in the eye because there are no sensitive nerve endings inside the eye. As sensitive as the eye is to external contact, it feels nothing when touched from inside.

Q. Is there a danger that the plastic material will break down in time and harm the eye?

A. For the first 30 years at least there is no such danger. And we now have plastics which can stay in the eye for even longer periods. Besides, the artificial lens can always be replaced. We have replaced it more than once for other reasons.

Q. How many operations of the kind have been done? How long have the patients operated on been under observation?

A. By now more than 300 operations have been performed. The first patients have been under observation for eight years now.

Q. How many operations were failures?

A. In the early stages eight to nine per cent of the operations could be classed as unsuccessful. Now there are no more than two to three per cent.

Q. Will this operation replace the more usual operation of removing an opaque lens?

A. Of course it will. Just as the latest Ford cars replaced earlier models. When that will happen depends on how soon we break through old prejudices and develop the necessary surgical techniques and equipment. At a guess, I would say 20 years.

Q. Where do you get the plastic lenses for your operations?

A. They are designed and made in a laboratory set up for the purpose by the Health Ministry of the Russian Federation some years ago.

Q. How long does it take to remove the natural lens and replace it with the artificial lens?

A. The whole operation takes 35 to 40 minutes.

Q. Do all patients get the same lens?

A. The artificial lenses differ with the individual, depending on the size and optical needs of the eye operated upon. Before the operation we ask the patient whether he prefers to see distant objects distinctly or to be somewhat nearsighted and read with-

out glasses. The artificial lens is chosen accordingly.

Q. You said that people who compensate with glasses for a crystalline lens that had to be removed cannot drive and that their orientation in crowded streets is poor. How about those who get a plastic eye-lens?

A. To believe those of my patients who are hunters and go after hare and partridge, they shoot as well now as they did in their youth. More than 40 of my patients—train and car drivers, shipmasters, tractor and crane operators—have gone back to the occupations they had to give up when the cataract was developing.

The women are particularly pleased; cataract spectacles, even in golden frames, are not things of beauty.

Q. Do you think plastics are likely to be used widely in eye surgery?

A. I do. The first steps along those lines have been taken by ophthalmologists with success in such operations as the replacement of an opaque cornea with an artificial cornea, of an opaque lens with an artificial lens, of a diseased vitreous body with a liquid silicon plastic.

I believe that in spite of the advances in the transplantation of organs and tissues, restorative eye surgery will continue working with artificial substitutes. Pointing that way are the good results we get by grafting an artificial lens into the eye. In fact, the artificial lens is optically superior to the natural one.

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Yermolai Udessiani's world has changed a lot during his 90 years. But his little round hat is a traditional Svanetian custom.

SVANETIA:

By Albina Levina

NE MILE TO GO. The last mile. The

Unknown astral worlds shine like blue mica in the black marble of the skies framed by the rugged line of mountains. The road leads us to Ushguli. "Are you going to Ushguli?" we were asked at the district center. "But can you climb mountains? Thirty miles is no joke." They offered and the state of the state of the skeet ramed by the road of other route, much easier and more reliable.

This area is inaccessible. I felt this cliché almost tangibly, a force resisting our advance. The nearer we approached our destination, the slower was our progress, until it was close to nothing. We had spent two carefree hours in a plane bound for Kutaisi. Then for two uneasy days we raced by bus along a dizzy road overhanging a furious river. Then we had had 30 miles of mountain road so steep that the car engine overheated after half an hour of driving. Finally we crawled at a snail's pace along a narrow, rocky path on the edge of a precipice. Half a mile to go. The last step across a mountain pass. Ushguli is perched higher than any human settlement in Europe. Only mountaineers and fliers are nearer the stars

The road had been hard but generous: Thirty miles of discoveries, impressions and meetings. The Ugyr Pass opened a bold landscape—a valley, the majestic peaks of the ominous Uzhba and the pensive Tetnuld. Someone wrote that if there had been nothing to see in Svanetia except this vast panorama, that alone would have made the trip worth taking. Let me add that if Svanetia were a hundred times more beautiful but uninhabited, it would not be half as attractive. The colored rectangles of fields and the cubes of houses in the valley are more thrilling to see than even the giant moun-

Reaching to the skies is St. Kirik's and St. Eulita's Monastery built by unknown architects. Svanetia has its own Hermitage Museum. Traditionally the people themselves maintain it, and for eight centuries unpaid custodians have been guarding exhibits that any museum might envy.

Having negotiated an almost vertical ascent to the peak, we met one of the cus-todians. A boy named Robinson was helping adults guard this museum in the clouds. At definite times he rang the bell that told the villages around that a guard was on

Leila Nizheradze, who lives in Ushguli,

Here Doctor Lydia Noradze's visits to ill patients often mean a mountain climb for her. Luckily Svanetians are very healthy.



Highlands



This is the least fertile land in Georgia. Svanetians know its quirks thoroughly and grow good harvests despite all limitations.

of Wonder

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VADIM GIPPENREITER, DMITRI DONSKOY, EDWARD PESOV

49

The towers of Mestia give proof that all Svanetians are freedom-loving and brave. They have fought off innumerable invaders.

was one of my companions. She told me that she was the leader of a field team and secretary of the Young Communist League organization of Ushguli's collective farm. She was coming back from her vacation and invited us to stay with her.

In the morning everything was different. The mountains were no longer mysterious giants but slim, austere towers, pink in the morning sun. Leila's house stood at the end of the village with nothing beyond it but the village's only church. Beyond and far above rose the dazzling peaks of Shkhara.

The church," Leila pointed.

So this was the church I had read and heard about. The church of Lamaria, a sacred relic of freedom. Once there had been a feast in the church's courtyard. Count Puto Dadeshkeliani had lolled as a guest of honor on that stone yonder. He was certain of his power: All neighboring villages had been subjugated, and now the Ushguls would also lay their freedom at his feet. He held 20 hostages, among them the son of Ushguls' elder.

The count did not know the cost of freedom here. He did not know how the elder had blessed his son as they parted: "Not everyone is privileged to die for his native land." Nor did the count know that every Ushgul wanted the honor of killing the tyrant. The old men settled the argument, Every Ushgul would do it. Every man would contribute a piece of lead for a bullet, and every woman a piece of yarn for a string.

The rifle, loaded with the bullet, was hidden behind a wall, and the string was

tied to the trigger.

The count was pleased with the feast and when the host asked: "More red wine?" he nodded his consent. When those hidden behind the wall heard the phrase, they pulled the string. The count dropped dead and his guard was overwhelmed in no time.

His weapon and his clothes were preserved for many years in the church. Thereafter no feudal lords were rash enough to try to subjugate upper Svanetia, and it is called Free Svanetia.

There is no record of this event on the walls of the old church. The story has been handed down from grandfather to grandson, We saw only one plaque: "Here lies a free Svan." In this land where everyone can trace his family lineage for ten generations, there has never been a prouder title.

According to legend the tomb of Tamara, a Georgian queen who lived in the twelfth century, is in the same church. The queen had been fond of this free land, and the ruins of her royal castle still loom high in the mountains over Ushguli. To reach it, we put in a good hour of hard climbing. Had the queen been brought to her castle in a palanquin carried by slaves? Our companions dismissed the idea: "She was a

good rider and had a good horse."

Today it is only from the sparse ruins that the castle can be visualized. The rocks around must have enclosed the castle as a setting holds a jewel. Glaciers and endless

mountain ranges tower all around.

It was not without difficulty that we climbed one of Ushguli's towers. From its six-story height the courtyards below looked like wells, and toylike youths were prancing on toy horses. A string of horsemen wound along the valley. There was a wedwound along the valley. There was a wed-ding party yesterday in Ushguli, and the

young couple and their friends had gone

for a ride to the ice fields of Shkhara.

The squares of fields climb up beyond the towers. Land is precious. It is not a gift of nature; it has been created by man. Once there was not a shred of land suitable for tillage anywhere in rocky Svanetia. Each square foot of field represents the work of generations. Last summer heavy rains poured down on the mountains, and the torrents carried away bridges and flooded the fields, washing away the seedlings. The Ushguls salvaged the plants, bush by bush

and stalk by stalk.
In summer there is hardly a single adult in the village at noon. Summer in southern Siberia is the season of work before the winter, lasting eight months. Paths are then under ten feet of snow, so that no one can get out to fetch firewood. Last year, Leila told us, she and her friends spent several months on a farm which was only five miles away from her house, but it might have been on a different planet,"What did you eat?" "We had flour, milk, cheese and meat," she replied. A self-sufficient economy, you might say. We had no time to get bored. Evenings we sang, told each other what we had read or just talked. We had rifles to

keep the wild animals away. They lost none of the cattle and sheep. No one praised these young girls for their courage and fortitude. What they had done was taken for granted. Nor is anyone surprised that in this mountain nest of a village. there are college students in every family Young people want to study. In this land of sharpshooting hunters and industrious farmers, they say: "He hasn't even finished high school? He can't be much good!"

In Leila's house the window sills are piled with books-physics, higher mathematics, biology. Leila is in her first year at an agricultural college.

Later I was told that Svanetia ranks first in Georgia in its number of college grad-

Here man and nature always challenge each other, and a strong and independent character has evolved as a result. However the hardy life has not turned the Svans morose or truculent. On the contrary jokes and laughter are very much in order. The people here are both tireless workers and merrymakers.

It was time for us to leave. Several mountaineers, guests of Anisim, Leila's father, started out before us. The first toast at our farewell party was in their honor. Eloquence is rated among the Svans as high as strength and intelligence. Local toasts mix common sense, philosophy and poetry. Said

"Mountains are our pride. They bring us both grief and happiness. Mountains are great. How shall we describe those who challenge them? Those who climb the highest peaks see farther than anyone else, They see a more beautiful world. But it is only people of courage who can climb so high and see all that beauty. Sometimes climbers perish on their way up. But others follow in their tracks. Let each of us reach his highest peak, and let his heart be full of

I was told that the name Ushguli is an abbreviation for ushishari guli, which means a fearless heart. Invention or not, it describes

Courtesy of Komsomolskaya Pravda







Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA





Perhaps because they live so far removed from the rest of the world, the children are very curious and are eager learners.



Like all Caucasus people, the Svanetians love festivals and occasions. Guests are always welcome in their sky-topped homes.



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AROUND the COUNTRY



NEW ACCELERATORS

Experiments on accelerators of a new type are under way at the Radio Technology Institute of the USSR Academy of Sciences. New methods of creating vast energies, presently being tested on a model accelerator with a capacity of 1,000 electron-volts, anticipate installations with capacities of hundreds of thousands of electron-volts.

NEW TOWN IN THE UKRAINE

Although the miners' town of Chovonograd in the Ukraine is in its infancy chronologically speaking, it has already become one of the major centers of Lvov-Volynsk coal area. It has a very contemporary look—broad avenues, palaces of culture, music schools, and the rest.



INFORMATION CENTER

An All-Union Center for Sci-entific and Technical Information is to be set up. It will use computers to collect and classify information on research done by scientific institutions. Coded abstracts recorded on microfilm will be available to any institution in the country. The center will also compile indexes of scientific literature. It will be housed in a building its architects have named the palace of Information. It is a cube-shaped structure, with a conference hall seating 500 people and a hall for viewing microfilms. Half the building space will be taken up by computers.

TULA SAMOVARS

The craftsmen of Tula, a city near Moscow, have been famous for centuries for their shotguns and samovars. Though samovars have lost importance in our age of gas and electricity, there are many people who think samovar-brewed tea is the only way to brew tea.

Our samovars are very popular abroad, particularly as souvenirs. The Shtamp factory in Tula turns them out in capacities ranging from four ounces to nine gallons.



MOVING DERRICKS

Moving an oil derrick to a new location has always been a problem. It is usually dismantled and hauled to the new site, an operation which takes about two months.

Byelorussian oil workers are doing the job without dismantling. They use crawler tractors to pull the huge structures, which weigh about 75 tons and are 135 feet high, to their new locations. They save 50,000 rubles* for each derrick shifted this way.

* One ruble equals \$1.10

GARDENS IN SOVIET FAR EAST

This winter work got under way at the Primorye experimental station. The station is to become a major experimental center for industrial horticulture, a new branch of farming in this part of the country. More than 15 varieties of plants are growing on its experimental plots.

JET-DRIVEN RAIL CAR

An experimental jet-driven railroad car is being designed at the Kalinin plant. The two aviation-jet engines to be installed on the car roof will drive the vehicle at speeds of up to 186 miles an hour. It will be completed this year.



NAUTICAL THANKS

Seafarers know how difficult it is to enter a harbor in heavy fog. Ships coming into the port of Murmansk, North Russia, have the help of its radio station, which maintains radio contact and pinpoints ship positions. Incoming captains invariably wire their thanks for services rendered.

NEW FACTORY IN SMOLENSK

Thirty million electric light bulbs is the annual production capacity of a new factory on the outskirts of the old Russian city of Smolensk. The factory consists of seven buildings.

KIRGHIZ SOUVENIRS

The souvenir workshop of the Art Fund of the Kirghiz Republic makes a variety of wood and plastic figurines dressed in national costume. These amusing and charming souvenirs have had considerable success at international exhibitions in Rumania, Italy and Canada.

TROUT FARM

Mirror trout, one of the most valuable fresh-water fish, is now being grown in underwater cages, in much the same way that broiler chickens are raised. Each of the cages, the size of a big writing table, holds hundreds of fish. They gain weight rapidly, as a result of restricted movement and plenty of food.

BOILER SCALER

Hammer and chisel have long been the tools used to remove scale from the inside of steam boilers. In the city of Karaganda, Kozakhstan, the job is done with a stream of water ejected at a pressure of 200 atmospheres. This hydraulic method is cheap and efficient.

LARGEST TELESCOPE

The world's largest telescope, 138 feet high and with a mirror 20 feet in diameter, will be installed in the huge, revolving dome of a new astro-physical observatory to be built at a height of 6,690 feet in the Soviet Karachai-Cherkess Autonomous Oblast, North Caucasus.

Beside the astronomy tower, the observatory complex will include a service building, a hotel, houses and a laboratory building with a computer room.

NEW CAFE

Radical is the name of a new café on Lenin Prospect in Moscow. Its customers are the staff of the Institute of Petrochemical Synthesis. A volunteer board arranges meetings with scientists, poets, artists and athletes.



PRIZE FOR A YOUNG ARTIST

Spring is the title of a drawing which won first prize at a New York exhibition of children's art. The artist is 17-year-old Irina Isayeva, who has been attending the Moscow Secondary Art School for six years. This is her first international award. The New York show attracted hundreds of entries from 30 countries. Second prize went to another Soviet contestant, Oleg Sotnikov.

ANOTHER LABORATORY SHIP

The Academician Shirshov, a new expeditionary vessel of the USSR Hydrometeorological Service, has been registered in the port of Vladivostok. Built in the German Democratic Republic, the ship has 30 laboratories with research equipment for aerology, hydrology and oceanography.



NEW MARBLE DEPOSITS

Geologists working in Zhitomir Region in the Ukraine have found deposits of a very handsome marble, which will probably be used widely in buildings. The quality of the marble is higher than that of many world-famous varieties: it admits light to a depth of two to three inches. Marble from the Urals admits light to a depth of one third to one half of an inch, and the famous Italian marbles to a depth of one or one and a half inches.

STRATOSPHERE PROBES

Balloons used for atmospheric probes are constantly being improved. Last spring, staff mem bers of the Central Aerological Observatory of the USSR sent up a stratostat with a total volume of 17,657 feet. The apparatus consists of a string of 180 balloons on a single cable. The stratostat rose to an altitude of 22 miles, containing equipment weighing 265 pounds. The radio transmitter in the stratostat was in contact with Earth throughout When the test was over, a special mechanism disengaged the container, which was dropped to earth by parachute.



ELECTRONICS AND SYNTAX

Syntax-1 is the name of a miniature electronic machine which automatically pinpoints syntactical mistakes made in programming, the machine was designed at the Kiev Institute of Cybernetics.



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BES

LABORATORY ON A TRACTOR

A mobile laboratory has been designed for Siberian oil workers. Built on an amphibious caterpillar tractor, it will carry instruments, technical installations and will be equipped with winches. The designers have taken into account the severity of the Arctic winter and have incorporated every possible comfort for the laboratory crew.



BETTER AIR IN MINES

For several years studies on the regulation of air temperatures and humidity in mines have been done jointly by the Magadan Research Institute for Gold and Rare Metals, by the Institute of Permafrost Studies of the Siberian Branch of the USSR Academy of Sciences and by Leningrad scienlists. They have been experimenting with subterranean natural sources of heat or cold in the vicinity of mines, as well as with ortificial sources. The air in a test mine is now being heated from a steam installation which, at the same time, increases the humidity and thereby reduces the dust content. This air-heating and humidifying system operates automatically



BUS FOR SUB-ZERO WEATHER

The LIAZ-677A, a new model for use in the Soviet Far North has been designed at the bus plant in Likino, Central Russia. The bus will have air conditioning, and its double windows will emain clear in sub-zero temperatures. Even the decorative materials are designed to keep out the cold. The passenger section will be heated by a self-contained unit, which operates even when the engine fails.

The new bus is being tried out n Yakutia, the coldest part of the joviet Union.

senerated



LIFESAVING NET

Kazan inventors have designed a lifesaving net to be used from helicopters. The net, which is buoyant and stable, was tested dozens of times on models before being tried out in simulated lifesaving tests with humans in the Black Sea. It works even in heavy

NEW SPAN OF LIFE

Returning home late one night some months ago, 18-year-old Valeri Novikov, who lives in Novosibirsk, felt faint. He groped his way up the steps of an open porch of a nearby house, where he lost consciousness. He was there all night in temperature of minus 22°F. Found the next morning, he was rushed to a hospital, and doctors established his clinical death. His body temperature was 68°F. Anesthesiologist Eduard Prudnikov gave him artificial respiration with special equipment. Simultaneously, external heat was applied in the areas of the major blood vessels, and various preparations were administered intravenously. Novikov's heart was massaged energetically by Prudnikov and therapist Rodislav Zharebyatev but all to no avail. Surgeon Alexander Buchinov then opened Novikov's chest and massaged the heart directly. The patient regained consciousness four hours after he was admitted to the hospital.

ANOTHER VOLGA "SEA"

Preparations are under way for the construction of a hydroelectric station at Cheboksary, the fifth stage of the Volga cascade. The dam will create another inland Volga "Sea." This project will complete the construction of the chain of power stations on Europe's longest river.

WATCHES FOR EVERY TASTE

An exhibition of Soviet-made watches at the Voentorg Department Store in Moscow displayed over 1,000 models. The Charodeika lady's model with a set of interchangeable cases and the wafer-thin Polyot men's watch attracted the most attention.

NEW TYPE ELEVATOR

An original idea for a penuma-hydraulic building elevator has been suggested by pensioner Fyodor Martiyan, a former machinist, who lives in Kabardino-Kalbaria in the Caucasus. Its construction is so simple that two workers—a fitter and a welder can install it. Martiyan's elevator works on the principle of the float. Its construction cost is only onefourth and its operating cost onetenth that of the usual elevator.

The first elevators of this type are operating in Nalchik and will shortly be installed in the Moscow Central Department Store.

KIEV TELEVISION

onstruction of a new televi- sion station has begun in the northwest outskirts of the Ukrainian capital. The main structure will be a hexagonal 1,220-foot tower of metal. High-speed elevators inside the tower will carry visitors to the observation plat-

Like the Moscow Television Center, the Kiev station will offer four channels.

FROST TO SEAM CEMENT

Water expands when it freezes, and if it is in a bottle or a car radiator, when that happens they will, of course, crack. Researchers of the All-Union Institute of Hydrotechnology have suggested that this property of water be used in the construction of dams in the North. Cementing seams is a complicated and time consuming operation. The inventors propose, instead, that moist concrete be frozen. The water in the concrete pores will expand as it freezes causing the concrete to expand with it. As it expands, the concrete will compress the seams, thus making cementing unnecessary. In the summer when the water starts melting, it will not affect the strength of the concrete, because the expansion of concrete is irreversible.

LOW ALTITUDE SKY DIVERS

Fifty sky divers made a group jump from an altitude of only 300 feet. This most unusual exercise was done at an airfield in the town of Ryazan, not far from Moscow, on March first. The sky divers used standard parachutes. No spare parachutes were issued, since they would be useless at such low altitudes. This is the first time a group jump of this kind has been done anywhere in the world. An item of special interest: in the group were six women who had been sky diving in a film shortly before.

NO ORDINARY **PASSENGERS**

he Belovezhskaya Pushcha, a The Beloveznskoya palarussia, natural preserve in Byelorussia, has one of the world's largest herds of aurochs or European bisons. From Belovezhsk these animals are shipped to zoological gardens in many parts of the world. They are carried by truck to the regional city of Brest and from there by air. Aurochs are not only sold to zoos, but augment herds in preserves in the Moscow Region, the Ukraine, Transcaucasia and Moldavia.



GLASS MUSEUM

he fine art of glass blowing of The fine arr or growthe Dyarkovo Cut-glass Factory near Moscow has been exhibited in many countries. A museum at the factory, displaying samples, attracts many interested foreigners.



NEW ARCHEOLOGICAL FINDS

A 36-foot statue of Buddha, dating from the seventh century, B.C., was dug up 18 months ago in a barrow in the Adzhina-Tepe burial area of Tajikistan. The statue, made of bricks overlaid with a special kind of clay, lacked its head and one hand. Some idea of its size can be gathered from the length of its feet; each is more than five feet long.

In March of this year archeologists found fragments of the head, probably broken by Arab conquerors.

Among the finds were several smaller figures from a Buddhist temple.

MIRACLE PLASTIC LIMBS

wo Italian boys, Enrico Ber-Two Italian boys, time time, worker, and Goffredo Zampetti, a baker's son, lost both their arms in accidents. Bertini's were cut off in a textile machine and Zampetti's by a New Year's firecracker. Both of them can work and write again, carry suitcases and hug their relatives.

The miracle, which has excited much talk in Italy, was performed by specialists at the Leningrad Orthopedic Institute. There the youths were fitted with plastic limbs designed by Fyodor Vorontsov, Master of Science.

TRANSISTORIZED TESTING

his new instrument is used to check the strength of concrete, timber and other building materials. It is one-third the size and weight of similar Soviet and foreign devices.

AROUND the COUNTRY

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CALL Leningrad writer Victor Konetsky on a visit to the training ship Sitius. THE SEA

O, war, mean thing, what have you done? Our yards no longer ring with noise. Our boys no longer play with toys, Instead, like men, they bandle . . . guns.

Bulat Okudjava

OR 900 DAYS Leningrad was blockaded. Victor Konetsky was 13 when it began. The Nazis did not bomb the city at first, sure it would surrender. But Leningrad held out. Hitler issued a secret order to wipe the city off the face of the earth. Shells rained down without a break, food stores were bombed out, hunger stalked the city. There were days when the daily bread ration was no more than 125 grams per person.

When his mother sent him to the bakery, Victor would hold on tight to the bread ration cards-to lose them meant starvation. The mains burst, and people had to get their water from the Neva River. To aggravate the suffering, the winter of 1941-1942 was the coldest in living memory. People cut holes in the ice to dip up water. Victor would go to the hole nearest Lieutenant Schmidt Bridge. Once, as he was filling a teakettle, a second one he had brought froze to the ice.

"I kicked the teakettle with my felt boots, pulled at the handle, and whined like a little stray dog. I was all alone in the middle of the Neva ice. The frost snapped at my eyes and my teeth. But I did not dare to go home without water and without the kettle," Konetsky recalled long afterward.

As many as 632,000 Leningraders died during the siege. They died in the streets, at work, in bed. In that terribly short period Piskarevskoye became one of the largest cemeteries in the world.

Victor Konetsky does not need books or films to tell him what war is. He grew up on it. But perhaps those grim years also gave him the pain and knowledge of life a man needs to be a writer.

It is almost a quarter of a century since the war. Some things have faded in his memory, but the compensation is the perspective that time and experience bring. Konetsky says:

"I write about myself, about my life. I have enough material to go on forever."

His life has gone into his books. After piloting the northern seas, he wrote a book of essays called Salty Ice. In an epigraph he quotes Thoreau: "It is not worth the while to go around the world to count the cats in Zanzibar," These were no ordinary travel notes of things, people and places seen. His Leningrad-Salekhard trip served as the framework for the memories they evoked. In Salty Ice he writes about his life, including the war that burnt itself deep into his mind.

The Living Sea

One grows tired of all but you.

Boris Pasternak

Konetsky had wanted to be a painter, but he had to leave art school. During the postwar years it was too hard for his mother to feed his elder brother and himself without help. Victor went to a nautical school and naval college and graduated with a lieutenant's

He did not give up drawing, however. He still has water colors and oils to show and, on occasion, a gnawing sense of unfulfillment.

But he liked the navy, the men he worked with, their loyalty and friendship. And he liked the sea. At sea his mind was clear, uncluttered by the tumult and rush of the cities. The sea, he says, taught him to be aware of the feel of firm ground, taught him to note the crunch of snow underfoot and the smell of grass.

At first Victor Konetsky commanded the lifeboats. He was an eyewitness to 12 tragedies in storm or fog, and it was then that he began to note down what he saw.

In 1955 he left the navy but stayed at sea, piloting ships on the Northern Sea Route. That was when he came on Conrad and Melville, the best seafaring writers in the world, he believes.

He read a great deal, first at random, then more carefully. His favorite authors are Chekhov, Pushkin, Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy. For him they are not classics but men of flesh and blood, with their loves and antipathies, their decisions and mistakes.

He wrote a story about Chekhov, how the premiere of his Sea Gull, which was to be played on all the stages of the world 50 years later, failed miserably. He wrote about Pushkin too. But most of his stories, long and short, deal with seamen. Konetsky depicts them without any romanticism. He catches the daily routine of the sailors of the Northern Fleet. He is not so much interested in the actions of his characters as in the motivation for their actions.

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Though he has been writing for 10 years, he has not given up piloting. The sea to him is a living, breathing, reasoning entity. He writes, "It always seems to know my thoughts and intentions. The sea lives in each of us, though we have long been separated from it. That is probably why we are so fond of watching the surf, the endless rows of breakers, of listening to its eternal boom. . . . It is the voice of hoary nature, the call of the blood, in the full sense of the

Port of Call—Leningrad

Listen, Leningrad, I shall sing to you The song of my heart. . . .

From a song

One of the heroes of Konetsky's books is the city where he was born and bred, the city of 101 isles connected by 600 bridges. All of Victor's land stories are set in Leningrad.

For a long time the Konetskys lived in one of the old districts, whose cobblestone streets are strewn with the leaves of ancient poplars in the fall. The many wooden bridges span little rivers and canals. Opposite their house was the New Holland Isle with its gloomy storehouses which seemed to be haunted. Ten minutes' walk from this district was the Neva, with its drawbridges and granite embank-

Victor was particularly fond of Lieutenant Schmidt Embankment because it was not pompous and elegant like the others and always smelled of the sea. Moored alongside were sailboats on which the students of the nautical school sailed to parts far from home, and an old submarine which was never submerged. This was the wintering place of vessels biding their time. Even the restaurant on Lieutenant Schmidt Embankment stood on a float.

To Konetsky this embankment was home. He had gone there in 1947 in ranks of four with kitbag slung on his shoulders, to make his maiden voyage to foreign parts. From there, many years later, he embarked on the Leningrad-Salekhard voyages recorded in Salty Ice.

Now the writer lives in the Petrograd Side district. The windows of his apartment look out on a small garden fenced in by the stone blocks of houses. There he has his library, his globe on the bookcase and his map on the wall. There come letters from readers and parcels

of books with foreign stamps; his stories are published in France, Czechoslovakia, Poland and elsewhere.

There was a time when all he received from publishers were rejection slips. He was first published in the annual Molodol Leningrad (Young Leningrad) almanac, which has discovered many a young talent. In 1957 his first book of stories, The Draught, was put out by the Sovetsky Pisatel (Soviet Writer) Publishing House. It was followed by Stones Under Water, Tomorrow's Worries, If Your Comrade Calls for You and The Moon at Noon. A jubilee collection of his stories, Over the White Crossing, marked his tenth year of writing.

Victor Konetsky's books have always highlighted the author's maturity. He began to write in a period when Soviet literature was breaking down barriers. It was a time when young characters in the books by young writers sported cowboy shirts and jeans, denied everything and destroyed everything, but did not know how to build. From that flood of books Konetsky stood apart. His heroes were anything but infantile, unlike Vasili Aksyonov's, Anatoli Gladilin's or Anatoli Kuznetsov's. They were adults who knew the heartaches of solitude and the price of friendship, who realized that there were good things in the world. In their minds a battle goes on, from which emerges that most important quality of a man-humaneness. In Over the White Crossing there are hardly any negative characters, and the conflict is not expressed in the clash of personalities; it is an inner conflict of conscience, duty and honor.

Konetsky's style is reserved, clear, without emotion. There are no detailed descriptions of nature or the long and fruitless dialogues of so many of the heroes of present-day books. Victor Konetsky wants his heroes shorn of everything superfluous; he wants them spiritually strong and fearless. He sees his duty as a writer, say the critics, in "achieving a dialectical unity of ethical purification and socially useful work." As one critic wrote, "Konetsky's writing is a combination of the maximum demands man makes on himself with a sense of the historical moment he is living in."

Victor Konetsky is 39 years old. Besides books, he has written several screen stories.

His mother Lyubov Dmitrievna lives in his apartment. He himself spends most of his time traveling. He was recently in Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Yugoslavia, and made several voyages as pilot of the Vorovsky on the northern seas, calling at Newfoundland. He has crossed the Atlantic several times. After each trip he returns to his quiet home and his typewriter. A book finished, he gets back to his

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

My wife and I both look forward to your magazine each month. One small criticism is that there is a little too much written material. I would like to suggest a proportion of text to pictures as is found in Life magazine in the U.S.

Sincerely, A. G. Grant, Jr. Bedford, New York

Dear Sir:

I enjoy your magazine greatly, especially the chess section and all the science articles.

I think that the articles on the Soviet space program will be well received

> Sincerely, Paul Railey Lynnyvale, California

Please give us more large col-

red pictures of Russian nature. We non-Russians would like to know about the coast of Crimea, Yalta and the Caucasus. Also we would like pictures of Ukrainian cities, especially Kiev, Ukrainian khatas, the Dnieper and of villages and sunflowers. Our friends visited Southern Russia last year, and they liked the nature there and the old churches. Put more of these things in your magazine. Thank you.

Sincerely yours, Marina Darian Chicago, Illinois

You'll find the Story of Kiev in our July issue. We shall continue printing photos and stories about printing photos and situes.

Editors

Dear Comrade Editor: I recently read several issues of yaur magazine. Since I spent three

months in the United States not long ago, traveling around the country, lecturing at many major science centers, I was interested in learning whether SOVIET LIFE answers the queries of people, mainly intellectuals, whom I met.

I believe that, for the most part, your publication gives our country good coverage by printing various types of articles. I was especially pleased to note that SOVIET LIFE makes a point of stressing the unity of purpose of our people, that our social system makes a man more social-minded in the truest sense of the word,— i.e., to feel more akin to the society in which he lives, to the people around him. And yet ! should like to see this idea underlined even more, by the use of examples from real life, preferably.

I would like to note another thing: Americans are used to getting daily news about events which happen that same day. I heard complaints everywhere that the So-

viet press hardly ever reports accidents. "To judge by your papers," they say, "you never have accidents in your country."

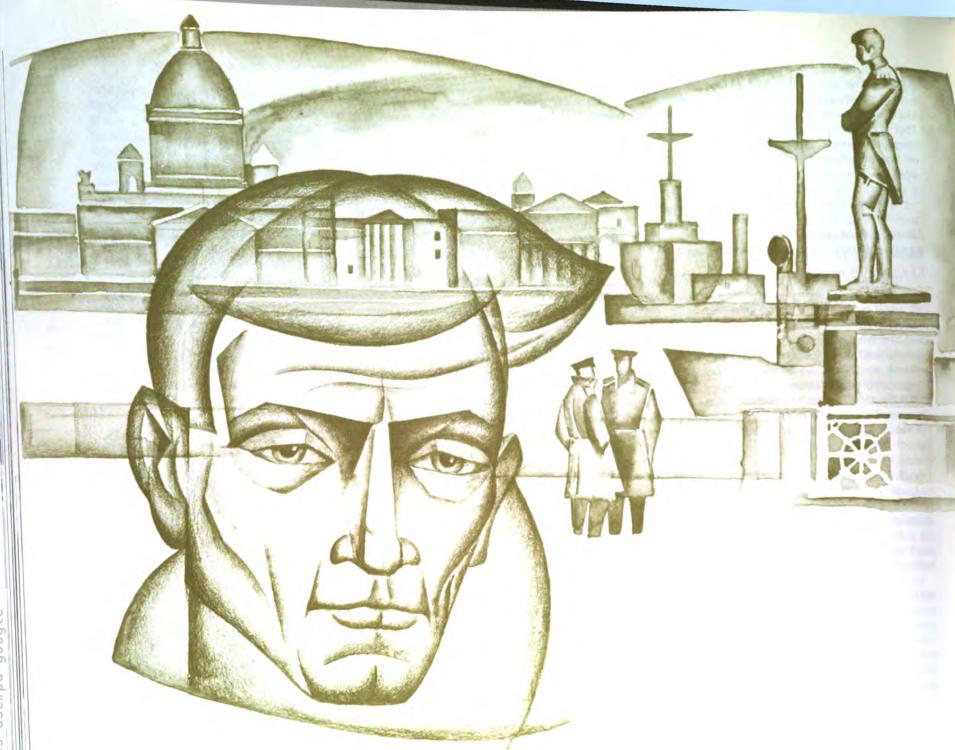
You might consider publishing material on the work being done to reduce accidents, natural disasters, etc. This is one way of showing the readiness of one Soviet man to come to the aid of another.

I also frequently heard Americans say that everybody in our country thinks the same, and that no opposition views are allowed. To show how untrue this is, you should publish more often the discussions we have on various questions, giving the different opinions of Soviet people on one and the same problem.

I shall be glad if my observations contribute to the fine work SOVIET LIFE is doing.

Sincerely, Prof. Alexander Koshelev Textile Institute Leningrad, USSR

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Drawing by Nikolai Vorobyov

THE LIBUTENANT SCHMIDT EMBANKMENT

By Victor Konetsky

N MARCH I was told that the ships to which I would be assigned were wintering off the Lieutenant Schmidt Embankment in Leningrad, and I went there to have a look at them.

There was a frost after a thaw; snowflakes were drifting slowly from a dark gray sky. Long tracks left by braking cars could be seen at crossroads; it was

| walked to the Neva waterfront, and when the militiaman was far enough away, I stepped onto the ice and walked across the river toward the low silhouettes of the wintering ships. It was very still on the river; the city din had ebbed away, and only the wind rustled as it carried the snowflakes It had rustled that same way 22 years ago past the mooring lines.

when I was 13 and had walked toward an ice hole with a teakettle in each hand. There was a high parapet of spilt frozen water all around the hole. I lay down on the parapet, broke the thin ice with the bottom of one kettle and pushed it down into the Neva's black water, running beneath the round window of the ice hole. It was much colder that day; the wind was cutting, and the snowflakes burned my face. I filled the kettle and put it down behind me. The second kettle took me even longer to fill, and when I turned around, I found that the first one had frozen to the ice. I took off my mittens, put them down on the ice, put the second kettle down and pulled at the first one with both

An antiaircraft gun boomed on the Lieutenant Schmidt Embankment, I knew the gun; it had blasted the glass out of our windows.

I kicked at the kettle, pulled at it again and whined like a stray dog. I was all alone, lost in that white expanse. The cold was so sharp that even my eyes and teeth ached. I couldn't go back without the kettle and water. God knows when a big, strapping sailor rose up before me. He took in the situation at a glance, grabbed the kettle by the handle and jerked it up for all his briny worth. I saw, all in a flash, the iron plates on the soles of his boots. The handle came off, and the sailor made an almost complete backward somersault. He was furious at my kettle, jumped up and viciously kicked it loose.

"Thank you," I said, because I'm always

He went away without a word, and I

pressed the mutilated kettle to my chest with one hand and picked up the second with the other. The first kettle splashed at every step I took, and the water froze immediately on my hand. I wept from pain and frustration as I climbed the icy steps of the

And now here I was, somewhere near the spot where the ice hole had been, 22 years later, standing there and smoking. "I wonder if that sailor is still alive," I thought. "Perhaps we were at sea together. Often enough you won't recognize someone whose life had crossed yours before."

Ahead of me I saw the Chaika, a floating restaurant, and I steered toward it for a drink. But the ice around the restaurant was all cracked, and I had to climb onto the embankment near the stairs, just where an idiotic public lavatory was perched like a monument. Someone must have thought that such a structure belonged next door to the Academy of Arts, a building occupied by members of the academy and adorned with sphinxes modeled on those of ancient Thebes in Egypt.

The restaurant, I found, was not open for lunch. I drank a mug of warm beer outside a kiosk made of plywood painted sky blue. received the wet change from the seller's wet hand and strolled down the embankment. watching the ships which I was to move by water to the Ob or the Yenisei. They were grouped together like a close-knit family, side by side, four abreast. The narrow, long freighters were blanketed with snow. Two diesels of three hundred horsepower apiece, four holds, 600 tons of cargo, about 200 feet from bow to stern-all that is what we call a self-propelled river barge. The only consolation is that the word barge derives from some ancient Arabic word, meaning a formidable pirate ship, I thought as I examined my future companions from the embankment. They were not things of beauty. The portholes were covered with iron discs, rust stains from the discs streaked down the sides, and the tarpaulin casings over the boats and searchlights were black with soot. Paths, evidently made by those on watch, snaked around the snow hills on the decks. The mooring lines were solid ice in some

"Ah, those droplets on the lines, ah, those lines over the ice," I muttered. "Winter does not want those ships of ours to look their real trim selves."

Anyway, I was supposed to make these ships look trim. But right now they were just depressing to see.

I strolled on along the Lieutenant Schmidt Embankment. I like this embankment. I like Lieutenant Schmidt.* He is one of my childhood heroes. He and Shchors.**

The embankment is my native country in

miniature. Here in 1948 we stood in line four abreast, waiting to embark on the old Komsomolets. We wore white canvas overalls, kit bags slung on our backs. It was our first trip abroad. On the other side of the embankment was a crowd of our mothers and our girls. Fathers were very rare and far between. There was no generation gap between us and our fathers, for the simple reason that so few of us remember them. When I am asked to have supper with a large fam--father and mother, children and grandchildren-I feel as though I were living in a scene from a sentimental nineteenth-century novel: the whole thing is completely unreal. When I see a venerable gray-bearded man walking along with an air of wisdom, I feel as though I were looking at a movie. Our fathers were killed in 1905, 1914, 1918, 1920, 1941. 1942 and in many other years. If you grow up without a father and a grandmother, you are sure to do many more foolish things during your life than you would otherwise.

Yes, from the granite of this embankment I stepped aboard a large three-stack training ship for my first voyage. The ship, originally called the *Okean*, was renamed the *Komsomolets*. But the old inscription Okean survived here and there. As an auxiliary cruiser, that ancient had probably fought in the battle of Tsushima.

We were crammed chock-full into berths hung in three tiers. At alert, those who were above jumped down and often landed on top of those below.

The best practical joke was to grease the strings of an upper berth. The occupant would climb up and go to sleep. At night the rats would gnaw through the tasty strings, and the victim would fall on the sleeper below. Since the berths were in tiers of three, when one would turn upside down, three victims would hit the iron deck with thuds and curses that woke up everyone around.

The old *Komsomolets* would laugh with us, pleased enough to be carrying boisterous 18-year-olds.

The old ship was scrapped only two years ago.

We had sailed it to Poland, carrying brown briquette coal from Stettin to Leningrad.

At the mouth of the Oder, as we entered Swinemunde, there were two sunken German battleships on either side of the chanel. Their turrets rose above the water, and the waves splashed into the gun muzzles. Suddenly we saw, unexpectedly near, the green of the Oder shores. The houses were no more than 60 feet from our ships, so close that we saw children waving to us from the windows.

For the first time in my life I was in a foreign country. I stood on deck and waited for something unexpected and strange. I thought I was about to discover a new world. In childhood I had thought the word abroad was the name of a country, and so I capitalized the first letter—Abroad. Alas, now I know that all the people on Earth have much the same worries, and they are, therefore, very much alike.

We did not dock at Stettin. Fragments of

demolished bridges blocked the river and canal. The walls of the town hall, gory with brick dust, were all that survived of the city. Allied aircraft had done a thorough job. The ruins were overgrown with creepers that looked like lianas.

As we moored, we saw a hundred or so German prisoners-of-war working on the quay. They were carrying coal aboard and pouring it down the narrow mouths of coal bunkers. We worked inside the dusty darkness of the bunkers, and when we came out, we were as black as sweeps. Then, by way of amusement, we tossed a package of cheap, crude tobacco to the prisoners and watched the scramble while we whistled crazily.

The war was just over. We had been hungry for six years; for six years we could have eaten a piece of bread at any hour of the day or night. We were young and cruel. We got a kind of morbid satisfaction seeing husky Germans pummel each other on the quay. This happened all right, even if I try to forget it.

Also we made a bet with one of the prisoners. If he climbed a mooring line onto the ship, we would give him a pack of crude tobacco. That meant climbing some 50 feet of thick steel cable, slippery and with wire barbs.

The German grabbed the cable without hesitation and started off, hanging on his hands 20 feet above the water. Somewhere in the middle he petered out and froze over the turbid water of the Oder. His friends yelled at him from the quay. We pulled out life preservers. The German tried to get his foot over the cable, but he couldn't manage it and slipped into the water to our applause.

We dragged him out and gave him three packs of tobacco for his guts. After that we made friends with the prisoners.

I strolled down the Lieutenant Schmidt Embankment and thought that Lieutenant Schmidt must have been German and how things were mixed up with Germans. I would soon be sailing on a ship built in Germany. She was wintering not far from the ice hole from which I had to draw water 22 years ago because of the Germans. And Lieutenant Schmidt had died heroically for the Russian Revolution and for a world without wars. And here was the monument to Ivan Krusenstern, the first Russian to circumnavigate the world. You couldn't invent a stranger combination-Ivan and Krusenstern, Probably Admiral Krusenstern was not German but Estonian.

His arms folded, the admiral towered over me. Snow ornamented his epaulettes. He was looking good-naturedly at the windows of the Frunze Higher Naval Academy.

Ivan Krusenstern had walked out of this building many years ago, and now he was stationed outside forever.

One of our cadets had met a young girl. She couldn't wait the seven days till next Saturday to see him and wanted to know where she could find him at the Naval Academy. The cadet must have liked the



Lieutenant Pyotr Schmidt of the Black Sea Navy, one of the leaders of the Sevastopol uprising of 1905.

^{**} Nikolai Shchors (1895-1919), a Civil War nero.

girl much less than she liked him. He had told her: "Just go to the pass room and ask for Ivan Krusenstern. Everybody there knows me."

Monday she came to the academy and told the officer on duty she was looking for Ivan Krusenstern. The officer escorted her to the embankment and the monument.

"Right there," he said.

She crossed the slushy embankment in her only pair of party shoes and kept looking around for her Ivan. Finally she read the inscription on the pedestal: "To Ivan Krusenstern, first Russian circumnavigator," The admiral looked good-naturedly past her, and a dress sword hung at his left side.

The girl did not care for the bronze admiral and went away never to return.

There is a sadness that comes with recalling one's youth. Perhaps because one thinks of old friends, some of them dead.

Near the monument to Krusenstern I had seen Slava for the last time.

The Leningrad wind was damp then, too. It was a murky kind of day. The gray snow was thawing on the granite, just as now. And the domes of the cathedral seemed unfinished, cropped without their crosses.

Then too, I drank some warm beer at a small kiosk not far from Lieutenant Schmidt Bridge, lit a cigarette, thrust my hands into my pockets and strolled down the embankment to the Gorny Institute, past the wintering ships, past the anchor chains hanging from the ancient pig-iron guns. The wind from the bay struck my eyes and mouth with moist, cotton snow. I thought about my chances of getting a room and some day writing a story that would have nothing to do with housing problems.

Near the monument to Ivan I saw Slava walking through the wind toward me, the collar of his coat turned up, as though to emphasize his scorn for the rules of naval dress. Slava sported a blue scarf, though a naval officer is supposed to wear only a black or a white one. Thrust inside his coat was Grin's The Scarlet Sails, while his cap, equipped with a peak defying all regulations, hung over his ears.

Alexander Grin's works had been under a cloud on several occasions. But Slava had stayed loyal to the romantic author and knew The Scarlet Sails almost by heart. It may sound funny now but at the time that

Slava had come to the Naval Academy loyalty took courage. from the armored corps. There was some shady business during his career as a tank-

When he was 16, he took up with bad company. They were adventuresome and that must have won him over. At 16 we all want to test our courage, if not in battle then in some other way.

The delinquents asked Slava to act as lookout and alert them if a militiaman showed up. The job was obviously dangerous, and Slava couldn't find it in his heart to refuse. His friends burglarized an apartment. They were caught, and Slava was to face trial as an accomplice. He managed

somehow to pass for 18, volunteered for frontline service and became a tankman. The work broadened his shoulders and toughened his hands.

Service in the armored corps is hard. especially in winter. But Slava took it with a smile. He liked the feeling of power the tank gave him, its obedience, the way it crashed through and over all obstacles. He felt good when the trees ahead of him went down like so many matchsticks, and lumps of frozen earth pelted the armor. Perhaps it was because he got so used to the confined work of the tank that he later served in a submarine.

His superiors considered him careless and slovenly, with good reason. He had no interest in anything that was not romantic -in his meaning of the word. In those, now remote, postwar days the end of the war beckoned something new and beautiful. But the cold war began. The political air was harder to breathe, and we in our barracks spent half of our time thinking of spies. The only relief was Paustovsky's books with their elusive moods and sad dreams of the beautiful.

We were young, and things were mixed up in our heads. In Slava's head, too. His dream was to become a film director, and he read scores of American movie scripts and retold them to us. In his hands the cheapest radio sang like a violin played by a virtuoso, and he could extract from it the music of any part of the world. His academic progress was abominable. But he knew to perfection how to sleep at lectures without being noticed. He was also good at being absent without leave. He never once capitulated; no superior or reprimand could intimidate him. I have never known a military man so indifferent to his career as Slava.

He taught me how to jump into water. Once we jumped from the central span of the Bridge of Builders, to the very vocal disquiet of a large squad of water and ground militia. For me that was the last jump of its kind. At the time I was crazy about gymnastics and spent most of my free periods trying to stand on my head gracefully. That stance was my undoing; I dived into the water with my back arched, pounded my eyes and nearly broke my spine.

As for Slava, he repeated his jump, this time from the Kirov Bridge. He liked a girl who did not reciprocate. They were walking across the bridge, and as they reached the central span, Slava, dressed more for an athletic match than a date, asked gloom-

"Yes or no?"

"No," she said.

"Good-by then," said Slava and jumped into the Neva from a height of 50 feet. The girl rushed around between the trolleys and the cars while Slava swam out to the Peterand-Paul Fortress. The girl slapped his face to compensate for her worry, and they parted forever.

Slava did not look the type for all these escapades. He was good natured, had thick lips and could fall asleep any time of the day. I never saw him depressed; he knew

only the brighter side of life. Low marks in navigation and extra duties did not worry him. He was a natural philosopher and a thoroughgoing pagan. He was always in trouble, and would long ago have been expelled had he not played the Good Soldier Schweik so magnificently. His unprepossessing, thick-lipped face was out of keeping with his music, AWOLs and drinks.

We met in the middle fifties on the Lieutenant Schmidt Embankment.

'Listen, you look like anything but a naval officer with that collar of yours," I said.

'I have an inflammation of the middle ear, old man," he explained.

I had not seen him for years. I had served in the North and he in the Baltic. I sailed on ships assigned to rescue submarines. He sailed in submarines.

"Hi!" I said.

"Hi!" he said.

We went to have a drink in a small cellar at the corner of the Eighth Line and the em-

I told him he ought to leave the submarine service. If something was wrong with his ears, sharp changes of air pressure were

'I'll live," said Slava. "I'm used to submarines. I like them."

A few months later he died with his crew. Second in command, he took over a sunken submarine. For two days the submarine had been disabled, and he was trying to save her. When he was ordered to leave the submarine, he answered that they were afraid to surface because there were too many chiefs up there with nonregulation caps. He knew very well that no one could get out of the submarine, but since there were others in the compartment, he thought he had to keep up their spirits with a joke. The storm cut adrift an emergency buoy by which he communicated, and those were Slava's last

When the submarine was finally brought to the surface the second in command was found on the lowest step of the ladder leading to the exit hatch. Everyone else was ahead of him. He did his bit as a naval officer. Even if they had managed to get out of the submarine, he would have been the last to leave. They died from asphyxiation. He had torn off his oxygen mask and died with his face uncovered, his teeth biting the sleeve of his jacket.

I stopped near the Gorny Institute and took off my hat in memory of Slava. The mouth of the Neva, the giant red masses of tankers under construction and the cranes of the port loomed ahead.

Dusk fell, snow drifted in a gray air, trolleys tinkled, students ate on the steps of the Gorny Institute. I was tired of recollect-

"Recollection is a full-time job," I thought I took a trolley bus to go home and crammed for a routine test in navigation. I went over the chapter titled "Rules for the Prevention of Collisions of Ships at Sea." Nothing is forgotten as easily as these rules. They have to be gone over again and again.



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THREE FACES OF YURI



Gesture is the conductor's language. It conveys his refinements of tone and pace to the orchestra. Each conductor has his distinctive style. Some are reserved, some emotional, some, like the Byelorussian conductor Yuri Yefimov, use not only their hands and bodies but their faces as well. Here is Yefimov in three musical moods.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY YURI IVANOV

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Senerated

B. C.

Жди меня, и я вернусь, Только очень жди... Жди, когда наводят грусть Жёлтые дожди, Жди, когда снега метут, Жди, когда жара, Жди, когда других не ждут, Позабыв вчера. Жди, когда из дальних мест Писем не придёт, Жди, когда уж надоест Всем, кто вместе ждёт.

Жди меня, и я вернусь, Не желай добра Всем, кто знает наизусть, Что забыть пора. Пусть поверят сын и мать В то, что нет меня, Пусть друзья устанут ждать, Сядут у огня, Выпьют горькое вино На помин души... Жди. И с ними заодно Выпить не спеши.

Жди меня, и я вернусь Всем смертям назло. Кто не ждал меня, тот пусть Скажет: «Повезло». Не понять не ждавшим им, Как среди огня Ожиданием своим Ты спасла меня. Как я выжил, будем знать Только мы с тобой, -Просто ты умела ждать, Как никто другой.

V.S.

Wait for me, and I'll come back. Only really wait . . . Wait, when yellow rains Bring sadness, Wait, when snows sweep, Wait, when it's hot, Wait, when they no longer wait for others, Forgetting yesterday. Wait, when from distant places No letters come, Wait, even when everyone else Has long tired of waiting.

Wait for me, and I'll come back, Do not wish good To those who know by heart That it is time to forget. Let son and mother believe I am no more, Let friends tire of waiting, Sit down in front of a fire, Sip bitter wine In my memory . . . Wait. And be in no hurry To drink with them.

Wait for me, and I'll come back In spite of death. Let him who did not wait for me say: "Pure luck." Those who did not wait can't understand How you saved me From the flames By waiting. How I stayed alive is something Only we two will know,-It's just that you knew how to wait Like no one else.

KONSTANTIN SIMONOV

War is the theme of most of Simonov's work. He developed as a writer during the war years, when he covered the front as a correspondent for the army newspaper Krasnaya Zvezda and sent the army newspaper Krasnaya Zvezda and sent the army newspaper krasnaya zvezda and sent came really popular with his verse, which subtly conveyed the psychological atmosphere of the war. His poetic style is distinctive: against a background of understated narrative, he suddenly introduces a sharp-edged phrase. Thus, in a poen where he berates a woman who has been unfaithful, not yet aware of her husband's death, he says:

You'll get his letters in September, But he fell in July.

Simonov has written several plays: The Russian People (1942), The Fourth (1961), and others. More recently his preference is for the novel and a retrospective view of the war. His frontline notes served him as material for his novels The Living and the Dead (1959) and One Is Not Born a Soldier (1963-1964).



ТВОЯ ПОБЕДА

(ОТРЫВОК ИЗ ПОЭМЫ)

Мои подружки, сёстры, однолетки, девичества родные голоса! Встают пейзажи первой пятилетки: тайга, пустыня, трубы и леса. Все расставанья, проводы, объятья... Фанерные баульчики легки. Застиранные старенькие платья, уродливые толстые чулки. Красавицы мои, и вам к лицу бы, и вам бы по плечу бы да с руки лукавый бархат, ласковые шубы да тоненькие злые каблуки. Как в сказке, чернобровы, белолицы,

ни словом, ни пером не описать, и вы свои мохнатые ресницы умели бы по-царски подымать. И вы бы выступали, словно павы, прекрасные, как летняя гроза. Но свет другой, холодной, трудной

безжалостно ударил вам в глаза. На белом теле жёсткие рубашки, ремни на гимнастёрке вперекрест... Сиротки, бесприданницы, бедняжки, а где найти прекраснее невест? Таких надёжных, верных и горячих, строителям и воинам под стать. В какие хочешь рубища упрячь их, проглянет их особенная стать. И тот, кто приходился вам по нраву, не мог пройти сторонкой никогда. Любимые давались вам по праву, за годы беззаветного труда. Мы путать да хитрить не обучились, не опускали засиявших глаз, и, если мы на чувства не скупились, и, если жить на свете торопились, кто попрекнёт и кто осудит нас? Спешили мы, — авралы да тревоги, да сердца переполненного стук, мобилизаций дальние дороги и горькое предчувствие разлук, да песенные наши расставанья, транзиты, пересадки, поезда да русские большие расстоянья, над белым полем чистая звезда. Пустыни, горы, стойбища оленьи... Прощай, прощай и помни обо мне!

Так торопилось наше поколенье навстречу неминуемой войне.

Margarita Aliger first appeared in print when he was 18, even before she entered the Literary institute. Five years later she published her first ollection of verse, Year of Birth. Not all the noems were of equal merit, but her gift for the yrical was evident. Her concern for the destiny of the world and its people is implicit in these ines:

The subjects of the morning papers Do not portend an easy life.

When the newspapers became filled with war ommuniqués, Aliger responded with new poems, the best of them was Zoya (1942), dedicated to be brief life and beroic death of the young girl varisan Zoya Kosmodemyanskaya.

variisan Zoya Kosmodemyanskaya. After the war her poetic mood became more ubdued. Her dominant tone now is quieter, more

onversational.

(OUR VICTORY exerpt)

HOJEIM Ay girl friends, sisters, ear voices of girlhood!

andscapes of the first five-year plan arise:

1904. 1iga, desert, chimneys, forests.

'artings, send-offs, hugs...
'he cardboard boxes are light.

1876M. Ild wash-worn dresses,

gly thick stockings.

nd suiting to your looks unning velvet, soft fur coats,

elentlessly struck your eyes.

https://hdl.handle.net/2027/ucl.31210023618893

Generated Public Day nd angry stiletto heels. As in a fairy tale, your dark eyebrows

and white skin

lot to be described by pen or word,
ou too like zarinas could
ft your eyelashes.
ou too could have moved peacock-like,
eautiful as a summer thunderstorm.
ut the glare of another glory, cold

and difficult,

ough slips on your white bodies, alts crisscrossing field shirts . . . rphans, dowerless, poor little ones,et where to find more beautiful brides? o reliable, true and passionate, tting wives for builders and warriors. ide them in whatever rags you will, ieir special stature will shine through. e who was to your taste ould never pass unnoticed. our beloved ones were yours by right scause of years of selfless labor. e were not taught to use ruses and cunning, did not lower our sparkling eyes, d if we were generous with our feelings, d if we hurried to live in the world, o's to blame or condemn us? hurried,-all hands on deck, alarms, beating of overbrimming hearts, long roads of mobilization I the bitter pain of parting, farewell songs,isfers, changes, trainshuge Russian distances,ire star hanging over a white field. erts, mountains, deer herds . . . ewell, farewell, and remember me!

s our generation hurried and its destined meeting with war.

ГИМН ДЕМОКРАТИЧЕСКОЙ Молодежи мира

Дети разных народов,
Мы мечтою о мире живём.
В эти грозные годы
Мы за счастье бороться идём.
В разных землях и странах,
На морях-океанах
Каждый, кто молод,
Дайте нам руки,—
В наши ряды, друзья!

Песню дружбы запевает молодёжь. Эту песню не задушишь, не убьёшь! Нам, молодым, Вторит песней той Весь шар земной. Эту песню не задушишь, не убьёшь!

Помним грохот металла
И друзей боевых имена.
Кровью праведной алой
Наша дружба навек скреплена.
Всех, кто честен душою,
Мы зовём за собою.
Счастье народов,
Светлое завтра
В наших руках, друзья!

Молодыми сердцами Повторяем мы клятвы слова. Подымаем мы знамя За священные наши права! Снова чёрные силы Роют миру могилу, — Каждый, кто честен, Встань с нами вместе Против огня войны!

HYMN OF WORLD DEMOCRATIC YOUTH

Children of different nations,
We live and dream of peace.
Amid these threatening years
We go to struggle for happiness,
In different lands and countries,
On seas and oceans
Everyone who is young,
Let's join hands,—
Join our ranks, friends!

Youth sings a song of friendship. You can't hush or kill this song! We, the young, sing out And with us the entire world. You can't hush or kill this song!

We remember the thunder of metal,
The names of wartime friends.
Our friendship is cemented
By true red blood.
We call on all those whose souls are pure
To follow us.
The happiness of nations,
A radiant tomorrow
Is in our hands, friends!

We repeat this oath
With youthful hearts.
We lift the banner
Of our sacred rights!
Again dark forces
Are digging a grave for peace,—
Everyone who is honest
Stand together with us
Against the flame of war!



LEV OSHANIN (1912.

Lev Osbanin's verse is loved by those who read poetry and those who do not. His are the lyrics of many of our popular songs ("Roads," "The Volga Flows," "May There Always Be Sunshine"). Oshanin tried many different occupations before be found himself. He is a born lyricist, and his lyrics form a kind of verbal counterpoint to the music. They have an inherent melody of their own, made up of a multitude of emotional shades:

Eh, pathways! Dustiness and mist. Mornings cold and anxious, and the steppe sage grass . . .

Oshanin chose a difficult and thankless genre (when we talk of songs, we usually know the composer, rarely the lyricist), but it has served him well.

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NEXT ISSUE



eatured in the September issue, the Soviet militiaman is educator, crime preventer and guardian of human rights; another important duty is the apprehension of criminals. His diverse role is shown in several articles. Our reporter spends a night at the call desk of a militia station and logs the minute-by-minute action. Teenage crime and criminals, the juvenile offender of the twenties and today's problem child are considered in another article. The Soviet traffic director and his headaches are the subject of a third. The nation's Minister for the Maintenance of Law and Order, discusses the relation of crime to social health.







he Kuban is farm country, one of the great breadbaskets of the Soviet Union. It grows a hard wheat and rice that few other of the world's agricultural regions can match for quality or for size of crop per acre. But fall in this fertile plain of southern Russia brings more than the harvest season and granaries full to bursting. It is wedding time. The Kuban, say its more enthusiastic local patriots, grows the prettiest girls in the country, and they are perfectly willing to argue comparisons with any or all other countries as well. Foreign visitors, after a look around, are hard put not to agree. The Kuban is also famous for its Cossack, with all the tradition that connotes-their characteristic costume (the familiar hat, as in the photos above, and the cartridge-pocket blouses); the horsemanship tradition in the Kuban, motor vehicles notwithstanding, is also much alive, and fall gymkhanas draw big, excited crowds.

The saga of a daring Arctic Ocean voyage in a small boat. The writer and a companion sail with the melting ice on the coast to ancient Mangazeya, the route their medieval forebears took to trade with Siberia's trappers.

Professor Nikolai Amosov, well-known Soviet medical scientist, considers the moral aspects of heart and other organ transplants and discusses such future probabilities as live heads without bodies and heredity control.

An article on the unique Historical Museum collection of sabres, spears, arquebuses and dueling pistols. And another on the latest developments in touring the Soviet Union by car, bus, train, boat and hitchhiking.

COMING SOON

Olympic games and folk sports

delicate and well-proportioned. This is a people's art, growing out of their way of life and age-old traditions.

Gorodets (8) is a town on the bank of the Volga not far from the city of Gorky. It has historic fame, because Alexander Nevsky died there in 1263. In 1242 he routed the German knights of the Teutonic Order on Lake Peipus. The carvers of Gorodets brought the town another kind of fame-the art of polychromatic wood painting. They passed on their skills from one generation to the next. Even today many voung artists do wood paintings.





These wall paintings of gracious steeds and a bird have a beauty all their own (numbers 5 and 7).

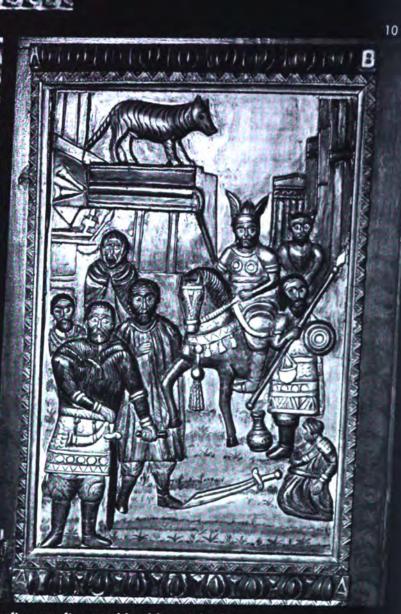
In some cases the entire pediment would be ornamented. On the nalichniki framing an attic window would be carved lions or fantastic monsters. A broad carved frieze would cover up the joint between the pediment and the log wall of the house. The frieze would often be the most ornamented component, its sides adorned with symmetrical mermaids (3) and water sprites armed with tridents. The gates (6) were ornamented with motifs from nature—flowers, leaves or boughs (1).

Even the kitchen utensils were original masterpieces. Each would be shaped to its function, scoops and ladles of many different shapes; salt cellars and pryanik (cake) molds were really sculptured birds and animals (numbers 4, 9 and 11 and back cover).

Spinning wheels and in some cases furniture (like these cabinets-10) had carvings that told a story. Gorodets







craftsmen often combined fretwork with inlay. Fumed oak was used for the purpose. The main motifs in inlaid oak would stand out against the lighter background. The design would continue in semicircular borders, and the subjects would be local festive occasions—outdoor fêtes and gatherings.

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IN THE BIONCOUR





HEARD this enigmatic phrase at the Moscow Historical Museum. "What and where is it?" I asked.

By way of answer I was led down a steep spiral staircase. A heavy iron-lined door opened on a large round hall, where all kinds of weapons were displayed in tall glass cases.

This treasury of small arms is named for its original donor, Count Catuar de Bioncour, Chief Huntsman to His Imperial Majesty. In 1911 the count presented the Moscow Historical Museum with a magnificent collection of Russian and West European sporting guns. The collection has been growing since and now includes some 14,000 specimens of small arms from the fourteenth century to the present.

The Berdan-1 Rifle

In the hall where Russian and Western arms are exhibited there are portraits of John Browning of Browning gun fame, the brothers Wilhelm and Paul Mauser, Hiram Maxim and other inventors whose names are generally familiar. However, only specialists would be likely to know of Sergei Mosin, who invented the three-groove rifle which the Russian Army used for 60 years. The czar's government showed no gratitude to the inventor. Royal decree listed this rifle, designed by a Russian engineer and acclaimed the world's best, as the 1891 rifle, with no reference either to him or to his country.

One of the rifles the nineteenth-century Russian Army used was the Berdan-1, designed by a retired American Army colonel, Hiram Berdan. In the late sixties two engineers, General Alexei Gorlov and Captain Konstantin Gunnius, were sent to the United States to choose a rifle for the Russian Army. They were present when the Berdan rifle was tested and thought it was the best available, but that it could be improved. After basic changes the Berdan-1 rifle was approved for the Russian Army.

Pugachev's Cannon

This cannon was cast at a Urals foundry in 1773 or in the following year. Unlike those at the time made by the imperial gun foundries for the regular Russian Army, it has a smooth bore, without the customary separating metal bands and has a grooved muzzle. It is more than three feet long and has a caliber of about 2 inches.

This cannon played a part in the Pugachev uprising in 1773. A few years before Catherine II had deposed her husband Peter III, the grandson of Peter the Great, and made herself Empress of Russia. Shortly thereafter the deposed czar was murdered by Guard officers from Catherine's retinue. But a rumor persisted that he was alive and in hiding. Declaring himself to be Peter III, Cossack Emelyan Pugachev rallied to his standard with promises of liberty and land large numbers of peasants, Cossacks, Urals workers, members of the Old Believers' Sect and such oppressed national minorities as the Bashkirs, Chuvashes and Mordovians.

The uprising fermented for more than two years, became large in scope and embraced a great slice of territory along the Volga and bordering the Urals Mountains. Pugachev was able to capture such large cities as Kazan, Saransk, Penza and Saratov, to mention only

Cannons were especially important to his operations. On occasion he used a hundred, most of them captured in assaults on fortresses and in engagements with the imperial forces. He also had several from Urals gun foundries that he seized. One of them is preserved at the museum of history.

This piece of ordnance was found in the Urals not far from the Sysert Works. For a whole fortnight in February 1774 some of Pugachev's troops under the command of Ivan Beloborodov laid siege to the works but were unable to take it. At the close of 1774 both Pugachev and Beloborodov were captured and executed, and the rebellion harshly suppressed.



Damascus Steel

"An introduction to Eastern arms should properly start with Persian sabers. These are classics," said Emma Astvatsaturyan, oriental arms custodian. She grasped a handle, and a narrow, smoothly curved blade slipped from its sheath.

This saber was made by armorer Asad Ula of Islahan. He was so famous a craftsman that many armorers passed off their work as his. We have one of them in our collection with the blade inscribed: 'Made by Asad Ula of Isfahan' and dated 1763. The Turkish craftsman who made the saber did not know that Asad Ula had been dead

for a hundred years."

Each of the 3,500 items in the Eastern collection is a work of art. It is difficult to decide which deserves preference: the fancifully engraved Caucasian daggers in gold-inlaid sheaths, the pistols of carved bone and chased silver, the flint muskets with inlaid patterns. And the Damascus blades! A lusterless, dark silver traced with a subtle black design. The mother country of Damascus steel was India, and the process of forging the steel was a secret. But in 1837 engineer Pyotr Anosov, after 147 experiments, found out how to forge the steel. Whereupon the Zlatoust armory began to make Damascus blades.

Japanese arms stand out among the magnificent oriental weapons. A complex ritual was built around arms in Japan. For example, if a blade was touched, even by the craftsman who was making it, it lost its merit. The blade was kept separate from the handle in a special wooden sheath. When he had occasion to use the saber, the owner himself put it together with a set of tsubas, metal plates connecting blade to handle. Tsubas were engraved, and if the owner of the saber went on a sea voyage, he took along the tsuba on which a wave-tossed ship was engraved; if he called on a friend, the tsuba depicted a meeting with a philosopher.

Among the African arms on display are shields of polished leather, two-edged sabers that look like sickles and all kinds of spears, both long and short. One, with three prongs sticking out in different directions, was a prized favor granted by the chief of Galases: The spear

meant free passage through his land.

Samsonov's Secret

Curator Vladimir Alexeyev showed me a simple hunting knife. Though unornamented, the knife had a most impressive functional elegance-a broad blade with a small hollow in the middle that narrowed smoothly at the end and a surface that could vie with a mirror. The knife was made by Yegor Samsonov, a Tula craftsman, at the turn of the century.

Legend has it that King Richard the Lion-Hearted cut through a piece of steel with his sword to impress Sultan Saladin of Egypt. Saladin reciprocated by tossing up a silk kerchief and slicing it in mid-air. Samsonov's knife combines both properties. It can be used to shave with. Immersed in water for two weeks and rubbed dry, it loses none of its mirrorlike glitter. It can withstand a stress of up to

30 tons.

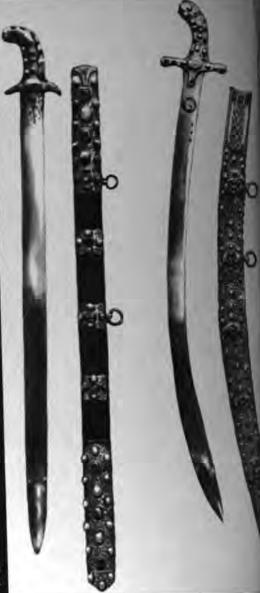
Incidentally, Samsonov made his knife at home, with only the most primitive facilities. The steel was forged, and the blade hammered in a village smithy and tempered in an ordinary Russian stove. The whole secret is in the tempering. The family secrets used to be transmitted from father to son, but since Yegor Samsonov had no sons, it died with him.

"To the First Consul of France"

The blade of one of the sabers in the Bioncour is inscribed "Napoleon Bonaparte," and the sheath, "To the First Consul of France." The saber was made in Versailles and presented to Napoleon by the Convention, It had a long and checkered history before it landed in

In 1814, after the French Army was routed, Napoleon was sent to the island of Elba. He was accompanied to the port from which he sailed by Count Pyotr Shuvalov, a personal adjutant of Alexander I. Word came that some Frenchmen intended to attack the emperor. Shuvalov suggested that he and Napoleon change clothes. When they arrived at the port, Napoleon presented his saber to Shuvalov as a tribute to his courage. Having returned to Russia, Shuvalov gave the saber to Princess Catherine Vorontsova-Dashkova who took it to her estate in Zatishye, the Ukraine, where it was kept in the family museum. In 1912, the centenary of the Battle of Borodino, the saber was displayed in the Moscow Kremlin.

During the Civil War which followed the October Revolution, Pyotr Nesmashny, a Black Sea sailor, came to Zatishye, formed a detach-



Mikhail Skopin-Shuisky's sword (left) and Dmitri Pozharsky's saber, both seventeenth-century.

ment of Red Guards and armed them with weapons from the Vorontsov-Dashkov museum. One of the Red Guards received Napoleon's saber. But he subsequently joined the Whites, was caught, and the saber passed on to Nikolai Alexeyev, chairman of the local revolutionary committee.

When the Civil War ended, someone turned up at the Museum of the Red Army in Moscow, said that he had fought through the whole war and wanted to present his saber to the museum. The experts could hardly believe their eyes: It was Napoleon's saber! There was such a fuss that they even forgot to ask the donor's name.

Purloined Pistols

Another exhibit at the Bioncour relates to the war against Napoleon: Cossack chief Matvei Platov's pistols.

When Alexander the First went to London in 1814, he took Platov along with him. The townspeople of London presented a magnificent pair of pistols to the famous Cossack chief.

The pistols were displayed at an exhibition on the War of 1812.

Vyrodkov's Hauberk and Zhukov's Saber

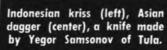
The Bioncour collection is famous for its antiques: fifteenth-century armor, Prince Mikhail Skopin-Shuisky's sword, Prince Dmitri Pozharsky's saber, a chain-mail tunic with flat rings which belonged to Boyar Ivan Vyrodkov, a famous mid-sixteenth century fortification expert. It is also famous for its much more recent relics, like the millionth Tommy gun made by the Moscow Auto Plant on September 27, 1943. Another submachine gun, almost homemade, is inscribed "Death to the German invaders!" It was made by the partisans of Byelorussia in the detachment named for Grigori Kotovsky, a hero of the Civil War. And a Caucasian saber on display is the one Marshal Georgi Zhukov held when he reviewed the Victory Parade in Red Square on June 24.

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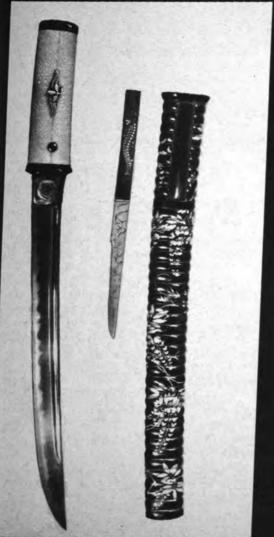
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Another Tula gunsmith made these five-shooters. Tula still makes sharpshooting sport guns.

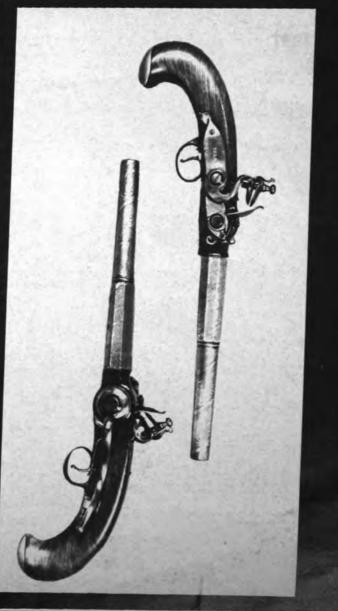






Bioncour has an especially fine collection of classical Far Eastern weapons. These are Japanese.

Tula's gunsmiths have long been famous for their work. Polin crafted these handsome pistols.



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FRONT COVER: Noted theatrical star Tatyana Doronina whose career and life are discussed in a interview. See story on page 5

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Children's Corner

Russian Cuisine

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MEET TATYANA DORONINA

By Edward Tserkover

To the question: "Which theatrical production in recent years has made the strongest impression on you?" I would answer: "The motion picture adaptation of the play The Elder Sister, starring Doronina. At which point I hear theater lovers protesting: "Why not Doronina in the original play, and why not other productions of Leningrad's Drama Theater?" Recently I interviewed Tatyana Doronina. She replied to my questions in a quiet, smiling voice, occasionally tinged with a bit of irony.

Q. Starting with conventional questions, let me ask you where you were born, about your family, which school you attended and how well you did there.

A: I was born in Leningrad in a factory worker's family. I went to School No. 261. I think I did all right, but the teachers thought otherwise. As for my parents, they were confused but inclined to subscribe to the school's judgment. What got me down, I think, was my very inquisitive nature. I joined too many extracurricular groups-French, calisthentics, recitation, biology, singing and sharpshooting.

Q: And likely dreamed of the theater?



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A: Not at the time. It was on too high a pedestal. Everything I saw on the stage seemed wonderful but completely out of reach.

Q: If you could begin all over again, would you still become an actress?

A: I think I would rather be part of the audience.

Q: And how did you come to take up acting?

A: Fearing the acid test, I accepted the challenge. After eight years of school, I passed all the required exams for the Moscow Art Theater School. But because I didn't have a school diploma and wasn't old enough, I was returned to my school again. I had to stay there two more long years, feeling continual impatience with the slow passage of time. I had my reward though; I passed the exams for all the dramatic schools in Moscow. They all accepted me, but I went to the Art Theater School.

Q: In what role did you make your debut? And what do you think of it now?

A: My first role was as Zhenka Shulzhenko in Alexander Volodin's Factory Girls. I have the brightest memories of this time. It meant complete freedom for me, I was ecstatic. I can't say I've enjoyed a similar state since.

Q: Which teachers do you remember best? A: I had wonderful teachers: Fyodor Nikitin when I was an amateur artist, Boris Vershilov and Pavel Massalsky at the Art Theater School and Georgi Tovstonogov who taught me acting, producing and other theatrical skills.

Q: What do you like to read? Who is your favorite writer or poet? Who is your favorite literary character and would you like to play that character?

A: I prefer the poets. Relying on what I might term personal literary discoveries, I found a whole collection of poets who, at one time or another, were my favorites—Nekrasov, Nadson, Mayakovsky and Yesenin. When I discovered Lermontov, I thought him the best for a long time. Then came Pushkin—to stay forever as the amalgam of a great mind and heart plus perfect literary form. Recently I fell for Marina Tsvetayeva, and dare say I will adore her all my life. The writer I like most is Dostoyevsky, while my favorite literary character is Don Quixote.

Antoine de Saint-Exupery and Alain Fournier are favorite authors. The book I like most is the one I happen to be reading at the moment. Right now it's Valentin Katayev's Holy Well.

Q: How do the other muses strike you? And do you play any musical instrument?

A: My relations with the other muses are rather complex. I have an unfathomable conviction that I can fiddle very well. So to keep up that lovely delusion, I never touch a violin.

Q: Who is your favorite composer? Artist? Sculptor? Musician? Which play do you like best? Which of your roles did you like best? And what is your dream role?

A: My favorite composers are Mozart and Rachmaninoff. Goya, (whose temperament and sharp political coloration intrigued me) is my favorite painter. My favorite sculptor is Rodin, and my favorite musician is Van Cliburn. As for the play I like best, it is the

Tatyana Doronina as Nastasya Filippovna in the adaptation of Dostoyevsky's novel The Idiot.

one with a role I feel I must act as soon as possible. The role I like best is Nastasya Filippovna in Idiot. As for my dream role, I think I should keep it secret, just as every dream should be kept secret.

Q: What does a role exact from you? And how do you go about creating it?

A: A role, one that is your very own by giving you the greatest opportunity for self-expression, calls for absolute concentration. You create the role by searching within yourself, by reading around subjects that might come in handy, even things that might not seem immediately relevant at first glance—such as historical period, approach of the author, other productions of the same play and various concepts of the role.

Does art really require sacrifice?

A: Well, out of protest and hate for sacrifices, I make a categorical denial!

What is your favorite street in your favorite city?

A: Fontanka in Leningrad.

Q: What season of the year do you like best?

A: Early autumn. That's a time when you feel strong and very optimistic. And it's a lovely time of year besides.

Q: Do you think an actor, man or woman, should take up a sport? And what do you think of soccer?

A: To show that I'm sensible, I say that one should. But to do it you need such "trifles" as will power and self-discipline plus at least a 25-hour day. As for soccer I must



As Nadya in Elder Sister by Alexander Volodin.

say I marvel at the stamina and optimism of the boys who chase each other around the field. A soccer fan to me is a riddle, and every riddle makes me wary so . . .

O: What made the strongest artistic impression on you in recent years?

A: Peter Brook's Macbeth.

Q: Do you have a hobby that has no relation to your profession?

A: Wandering around a strange city.

Q: What is your ideal of happiness?

A: Harmony.

Q: Do you recognize such a being as a good spectator?

A: I think a good spectator is one who listens closely and reacts as I want him to. That is, a person who loves and sobs when he should and not the other way round.

Q: Do you ever use your art as a means of public expression of inner convictions—as an aid, for example, in a fight for or against a certain idea or principle?

A: The term fight is not correct; it doesn't fit me as either an actress or a person. All I try to do is live by plain common truths



Playing the role of Lushka in the stage version of Mikhail Sholokov's novel Seeds of Tomorrow.

such as integrity without compromise, duty to others and to oneself.

Do you follow your stage ideal in life?

A: This is not always possible, but I try.

What is the most fantastic thing that ever happened to you, also the funniest?

A. I can't tell about the most fantastic thing, because I haven't experienced it yet; I haven't lost hope. As for funny things there have been many of them, but you'd better ask my friends.

Q: What human trait do you prize most?

A: The ability to be oneself in any circumstance.

0: What science do you respect most?

A: Topology, Because I don't know what it means. I have heard names that are still more of a mystery, but, unfortunately, I can't remember them now. I have the greatest awe for the sciences, because they are all Greek to me.

Q: What do you think acting talent should include?

A: I wish I knew the complete answer! I can think of what it should not include: self-adulation, falsity nor shallowness of any kind nor envy of others. Nor should you deny today what you said yesterday. And the big thing is always to be searching.

Q: What is your favorite color? Your favorite smell? Your favorite dish and drink? And the holiday you like the most in the year?

A: I prefer white and the smell of spring. My favorite dish is anything that I don't have to cook. My favorite drink is, pardon me, milk. The holiday I like the most is New Year.

Q: What is your motto?

A: I adapted it from Pushkin. "To serve the muses, one must never fuss."

Do your attitudes to fame and to popularity hinder or help you?

A: I have never been famous, so I can't say. As for popularity I must say it takes a lot of time when it means giving interviews, and for interviews one needs a special knack and familiarity which I still don't have.

Q: What do you look for in art?

A: I believe that everyone looks for perfection, and I think that no one ever finds it.

Q: What would you tell the spectator, as representative of all those who have ever seen you, if you were having a confidential chat with him? And what would you like him to tell others?

A: I would tell him that there's no royal road to acting. The spectator must also be knowledgeable if he wants to get the most out of the theater. And I hope he would listen with a serious look and assure me that he would pass the word on to others.

Courtesy of Nedelya

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ISSUE ON ARMENIA

Gentlemen:

We are anxious to secure copies of your March issue dedicated to Soviet Armenia. We had thumbed through the pages of this issue at a friend's home and were very impressed with its contents. However, we have been unable to purchase copies in our area.

Kindly let us know if there are back copies available. . . .

Sincerely, Miriam J. Zakarian Watertown, Massachusetts

We now have some copies of the March issue in stock and can send them on request. Editors

HISTORICAL ERROR

Dear Sir:

As a new reader of your magazine I was surprised to discover an historical error in Myuda Derevyankina's otherwise fine article "Lord Novgorod the Great: Millennium-Old Republic" in your June issue. On page 14 it is stated that Ivan the Terrible incorparated Novgorod into the Russian state. Actually Tsar Ivan III ("the Great"), not Ivan IV ("the Terrible") his grondson, captured the city by siege in 1478 and ended its existence as an independent republic.

Sincerely yours, Kenneth S. O'Day Berkeley, California

Dear Sir:

This letter is in reference to the article Lord Novgorod the Great by M. Derevyankina in the June 1968 No. 6 (141) issue of SOVIET LIFF.

There appears to be an error of time or title in the historical background of Novgorod. On page 14, paragraph two, sentence three, the time element "two centuries" is overstated by about 150 years. As I understand it, the Swedes came in during the seventeenth century in what is called the "time of troubles" and Ivan (IV) the Terrible reigned from 1533-34 (regency)-1584 plus the fact that Ivan the Terrible suppressed Novgorod in 1570 after a revolt.

Ivan (III) the Great (1462-1503) overran Novgorod in 1471, and this may be the factor of interest in this history. Please correct me if I'm wrong.

Sincerely yours, Walter T. Connett St. Poul, Minnesota

We want to thank Kenneth S.
O'Day and Walter T. Connett for
pointing out a historical error in
our June issue. The city of Novgorod did indeed lose in the battle
with Ivan III on the Sheion River
in 1471. In 1478 Novgorod the
Great was finally incorporated into
Muscovy.
Editor

FROM KAMCHATKA'S

BY YEVGENI SIMONOV

Member of the Central Tourism Council

HEN AND WHERE TO VACATION
—that perennial question. Should
it be a summer vacation at the seashore or a winter holiday on skis? Or
perhaps it would make more sense to
arrange for a stay at a health resort in
Kislovodsk in the Northern Caucasus to
rest the old blood pump. And then again,
maybe we ought to forget our aches and
pains and do some fall hunting in Siberia
at a friend's lodge?

Finally, after some good-natured wrangling, everybody's mind is made up. The whole family, suitcases bulging, crowds into the car and takes off for the Crimea's exotic landscapes and elegant resorts.

exotic landscapes and elegant resorts.

"That's no way to vacation," says a passerby, watching a touring motorist sweating over a flat tire. "A sanatorium or rest home is the thing. Treatment, recreation, no worries." True, if your preferences run that way. In a rest home you can spend 24 wonderful, carefree days. But first you have to arrange for accommodations through the trade union committee or your factory or office.

Eighty per cent of the country's resorts are owned and run by the trade unions. Last year they accommodated about five and a half million people. Most of the accommodations were partially or fully paid for by the state from social insurance funds. For example, the actual cost of a sanatorium stay is 100 to 170 rubles. However, about 20 per cent of the accommodations are provided free, the rest at a reduced rate: The vacationer pays only 30 per cent of the bill. The same holds true for rest homes: The vacationer pays 30 per cent of the cost, or only 7 rubles 20 kopecks for his entire stay.

A 24-day stay includes four meals daily, a room and the free use of all the facilities—one can borrow skis or a boat, say, play billiards or volleyball—in short, everything the sanatorium, pension or rest home has at its disposal. Sanatoriums also provide free treatment.

Accommodations are distributed by the All-Union Central Council of Trade Unions to its local branches and then to the trade union committees at the factory or business enterprise. Priority is given to employees in poor health who need treatment and to those with large families whose earnings are low.

Inevitably some are disappointed. There are always more requests than available accommodations. Many enterprises have therefore built their own resorts to take care of their staffs. The economic reform now being introduced permits factories to allocate funds to build sanatoriums and rest homes.

In addition the Central Trade Union Council is stepping up its resort-construction program. By the end of 1970, another 145,000 accommodations will be available. Most of the new units will be for two or three persons, i.e., for a small family.

Resorts are expanding geographically. People used to spend their vacations exclusively in the Crimea, the Caucasus, on the Baltic Coast or in the Carpathian region. They came from the North, the Far East and from Siberia. Now the inhabitants of regions remote or with severe climates do more vacationing at such local resorts as Darasun beyond Lake Baikal.

Sanatoriums and rest homes attract the elderly, the sick and those who want everything—food, lodging, amusement—organized for them. Some people prefer to be on their own, to rent lodgings from local inhabitants and eat out. With improvements in tourist services, these "improvisers" are having an easier time of it.

olidaymakers, both the organized and the improvisers, spend whole days on the beaches. Rather a dull life, say those with tourist fever, a fast growing number.

I recently visited one of Riga's major enterprises, the VEF Radio Factory, and asked how the workers there spend their vacations.

The trade union committee people told me: "Since we now have a shorter workweek, we have two-day weekends besides summer vacations. Outdoor people can go to the factory's camp. It's in a scenic spot between the Gauya River and Lake Vais. For three meals, lodging and hiking and sports equipment you pay one ruble a day; the rest is paid by the trade union.

"We also have a pension—a sort of boarding house—on the Baltic seashore in Bulduri. Last year the camp and the pension accommodated 1,800. We also arranged accommodations for 100 of our people at the international youth camp Sputnik, as well as 150 long-distance tour reservations.

"Most of the 5,500 rubles we spent in 1967 for weekend recreation came from the factory's profits and contributions by the state to the centralized social insurance fund. All told, for tourism and mountain climbing last year, our union spent 81,500 rubles. Our 6,000 travel enthusiasts have been to the Crimea, the Carpathian region, the Caucasus and the Black Sea coast, to Altai and the Pamirs."

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NOLCANOES TO THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO

One of those enthusiasts, assembler Voldemar Simans, added:

"I've been working at VEF for 31 years and have taken advantage of all the welfare services the factory committee has to offer, except for sick benefits. I haven't been sick once in all that time. I think traveling has a lot to do with it. True, I do spend a lot of time outdoors also, puttering around in my garden. Since we began working a five-day week, I've used the long weekends for trips to Palanga, Tallinn, Tartu, Sigulda—all over the Baltic republics."

On the shores of the Baltic is the westernmost tourist camp of the trade unions, the easternmost is in the Valley of Geysers in Kamchatka. Between these two "poles" of tourism organized and financed by the trade unions, you can chart a route 7,500 miles long.

Tourist councils in each region offer planned tours, more than 1,500 of them, to all parts of the country. The regional councils arrange accommodations and guides for anything, from a climb up Mt. Elbrus to a visit to the "art gallery" of primitive man in the Kapov Cave. The regional tourist councils have 500 camps.

A while ago this seemed like an imposing figure; now it does not begin to meet tourist needs. Which is why large enterprises, like the VEF Factory in Riga, have built 9,500 tourist camps, anglers' and hunters' lodges of their own.

Once the name Zaporozhskaya Sech denoted the free brotherhood of Ukrainian Cossacks who settled on islands in the Dnieper River. Now it is the name of the tourist club of the Zaporozhstal Plant. Every Sunday a large group of holidaymakers flock to Khortitsa Island and to the small island of Baida nearby, where Camp Brigantina, which accommodates 250 people, has been operating for eight years now.

There was a time when the staff of the best hotel in Zaporozhye, the Dnepro, were taken aback when foreign tourists occupying the best suites said they wanted to spend a night or two at the Brigantina tent camp. Since then, though, it has become the regular thing for foreign visitors to do.

The camp is run on the self-service principle: The campers build, improve and repair things themselves. There is no charge for accommodations.

There are also mobile tourist bases. The tourist councils, in collaboration with the Ministry of Transportation, arranges the tours on more than 1,200 trains.

Passengers on the Leningradets train have traveled in their mobile tourist base through six republics in 19 days. They visited 14 cities, 83 rivers, 4 mountain ridges and 3 medieval castles. And all this with a minimum of wear and tear.

Such a trip would ordinarily cost 155 rubles. Some Leningraders made it for 10 kopecks, the cost of the subway ride to the Varshava railway terminal and back; their trade union picked up the bill.

Tens of thousands of Leningraders spend their vacations and holidays touring by train. The local travel and excursion bureau alone worked up 250 distant and local train tours last year.

Country dwellers come to town on excursion and theater trains. For example, the theater train Shota Rustaveli brings people from the rural areas of the Georgian Republic to Tbilisi four times a week.

Avtostop is another way to tour. You buy a coupon book for the number of miles you want to travel. The coupons go to the driver of any vacant vehicle which gives you a lift. The driver who collects a certain number of coupons gets a prize. The coupon's low cost of one or two kopecks per five miles has made Avtostop very popular with students-foot-loose people not usually burdened with heavy pockets. Incidentally, the more enterprising among them used to travel for next to nothing even before. But now with a lot less trouble they can tour all of Russia, Byelorussia and the Ukraine for a mere ruble and

Avtostop is a great help to millions of "amateur" tourists, i.e., vagabonds not tied down to definite routes and specific lodgings. They make no reservations, simply wander as the wind blows. First they board a train, then hitchhike and make their way to some woodland stream. There they build a raft and drift down the river. They hunt, fish, search out unique icons and frescoes in old churches and chapels. More and more young people are spending their vacations this way. Since wild places in the North are now the most popular spots, lolling on the hot beaches of the South is passé.

To sum up, last year over 50 million people went on tours. Many got their tickets at deductions of from 30 to 100 per cent. Last year also the trade unions budgeted nearly 30 million rubles for the construction of new tourist bases, cableways and related services.

A considerable sum is going to build tourist facilities in the Caucasus, that famous paradise of tourists, mountain climbers and skiers.

A hundred years ago, in 1868, that area was visited by the English traveler and president of the Royal Geographic Society Sir Douglas Freshfield, who was moved to write in his diary about his ascent of beautiful Mt. Elbrus. Much later, he wrote in a letter to Russia (Soviet by then) that he saw no reason why the Caucasus could not become a second Switzerland for tourists.

Much the same thing was said by Gustav Düberl, a visitor from Austria who has skied on most of the European slopes. Incidentally, he was the first man I ever saw ski down the western slope of Mt. Elbrus (18,500 feet above sea level).

The country there amazed even those it would seem nothing could surprise after the Himalayas or Andes, among them John Hunt, head of the team that conquered Mt. Everest, and that "tiger of the snows" Tenzing Norgay.

In time the main tourist artery of the land will be the Baksan gorge, which leads to Mt. Everest. This will be the site of new hotels, hunting lodges, slalom runs. A single route will connect the eternal snows of the Greater Caucasus with the seashores and palm groves of Abkhazia. A network of cableways will span the Main Ridge from peak Zub Sofraju to the southern slopes. After mountain skiing, a swim in the Black Sea.

Tourist itineraries also cross the frontiers of our country. Vacations abroad are not very restful—the kaleidoscopic change of impressions and endless bus trips can be tiring. Still, people want to visit other countries, see for themselves what is happening in the world. Last year more than one and a half million Soviet citizens went abroad, about 3,000 of them to the United States.

The great majority do their traveling in the traditional way: in city clothes and with a suitcase; during the day they look over the Baths of Caracalla and in the evening they have supper in a restaurant and stroll down the Via Veneto. But there are some who go abroad with a complete set of mountain climbing equipment. That is what a group of Leningrad scientists headed by Yevgeni lordanishvili did. They climbed Kilimanjaro, that snowy peak up which a leopard once strayed, says the epigraph to Ernest Hemingway's famous story.

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FROM KAMCHATKA'S VOLCANOES THE STOWS OF KHIMANJARO

The countryside around Moscow offers the hiker no challenging mountains to scale or turbulent rivers to ford. But the local landscapes, with their birch woods and tranquil streams, have a quiet beauty of their own not easily forgotten. As soon as you turn off the highroad onto the leaf-strewn pathways in the woods, you forget that a great metropolis is a short three-quarters of an hour away. Ten years ago you had to push your way through the strollers and loungers on the streets of Moscow and other big cities on a Sunday. Now they are noticeably emptier, visitors excepted, and the suburban trains are crowded with knapsacked weekend commuters. The five-day week, general now throughout the country, is largely responsible for the rising popularity of hiking. It began with college students and soon spread to people of various ages and callings, from factory workers to academicians, who board out-of-city trains for a weekend with Nature.

Photographs by Vadim Opalin



Original from



After a long hike, flames playing on the faces of friends, quiet talk, a glowing log for a lighter and a cup of good tea.



Going and coming there is always someone welded to a guitar, with an inexhaustible repertoire of everyone's favorite ditties.



Horsing around after a soccer game played with 20 men—and women—on each side and the knapsacks stacked up for goalposts.



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MARINE PLANTATIONS

Car Eastern biologists have determined that Peter the Great Gulf, on whose shores Vladivostok stands, has 520 species of invertebrates, 600 kinds of fish and about 90 varieties of seaweeds. Some of the seaweeds and invertebrates are edible. Among the sea foods in particularly great demand are trepangs, mussels, scallops and oysters. Leningrad and Vladivostok scientists have worked out a project to artificially breed mollusks in coastal waters. On underwater plantations, floating on special structures in the deeps of the gulf, scores of millions of young invertebrates will be grown to commercial size.



NEEDS NO AIRFIELD

The AN-14, which has the appropriate name Pchelka (Bee), needs no airfield. A light body and a specially designed landing gear permit the plane to take off and land in the open field, on moist ground, on sand and on snow.

GAS REFRIGERATORS

Experts believe that gas refrigerators will replace their electric counterparts; they are 8 to 10 times cheaper to operate. Moscow factories have started producing Sever-6 household refrigerators. They have a big storage capacity and are simple and convenient



MUSEUM IN THE TAIGA

A museum has been opened in the taiga village of Gvasyugi,

the Far East. On display are the

dwellings, household articles, na-

tive dress and hunting gear of

the Udes, a nation that has lived

in this region since time im-

memorial.

ARCHEOLOGICAL FIND A tiny island on Lake Araishchu

has created an archeological sensation in this Baltic area. When the lake's water level was lowered 4.3 feet by land-reclamation engineers, they uncovered a ninth to tenth century community. The 1,000-year-old town will probably become an ethnogeographical museum when it is reconstructed.



GLACIERS PROBED BY RADAR

Kirghizian scientists have measured the thickness of the Tien Shan glaciers by radar. The thickness measured about 1181 feet. The total water content in Kirghizia's glaciers has been estimated at 78.6 million cubic yards, an important figure for projecting foothill irrigation facilities. The studies are part of the program of the International Hydrological Decade (1965-1975).

MINI CAR FOR BIG CITIES

Maxi, the new automobile designed at the Technical Esthetics Research Institute, is going to be very popular in our big cities where parking is becoming a problem. The car is 16 inches shorter than the smallest Soviet mass-produced car, the Zaporozhets, but has a larger body capacity. Its speed is about 75 miles per hour. It will have sliding doors instead of the conventional door hinges, to save space at parking lots and in garages.

UNIFORM MEASUREMENTS

The USSR Metrology Research Institute in Leningrad is our country's repository of standard weights and measures. This year it received a new standard verification unit, guaranteeing the uniformity of neutronic measurements. The unit is a sphere, with more than 1,000 blocks of chemically pure graphite; it is 13 feet in diameter and weighs 50 tons.

NEW RUSSIAN BATHHOUSES

Russian bathhouses are more than holding their own against conventional home baths. Not only elderly folk but many young people like them, a tribute to tradition and the medical virtues of the old bathhouse. Moscow architects have worked out an experimental design for a new type of bath. Its ground floor will be reserved for dressing rooms, barher and beauty shops, laundries and a hall with medicinal baths. The boths, to be located on the first floor, will include a shower room and a 388-square-foot pool, with auartz lamps above it. Bathers will be able to swim and get a sun tan at the same time. The big feature of these baths will be the steam rooms, two with dry hot air and one with humid steam

The designers say that such a bathhouse will pay for itself in three years. Towns in many parts of the country are interested.

LIFE-GIVING SERUM

The Blood Transfusion Research Institute of Kirov, a city in the northern part of the European section of the Soviet Union, has developed an anti-Rh polyglobulin serum which can be used for both treatment and prevention of infantile blood diseases.



MACHINIST HELPS DOCTORS

A lexander Naidenov, leader of a gauge-making team at a pipe-rolling mill in the Urals, has trained about 100 apprentices. Many of them are now experts. Not only engineers but physicians come to him for help. At their request Naidenov made a miniature electric magnet to extract foreign objects from the esophagus. On another occasion he was asked to make a pair of pincers with which doctors extracted a plastic cuff link from an infant's lung.



ATOMIC TIMEKEEPER

An atomic timekeeper is now being assembled at the Observatory of the Latvian State University. The complicated electronic equipment will measure time to a precision of one billionth of a second.

A RAIL BUS

A rail bus has been designed at the Riga Railway Car Plant, Latvia. It is intended for electrified stretches of railroad without heavy traffic, where steam or diesel locomotives would be uneconomical. The motor-driven coach, with a diesel engine of 480 horsepower, develops a speed of about 62 miles per hour, pulling a passenger coach.

A NEW SEA FOR KIRGHIZIA

282-foot-high concrete dam A 282-toot-night concerning is to be built in Kirghizia, across a narrow garge of the Talas River. The dam will back up a reservoir which will hold 720 million cubic yards of water. In summer the waters of the manmade sea will be used for irrigating the northern areas of Kirghizia and part of the arid Kazakhstan lands. During the growing season more than 78.6 million cubic yards of water will be supplied to the plantations of the Talas valley alone. The dam is needed because of the uneven river flow at different times of the year, More than half the 247,-005 acres of cultivated land in the Talas valley suffer from drought in the summer months. The Talas River then becomes shallow enough to wade across. A tunnel has already been cut through the rocky shore to divert the river; the downstream cofferdam has been filled, and a concrete-mixing plant has been erected.

VERSATILE RADIO SET

A new radio set for small cars has been designed at the Sarapul radio factory, the Volga area. Installed behind the instrument panel, the set can easily be removed from its socket and switched on separately.

SCHOOL FURNITURE

The health and work capacity of children are affected by the design of school furniture. Cumbersome old desks have long since been replaced by tables and chairs. A new school table has an adjustable top, which can be inclined for writing and reading. The table is manufactured in six sizes, for various age groups. There are also school tables for physics and chemistry laboratories.



"TASHKENT" TRACTOR

A tractor plant, to be built in Tashkent this spring, will have a capacity of 30,000 machines a year. They will be adapted for work in cotton fields. Previously such tractors were only assembled in Tashkent; now the parts will be manufactured on the spot. The plant will turn out a new model, which has already been tested and given the name "Tashkent." The new tractor will have a 50-horsepower engine.

SUSPENDED PIPELINE

The polar town of Norilsk will get gas from the Taimyr Peninsula within the next half year. The 168-mile line will link the gas pools with the richest ore deposits in the polar area. The line will be, for the most part, suspended, meaning that the pipes will be laid on supports above the surface of the lundra. These supports will be placed in a zigzag pattern, a safeguard against pipe breaks caused by sharp temperature fluctuations.



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COMPUTER DEFEATED

A Ural newspaper arranged a match between a big group of chess players from 80 towns in the region and a computer. The match went on for months. The "electronic grandmaster" had to reply to the move most frequently indicated in the letters of the competitors. The machine was adjusted to the same program that brought it victory over an American counterpart in 1967. But this time it gave up on the nine-teenth move.

This comment is from one of the leading Soviet grandmasters, Lev Polugayevsky:

"Human intellect took the upper hand in the first mass chess contest with an electronic machine. But despite its shattering defeat, the machine's moves are of great interest. It proved to have typically human weak spots. It accepted the sacrifice of a pawn without due caution at the opening."



MANUSCRIPTS COME HOME

Twenty-two Armenian manuscripts from the 12th to the 18th centuries have come from Paris to the Matenadaran, the state repository of ancient manuscripts in Yerevan. A number of these priceless manuscripts are decorated with miniatures. The Matenadaran now has 10,400 manuscripts, the most ancient of them dates from 887.





FOR CHILDREN OF POLAR AREAS

The mining town of Vorkuta now has a Palace of Young Pioneers, with an auditorium that seats more than 1,000 children. The new palace has a swimming pool, a gymnasium, drawing and sculpture studios, a reading room, metal and woodworking shops.



LITHUANIA'S EXPORT TRADE

Three new countries are added every year to the list of nations that buy Lithuanian goods. The republic now sells to 75 foreign nations. Its main export items are metal-cutting machine tools, electronic computers, electric welders and acetate rayon. Lithuanian souvenirs and toys are also in great demand abroad.



A LETTER 500 YEARS OLD

Nikolai Latynov, member of an archeological team digging on the border between Kazakhstan and Kirghizia, found a letter written on a cow bone. Scientists believe it is 500 years old. It was written in the Turkic language with Arabic letters and is now being deciphered. It is thought that the bone, with the inscribed text, was used in some ancient ritual.

CUTTING WITH WIRE

A new machine tool, designed at the Moscow Experimental Metal-Cutting Machine-Tools Research Institute, makes the traditional cutter obsolete. It uses, instead, a fine piece of wire with a high-voltage current passing through it. This "cutter" can machine the most intricate forms.

TURKMENIAN AUTO REPAIR PLANT

Construction has begun on Turkmenia's largest automobile repair plant in the town of Chardzhou, It will cover an area of 10 acres. The plant will repair about 1,000 trucks annually. Some engine parts will be manufactured there, and an inventory maintained so that repairs can always be made rapidly.

VOLGA ON THE THAMES

The six-seater Volga pleasure boat, designed in the USSR, has been tested on the Thames. British businessmen have contracted for 20 such motorboats and for three 100-passenger Kometa hydrofoils. One of the Kometa boats is to be used in the English Channel service. Hydrofoils are already used for tourist trips on the Adriatic and between Gibraltar and Tangier.



TASHKENT VIDEO TELEPHONE

Video telephones and longdistance automatic sets were installed this spring in the Central Telegraph Office of Tashkent. They now link the Uzbek copital with many distant cities and with regional centers in the republic.

ORENBURG SPA

Construction of a new health resort will be started this year around 14 medicinal springs near Orenburg, in the Southern Urals. Researchers at the local medical institute made a close study of the medicinal properties of the springs before construction began. The site is a picturesque wooded spot near the Ural River, four miles from town.

CARNATIONS FOR MOSCOVITES

Construction has started of 10 new hothouses at the Ostan-kino Decorative Gardening Complex in Moscow. Each will have an area of 1,196 square feet and will grow half a million carnations and about 250,000 flowers a year.

YAKUT DIAMONDS

Yakutian geologists are prospecting for new diamond mines. Blue earth has been discovered 72 feet underground in the core of one of the borings, sunk 10 miles from the town of Mirny. The diamond vein, concealed by a thick layer of rock, contained unusually precious gem-quality crystals. This is the first diamond deposit of its kind in Yakut.

KAZAKH GOLD

Azakhstan geologists have prospected the republic's biggest gold deposit, not far from the town of Kokchetav. Gold-bearing veins have been traced to a depth of 984 feet. Boreholes have confirmed the supposition that the gold content increases rather than decreases with depth. The deposit lies in a populated area, not far from highways and railroads.

ODESSA'S THIRD PORT

The first port of than the city itself by almost he first port of Odessa is older 200 years. The city's second port, llyichevsk, will only be celebrating its tenth anniversary this year. Two ports are not enough for Odessa, however, and ships wait in the harbor to be unloaded. Plans are under way to build a third, a haven in the Black Sea for oceangoing fishing vessels and for the Antarctic whaling flotillas, Registered with the new port will be the floating factory Vostok (displacement 43,000 tons) now under construction in Leningrad. The docks, warehouses and workshops with auxiliary facilities will cover about a hundred acres.

FOR SIBERIA'S SWIMMERS

ovosibirsk's biggest swimming pool—its lanes are 164 feet long—opened this spring. As many as 500 people use the pool daily. There are special hours for children.



FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

A new Electron flash-light unit has been designed by the engineers of Lvov, Western Ukraine. The miniature unit, weighing only 8 ounces, uses storage batteries which can be recharged from regular house current. The flash energy is 20 joules.

RIGA FASHION CENTER

The creations of fashion designers in Riga, the capital of Latvia, are very popular in our country and are gaining recognition at international fashion shows. Latvian architects have designed a new building for the Riga Fashion House on Lenin Street, the city's main thoroughfore. It will have a hall for fashion shows and exhibitions, a cafe and a specialty shop. The shop will sell garments that only two or three days before were displayed by models.

TASHKENT SCIENCE PALACE

he design for a Science Palace The design for a seen approved. The walls of the building will resemble wind-inflated sails. Each 'sail" will be 446 feet long and 66 feet high. These wall screens, assembled from reinforced concrete sections, will shield against noise and sun. The main hall will seat 2,000. The building will be surrounded by a traditional oriental yard, with decorative pools. Galleries, faced with ceramic tile and enclosing the yard, will link the main building with the gymnasium and restaurant. In the center of the project will be a 164-foot tower, with an observation platform. All the structures will be built to withstand on earthquake of 9-point intensity.

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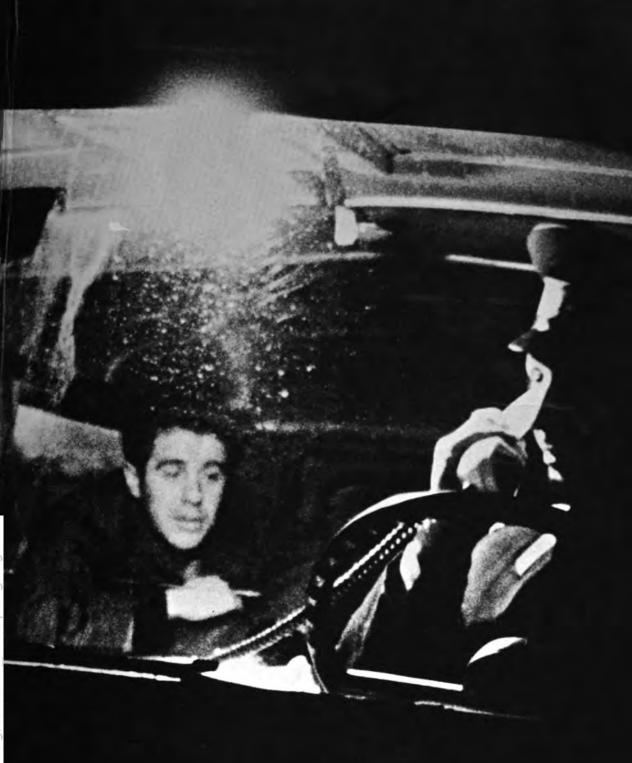
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crime and social health



Nikolai A. Shchyolokov Minister for the Maintenance of Public Order of the USSR

NE WARM DAY in July 1917 a car pulled up at the Association of Consumer Cooperative Societies in Moscow. Four men got out and slowly climbed the steps to the chairman's office on the second floor. The chairman stared when the unannounced visitors made themselves comfortable in easy chairs. Pointing pistols at him, they demanded the keys to the safe.

After emptying his safe and repeating the procedure in the other offices of the Association, they packed more than 100,000 rubles into a bag, returned to their car and disappeared. Some 70 employees and visitors were on the premises, but no one made any resistance.

A few days earlier armed bandits had made an equally bold raid on the Senate, a top government office in Petrograd. They wounded the watchman, disarmed the man on duty and left with several unique gold items, including a statuette of Empress Catherine II worth more than half a million rubles, a casket that had belonged to Peter the Great and three equestrian figurines of trumpeters. The haul was estimated at one and a half million gold rubles.

These incidents were reported by Utro Rossii, a Moscow newspaper. The papers of prerevolutionary Russia often played up crime reports under such lurid headlines as "Beast-Man," "Champion Murderer," "The Fatal Nine."

Before the October 1917 Revolution, the underworld in the bigger cities of Russia led a semilegal existence, ruled by its own laws, ethics and traditions. It was a formidable task for the administrative agencies of the socialist state to remove this inherited cancer.

As a result of the sociological and political changes in the Soviet Union, the over-all number of crimes has dropped several times, although the population has grown by 72.5 million in the same period. The type of crime has also changed radically. Before the 1930s many of the crimes, particularly serious offenses, were committed by professionals, members of organized gangs; today we have no organized crime. Organized armed robbery has also been eradicated. We have not had a bank robbery or the robbery of a state or public establishment in many

Crimes against the state, such as treason, are practically nonexistent. And if the criminal codes of the union republics still include sections on terrorism, sabotage, war propaganda, violation of national and racial equality laws, these references are academic. In 1967 and in the first half of 1968 not a single Soviet citizen was charged with any of these offenses.

Soviet society is also free of such crimes which violate the equal rights of women, the rights of religious worship, the privacy of correspondence or the sanctity of the home.

We have been successful in fighting crime, because we have eliminated its basic social source: the private ownership of the means of production and the exploitation of man by man. Our socialist way of life, our moral and political unity, our mass education have ensured this success.

You may ask: "Why do individual members of a socialist society, which has made such great economic and political progress in the past 50 years, still break the law?" The answer may seem simple enough: the survival of old ways of thinking, the remnants of private-ownership psychology that may still exist in some minds. But this is too simple an answer. A critical reader will pose another question: "What about the 20- and 25-year-old offenders? They know nothing of capitalism. They were born under the Soviet system. They attended Soviet schools, listened to Soviet radio programs and read Soviet literature. Some of their fathers and mothers were even born after the Revolution. To them such words as 'bourgeoisie' or 'landlord' are abstract notions."

All this is true. But we must not forget that socialism was not built on new ground. It grew out of the old society with its drive for profit, its admiration for the "golden calf," and its self-interest and indifference to other people's sufferings, its chauvinism, nationalism and hatreds. Economic and political changes alone will not eliminate these

Socialism, said Marx, is born out of capitalism, with all the birthmarks-economic, ethical and intellectual-of the old socie-

Marxists maintain-and this history has confirmed-that the development of social consciousness lags behind social change. And here lies the reason for the persistence of old traditions, old ideologies and old prejudices. They are carried over not only from capitalism, which preceded socialism, but even from earlier socioeconomic structures. Marx pointed out that the traditions of all the past generations are inflicted like a nightmare upon the minds of the living generation.

One of the most evil and persistent of these traditions is drinking. Statistics show that from 60 to 70 per cent of all offenses start with drinking. Like crime, this habit of drinking, inherited from the past, is more common among those who are less culturally developed, those whose world outlook, for various reasons, is more backward than that of people in general.

Besides the objective causes, there are subjective causes which help to perpetuate crimes, among them economic mismanagement at various levels, poor instruction in

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Generated on 20 Public Domain, moral behavior by either the family or the school and poor organization of the leisure time of young people.

It follows, then, that crime in the Soviet Union is not a form of social protest. It is the product of the deficiencies of the past.

Our economic progress, our rising living and cultural standards, the growing social consciousness of our people pave the way for the complete eradication of crime and its basic causes. The Communist Party includes this goal in its program.

Our immediate goal, at the present stage of development, is to instill a greater sense of social consciousness, of civic responsibility. Socialist democracy is incompatible with the willful, anarchic disregard by the citizen for the public welfare. It is for this reason that in July 1966 the Soviet Government adopted measures to step up the fight against crime. These measures set the policy to be followed by the militia, the public prosecutor's office, the courts of law, industrial and commercial enterprises and public organizations in maintaining socialist law and order.

Practically everywhere in the country we have volunteer street patrol squads, comrades' courts of honor, factory councils for the protection of socialist property, juvenile delinquency commissions, street and neighborhood committees, parents' committees at schools and adolescent club rooms. Hundreds of thousands of volunteer workers are involved.

We have never made punishment our principal weapon against crime, nor do we give punishment priority. We fight crime by preventing it. "The wise legislator prevents crime in order not to be forced to inflict punishment for it," said Marx.

The key importance of crime prevention is stressed in the program of the Communist Party. Experience demonstrates that in places where government agencies operate effectively to keep law and order, where they work out a consistent prevention program in which the public participates, no serious crimes are committed or their number drops sharply. In thousands of communities there has actually been no instance of a violation of the law in the last few years. The number of these communities is growing, testimony to the fact that it is possible to eradicate crime.

However, because of inadequate educational work in some places, we have individuals who still break the law, and almost always these are individuals who have not been influenced by a workers' collective.

Crime research shows that 95 per cent of the offenders never take part in community activities and that more than half do not read books, magazines, newspapers or go to theaters. As a rule they are people whose intellectual and educational level is low.

One of the main conditions for eradicating crime is the prevention of juvenile offenses. The juvenile delinquency rate in the USSR is incomparably lower than in the capitalist countries. But every case is a matter of deep concern. In working with young people we place primary emphasis on labor education.

Work is perhaps the best educational influence. Somebody said that the harder the calluses on his hands, the better a man stands up on his feet. But we realize that membership in a collective of workers or the process of work alone will not automatically reform a young person. The well-known educator Anton Makarenko pointed out that work without accompanying education will not be sufficient, because one without the other will be a fruitless process.

That is why government and public organizations in a number of republics, territories and regions and in many cities and communities are doing systematic educational work with juveniles. They are getting results. Leningrad is an example. Here delinquents are given individual attention at school, on the job and in the family. Many veteran workers have taken difficult teenagers under their wings. The city has set up children's rooms staffed by volunteers. A much greater effort is being made to help children who are beyond parental control. Lectures on methods of bringing up children are given on Sundays for parents whose children have broken the law. The youngsters spend their leisure hours at Young Pioneer Palaces, sports fields, recreation and reading rooms. Youth clubs have been organized in housing projects.

Adult clubs, libraries and Palaces of Culture have worked up activity programs for teenagers. They organized trips for "difficult" young people to the virgin-lands development area and to construction sites in the North with college students. They set up teenage summer camps where productive work is combined with sports.

Juvenile delinquency has been on the decline in Leningrad for several years now. Half as many offenses were registered in 1967 as in 1962, and the drop is continuing. The same thing is true of Moscow, Riga and other cities. The republics of Central Asia and Transcaucasia have also taken effective measures to prevent juvenile delinquency.

This stepped up fight against crime has been confronting lawbreakers with more than the state's administrative agencies, for they must face public condemnation now. The opinion of their fellow citizens is becoming an increasingly potent deterrent. It will eventually eradicate crime completely.

Courtesy of Pravda and the magazine Sotsialisticheskaya Zakonnost

MILITIAMAN'S DUTIES AND RIGHTS

N DUTY a post or patrol militiaman must see that the law is observed. He is required to take action against any threats to the safety, rights or dignity of citizens.

When addressed, a militiaman is required to touch his cap with his right hand as a sign of attention and respect.

On a citizen's demand, a post or patrol militiaman is required to give his name and station and show his service card.

A militiaman has the right:
To demand that a violation of law and order be stopped and to impose fines in cases specified by the law. Such fines may not exceed one ruble and may be imposed only on persons over 16. If he is unwilling to pay the fine then and there, the offender must give the militiaman his address and pay the fine within three days. If he refuses to give his address, he may be taken to the militia station.

To bring a citizen who violates law and order to the militia station. He may be held for no more than three hours. If he is intoxicated, he may be detained until he is sober; if he has been apprehended for a misdemeanor, until his case is considered by the people's judge (but no longer than 24 hours).

To submit materials for indictment to people's courts, administrative committees and comrades' courts.

To use private or state-owned vehicles in emergencies for overtaking fleeing criminals and delivering them to the militia, or for bringing those in need of urgent medical aid to the hospital.

To subpoena citizens as witnesses in cases investigated by the militia.

To enter private apartments or offices to apprehend suspects or prevent actions threatening the public order or safety of citizens.

To use adequate measures to restrain apprehended persons who display violence as well as dangerous criminals when they are apprehended and escorted. These measures must not involve physical injury. An apprehended person must not be held tied for more than two hours and must be watched all the time.

A militiaman is permitted to use weapons only as a last resort: in the event that it is absolutely necessary to protect citizens against a threat to their lives, or if the life of a militiaman is endangered, or when a criminal escapes or offers armed resistance.

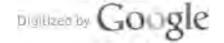
armed resistance.

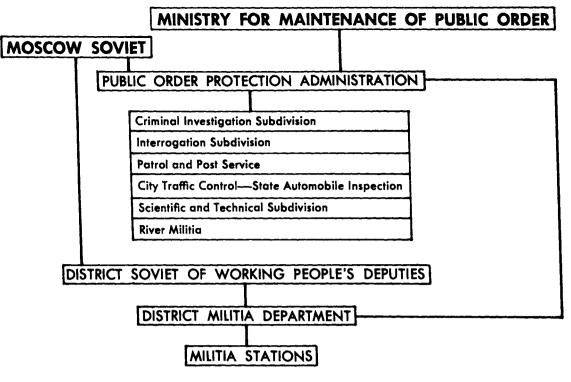
A militiaman is forbidden to use weapons against children and juveniles except in case of an armed attack. The use of arms is not permitted under any circumstances against adults with children, against pregnant women and against drivers who have violated a traffic regulation.

Only in exceptional cases may a militiaman use firearms on a street, and then only when there is no possibility of injuring bystanders.

A militiaman who has used arms must immediately render medical aid to the wounded person.

A militiaman who oversteps his rights or neglects his duties is liable under the disciplinary rules of the militia or under the criminal code.





The militia, the Soviet police force, is subject to two authorities. Each militia agency is responsible to the next higher one: At the lowest level is the District Militia Department, then come the City Department, Regional Administration, Ministry for the Maintenance of Public Order of a republic and, finally, at the top, the Ministry for the Maintenance of Public Order of the USSR. Each militia agency is also responsible to and part of the corresponding Soviet of Working People's Deputies. Thus, the militia is an agency of power controlled by the elected representatives of the people.

The Administration for the Maintenance of Public Order of the capital is one of the many departments and sections of the Executive Committee of the Moscow City Soviet. It consists of:

The Moscow Criminal Investigation Subdivision, whose function is the investigation of crime and the apprehension of criminals;

The Interrogation Subdivision, which handles most criminal cases except murder, rape and juvenile delinquency (these are under the jurisdiction of the Prosecutor's Office; misdemeanours are dealt with by the interrogation agencies of militia stations);

The Scientific & Technical Subdivision, which analyzes various kinds of evidence and gives testimony;

The Patrol & Post Service Subdivision, which does police patroling;

The Street Traffic Control and State Automobile Inspection Department, which supervises city traffic and the operation of motor vehicles, both state-owned and private.

Each of the 17 districts of the capital has its own militia department of the Executive Committee of the District Soviet, which supervises the militia stations in the district.

coordination desk: one night with moscow militiamen

By Vladimir Pozner

Y MILITIA looks after me!" said Vladi-

mir Mayakovsky.

"A guy can't get anywhere with the militia," said Panikovsky. "I never saw a worse bunch. They got ideals and culture nowadays.'

The first quotation every schoolboy knows.
The poet Mayakovsky ranks high in Soviet
literature. The second is known to the many hundreds of thousands in all walks of life who have grinned, chortled, laughed out loud and been generally delighted by Ilf and Petrov, who wrote those classical works of Soviet satire The Twelve Chairs and Little Golden Calf.

Panikovsky, a character in Little Golden Calf, was a petty thief who sighed for the good old days when he could slip the cop on the beat a fiver and then put in a session of pickpocketing on Kreshchatik, Kiev's main street, without a worry in the world. That being the case, his comment was just as much a paean of praise to the militia as the line by the poet

Such are my thoughts as I enter the Moscow Administration for the Protection of Public Order at 38 Petrovka Street to collect information for an article on the militia, my only previous contact with that body having been a 50-kopeck fine and a talking-to for jaywalking on a downtown street.

The massive oak door at the side en-

trance slowly yields to my push and swings gently back behind me.
"Coordination Desk?" repeats a voice in

the dimly lighted room where I see several heads outlined against a TV screen. (I have lost my way, and after hearing snatches of soccer reporting from behind one of the many doors, all of them alike, I have just knocked on it to ask directions.) "Straight ahead, to the left and then to the right. Room 49."

I turn the handle of the door marked "49." No one pays any attention to me. Telephones keep ringing.

"Coordination Desk, Bessudnov. Where?

Yes, right away."
"Savelyev on the wire. Yes . . . yes . . .
Well, don't worry, your son's sure to turn up

soon."
"Zhbychkin speaking. Let's have the address. Yes, I got it: 7/1 Gorlov Lane."
At first I can't make any sense out of the disconnected phrases I hear. They are like the control pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. the scattered pieces of a jigsaw puzzle.

These men are on a 24-hour watch for

trouble in this city of six and a half million

Lieutenant Colonel Alexander Bessudnov is in charge of the Coordination Desk this shift. Telephone, intercom, radio and teletype keep him in constant touch with the parel loss district militia stations with the patrol cars, district militia stations, subway



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stations, hotels, railway stations, airports, river passenger terminals, taxi garages and hospitals. Everything dark and seamy that happens in Moscow during these 24 hours—burglaries, swindles, rapes, car thefts, arson—is reported here.

happens in Moscow during these 24 hours burglaries, swindles, rapes, car thefts, arson — is reported here.

As I talk to Bessudnov, it takes me a while to throw off an impression of melodrama. Tall, blue-eyed and handsome, with graying temples and a pleasant voice, he is the very picture of a guardian of the law.

Pavel Zhbychkin, his deputy, is a bit older, a bit more experienced and a bit slower in his movements. He is a man who must have seen a great deal. It would take a lot to throw him off balance.

Major Vasili Chernitsyn and Captain Victor Savelyev sit facing one another. Beside them stands a table with a big map of the city on which small figures capped with numbered plastic tops are set out. These indicate patrol cars. Chernitsyn and Savelyev are glued to their telephones. Trying to make conversation with them is almost hopeless. They function like twins but look totally unalike. Chernitsyn is 37, small, balding, does not smoke and wears glasses (he is self-conscious about having his picture ing, does not smoke and wears glasses (he is self-conscious about having his picture taken wearing them); Savelyev is the youngest and tallest man on the shift and is a chain smoker.

At another desk in the big room, in a corner by himself, sits Lieutenant Colonel Victor Mitrofanov, duty officer of the Mos-cow Criminal Investigation Department, an experienced detective who has unraveled many crimes. Although an office man nowadays, he cannot keep from tackling a case

every once in a while.

I take advantage of my being a newsman and start asking Bessudnov some questions.

"What crimes are most common in Mos-

cow?"
"Unpremeditated crimes, unplanned crimes." "But you still come across professional criminals, hardened criminals, don't you?"
"Yes, we do."
"De we have coutling like organized

"Do we have anything like organized crime?"

"Yes, we do."
"Do we have anything like organized crime?"
"Small groups do get together for a time, but there is no organized gang crime. We don't have the soil for it in our country."
"Now here's a ticklish one. All over the world the attitude of the public toward guardians of the law is not enthusiastic, to put it mildly. How do you feel about this?"
"It's a ticklish question all right. Many mothers still use the militia as a bogey to frighten their children. You know, 'If you don't behave, a miltiaman will come and get you.' It's silly, but there it is. But we do get the active assistance of the public. People appreciate the job we do. The fact that more than 100 militiamen have been elected to local Soviets is a testimonial to the respect and affection people have for the militia. We, of course, want this feeling about the militia to spread.
"Militia officers appear on television and speak at factories and offices, often at places where a crime has been committed. Violations of the law are not always the reason for such gatherings, of course. Anatoli Volkov, Chief of the Moscow Administration for the Protection of Public Order, and the men under him often address Moscow factory and office workers. So do district and subdistrict militia chiefs on their respective levels. They give periodic reports of their work to local Soviet meetings. After such gatherings we often have people tell us they have changed their feelings about us. Many of them become our volunteer helpers."
"What about murders? How often do they happen? Do you classify them with

teer helpers."

"What about murders? How often do they happen? Do you classify them with ordinary crimes or in a special category, something out of the ordinary?"

"Our approach to a crime must be hardheaded, with no emotional involvement. Murder is such a serious crime that it stands in the first column of the records, even though we get only a few of them. They are very rare events in Moscow."

I slowly pace the room, analyzing what I have seen and heard here. On one of the walls hangs a wall newspaper devoted to



Moscow's top ranking militiamen after a conference crime prevention The emphasis of Soviet militia practice is on prevention, not punishment.

the opening of the school year. The theme is the militia's duty to look after schoolchildren

children.
Mitrofanov and Savelyev come up to me.
"Our shift put out this newspaper," Mitrofanov says with pride. "Like it?"
"Very much," I say, although not quite sincerely: The typewritten articles are not exactly models of elegant style. But I don't want to disappoint Mitrofanov, who takes as much pride in this wall newspaper as in the much pride in this wall newspaper as in the capture of a dangerous criminal, maybe

"How do you like the poem?" asks Savel-yev, and from his tone I can guess that he

wrote it.

They both look at a me a little nervously. To tell the truth, the poem is naïve.

"It's a good poem," I say, and I'm not being a hypocrite. When you get down to basics, it was a good poem because it showed that Savelyev and his comrades, whose business is with the dregs of society, have the capacity for real emotion. They have not become cynics. The way Savelyev phrased it is not so important, it seems to me.

"Time for tea," announces Chernitsyn.
A shiny teakettle, a package of tea and sugar appear. I have some too, holding the

hot glass gingerly. Everybody drinks with

pleasure.
We talk about fishing, amateur photography, politics and what not. As the hours pass, I find out which is the best soccer team and what our chances are at the

Olympics in Mexico.

I also learn a lot about training service dogs, a subject which has always interested me. The best breeds for this kind of job, I am told, are, first, collies, then Dobermans, East European sheepdogs and Airedales.

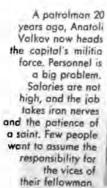
"Do you ever beat the dogs when you train them?"

"No, never A dog should be punished."

"No, never. A dog should be punished only for accepting food from a stranger. And also, of course, if it tries to bite its master. You have to show you're the boss." "When do they allow a dog to attack a person?"

"Only in exceptional cases. If the man pulls a weapon on you or if a criminal tries to get away...." to get away. . . .

I feel that my mission is accomplished. I am much enlightened on the round-the-clock Coordination Desk activities and have assured myself that "my militia looks after me!" And, indeed, it does that very well.







Frisked for weapons. That sarcastic smile goes when he is told that his parents and employer will be notified.

problem children

By Pyotr Dyachkov and Alexander Sgibnev Lieutenant Colonels, Militia

LMOST DAILY SOVIET papers carry news items about militiamen, who risk life or injury to save a child or to nail a dangerous criminal with a long police record.

These things are the façade, as it were, of service in the militia, dramatic episodes. There are many more men and women in the service whose jobs are prosaic, completely undramatic. These police officers are more like teachers than guardians of the law. Theirs is no brief scuffle with a malefactor but a protracted nerve-racking duel between Good and Evil. Only in fairy tales does Good win out in a few minutes of reading time; in life it takes much, much longer.

In the city of Ulan-Ude a certain boy became the frequent and unwelcome guest of the railroad militia station. His escapades disturbed not only the victims of his warped character, but the patient militiamen as well. Dismissed as incorrigible by everyone, he delinquents if not for Briggita Badeyeva, Juvenile Room Inspector, Nobody knows what keys she had used to open the door to his mind and heart. All we know is that this teenager once rushed into the militia station and drew a huge fresco on the wall, dedicated "To Briggita Khalmatovna, in to-ken of my gratitude." With that he left and never showed up again.

Margarita Zhuravlyova has been with the Gorky Militia for 25 years. A Senior Junvenile Room Inspector, she is kind but not what you would call sentimental. But once on receiving a letter, one of the many written to her by former charges, she was moved to tears. All letters to her were grateful, but this one was the kind of letter a son writes to a mother.

The signature "Sergei Blinov, Private" recalled a scene that had taken place in the very same room ten years earlier. A frightened boy, caught stealing red-handed, had faced her then. His studied bravado soon vanished, and he bawled like a baby.

Learning the address of this juvenile thief, Zhuravlyova visited his home and found that his father drank and often beat his wife and children. She next went to a factory and arranged a job for the boy as an apprentice. An old foreman volunteered to look after him. Not overnight, of course, but very gradually the delinquent began to change. He worked honestly and became a machinist. He has been doing his term of army service since and has written regularly to his bene-

Zhuravlyova has letters to show from other young servicemen and from respected civilians living in Riga, Leningrad, Saratov, Khabarovsk and elsewhere. They are scattered all over the country, these once "problem children" of militiawoman Margarita Zhurav-

Courtesy of Krasnaya Zvezda

volunteer patrol

By Alexei Filippov

FEW MONTHS after Andrei Sveshnikov began working at the plant, he joined the Volunteer Street Patrol. Walking a beat two evenings a month after work would not be too much of a chore and might be interesting, he thought-a detective story kind of thing.

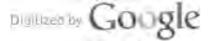
A squad had been set up at the plant 10 years ago. Soon after this, a type of volunteer auxiliary to the regular police department, the militia, originated. The idea had spread quickly to factories, commercial establishments and colleges in the larger cities. The squads are directed by district and city councils, composed of representatives of various public organizations—the Communist Party, YCL and trade unions-as well as local government bodies.

When Andrei came home wearing the red arm band of the Volunteer Patrolman, his mother looked him over skeptically: He's not built for the part.

'What kind of a tough fighter do you think you'll make? They need big, husky people. They can get along without you. They say Moscow alone has 250,000 Volunteer Patrolmen."

The lad, of course, ignored his mother's admonition and began patrolling with a couple of others from the plant. Nothing of a detective story nature happened. They reported regularly to the headquarters of the microdistrict*, which was patrolled not only by the plant squad but by a group of students from a nearby institute and some solid, dignified employees of a government office in the area. They were divided into small groups and assigned locations by the headquarters' dispatcher, with this warning: "Now look here boys, don't throw your weight around. We're not here to arrest but to explain to them what's what. A person may be heedlessly causing trouble without any malicious intent. Or perhaps he's bullying other people, because there's nobody around to stop

A militiaman would sometimes come from the next precinct to answer a local complaint. The microdistrict, however, was a quiet one, and the patrols were



^{*} A microdistrict, a section of a district, contains all necessary elements of urban living, such as shopping areas and recreation areas and schools.



A good militiaman makes it his business to know the kids his beat. It's an excellent preventive for delinquency.



Patrolling their beat. These volunteers won't take any nonsense. The more knowledgeable hoodlums stay away from them.



A briefing before going on patrol. They are deciding on the most likely trouble spots in the neighborhood.

discouragingly dull. Sometimes a drunk had to be told to stop yelling at the top of his voice, or fighting youngsters had to be separated.

Petty malefactors, disturbing the peace when in their cups, avoided getting mixed up with squad members. They would sober up instantly when asked to show their identification papers and would promise to behave. Tougher types were occasionally stubborn but also within limits because resisting a squad member-not to mention attacking him-

could mean real trouble. A really defiant one would be taken to headquarters where further measures would be decided upon right then and there. He might be let off with a reprimand and a warning. Or headquarters might draw up a statement before letting him go. The statement would be forwarded to his place of work where his fellow workers would take action.

In short, our detective-minded Andrei Sveshnikov had no crimes to solve. He complained to the squad leader: "Ours

is a dull district. Much too quiet."

"You know why it's quiet. Because we've been covering this district for several years. It shows how effective we are. If not for us, the militia would have to be around more. As a matter of fact the existence of the squad itself prevents trouble. We have all kinds of people working in our shops, including some who mightn't have an objection to raising a little hell of their own. Those are the very ones we want to join the squad. And some of them do."

Andrei knew all this was useful and even necessary, but he looked around for something more exciting. He found that he could sign up with an operational detachment, a volunteer squad operating on a district scale and responsible to a district headquarters. Assignments there were more interesting: not simply patrolling streets but special assignments such as raids, sometimes to trap criminals. But the selection of applicants for such detachments was limited. He could also apply for work with a group doing educational work with potential or actual juvenile delinquents. But he didn't have much confidence in his abilities as an educator.

In the meantime Andrei nurtured a secret hope that an adventure would occur.

Then it happened. From the far end of a side street came a shout: "Stop them! Stop them!" Two men ran down the street and turned off into an adjoining courtyard. Andrei grabbed his companion's arm: "Quick, let's follow!"

"Hold it! You stay here," said the team leader. "If anything happens, whistle. We'll cut them off at the other end. Don't you stick your nose into the yard."

But as soon as his comrades rounded the corner, Andrei rushed in. Not a soul. He ran across an alley and into the next yard. He had just passed through the gate when he was grabbed from behind.

"We got a real sprinter here," somebody sneered from behind, with liquorladen breath.

"He's working for a bonus," a second voice chimed in. "They're giving Volunteer Patrolmen bonuses and extra vacations."

"Yeh, that's right. He'll get a vacation and go south for a rest cure on his bonus.'

"Say, sucker, how about a rest cure right now? Eh?!"

And Andrei stopped a blow with his head, sending him sailing across a low garden fence. "Brass knuckles" flitted across his mind as he passed out.

"Brass knuckles?" Andrei asked when he opened his eyes and saw friends.

"Thank your lucky stars they didn't really work you over," the team leader answered, bandaging Andrei's head.
"What about them?"

"Caught! The student who was with us today caught them. They jumped him, but he's a boxer and finished them off fast. They had held up a pedestrian.'

Luckily when Andrei got home, his mother was already asleep. In the morning he decided he'd manage without the bandage. What she didn't know wouldn't hurt her.



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RY AND FIND another field of human endeavor where self-congratulation is more unblushing, where each one con-siders himself more expert than the rest, where the first thing a man does is to blame the other fellow, the last thing—to admit he himself was at fault. Just listen to the argument of two drivers involved in an accident, and you will see how resourceful the human can be in its own defense, and how hard it is to arrive at the truth of even as simple a matter as a bent fender.

Armed with politeness (usually), hundreds of paragraphs of the Unified Traffic Rules memorized, and the knack (almost always) of dealing with offenders, the traffic inspector has a driver floored in no time, regardless of how convincingly garrylous or on the of how convincingly garrulous or, on the contrary, angelically quiet he is.

Knacks of the Trade

My neighbor Traffic Inspector Vladimir Sokolov, a militia lieutenant and an extension student of jurisprudence at Moscow Univer-sity, let me in on some of the secrets of his

A traffic inspector can punish an offender in these several ways: take away his driver's license and give him a summons for subsequent questioning; punch a hole in his li-cense indicating the type of offense (three

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such holes in one year and the driver has to take the traffic rule test again); hand the offender a ticket "inviting" him to a lecture (the lectures are held on Sundays, which is sufficient punishment in itself); fine the of-fender; or simply bawl him out.

Vladimir Sokolov assures me that it is possible to tell what a person is like after a few minutes of talk. Two or three seemingly un-important questions are enough to ascertain whether the offense was pure accident or the

whether the offense was pure accident or the result of recklessness, negligence or incompetence. He chooses the punishment on the basis of his psychological observations.

"Naturally, intuition always plays a part," says Sokolov, "but mostly it's critical judgment. Our basic concern isn't punishment, as such, but prevention—to spot a potential offender, to hold down the reckless driver, to help the beginner."

Once I stood with Sokolov for about an

Once I stood with Sokolov for about an hour on one of Moscow's busiest thorough-fares, Lenin Avenue. It begins not far from the Kremlin and leads into the suburban high-way that goes to the Vnukovo International Airport. While we chatted and joked, the in-spector noticed literally everything happen-ing at the crossing. He stopped pedestrians trying to dart across between the vehicles. He pulled up drivers who kept wriggling in and out of lanes, forgot to signal turns and stops, or exceeded the Moscow speed limit of 35 miles an hour. As the offender approached to explain, Sokolov made an instantaneous appraisal: "A protessional. Been driving for at least 10 years." "A beginner." "This one's going to be sorry and beg forgiveness." "Bet this one's license is all punched and a mistake

seldom made a mistake.

As for me, I arrived at this conclusion:
Never again will I try to outsmart a traffic

Facts Versus Offenders

It is not so much cunning as it is experience. Just as a graphologist reads a man's character from his handwriting, so the inspector arrives at a logical conclusion on the basis of a driver's behavior. He knows a drunk driver by his recklessness or, on the a grunk driver by his recklessness or, on the contrary, his excessive wariness. He can see a reckless driver a mile away. He often spots an inexperienced or incompetent driver by the reaction of others. But, in addition to intuition and experience, there are statistics.

The Traffic Department keeps a close count of all traffic accidents, dividing them into categories. There are absolute figures, figures for any given month (for example, the spring and fall months when there is ice on the roads, the months of winter snowfalls,





summer rains), figures for each hour of the

24, and so on.

24, and so on.

Armed with all these figures, the inspector knows that a fifth of all the accidents involve motorcyclists, that a quarter are due to speeding, that nearly a third are due to negligence. That in the 300 yearly collisions and overturned vehicles most of the drivers were under the influence of alcohol. That car and overturned vehicles most of the drivers were under the influence of alcohol. That car drivers get into more accidents than truck drivers and that the latter have most of their accidents at uncontrolled crossings. That drivers are to blame for more accidents than pedestrians. And that nearly 70 per cent of all accidents occur on wide streets (with traffic lanes in one direction exceeding 23 feet). There are also statistics for various types

There are also statistics for various types of vehicles. For instance, more than half the collisions involving taxi drivers are due to speeding and about half of them occur at pedestrian crossings, and taxicabs hitting pedestrians account for three-quarters of all

accidents.
Strange as it may seem, a goodly portion of the accidents (about 40 per cent) are committed by highly qualified drivers of the first and second class (in the Soviet Union there are three classes of professional drivers). Drivers of private cars are issued an amateur

driver's license.

Knowledge of these facts helps to prevent accidents, to spot offenders in good time,

and to keep a watch on specially dangerous spots. These are the secrets Inspector Sokolov revealed to me.

What's What

Vladimir Sokolov is attached to the Nine-teenth Traffic Control Department. There are more than 20 such departments in Moscow, one in each district. They are responsible to the city inspection which, in turn, is respon-sible to the department for safeguarding public order. The traffic rules in force throughout the Soviet Union, in general, meet current international standards.

international standards.

Traffic Departments not only enforce traffic rules but are responsible for everything else connected with vehicular traffic. They see to it that vehicles are in good running order and look presentable. The yearly technical examinations are fairly strict, enough to give poorly prepared drivers considerable trouble.

Traffic inspectors give driving tests. A professional driver has eight questions to answer, an amateur driver six. They investigate accidents. They keep a check on road conditions, help plan new roads and rec-

conditions, help plan new roads and rec-ommend traffic route changes, widening of streets, construction of pedestrian underpasses and overpasses.

In Moscow, for example, traffic has been

significantly rechanneled in recent years. Many of the streets are one-way now as a result of studies made by traffic inspections and the Automotive Research Institute. The change has increased traffic capacity and, more important, cut down the number of accidents. Currently traffic departments are helping the city building organizations plan pedestrian underpasses, overpasses and traffic tunnels for the residential districts under construction and for old districts that are being renovated. Construction has added to the number of detours, narrowed street sections and traffic jams, but drivers bear it with a grin, hopeful things won't get worse as the many more private cars scheduled for production get rolling. To list all the duties of the Traffic Department, we would have to mention everything that has a direct or indirect bearing on automobiles. This includes publishing magadistricts under construction and for old dis-

automobiles. This includes publishing magazines and bulletins, producing films, holding safe-driving contests, setting up inspection centers at large vehicle depots, and much more besides.

To hear the general run of driver talk, the traffic inspector is dedicated to making life difficult for the innocent behind the wheel, notably the speaker. Nail him down to spe-cifics, and he'll admit, albeit unwillingly, that the traffic inspector is an unrewarded, rarely acknowledged and unexpendable friend.

THE MAN OF

What will the man of the future be like? Well-known Soviet fiction science writer Ivan Yeremov answers a few questions.

THE social and economic problems of the future are inseparable from psychological and ethical problems.

The world is torn by a multitude of small and great contradictions, and only a man of communist upbringing is capable of coping with them.

Communist education is not just part of the social superstructure; it is the productive force of society.

Man's independent thought and flights of imagination are invariably stillborn if enterprise and initiative are confined and limited.

Does this mean that the economic problems of the future will differ materially from those of the present?

Some of the economic problems being solved by mankind today are simply problems of economic excess.

The annual clothes-buying epidemics, the race to acquire fashionable things because you are afraid of seeming out-of-date, the thousand different kinds of wine, delicacies, beverages—all this modern entourage need not necessarily be taken along with us into the future.

This luxury brightens things up today but later on, when our lives become considerably more interesting, these "gastronomic" and "fashion" problems will, I believe, gradually disappear.

Will this not engender a certain asceticism in future society?

A certain asceticism is not such an awful evil as it may seem to many.

If we let ourselves in for an unreserved satisfaction of "needs," mankind will soon turn into a giant polyglot theatre of everyday

tragedy.

Give the Philistine a 500-horsepower pure silver car. "I want a gold one or platinum one," he'll say, and this can go on forever, because there's no limit to such "needs."

The crux of the matter is, therefore, not to saturate the world with articles of luxury and vanity to satisfy egoistic needs but to transfer those needs to a higher spiritual level when man will burn with a thirst to embody words, sounds and colors into images, with a thirst for creation.

There is not and never can be any limit to those higher needs. This is the distinguishing feature of our mind and human nature.

Will such a qualitative redistribution of needs affect family life in the future? Will it affect upbringing?

I believe expansion of the family is absolutely inevitable.

The family, as yet, still breeds individualists. And education in the home and the schools is still imperfect.

The main thing is to give the child an opportunity to free himself from the narrow and confining environment of his family.

He should be able to develop within a collective of people, moving freely from one town to another.

Future society's paramount task is to knock out the wedge that separates the child in the family from the surrounding world, allowing him to think of himself as a rather privileged unit entitled to some special rights.

In aesthetic education today, the situation is clearly unsatisfactory, with the recent trend toward a technical education.

Many today think that science, and science alone, will solve all problems.

But "the search is not important, it's the results that counts!" says modern science. That is its merit and tremendous demerit.

Science disciplines the mind, develops logical thinking and economy of thought, teaches us to head straight for the goal, not scattering our efforts.

But there's the other side, too! Science impoverishes the many-sided comprehension of things.

Versatility is steadily disappearing, as science branches out and makes a study in depth of various matters and objects.

The result seems to me almost disastrous: The world's complexity has outstripped our abilities to concentrate and store information.

The most assiduous reader cannot read more than 10,000-12,000 books in a lifetime.

The 200,000 works published annually in chemistry, 90,000 in physics and roughly 120,000 in biology are for the ordinary mortal an impossible means of acquiring and storing information.

We risk eventually knowing nothing about the world.

Modern science resembles a cone turned upside-down and balanced on its point—an exceedingly unstable structure.

It will soon topple, unless mankind learns not only to probe the depths of things but generalize information by some new methods.

Will certain moral problems also remain unsolved in future society—such as freedom and duty, good and evil?

I believe one of the key problems for many a generation to come will be research into the motives for our actions and a deep analyses of their causes.

There is a trend to justify all man's behavior—especially unseemly behavior—by certain atavistic instincts and subconscious emotions.

Just recall the numerous novels that have been written on the subject of man's baseness, wickedness and murderous instincts and how difficult it is for him to suppress



the primordial craving to kill, crush and destroy.

With the express purpose of paralyzing all this pseudo-scientific gab and imaginary scientific substantiations, it is necessary to develop our own psychological science, which will lean on a philosophical comprehension of the world.

It should show man the right path toward the development of his inclination.

It should analyze his errors, determine their causes and lead him away from all that is bad and amoral.

Only then will the world rid itself of cruelty and crime, of maniacs who are ready to sacrifice even mankind itself.

I have often heard it said that the suffering of a few is justified if it solves a problem for the many.

Such talk is inhuman and amoral from the point of view of communist education.

If a man takes it upon himself to decide the life and death of others, and if he believes he has the right to gamble in his experiments, then he is amoral.

Regardless of post or status, he should be subjected to psychiatric treatment and an attempt should be made to eliminate the psychopathic causes that have cost him his humanity.

Scientists and thinkers have many times asked themselves and the world: "What is the criterion of the normal mind?"

Creative ecstacy, fanatical involvement in one's favorite work, obsession with an idea of genius—where is the borderline between normality and psychopathy?

The only criterion is man's social behavior and his concern for others, for the happiness of man.

everything else not associated with love of mankind is a more or less disguised ambitious aspiration, a veiled practicality, an egoism dissolved in fine words.

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OFTOMORROW

Which of future society's community problems do you consider the most significant?

Freedom and obligations in love. This is a dialectical issue, as everything else is.

On the one hand, speaking of the emotions of a free member of a communist society, love and the relations between men and women should be absolutely free.

The family unit in communist society is, in principle, a new kind of family—it is a union of two loving people not constrained by any economic obligations toward one another.

The major prerequisite of such a union of loving hearts is education of children in a collective — an absolutely indispensable stage in the upbringing of future man.

You must not forget at the same time, that life in a free family, like all freedom, presupposes responsibility — responsibility in a very broad sense.

This responsibility is not only personal—with regard to the person you love—but toward all the people.

Since communist society will inevitably, I am sure, embrace all mankind—then it is responsibility toward all of mankind.

This responsibility concerns first of all matters regarding birth rate and genetic concern for the future generations.

It is obvious that the purpose of communist society's concern for the future generations has absolutely nothing to do with such conceptions as racial superiority, purity of descent and the like.

The only purpose—the all-embracing and human one—is to guarantee many years of healthy existence, both physically and morally.

You mention freedom of love. What do you think is the principal aspect of this issue as regards the future?

You asked one of those questions to which no one will be able to give a final and simple answer even a thousand years from now.

That is quite natural: Love is the supreme manifestation of a feeling which is not only complex and rich, but, dialectically, also simple and poor.

It may sound awful, but it's common knowledge that desire may simply depend on the level of the hormones.

This frequently leads to mistakes and blunders in matters of love.

Love in future society, I believe, must learn to dominate the sexual sphere which is, admittedly, powerful enough!

The main force counteracting sexual attraction is man's mind and reason.

The latter bombards itself incessantly with questions: What for? What's the point? Will it turn out well? Will we suit one another? Again buy flowers? Take her to the pictures? Sit all night on a park bench? And so on and so forth.

The human mind is very powerful. Nature created it powerful, so that it would balance the extraordinarily powerful sexual forces.

Few, for instance, know that the human's output of sex hormones is many times that of a hippopotamus!

Now, if ah imbalance between freedom and duty sets in, if the concepts of upbringing, taste, dreams and education are all completely forgotten, if the primitive and crude pressure of the sexual spheres are permitted to take over, then one may easily become a toy of one's own weak will.

It is important for mankind to free itself from this bondage and acquire the means to control eroticism and love.

This emancipation is necessary for love's freedom and the beauty of the future.

Arguments are continually cropping up regarding the relations between man and machines. Some maintain that machines will undergo an evolution similar to that of man. Is there a "machine—man" problem?

Machines have now been created which rise to the level of man's mind, or, as it is put today, "thinking machines."

So now there is already talk that machines will eventually cease to obey their creators and will live a life of their own.

I do not share this view.

If we can speak of contest, then it is a contest between an eagle and a dolphin.

A machine, after all, is only an idiot with a monstrous capacity for arithmetic.

Aren't there psychopaths who, in the twinkling of an eye, can extract the root of 80367200954788143547820764178910742219 and perform other such operations?

But are such people really any richer than a normal person in perception of the world, love or art? You certainly won't call them

To speak of a ratio between machine's and man's memory is pointless.

Suffice it to recall that one tiny sex cell contains the entire complexity of information on the creation of man.

Nature achieved such packaging in a most bitter struggle against surrounding conditions, over billions of years.

But those billions of years have left their traces.

They are all stored away in our latent, somatic information, and we are understandlng more and more of it as we go along.

A machine does not possess that information.

It does not possess intuition nor the ability of association, and, I think, will never possess them.

It is senseless to try and create a machine to substitute for the human brain, when the cerebellum does not even think but only controls the body's movements.

The gigantic complexity of man is our argument that machine's contest with man is an unequal one.

The more we study man, the ways of his nervous activity, his controls, his brain, the more we discover in ourselves ever new and, at times, amazing abilities.

We can, therefore, safely substitute the term "contest" by "cooperation" when speaking of man's relation to the machine.

What about travel into space?

I cannot conceive mankind's further progress without journeys into the distant reaches of space, without contacting other civilizations.

The speculations of some people that we shall fail to understand the civilizations which have emerged on other planets under other conditions seem groundless to me.

A very important consideration is for-

The Universe is built according to a single plan—out of the same elements—bricks with the same properties and according to the same laws.

Man's consciousness, thought and brain are a product and reflection of those same laws.

That is why we are sure to understand one another. Contacts in the intellectual sphere or in the arts will at first be more difficult to establish.

It seems to me that initial communication and understanding will develop along the lines of science and engineering and the exchange of information.

Subsequently we shall rise to higher levels of understanding in the field of esthetics—that will be accomplished together with our stellar brothers.

You ask how I conceive such contacts?

In this respect I agree with Fred Hoyle, who says that the key to our first acquaintance with thinking beings is, first and foremost, the use of television, radio or other fundamentally new types of oscillation and stellar transmissions.

This idea, by the way, was voiced even before Hoyle in my"The Andromeda Nebula," where on the day of the Great Ring, civilizations, separated by scores and hundreds of light years, exchange information via galactic television, not coming into direct contact with one another.

i am also confident that we shall succeed in finding a roundabout way through space

There are already certain Indications to that effect in science.

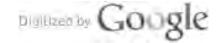
We are not going to smash our way through the vastness of space in our out-dated rockets, burning up monstrous quantities of fuel.

We shall fill the vistas of the Universe with earth-made machines, employing fundamentally new types of movement and energy.

They will come to replace rocket, atom and even thermonuclear rocket engines, just like the steam boiler was replaced by the turbine and the internal combustion engine by the electric motor.

I have no doubts: Mankind will seek out other paths in the Universe, and the most distant stellar civilizations will turn out to be within halling distance.

Courtesy of Soviet Weekly



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CANCER

A Progress Report

Many readers ask us about the present position with regard to the battle against cancer in the USSR. Here eminent authority Leon Shabad is interviewed on the subject by Alexei Veretennikov.

NCOMPLETE DATA suggest that more than two and a half million people in the world still die of cancer every year. But we can re-cord some victories.

Thirty or forty years ago, skin cancer caused thousands of deaths

now it hardly worries us.

Doctors have also had some success in the treatment of malignant tumors of the larynx, tongue and breast.

Improved chemical preparations are being made every year, and improved methods of administering them are introduced.

The problem in chemical treatment is to kill the growth without poisoning the patient. And so we have been trying local injections into the blood vessels

Sometimes we "switch off" the affected part of the body entirely. If, for instance, the tumor is in the arm or leg, we can isolate the limb from the rest of the body and pump it full of a suitable drug. By increasing the dosage over three to eight days, it has been found that the concentration of the drug in the region of the tumor can be tripled or quadrupled.

Another trouble with cancer treatment is metastasis—the breaking away of cancerous cells to another part of the body where they start

another growth.

But "blocking" the tumor by drugs cuts down this risk and also makes operative treatment easier.

A combination of local injections and surgery will, I believe, become general practice in Soviet clinics.

The use of sex hormones is also promising, particularly in the treatment of cancer of the prostate gland and the breast.

In some cases hormone treatment has checked such tumors and

even led to their disappearance.

Antibiotics and various vegetable-derived drugs have also been used to widen the scope of treatment.

Scientifically speaking, chemical cancer therapy is still, however, new—only about 25 years old.

Some patients have completely recovered and showed no sign of recurrence of the disease over periods of 10 or 12 years.

But most of these drugs are effective only on certain kinds of tumors and useless with others, so we cannot talk of anything like a

mass breakthrough.

We know what the problem is. A tumor grows by the constant formation of the protein and nucleic acids which make up the cells. Therefore to kill cancer cells we have to discover how to destroy their "building materials."



Professor Shabad (left) with Dr. Kavetsky of Kiev (centre) and Dr. Furth of Boston. USA, at an international cancer

We know how to combine poisonous substances with amino-acids (the proteins), but so far none of them has proved very satisfactory. After all there are over a hundred different types of tumors.

We study 3,000 or 4,000 antibiotics a year, and one group, the actinomycetes, looks promising. Some tumors, for instance, have proved sensitive to olivomycin.

Over 300 plants known to us from their use in folk medicine have been tested for anti-cancerous properties at the National Institute of Medicinal and Aromatic Plants.

Medicinal and Aromatic Plants. Some of the tests have given positive results, but they will have to be scrupulously analyzed. Tests in the treatment of patients may well be the three are four years. take three or four years.

Why plants in particular? Well every spring the sap rises, and plants start to burgeon. In autumn the cell growth ceases, and the

plant goes into a dormant state.

Plainly, therefore, there must be substances—called auxins-

which stimulate growth and others—antiauxins—which inhibit it.

The probability is that there are antiauxins which would slow down the growth of cancer cells. What we have to do is to find them.

There is no universally held view on the causes of malignant tumors.

I am inclined to agree with scientists who think there are many causes—cancerogenous substances, exposure to radiation, hormonal upsets in the body, infection by a cancer-inducing virus and so on.

Others consider that all cancers are caused by viruses but admit

the contributory effect of the other factors.

A great step forward has been taken by the use of precise physical methods of research.

Quite recently the method of electronic-paramagnetic resonance,

for instance, has made it possible to observe the effect of cancerogenous substances on the cells.

These substances differ from other chemical substances in that
they penetrate the cell and form complex structures with the nucleic
acid or protein.

These later break down, producing substances called free radicals and disturb the metabolism of the cell.

Interestingly enough, Soviet scientists have found that free radicals also appear in the body during irradiation.

It is, therefore, to be presumed that the mechanism of formation of malignant tumors is the same, whether it has its origin in cancer-

ogenous substances or radiation. Now that the role of the free radicals is understood, scientists are trying to discover some means of chemically suppressing these

focuses of the disease in the body.

The electron microscope has thrown new light on cancer cells.

Till recently it was believed that malignant changes in cells took months or even years, but now it seems clear that the destruction of cells begins within days or hours of a single introduction of cancer-ogenous substances.

This is so, although no tumor may be apparent for months.
Research at the Institute of Clinical and Experimental Oncology
has shown that the cell wall is attacked first, then the loosely linked diseased cells grow rapidly and easily penetrate the surrounding

And, of course, the ruptured cells easily break off and spread

through the body.
Simultaneously with research into the mechanism and treatment of cancer we are also considering how man may best be protected from cancerogenous substances.

In towns the main source of infection is undoubtedly the cancerproducing hydrocarbons in the exhaust gases of vehicles.
In this country a lot of work has been done on the cancer-producing substance 3:4 benzpyrene in the soil.
It has been discovered that certain soil bacteria destroy this substance, and we now have to find out how to put this discovery to

stance, and we now have to find out how to put this discovery to

Cancer does not develop spontaneously. Many processes take place in the body—pathological tissue changes—which create conditions for the development of the disease.

For this reason mass preventive checks on millions aged 35 or over are conducted in the Soviet Union every year.

It is difficult to identify a precancerous condition but extremely

important to do so.
Soviet doctors, for instance, use a method of comparing the blood

serum of diseased and healthy people.

A method of sending electrical impulses into serum and recording results is now being investigated, for it may be that among the protein compounds in the blood there are some which are specifically

When shall we see victory over cancer? I wish I could tell you! Remember that oncology—the study of tumors—is a very young

branch of medicine.

Cancer has always existed, but it was not possible to make a serious study of the disease till the end of the last century.

Practically everything that is known about tumors has been discovered in the past 70 or 80 years, and the most important studies were published in the past 30 or 40 years.

Some 70 years have passed since the discovery of X-rays and radium. Radioactive isotopes were introduced into medical practice only 35 years and

only 35 years ago.

We have to find out more about how cancer is related to the pathology of the cell, its genetic apparatus, its disorders and the viruses which live in it and hosts of allied matters.

So it is difficult to hazard a guess as to when the problem of cancer will be solved. But I think we stand a good chance of seeing decisive successes in cancer prevention.

Courtesy of Soviet Weekly

NEW HORIZONS FOR SCIENCE

President of the USSR Academy of Sciences Mstislav Keldysh discusses some scientific problems of the future.

> Question: What is the present state of research on controlled thermonuclear fusion, and how soon, do you think, will the problem be solved?

Mstislav Keldysh: Every year or every second year new progress is reported in controlling plasma at higher temperatures and densities. In the past several years the temperature of plasma has been raised by several orders: in other words, it has been increased ten times and then ten times again, etc. To reach the theoretical point of thermonuclear fusion, we must obtain a plasma stable enough at a temperature ten times as high. Whether we do this in ten years or twenty is hard to say, but we will do it.

Question: What is your feeling about the possibilities resulting from man-automation unification for terrestrial and outer-space research?

Mstlslav Keldysh: It seems to me that the possibilities depend on combining the abilities of man with the resources of automation. This conclusion is suggested by the entire course of development of science in these last decades, when one of the greatest forces for progress has been human intelligence complemented by new means of automation. It is important to determine what must be done by the human mind and what is so well understood that it can be relegated to a machine. If we understand something really well, automation will cope with certain situations much better than man-more quickly, more accurately and on a larger scale.

Question: What are the prospects for better weather forecasting and possibilities for controlling climate?

Mstislav Keldysh: For short-term forecasts-two or three days-the possibilities are good, it seems to me. Of course there are times when clear weather is forecast, and it is raining outside. But then anything is possible! As for long-term forecasts, my personal opinion is that everything we have done thus far in this field should be subjected to a fundamental revision. Why? Because our whole theoretical

approach in long-term forecasting has been based on the laws governing those hydrodynamic processes which occur inside the atmosphere. Actually the heating of the upper atmosphere, which gradually affects lower atmospheric conditions depends largely on solar effects. We have been learning about these effects from satellites and other space vehicles. Therefore progress in long-term forecasts ought to be expected along with the development of a space theory of weather.

Now about the control of climate or, to be more precise, the control of weather. Something has been done in controlling microweather effects. For example, we have prevented hail in the grapegrowing areas of the Caucasus and Moldavia by launching rockets and scattering certain substances in the atmosphere. The economic benefits are considerable. Talks with collective farmers in the Caucasus have convinced me that this is a worth-while project. An hour or two of hail used to destroy an entire crop of grapes that were ready for harvesting. Now such disasters happen much more rarely. As for macrocontrol of climate, I do not believe that this will be possible in the foreseeable future. Consider the energy required, and it is obvious that our available resources are inadequate.

Question: When does the Soviet Union Intend to resume its program of manned space flights?

Mstislav Keldysh: Work on the program is in progress. We will resume manned space flight when we are sure that we are not simply making another flight but are accomplishing definite advances.

> Question: Scientists fix different dates to land a man on the Moon. Some say no later than 1970, others talk of 1975 and still others argue that it will be much later. What is your opinion?

Mstislav Keldysh: The very fact that different dates are given shows how difficult it is to make predictions. At this time, we find that programs are being rescheduled because more problems develop than we anticipate. The only prediction I will make is this: I believe that during our generation man will reach the Moon and the nearest planets, Mars and Venus.

Courtesy of Nauka i Zhizn Magazine

TWENTY YEARS ON THE CHESS THRONE

By GRANDMASTER ALEXANDER KOTOV

THE FINEST CHESS minds of my country long dreamed of the world crown belonging to Russia.

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long dreamed of the world crown belonging to Russia.

Efforts to ascend the throne were made in the last century by Mikhail Chigorin, but they failed. Only in Soviet times did our grandmasters make this dream come true. When Alexander Alekhine, the greatest chess genius of our time, suddenly died in poverty in Estoril, a fashionable resort just outside Lisbon, in 1946, the chess world remained without a sovereign for the first time in 60 years.

A five-man tournament was arranged to find the successor to Alekhine.

The five best aspirants—Mikhail Botvinnik, Vasili Smyslov, Paul Keres, Max Euwe and Samuel Reshevsky—got down to business in the spring of 1948

One part of this titanic battle took place in the Hague, the other in Moscow.

The streets of Moscow saw scenes of great jubilation on May 9, 1948, to mark the third anniversary of VE-Day.

That day chess fans in the Hail of Columns of the Trade Union House saw Botvinnik move his QKt Pawn, after which he and his opponent agreed to a drawn game and the chief umpire Milan Vidmar, proclaimed Botvinnik the new world chess king.

Twenty years have passed since our

King.

Twenty years have passed since our Soviet fellow-countryman made our dream

Soviet tellow-countryman a reality.

Immediately after his victory, Botvinnik proposed that the world champion defend his title every three years.

He retained the crown for nine years and then relinquished it to Smyslov, who re-

turned it to him in a title match a year

Smyslov's feat was repeated in 1961 by that chess wizard Mikhail Tahl, who also surrendered the throne to the original Soviet holder.

surrendered the throne to the original Soviet holder.

Botvinnik was beaten for the third time in 1963 by yet another fellow countryman, Tigran Petrosyan.

Unfortunately for Botvinnik, the rule of the return matches was annulled by this time, so Petrosyan has remained on the throne for the last five years and has no intention of relinquishing his seat.

Naturally all of us in the USSR are proud that world chess honors have been held by our countrymen for the last 20 years.

Although formidable foreign opposition is looming up in Robert Fischer, Bent Larsen and others, Soviet fans feel confident that this pressure will be rebuffed on the far approaches to the throne by their chess stars—Boris Spassky, Mikhail Tahl, Victor Korchnoi and Efim Geller.

I would like to analyze the following tame, which brought the world crown to

I would like to analyze the following game, which brought the world crown to Botvinnik in the 1948 tournament.

FRENCH DEFENSE

White---Reshevsky Black-Botvinnik P-K3 P-Q4 B-QKt5 P-QB4 5. P-QR3 6. PxB 7. Q-KKt4 BxKtch Q-QB2 P-KB4

Since Black faces no difficulties, following 8. P(K)xPKtxP 9. Q-KKt3Q-Q

White has to leave his rival's KB Pawn on the board, which helps him strengthen his

uг	ig's win	ıg.			
8.	Q-KK(3	PxP	12.	Kt-K2	B-QR3
9.	PxP	Kt-K2	13.	Kt-KB4	Q-Q2'
0.	B-Q2	0-0	14.	BxB	KtxB
1.	B-Q3	P-QKt3	15.	Q-Q3	KI-QKI
			18	D_KR4!	

The U.S. Champion strives for a victory, which would preserve his chances of catching up with Botvinnik. The game now enters its sharpest phase.

Kt-QB3 16. . . . 17. R-KR3 R(QR)-QB1

Black has to protect himself against the mortal danger of 20. Kt-KKt6ch. 20. P-KR6

This looks dangerous, but possibly it would be better for White to conceal his intentions and to prepare for further thrusts by playing 20. K-K2.

20 21. R- 22. Kt	QB1 -K2	P-KKØ R(KB2)-KB1 Kt-QKt1	25.	K-KKt1 B-KKt5 R-K1	KI-QBI KI-KKI
23. K-	KB1	R-QB5			

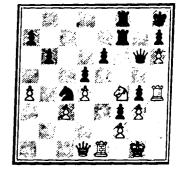
This is a secret attack on Biack's King's Pawn and preparations for a decisive check by the Bishop on KB6.

28. Kt-KB4 29. B-B6ch? . Q-KB2 KI-QR4 26. . . . 27. P-QB3

A Bishop check in this situation is out of place. There would be bigger hopes of an attack by replying with 29. R(KKt)-K3!, with

the threat of a check on KB6. Botvinnik now puts up a brilliant defense and conducts an equally brilliant counter-offensive.

	oqueny	Ø111114111	0000	01101101101			
29.		KtxB	35.	R-KR1	R-QB2		
30.	PxKt	Kt-QB6!	36.	Q-Q1	Q-Kt3		
11.	Q-QKt1	QxP	37.	R-R4	P-B4		
32.	P-QR4	P-KK14	38.	P-KD	R(QB)-KB2		
13.	KI-Q3	P-85	39.	KI-KB4			
4	B.B1	D-KKIK					



This sacrifice of the exchange exposes White's King's Wing and permits Black to carry out an irrepressible concluding attack.

40.	PxR	RxP	44.	KxP	R-KKM
41.	Q-QKt1	R-KB4!	45.	R-R3	R-Kt7ch
42.	Q-Q3	P-K16!	45.	KxP	Kt-Q7ch
43.	Q-KB1	PxPch	47.	K-K3	R-Kt6ch
				White	resigns.



Queries from readers

QUESTION: I would like to know how pensioners make out in the Soviet Union. (C. B. Newman, New York)

ANSWER: Budget expenditures for old age and disability pensions multiplied 36 times between 1940 and 1966. Last year 34 million Soviet citizens collected pensions. About nine million of them were former collective farmers.

Men are eligible for old age pensions at 60, women at 55. People with underground or hazardous jobs retire 10 years earlier. Old age pensioners may keep on working if they want to, but then they draw a smaller pension. Length of service is a factor for old age pensions, but not for disability pensions granted in cases of occupational disease or accident on the job. Old age pension payments run from 50 to 100 per cent of the average earnings figured over the last two years of employment. The lower the earnings, the larger the percentage, up to a specified maximum.

QUESTION: Information on two towns in Siberia, Tomsk and Achinsk, would be appreciated. (Anne McKinney, Jackson Heights, New York)

ANSWER: Tomsk is a regional seat in Western Siberia. It is situated on the Tomi River not far from its confluence with the Ob. Population, by 1967 figures, is 320,000 plus. Founded in 1604 at the intersection of waterways, Tomsk grew into an important Siberian commercial and cultural center. A university was founded there in 1888 and a technological institute 12 years later. Since the October Socialist Revolution Tomsk has developed into a major industrial city, with emphasis on chemicals, metalworking, electrical engineering and woodworking. It is also Siberia's major education center, with six institutes of higher learning, besides the university mentioned. It also has two theaters, a TV station and 150 libraries.

The town of Achinsk, a district seat in Krasnoyarsk Territory, which is in the southern part of Western Siberia, was founded in 1782 and, according to 1967 statistics, has a population of some 70,000. In the vicinity are commercially exploited deposits of coal and manganese. The town has developed food and light industries. It has a teacher training college and three technical secondary schools.

QUESTION: Any new developments on camping and camp sites for tourists? (Aaron Braude, San Gabriel, California) ANSWER: This will supplement our discussion of Soviet spas in the June issue. In 1940 we had only a few dozen tourist camps that accommodated about 18,000 people. By 1967 the number had grown to 500, with accommodations for 114,000. These tourist camps and sites are used by only a fraction of the 30-odd million nature lovers who each year tour by air, car, boat or shanks' mare. Hiking is very popular, so are canoeing and mountain climbing. Aeroflot offers weekend discount group tours

Aeroflot offers weekend discount group tours to national centers of cultural and historical interest. There are Baltic and Black Sea steamer cruises and weekend "health" train excursions, with boat or train serving as hotel. Most cities and towns offer guided tours.

Very popular with students is the Avtostop hitchhiking society. For a small fee the society provides its members with special coupons to reward drivers they thumb rides from. At the end of the year the driver with the largest

collection of coupons gets a valuable prize.

Most vacationers get their tour or resort accommodations cut-rate, the unions pay the rest of the bill. In the last four years the trade unions earmarked 81 million rubles to build tourist centers and camp sites and to pay for tour and resort accommodations.

The following questions were asked at the USSR Education Exhibition in the USA in October 1967-January 1968.

QUESTION: Which of your scientists are Nobel Prize winners?

ANSWER: The first Soviet scientist awarded a Nobel Prize was Nikolai Semenov in 1956. His work on theories of combustion, explosion and detonation has greatly influenced the design of new types of internal combustion engines.

In 1958 the Nobel Prize was awarded to Soviet physicists Pavel Cherenkov, Igor Tamm and Ilya Frank for discovering and theoretically substantiating the Cherenkov Effect. Cherenkov showed that electrons and some other charged particles could move at velocities faster than light in solid, liquid, or gaseous environments and radiate light waves in the process.

In 1962 a Nobel Prize was awarded to the late Lev Landau for his contributions to physics. In 1964 the prize again went to two Soviet physicists, Nikolai Basov and Mikhail Prokhorov, for their work on the theory of quantum generators.

Before the Revolution Nobel Prizes were won by physiologist Ivan Pavlov in 1904 and physician Ilya Mechnikov in 1908.

QUESTION: Do you build skyscrapers? ANSWER: In the 1950s we built seven in the capital. The tallest is the 820-foot 33-story Moscow University building on Lenin Hills. Our apartment houses, as a rule, are 9, 12 and 16 stories. Public buildings are taller; the 26-story Hydroproject Design Office in Moscow and the 19-story Sovetskaya Hotel in Leningrad are examples. On the Black Sea coast in the Caucasus are 15-story resort hotels. In the next few years we shall be building very few five- or seven-story houses in Moscow and elsewhere; most of them will be 12 and 16.

OUESTION: Do you have color TV?

ANSWER: Our first regular color TV programs started on October 1, 1967. We manufacture color TV sets with 40-centimeter (15.7inch) and 59-centimeter (23.2-inch) screens. They can also take the usual black-and-white programs. Thus far color TV can be seen only in Moscow and Leningrad, though the program is relayed in black and white on a nationwide hookup. In early 1965 a USSR-France agreement was signed for technical cooperation on color TV. Not only is information exchanged, but a uniform SECAM-3 program is used, the first step in a unified European color TV system. Color programs and films shot by our TV men have been bought by 32 countries, and our distributing firms have bought color films from 10 countries.

QUESTION: Please describe the Tolstoy museum at Yasnaya Polyana.

ANSWER: Yasnaya Polyana, near Tula, 125 miles south of Moscow, is a national shrine where the memorabilia of Leo Tolstoy are

preserved. The writer was born and spent most of his life here—his first 10 years and his last 54. The 940-acre estate with everything on and in it was declared a museum in 1921.

Actually there are two museums here, one memorial, the other literary. They are housed in the two wings of the three-story house that once stood between them in which the writer was born. The central part of the house was sold lock, stock and barrel in 1854 and moved elsewhere. The only thing left is a solitary foundation stone. After the building was sold, Tolstoy lived in one of the wings, now occupied by the Memorial Museum, and here he wrote many of his works, including War and Peace and Anna Karenina. All the furnishings have been preserved.

The other wing used to house the school Tolstoy founded. Now it is a literary museum displaying the writer's books and the illustrations drawn for them. Also on the estate is a small wooden guest house for the writers, artists, scholars, teachers and peasants who used to come to see him. Tolstoy is buried in the park, but there is no inscription or stone. He expressly forbade any such memorials. Nearby are many of the favorite spots he visited on horseback.

In 1941 Yasnaya Polyana was taken by the Nazis. When they retreated, they desecrated the grave and would have destroyed the museum but for the efforts of its staff. Thousands of Soviet citizens and many foreigners visit this literary shrine yearly.

QUESTION: Do you publish many translations?

ANSWER: In the 20 years ending 1966 we published some 30,000 titles in translations from 65 foreign languages in a total printing of 1,120,500,000 copies. More than 21,000 titles were translated into Russian and published in a total printing of 980 million copies, and some 8,000 titles were translated and published in other Soviet languages in a total printing of 137 million copies. The publication of translations keeps going up. In 1966 a total of 2,170 titles were translated from various foreign languages and published in a total printing of 61.5 million copies.

QUESTION: Can foreigners buy lottery tickets or bonds in your country? And what are the terms if they can?

ANSWER: Yes, on the same terms as a Soviet citizen.

QUESTION: Which country first established diplomatic relations with Soviet Russia? When did you establish relations with the United States, Britain and France?

ANSWER: First to establish diplomatic relations with the Russian Soviet Federative Socialist Republic were Turkey, in November 1920; Afghanistan, in September 1921; and the Mongolian People's Republic, in November of that same year. When the USSR was constituted in 1922, these three countries established diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union as such on July 23, 1923. Diplomatic relations were established with Britain and France in February and October 1924 respectively. The USA did not recognize and establish diplomatic relations with the USSR until November 16, 1933.



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ROBERT FALK, MASTER ARTIST

By Martiros Saryan People's Artist of the USSR, Lenin Prize Winner

WING TO unhappy circumstances, certain writers, poets and artists are much discussed although very little is known about their creative work. That was true of Robert Falk (1886-1958). In the last several years his name was frequently mentioned in magazines and at lectures, but except for a small group of people who had visited the artist's studio no one had seen his canvases. Discussion of his work was limited to a few pictures shown at a Moscow exhibition. Whatever their quality, it would be absurd to suppose that they could illustrate the creative evolution of a master who had devoted more than half a century to art and left hundreds of paintings, gouaches, water colors and drawings.

The recent exhibition gave us a full and objective idea of the basic stages and artistic genre of the late master's work.

Though we were never very close and we took different artistic directions my acquaintance with Falk was of many years standing. We met repeatedly, and it goes without saying that I knew his work well, as he knew mine.

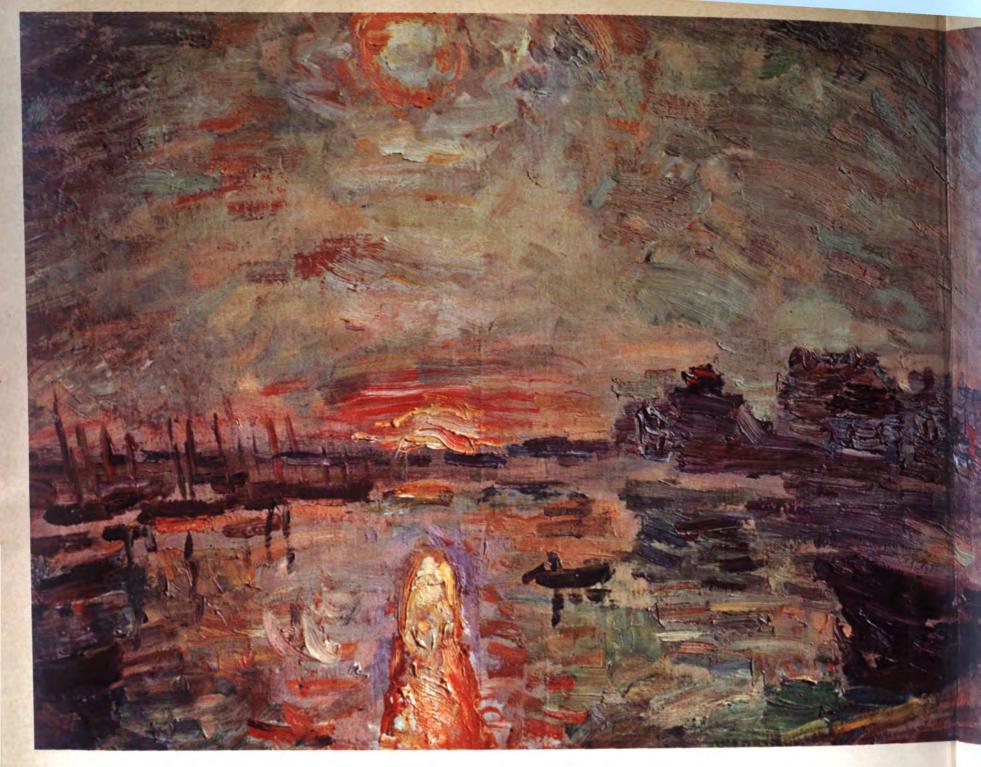
I cannot recollect now who introduced me to Falk and under what circumstances. But I remember that I met him some time near the end of 1903 in the Moscow School of Art, Sculpture and Architecture. I had already graduated from the school, while Falk had just begun his studies there. He had the same professors as I: Valentin Serov and Konstantin Korovin. Like all the other gifted artists trained by these wonderful masters of Russian art, Falk received an excellent training in technique and acquired a perfect mastery of realistic drawing, composition and color harmony. Not only the early studies he did at the school and shortly after graduation, but many of his later works testify to this fact.

However tortuous and difficult his artistic path, by whatever vogueish experiments he was carried away, what he had learned from Serov and Korovin always remained basic to his art. At the same time his work was completely unlike theirs. And that was exactly what his teachers wished when they tried to give their students a sound, realistic

Self-portrait in Fez Oil. 1957.







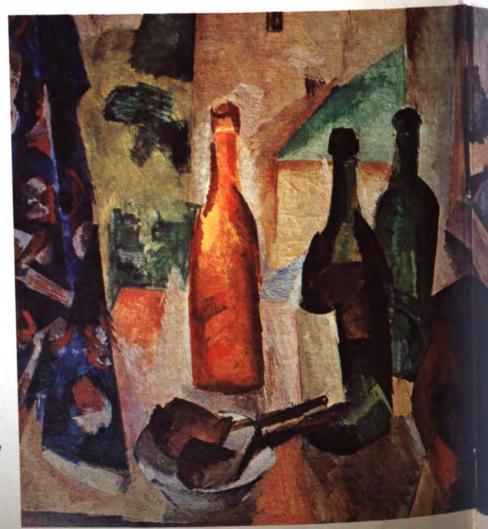
training and to awaken in each of them a unique, creative individuality, allowing them complete freedom of development. Many other artists besides Falk studied under Serov and Korovin: Kuzma Petrov-Vodkin, Pavel Kuznetsov, Sergei Gerasimov. They all became well-known masters, each original in his own way; all boldly and perseveringly searched for new artistic approaches. And still the fundamentals Serov and Korovin had taught them remained as the formal structure of their work, in spite of many changes in their style in the course of their lives.

Like all the other members of the Bubnovi Valet (Knave of Diamonds), the society of painters he joined in the second decade of our century, Falk started very enthusiastically and even defiantly. His attempts to combine the stylistic system of Cezanne with the traditions of primitive folk art and the popular Russian designs, as well as his later experiments at distorting life, made many art lovers indignant. And indeed these

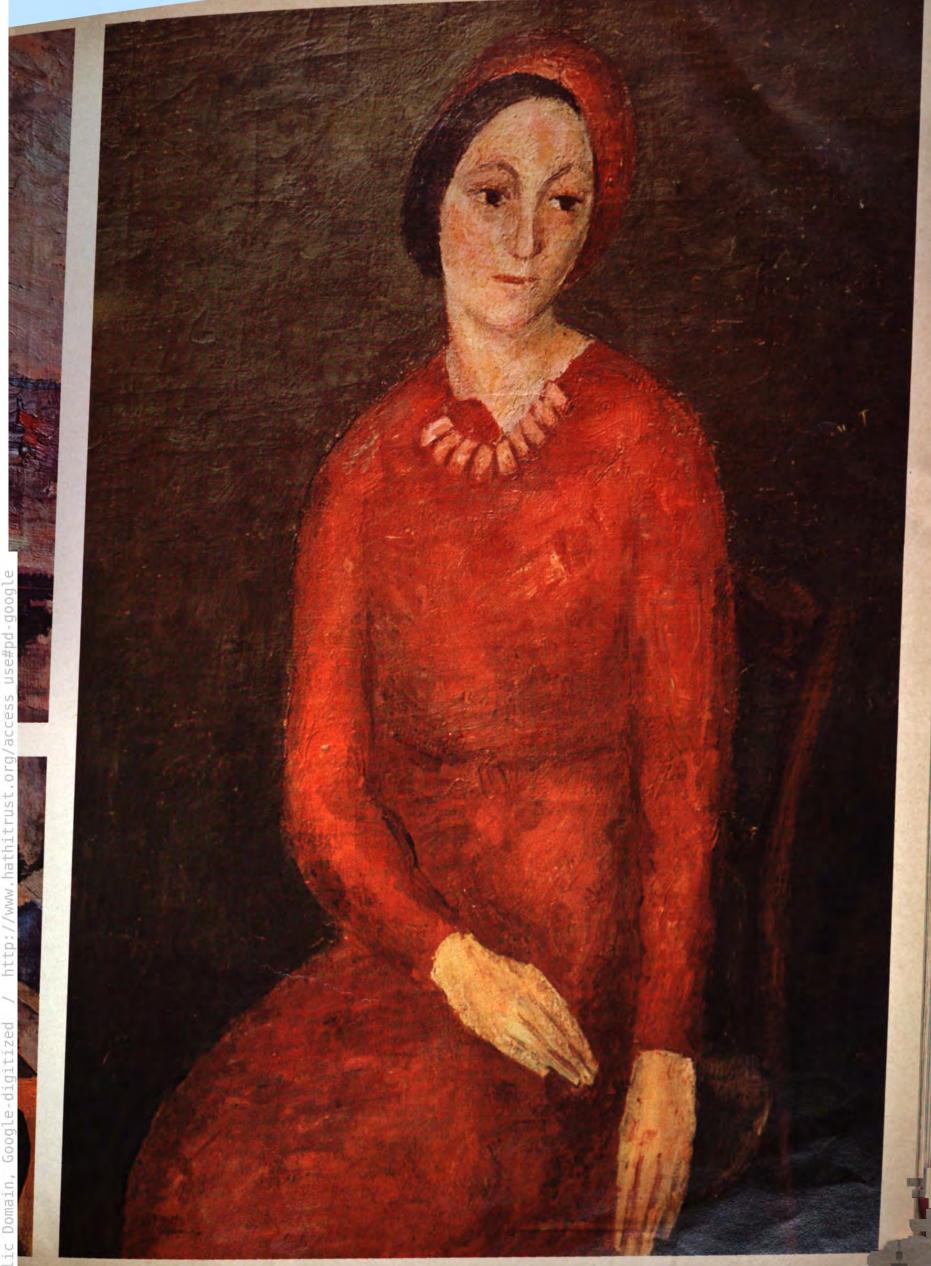
Sunshine. Brittany Oil. 1933.

Bottles on the Window Oil. 1920.

Portrait of Ilya Ehrenburg's Wife Oil. 1934-35.



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pictures differ markedly from everything known before and from the generally accepted concepts of art and beauty. There is no doubt that some of the critical tendencies of the Bubnovi Valet went too far, and the artist later rejected them.

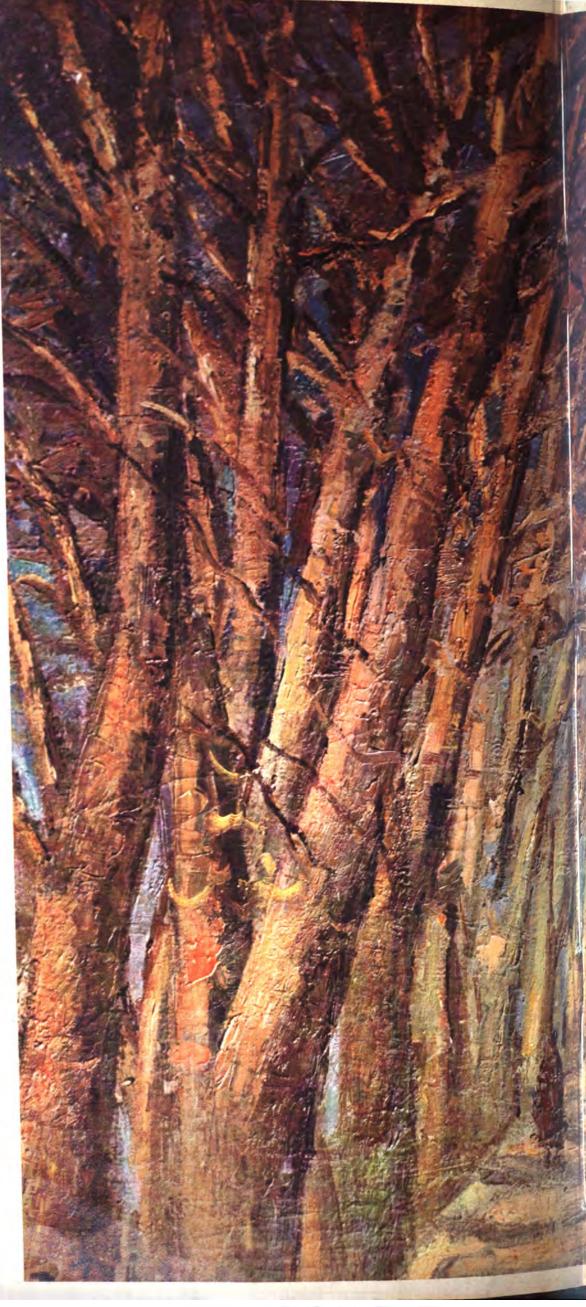
It should be noted, however, that even in his most daring experiments Falk showed an aptitude for harmony and clarity of imagery and form.

This inclination was realized fully and with real maturity in the works he created after the Revolution, particularly those he did in the thirties, forties and fifties.

During this period the lyrical quality in his art best showed itself. The portrait, the landscape and the still life became his favorite genres. He neither resorted to detailed subject narration nor to lavish decorative effects. His paintings are outwardly very quiet and reserved. They demand an inner concentration, a certain spiritual effort by the onlooker, without which one cannot enter into the moving, contemplative world of the artist's imagery. In the pictures of Samarkand Falk painted, there is nothing exotic, no striking combinations of color which a superficial spectator would first notice. Falk uses here a soft, subtle color scheme and precise, clear constructions of plastic form which, in combination, produce a poetic image of the beautiful world: an image that is lucid, exalted and a little sad. In a lyrical key language all his own Falk "speaks" of the solemn magnificence of Leningrad; of the affable, hearty beauty of Moscow's environs; of the houses, boulevards and skies of Paris; a city he greatly loved and where he spent some ten years. Many artists, both French and Russian, have painted Paris, but Falk saw it through new eyes. The bustle and glitter of this worldfamous city, the carnival fairy play of its lights at night, its motley, gayly dressed crowd left the artist cold. He painted a city whose very atmosphere is permeated with the meditations, anxieties and hopes of our contemporaries. One feels troubled, sad and lonely here; bitterness and agitation are mingled in Falk's landscapes of Paris with sympathetic humane feelings, with light dreams and a sincere and wise love of life.

Falk was a great lover of music; it was his second vocation, and it left its mark on his art. His works have both an artistic and musical harmony. He elaborated the color schemes and plasticity of his best paintings and water colors as if they were polyphonic themes with variations. Perhaps that is why his still lifes are so successful. In his portraits Falk usually achieved great authenticity, but a likeness of the model was never an end in itself for him. For each of his portraits he found an underlying poetic and artistic theme which he developed and varied with all the subtlety and maturity of his skill and profound insight as an artist and a philosopher. Such, for instance, is the selfportrait he did in 1957, not long before his death. It is completely frank, nothing is hidden here: neither old age, nor the sorrows and anxieties of the soul. But the image of a sick seventy-year old man is transformed and made beautiful by its moving spirituality and the combination of wisdom and almost childlike ingenuity.

Falk's best works are confessions; like great music they uplift and ennoble the listener.









Trees. Toulon Oil. 1938.

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American Exhibits in the Gorky Museum

By Georgi Mendelevich, Researcher Gorky Institute of World Literature USSR Academy of Sciences

*HE CENTENARY of the birth of Maxim Gorky was observed This year. For the occasion the Gorky Museum of the USSR Academy of Sciences in Moscow prepared a new exhibit of the writer's life and work. The museum was founded shortly after Gorky's death 32 years ago.

Many of the 25,000 exhibits are shown for the first time. Some, contributed by Americans, relate to the six months (April to October 1906) the writer spent in the United States. Mr. and Mrs. John Martin, admirers of Gorky, offered him and his wife their hospitality. They lived at the Martin home on Staten Island. In June they both went to the Martin summer cottage in the Adirondacks. There Gorky completed his play Enemies, which he immediately mailed to Berlin to be staged at the Kleines Theater. His novel Mother, reflecting the events of the Russian Revolution, was also written here. Among the first editions of Mother on display is the American Appleton edition, published almost simultaneously with the first Russian edition in 1907. The articles Gorky wrote in the United States are also

Rockwell Kent, who painted an oil of the Martin cottage in the Adirondacks, personally presented his canvas to the museum in 1967, on the anniversary of Gorky's death.

A recent addition to the collection of Gorky portraits is the one by Boris Grigoryev, a prominent Russian painter. It was presented by Abraham Pomeranz, an American lawyer.

This portrait has a history.

During Gorky's life, some 50 Russian and foreign artists did his portraits. He himself liked only two-Valentin Serov's, dated 1905, and Boris Grigoryev's, painted in 1926 in Naples.

About the Grigoryev portrait Gorky said: "For the first time I really feel that this is my portrait. It is better than any of the others." And in a letter to artist Valentina Khodasevich: "Boris Grigoryev made an excellent portrait of me among the disgusting ginger-headed personages of 'Lower Depths.' The painter's talent is simply remarkable."

This portrait has been displayed at many international exhibitions and in recent years belonged to the Pomeranz collec-

In July 1962 Charlotte Pomeranz visited the Soviet Union and, on behalf of her father, presented the portrait to the Gorky

The American contributions are only a small part of the Gorky Museum collection, but they do testify to the continuing interest and respect Americans have for our prominent writer.

DO YOU KNOW THE BOYLE-MARIOTTE LAW?

> Your Children Should

> > TEACHING SCIENCE AT SCHOOL

BY VASILI RAZUMOVSKY

Doctor of Science (Education)

Senior Associate, USSR Academy of Education Editor in Chief of the Journal Physics in School

I had occasion to take part in the Education in the USSR exhibit which toured the United States (Boston, Buffalo and Coiumbus) from October 1967 through January 1968. Visitors showed a lively interest in our educational system. I should like to deal briefly here with the teaching of science in our schools and to answer the questions we were asked most frequently.

UR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM is based on the 10-year secondary school. At present eight years of schooling is compulsory, but this year the transition began to 10 years of universal compulsory schooling, which will be in force throughout the country by 1970.

Children start school at the age of seven. A uniform course of study is used in all grades, including the senior grade. In the first three years the pupils' knowledge of natural science comes from their "Readers." In the fourth grade they take "Nature Study," a course which covers "The Earth," "The Water" and "The Air" and gives the children their first understanding of physical, chemical, biological and other natural phenomena. In the fifth grade they begin the systematic study of biology: botany in the fifth grade, zoology in the sixth and seventh grades, anatomy in the eighth grade, and modern biology in the ninth grade.

In the sixth grade our pupils begin studying physics, which is divided into two stages: the first in the sixth and seventh grades, the second in the eighth through the tenth grades. In the first stage they learn about the molecular structure of matter and the rudiments of mechanical, thermal and electrical principles. The second stage is a systematic study of mechanics, molecular physics, electricity, optics and the elements of nuclear physics. The chemistry course is also divided into two stages and begins in the seventh grade.

Tenth-grade students also take a oneyear course in astronomy.

Now to answer the questions.

Question: Why do you follow uniform courses of study? Why don't you permit your children to choose the subjects they prefer in secondary school?

Answer: We believe that the sensible choice of a trade or profession requires a certain maturity and a store of the fundamentals of modern knowledge. Our children cannot choose the subjects they study in school, but when they finish school, they are in a better position to make a free choice of their future specialty since a Soviet secondary school graduate can qualify for admission to

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https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210023618893 http://www.hathitrust.org/access use#pd-google 2025-04-16 06:01 GMT Google-digitized Generated on 20 Public Domain, any college, university or technical school. The uniform curriculum in our secondary schools makes this freedom

of choice possible.

Question: Don't the uniform courses of study in your schools discourage the development of talent and individual interests?

Answer: The optional courses our schools offer take care of individual inclinations and interests. For instance, students may select a course in the theory of relativity given two to three hours a week. Every school has extracurricular activities—clubs, study circles, and the like. Besides that, we have special secondary schools whose courses of study are built around particular subjects, for example, physics and mathematics, or a foreign language.

Question: Don't you think that too great an emphasis on science will undercut the study of the humanities and thus unbalance the youngster's intellectual development?

Answer: We believe that our school system has nothing to worry about there. Only 35 per cent of the total school time is allocated to science, while some 49 per cent goes to the humanities.

Question: What would you say of the scholarly level of science taught at Soviet schools? Isn't it below that of American schools?

Answer: I'd say it is approximately the same. Comparing our physics syllabus with the most advanced in the USA (Physical Science Study Committee), we find that all the key problems are covered and that some of them get fuller and deeper coverage in our new syllabus, for example, the elements of quantum theory, the theory of relativity and the structure of the atomic nucleus. To a certain extent this is because we require five years of physics and American schools, as a rule, require only one. Another point of difference is that every Soviet schoolchild takes physics, while in the United States, according to The Physics Teacher, only 19 per cent take it.

Question: How do you manage to teach every child such a difficult subject as physics? Does that mean that Soviet children generally are more capable? An objective study made by American educators showed that only 25 per cent of our pupils were capable of mastering physics.

Answer: Studies made not only by Soviet but by most American psychologists have shown that a person's abilities are not something permanent, unchangeable. They are not necessarily innate and can be developed during the child's life. Our school makes every effort to encourage the varied abilities of the child and, in particular, the ability to master

scientific subjects. And, as a result of systematic steps, these abilities are developed.

First of all, science in our schools is not studied for just one year, but over a period of several years, with the number of hours increasing gradually as the pupil moves ahead from the junior to the senior grades. Physics, for instance, is studied for five years, from the sixth to the tenth grades. In the sixth grade physics is given for two hours a week, in the eighth for three hours, and in the tenth for five hours. The total number of hours allotted to science also increases.

Here is a table of the distribution of hours per week per science subject according to the new school curriculum.

	Grades						
Subjects	IV	V	VI	VII	VIII	IX	X
Nature study	2	_	_	_	~	_	_
Biology	-	2	2	2	2	3	_
Physics	_	_	2	2	3	4	5
Chemistry	_	_	_	2	2	3	4
Astronomy	-	-	-	-	-	-	2
Total:	2	2	4	6	7	10 1	1

The table shows the gradual increase of hours per week as the pupil advances from the fourth to the tenth grade. This mounting difficulty and complexity develops his abilities. His intellectual interests broaden as he accumulates knowledge and skills.

The experiment has an important place in our science course of study. Our schools have well-equipped laboratories for physics, chemistry and biology. The physics course, for instance, requires 70 laboratory assignments. This means that some 12 per cent of the total 575 hours allotted to physics is devoted to independent laboratory study.

Question: How do you know that the knowledge of your schoolchildren is not nominal? How is it measured?

Answer: The degree of assimilation of any given material is reflected in the pupil's activities based on this material. It can be divided into three major stages. In the first stage the pupil can only reproduce the material in the same way it was presented to him: explain it as the teacher explained it, retell the text of a manual or reproduce an experiment or drawing.

In the second stage the pupil can already utilize this material to solve problems that are applications of the rule or law being taught.

The third and most advanced stage of assimilation is when the pupil can use his knowledge for the solution of creative tasks.

The pupil's knowledge is formal and nominal if it can only be repeated in its

original form or applied in the simplest of cases, following a particular rule or formula. This happens when the process of assimilation is incomplete, when the pupil has passed the first or perhaps the second stage, but not the third.

Our curriculum and teaching methods provide for the third stage of assimilation in all key subjects. A variety of exercises are used to develop creative ability and to teach the pupil to apply his knowledge under different conditions. In physics this may involve problems in calculation and quality, laboratory experiments and projects which are worked upon at home for a relatively long period.

Question: What distinguishes a creative task from a noncreative, training exercise?

Answer: A creative task incorporates a research problem (when a phenomenon has to be explained) or requires working out a design (when a certain effect has to be achieved). In this case the pupil himself must determine what knowledge he must apply to solve a particular problem. Pupils studying dynamics, for instance, are given problems like this:

a) A coin or washer is placed on the edge of a disk which is revolving in a horizontal plane. As the revolutions of the disk gradually increase, the object will slide off. This phenomenon has to be explained. The pupil advances the hypothesis that the coin's force of friction is centripetal. The coin remains on the disk's surface, revolving with the disk so long as that force suffices. When that force eventually becomes insufficient, the coin flies off the disk, moving rectilinearly, by inertia, at the speed imparted to it by the revolving disk. The revolving coin's top angular speed can be calculated. The hypothesis is confirmed if the results of the experiment concur with the

b) A little cart is standing on a horizontal table. It has to be set in motion with an increasing velocity of, say, 28 centimeters per second². There are several ways to do this. Here is one: A string is passed through a pulley, one end of which is attached to the cart while the other has a definite weight suspended from it. The weight has been calculated to activate the whole system with the required acceleration. Experimental confirmation of the calculations also serves to double check the hypothesis.

Systematic exercising with creative problems develops the pupil's creative abilities and cognition. By the time he graduates, he has a range of knowledge large enough—and sufficient ability to apply that knowledge—to choose a vocation in keeping with his interests and inclinations.







The "Schelya" took the course used by the seventeenth century Russians.

Hunter Dmitri Butorin and writer Mikhail Skorokhodov last year made a 100-day voyage along the Arctic coast of the Soviet Union in a small boat. The adventurers followed the winding 2,000-mile route used by seventeenth-century North-Russian seafarers—the Pomors—between Arkhangelsk and the once famous Siberian trading center of Mangazeya, beyond the Arctic Circle. Mangazeya, 300 years ago, was a famous market where foreign merchants came to bargain for sable pelts.

When he retired on pension, 56-year-old Dimitri Butorin bought an old, discarded seaworthy cutter for the grand sum of five rubles. He patched up the 25-foot boat. In the fore part he fixed up a cabin of double widths of tarpaulin, fitted with a flap door and two portholes. He installed two collapsible berths, a stove, a desk, an inboard engine and a spare outboard engine. He made two crimson sails and even knocked together a little dinghy out of zinc-plated iron. He christened the boat "Schelya" in honor of Dolgoschelye, his native village. Mikhail Skorokhodov, who has written several books of prose and poetry on the Far North and its inhabitants, helped Butorin get the "Schelya" ready. The following are extracts from the diary Skorokhodov kept of the hazardous voyage.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREI OVCHINNIKOV AND VLADIMIR PERVENTSEV

Even the sun could not make these northern waters look hospitable.



HUNDRED-DAY V

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May 14. At noon the Schelya cast off its moorings at the Arkhangelsk Yacht Club. It was sleeting.

Our equipment includes a rifle with four hundred rounds of ammunition, a seine and some other nets, and maps and charts provided by the Northern Navigation Board. We are not taking much food, limiting ourselves to a sack of hardtack and others of potatoes, onions, garlic, salt, sugar and tea. We have enough gasoline—291 gallons—for about 155 miles.

May 23. We sailed more than 249 miles along our Northern rivers this week. Gaggles of geese flying north overtook us.

May 25. Crossed Arctic Circle.

May 26. Stopped by ice on reaching Parusnoye Lake. Having difficulty making headway along the coast. Got through to a fisherman's cottage on the shore. Left mail with the people there, a fishermen's team led by Ivan Malygin from Chita settlement.

June 2. We are using our boat as a kind of icebreaker, doing our bit to help the spring thaw along. Butorin had sheathed the Schelya's bow with iron plates. Emerged from the Chesha Bay into the Barents Sea at 8:00 P.M. A fresh southwester is whipping the bluish-green sea into foam-crested waves. The rocky coastline is covered with snow. The sun does not set here at this time of year, even at midnight. We are traveling north. Our crew has been augmented by Pyzhik, a handsome husky presented to us.

June 3. Our engine failed as we approached Cape Zapadny Ledovity Nos, and our boat was carried by the current toward a reef. But we managed to hoist our crimson sails and, several minutes later, were making headway and passed the ominous breakers. Meanwhile, Butorin fixed the carburetor, and the engine came to life. In the evening we reached the hydrometeorological station on Cape Mikulkin. No sleep for 48 hours. The station's staff of five gave us a warm welcome; the Schelya is the first craft to call this year.

June 5. Started out to sea at one o'clock in the morning. The breakers are foaming white against the light-colored rocks, but I have every confidence in Butorin's navigational abilities.

We are following the route used by the Pomors hundreds of years ago. Every spring they would set out from the Northern Dvina River, in the European part of the Russian North, for the town of Mangazeya at the mouth of the Ob River in Siberia. After selling their goods, they would return home to the Dvina. They traveled by oar or sail. This is the route they took: from the Dvina to the Pinega River, then to the Kuloy River (where there is now a canal) and into the White Sea. Then they cut across Kanin Peninsula, using its rivers and lakes, and sailed on the Barents Sea to the Yamal Peninsula. They did not double around the peninsula but followed its rivers and lakes until they reached the estuary of the Ob River. At many places along the way they had to drag their boats overland between rivers.

At one time this was a very busy route, and Mangazeya flourished. But this ancient road to Siberia was blocked off in 1619, after the czar issued a ukase banning all navigation to Mangazeya. Guards were stationed at the mouths of rivers, having orders to execute without trial anybody who tried to get through to Mangazeya. The ukase was issued at the insistence of Siberian merchants, who wanted to monopolize the valuable fur trade between Russia and foreign countries. They persuaded the czar that this Northern route might attract foreigners, something the rulers of Russia would not countenance. Without its trade Mangazeya declined, and today only ruins of the town are to be seen.

Dmitri Butorin (left) captained the venture. His crewmate on the reconverted 25-foot boat was writer Mikhail Skorokhodov.



3

June 10. Reached shore early in the morning, and we were immediately surrounded by children. We put up at the home of the Belugins. Victor and his wife Dina are both fishermen. Very nice people. The settlement has a permanent population of about 30, but it expands to five times that many in the autumn and winter when collective fishing teams come here to catch plaice, navaga and sea animals. The mail is delivered three or four times a month by an AN-2 plane. During the winter season, an average of 20 planes a day arrive from Naryan-Mar to pick up the fish catches.

June 12. No sign of the snow storm letting up. The Schelya is gripped by ice. Ahead of us is an arduous leg of our voyage-over 124 miles across the Pechora River inlet. The chart shows endless shallows and reefs. We have already sailed 746 miles from Arkhangelsk, along rivers, across lakes and two seas.

June 16. The storm ending, we raised anchor, left Topseda and traveled eastward along the Timan coast. The sea is still rough, the waves foaming and swirling as they beat against the offshore reefs.

June 17. Butorin has been scanning the sky; to him the clouds are a kind of chart which describes the ice conditions: Darker stretches signify open water and the lighter, ice. We have been traveling along the ice edge in a northeastern direction. Open water soon appears, and the sun comes out. Two hours later we have to turn back, because there is ice around us on three sides. We lose our bearings and have to be guided by the compass. We raise sail and go around the ice pack from the north. In the evening we catch sight of the mainland in the distance, the coast of the Bolshezemelskaya Tundra. Through our glasses, we can make out the lighthouse on Cape Gorelki. We are very tired after 24 hours on the go, so we anchor the boat to the ice, light the stove, drink a cup of hot tea from our vacuum flash and go to bed. We have a very unusual stove that Butorin himself designed. But practically everything on board is Butorin's handiwork; he is the embodiment of the experiences amassed by many generations of Pomors. Wherever we go, our dinghy Schelyanka excites admiration. The local people examine it carefully and try to memorize the improvements Butorin has made. The boat accommodates five and is very seaworthy. With a crew of two it can even negotiate a gale.

June 19. At last we leave the Pechora Inlet and its difficult ice conditions behind. At first the coast is scarcely visible because of mist; but a fresh breeze from the south springs up, and we turn northeast, zigzagging through the floating ice. Through our glasses, we spot many seals in the distance. At times we catch sight of bearded seals, sunning on the ice. Butorin picks up our rifle, but the beasts slip into the water. He must shoot to kill because, at this time of the year, sea animals have lost most of their fat and sink immediately when they are shot.

Another tack and we see a large bearded seal ahead of us on the edge of the ice field. Butorin switches off the engine and turns the boat around for a better aim. The animal looks at us from a distance of 100 feet. A shot rings out, and our craft edges up to the ice. We land on it, and I photograph the silver-grey carcass-550 pounds of fresh meat.

We circle in heavy fog among the icebergs. No bearings available. From time to time Butorin examines the compass and looks up at the flag. The ice conditions make him change course rapidly. The chaos of ice around us is inexpressibly gloomy; it is hard to imagine a more somber scene. The cold wind is piercing. Two o'clock in the morning. Whenever a clear stretch of water appears, Butorin guides our craft into a passage in the ice, moving at low speed. If our boat cannot make it, we help it along with poles.

Radiogram from Ivan Papanin, the famous Soviet Arctic explorer: "How I envy you courageous two who are attacking the Arctic Ocean. If I could throw off 10 years, I would ask you to take me on, even before the mast.

Thirty years have passed since Fyodorov, Shirshov, Krenkel and I landed on an ice floe at the North Pole. Upon my word, I could wish for no better gift on that anniversary than the voyage you two are making. Thank you, my friends. May you enjoy favorable winds and have at least a fathom of water under your keel!'

Two miles off the village of Varandei, our passage is blocked by ice. We stop the motor, furl our sails and use poles and boat hooks to make our way to shore. Several feet from the beach big blocks of ice are floating, resting on the sea bottom. We take shelter behind one of these bastions, at the mouth of a stream, mooring the Schelya with two hawsers. It is high tide, and our boat is quite safe. When the tide recedes, she will be beached on sand. We feel very tired, Against the background of pale clouds, the dark dwellings of the settlement loom.

Varandel is a branch of a big fishermen's and hunters' collective in Nenets called Hari, meaning northern lights. The local inhabitantsSkorokhodov makes notes for a future

Pyzhik, a husky, joined the crew beyond the Arctic Circle. The boat followed the coast in the wake of the ice breakup.





2025-04-16





Nenets, Komi and Russians—ply us with questions on our voyage and our further plans and give us advice on the best way to reach Ugor Strait.

June 22. A dead calm in the morning. On the shore near Varandel lie the hulks of several wrecks, some of them almost buried in the sand, only their funnels showing above the surface. You can expect almost anything from the Barents Sea.

June 29. Again at sea, making for Amderma, through the Strait of Ugor. Ran into a storm.

A plane was sent out to search for the two voyagers when they failed to reach Amderma at the time they were due. After a 90-minute hunt, the Schelya was located near Varandei, where it had been held up by a gale and bad ice. At 11 o'clock at night Butorin and Skorokhodov reached Amderma, the first ones that year to navigate the Ugor Strait from the Barents Sea into the Kara Bay.

July 2. When we started out, we knew that we would meet with difficult ice conditions. In the old days the Pomors managed with boats and sails. We have two engines, one inboard and the other outboard. Our boat handles just as well as did the old Pomor vessels, and it has even less draft. That was why we did not postpone our trip until July, as we were advised. One reason was that we wanted to enjoy the invigorating spring air that comes with the breakup of the ice. The advent of spring is a wonderful time of year in the Far North. Had we started later, we would have missed it.

"This is nothing like the spring you get in cities," Butorin said. "I have often followed the Arctic spring in the wake of the breaking ice and the melting of the snow. This way I get not two or three days of the spring thaw but two whole months. It is a sensation I find hard to describe.

"That is what we'll do—follow the coast eastward in the wake of the ice breakup, so that we will get our fill of spring. I want you to taste the delicious water you get from the melting ice here. It makes the blood run through your veins. It is the water that all kinds of young migratory birds drink. It has a special quality. Look at the way the geese behave in spring on the tundra—full of energy—they fly like eagles. They have just flown thousands of miles and should be exhausted, but they are full of beans."

Despite the howling of the ice-cold wind, we are very cozy in our cabin. Our tea is brewed with water from the melting ice, the kind Butorin described. A delicious beverage. It has a most unusual color—quite crimson.

I would like to record all the know-how that spills from Butorin, to get it down for my future book.

July 16. Left hospitable Amderma in the morning. Seen off by hundreds of Arctic expedition members who supplied us with all sorts of necessities—warm clothes, fresh potatoes, canned food, flour and meal, sugar, tea and spare parts for our engines. They even gave us a bottle of straight alcohol.

The Arctic summer is at its height, with the thermometer 80°F in the shade. Such days are rare here. We were advised to stay on for a while at Amderma because of a sudden fog, but we decided to go on to Kara. We shall try to cross the Baydarata Bay (Baydaratskaya Guba) from Kara to Yamal.

July 17. A fair wind, with visibility very good, so we are using our sails. The engine is going like clockwork. On our way we see two winter cabins and a team of hunters from Kara. This is the most remote eastern part of Arkhangelsk Region that is inhabited; it is the meeting place of two continents—Europe and Asia. We will now be following the Siberian coast. At two o'clock in the morning we drop anchor opposite a small settlement, having masses of white daisies growing between the houses.

July 26. Tacking through the ice, the Schelya negotiated Baydarata Bay, reached the Yamal Peninsula and turned northward. Around midnight we dropped anchor off the Arctic Station of Marresale which means Sandy Cape. What a beautiful scene met our eye—the tundra in full bloom. We shall rest up a little and then proceed on our voyage.

Wireless message received from the chief of the radio section of the Soviet Antarctic expedition, Vladimir Ignatchenko:

"To Butorin and Skorokhodov, who have reached these parts from the White Sea, on board the tiny Schelya, without any radio equipment. You have our hearty admiration for your courageous effort to follow the ancient Pomor route to Mangazeya. A risky voyage, it takes guts and staying power."

August 4. Reached the settlement of Se-Yakha. Because of the low level of the Yamal rivers and lakes, we have had to unload our boat dozens of times, drag it over dry ground and then reload it.

Got an excellent catch of burbot, about 882 pounds all told, each fish weighing between four and thirteen pounds. We kept one for food and threw the rest back into the river.

For some reason I used to think that portage routes lay over

conveniently low and level ground. Here we have come up against steep slopes, with grades of 30 and 35 degrees. The steepest ascent above the lake level is of about 39 feet. In the old days the Pomors traveled in convoys of as many as 10 vessels, each with six oarsmen and one helmsman. It must have been child's play for 70 hale and hearty men to manage the portage of 10 cutters. It took us 72 hours to drag the Schelya from one lake to another. Further on we came up against shallows and shifting sands. There were days when we could make only 10 to 13 feet.

This was the tough part of our voyage. But, in exchange, we saw a flowering and fragrant Yamal, thousands of geese and swans and masses of berries. As we approached the Ob Inlet, about 12 miles from the settlement of Se-Yakha, we were met by a helicopter. The man who climbed down to greet us was Vasili Borisov, commander of a group of Arctic aircraft, who brought us messages and newspapers. An hour later he brought us gasoline for our engines and, to our surprise, several newsmen. We had a fine talk round a campfire. The helicopter crew had been sent out to search for us. We felt good about all this attention and concern. At Se-Yakha we were met with flowers and fireworks. Almost like home after this somewhat arduous leg of our voyage.

August 12. The Schelya is cutting across the Ob Inlet. We are running against the wind into the teeth of high seas. Visibility poor. The cutter is being buffeted by heavy waves. We drop anchor beyond Cape Tryokhbugorny.

August 13. A fair wind sprang up during the night, so we started our engine and hoisted sail, speeding along the Taz Bay (Tazovskaya Guba). Butorin bursts into song.

August 15. At 4:00 A.M. we entered Taz Bay. A hearty welcome awaited us. Then the Schelya navigated more than 12 miles of the Taz River. Rounding a bend, we saw a cliff known as Masheyev Cape. Here in 1601 a fort was built on site of Mangazeya. Some trading ships would unload their cargoes here.

Butorin and I left the Schelya and climbed up the cliff. On its slopes we found the remnant of old scale beam over three feet in length, weighing more than 17 pounds. We saw some inscriptions on it that were timeworn. We could not decipher all of them. We think that this scale must have belonged to the Solovetsky Monastery. Leaving here, we decided to see the ruins of Mangazeya, a distance of 112 miles by land but more than 174 miles by water.

August 18. We are sailing along the Taz River to the ruins of Mangazeya. Fascinating, enchanting Mangazeya. The morning is beautiful. The water is still. Along the luxuriant green banks of the river, we see Nenets' settlements.

August 19. At 3:45 P.M. Moscow time we reached the shores of Mangazeya. On landing we saw weather-beaten logs stuck in the ground and a big grass-covered pit-signs of excavation workand a broad field. This was the site of Mangazeya. A beautiful setting. The town's eastern border lay along the little Mangazeyka River. Birch, larch and cedar grow around the field, and clusters of currents flame crimson. We wander for several hours around the ruins of this ancient Arctic trading center, intoxicated by the fragrance of the tall grass and intrigued by the atmosphere of bygone days. We light a campfire, make some fish soup and sit up till morning, enchanted by the pale moonlight and the proximity of the silent remains of a once busy town.

August 20. Early in the morning Butorin shows me the finds he had made-a rusty nail, a brass ring and a metal cross.

Along the narrow strip of shore we collect hundreds of artifacts -crosses, 16th century coins, finger rings, tongs, arrowheads, keys and earthenware.

This multitude of artifacts may have been because of the low water in the Taz Bay. Stretches of land, which were underwater for centuries, were uncovered. It is also possible that the spring floods had swept away the layer of sand covering all these articles. Either way, we are in luck. That evening we placed, at the top of a hill near the ruins of houses, a one-foot larch pole with the inscription: "Schelya, Arkhangelsk. 20. 8. 1967."

August 21. The hundredth day of our voyage. Left Mangazeya at 8:30 A.M. Our pole is clearly visible from the river. About an hour before our departure, I found a little bronze bell, green with verdigris. When I struck it against a small rock, it rang out a mellow chime. So, after all, Butorin and I did hear the bells of Mangazeya.

Dmitri Butorin and Mikhail Skorokhodov spent a week in Moscow where they were received by Victor Bakayev, Minister of the Merchant Marine, and Mstislav Keldysh, President of the Soviet Academy of Sciences

Mikhail Skorokhodov is now writing a book on the voyage of the Schelya.







The fish bit at almost anything. One of these was more than enough for a supper.



Where the trading town of Mangazeya stood, the travelers raised a wooden marker.



Forced halt on the Yamal Peninsula coast. A helicopter was dispatched to find them.

41



YOUR CONTEMPORARY

HE CITIZEN'S debt to his time, to his society: This is one of the motifs of socialistic art. Man, as the master of his destiny, bound to the destiny of his country, is a major theme of our films as well. As time goes on new facets of the theme are explored. A recent example is the film Your Contemporary.

Vasili Gubanov, the leading character in this picture, is gray at the temples and has obviously won his position in life the hard way. He is deliberate, balanced, taciturn, a somewhat ironical man; he is always organized and competent.

Gubanov is in charge of a vast project. Dozens of millions of

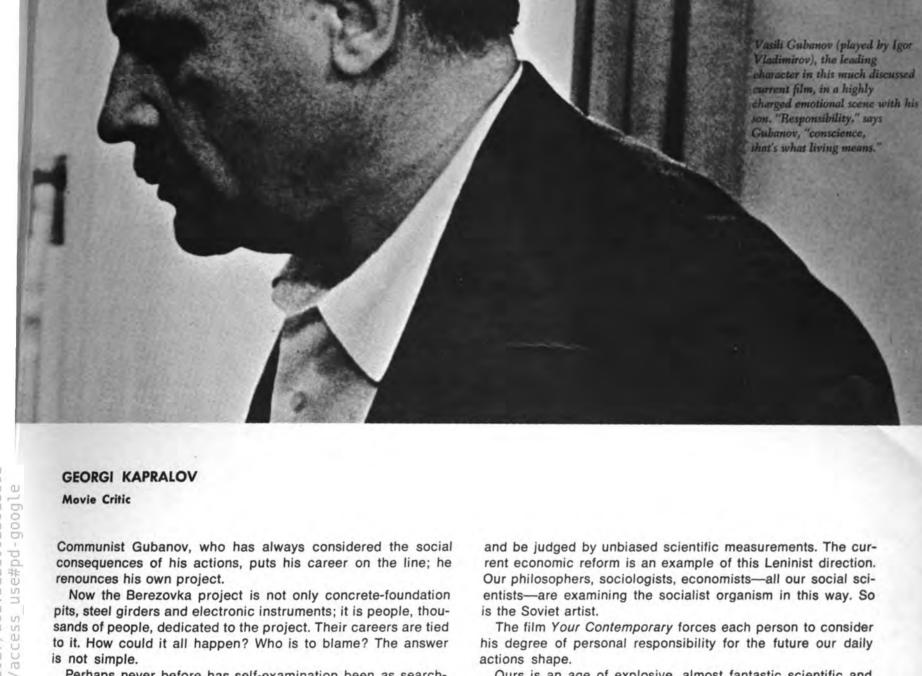
rubles are invested in the construction of the Berezovka industrial complex, which he designed. Many plants supply the building materials. But will the complex be the best possible one, scientifically and technologically? This question is the dramatic heart of this Mosfilm Studio production. The script is by Yevgeni Gabrilovich; the director is Yuli Raizman.

But the scenarists are not posing a technological question; their interest is in the social and ethical conflicts. The technological aspect can be summed up very simply: Suddenly Gubanov arrives in Moscow, proposing to halt construction on the Berezovka project. Science has already made it obsolete.



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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Perhaps never before has self-examination been as searching in our country as now. The Communist Party demands that economic and all other activities be approached analytically

rent economic reform is an example of this Leninist direction. Our philosophers, sociologists, economists-all our social scientists-are examining the socialist organism in this way. So

The film Your Contemporary forces each person to consider his degree of personal responsibility for the future our daily

Ours is an age of explosive, almost fantastic scientific and technological progress. An airplane becomes obsolete before its first take-off. Progress x's out relentlessly what was progres-





With Yelena Kondratyevna, his former wife. "I'm not going to keep quiet out of fear. Fear degrades

a man, makes a coward out of him. To preserve his dignity as a human being, a man has to overcome his fear."

sive and necessary yesterday, making it obsolete, useless.

The film looks at this very topical problem from many sides. It offers no quick, soothing remedies, no happy endings. Gubanov clashes with many antagonists, located in a long series of departments and offices.

Paradoxically, the picture itself ran the risk of becoming obsolete, even before it was released. The scene in an office corridor is characteristic: Gubanov meets a certain Kovalyov, who gives him a "tip"—"go to Borovikov or to Kolesnikov!" The implication is that the reaction of these individuals is what decides the matter. Kovalyov's advice is presented somewhat ironically. Nevertheless the impression remains that a vast project like Berezovka could hinge on the subjective judgment of a Kolesnikov or a Borovikov, an obvious anachronism.

The authors try to avoid oversimplifications, and for the most part they do. But the arguments against Gubanov are not convincing. And yet many of those who oppose Gubanov do have weighty arguments to offer, granting their arguments are not free from hurt pride, arrogance, cowardice and the old and ineffective tendency to solve problems by managerial pressures. These socially superficial attitudes are often tenacious, discarded with difficulty. In estimating a complex social and historical process in the throes of development, we must distinguish daily troubles and mistakes from essential social contradictions. The former stem from mismanagement, inability or

Gubanov: "You're an intelligent man. How is it that you never joined the party?" Nitochkin (a colleague, played by Nikolai

Plotnikov): "I always had an idea that an ordinary man couldn't be a Communist Party member, that the party sets extraordinary standards."





44

Domain,

Public



Gubanov: "To me the personality cult meant not so much the glorification of one man as the development of a nasty habit.

It encouraged you to keep your mouth shut, to show no initiative, to tune your brain to the frequency of every chief."

ignorance; the latter are part of the dialectics of life in progress. These essential contradictions confront Gubanov and those who challenge his proposal. Incidentally this brings home with special force the truth that the artist today must be able to analyze complex processes of development, including scientific and technological progress, because these processes influence millions of people and shape their thinking and standards of behavior.

This film, a social commentary in art form, challenges our thinking and stirs our civic consciousness on all levels-universal, national or personal-with its sharp and vital dialogues and its arguments and clashes.

Though biased in favor of their leading character, the scenarists by no means idealize him. There is a distasteful clash with his son, and the father reacts crudely, unfairly. Also his wife is alienated from him.

Igor Vladimirov as Gubanov conveys uncompromising singlemindedness, undeviating persistence, intelligence and irony. He also captures a certain measure of Gubanov's dry rationalism, which we might call "emotional ignorance." Gubanov is aware of his shortcomings; we see his developing character. But it does seem to me that the actor could have shown us Gubanov's inner world in somewhat richer and more subtle overtones.

Gubanov's dry rationalism is especially apparent in contrast to the volcanic temperament of his friend Professor Nitochkin. Nikolai Plotnikov as Professor Nitochkin is emotionally and intellectually keen, receptive, impulsive. He accumulates vast energy, fed by a highly developed sense of responsibility. This amazing vitality, skillfully rendered by Plotnikov, often wins him the foreground of the film.

The most stirring scenes are those in which Gubanov challenges his opponents, particularly at a meeting of the Council of Ministers. Each of the characters acts with a logic all his own; each has his own approach to reality. Except for the academician, who is too much of a grotesque, there are no 'negative characters' in the film. The scenarists evidently believed that it is up to the audience to judge which side is right, which side is more farsighted and convincing. The film wants the audience to become involved with life and its real contradictions, with the dialectic interdependency of the facts and

This is why Your Contemporary is a life-asserting, optimistic work no matter how questionable some of its situations and characters might seem. Our method of self-criticism is shown in the film as a creative force; with it we can solve the most baffling of social problems.

Courtesy of Pravda

A group of American journalists interview Gubanov. Correspondent: "Who is to blame for the mistake? Gubanov: "I am.

Correspondent: "In our capitalist country a mistake like that would put a firm out of business. Who pays for your mistake?' Gubanov: "The state. Everybody."



Divilization Google

BRAIN WITH

"A heart transplant by Dr. Barnard is not the concern of science alone, but also of ethics, philosophy and fundamental law."

MPORTANT THINGS have been happening these past few years in medicine and biology. Professor Daniele Petrucci has grown a two-month embryo outside of the organism, in a "biological cradle" that provides all the conditions necessary for its development. Surgeons Michael DeBakey and Adrian Kantrowitz have implanted devices in the heart to facilitate its work. Dr. Robert J. White has been able to keep alive, for almost two full days, the brain of a monkey isolated from its body. A 73-year-old American who was dying of cancer had his body refrigerated, a short time before the onset of clinical death, by the terms of his will. It is to be kept in this state until such time as a cure is found for cancer. Nobel Prize winner Arthur Kornberg has synthesized an active molecule of DNA, one of the basic chemical substances of living matter. He reproduced in the laboratory a complex natural process: the transmission of hereditary properties.

And finally, the most dramatic development, the heart transplant operation performed by surgeon Christiaan Barnard. At first it was looked upon as simply another medical achievement, similar to the discovery of a significant new drug. There was no particular consideration of its ethical implications. But in the months since, there has been a great deal of talk and writing on the ethical problems involved, in the newspapers, in radio broadcasts and on television. The debate has been going on in research laboratories and in grade-school classes. It is said the Roman Catholic clergy was so split on the question that the Pope himself had to take a position, which was positive, on Dr. Barnard's operation. An organ transplant is not the province of science alone; involved are ethics, philosophy, even law!

The Range of the Permissible

Life has always been defined as the aggregate activity of all the organs. Most important were heartbeat and respiration, properties by which life was easily distinguishable from death. Moreover, mental cognition was recognized as the product of cerebral activity. The "breath of life," the soul, was given the highest of values: We were taught that life is priceless. It cannot be evaluated in terms of material benefits. It cannot be exchanged for another life. No one can dispose of it except the living individual himself. This respect for life is not only a reflection of established custom; it is also an expression of the instinct for self-preservation.

Death is the frightening antipode of life. Religions have tried to make it more attractive with hopes of heaven and resurrection, but to no avail. Death has always been considered that moment when the heart and respiration stop. The brain was not taken into account since it died with the heart.

Regulating the conduct of the physician is a set of traditions known as medical ethics, which says in effect: "You must never do the patient an injury." That guide to action was formulated 2,000 years ago; medicine was so helpless then that social mores rightly restricted its functions. Excessive boldness on the part of the physician was fatal for the patient: "Interfere as little as possible with nature! When medicine cannot help and the patient dies, the fault is not with the medicine; it is God's will!" But if the doctor, trying to save the patient, should injure him—that is a crime. Under no circumstances is it permissible for the doctor to shorten life by even a day. At the same time, if the doctor could have helped but did not do everything possible, again he is looked upon as a criminal.

A new remedy is permissible only after it has been rigorously tested, the practice proceeding from the same rule: "Never injure the patient!"

The progress of science and of society, however, has done its own correcting of these dogmas. Medical science, in particular surgery, has become much more active; hence the range of permissibility



By Professor Nikolai Amosov

Recent developments and experiments in medicine and biology have aroused great controversy among scientists all over the world. In addition to the purely scientific aspects of the problems involved, their moral aspects are also discussed. Professor Nikolai Amosov, a well-known Soviet scientist, doctor and author, sets forth his own opinions on the moral problems posed by modern medicine.



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OUT A BODY?

"When should a man be pronounced dead?"

has expanded. Risky operations are now performed to save life. Fifty per cent of the patients do not survive after surgery of this type, and yet there are surgeons who perform dozens of such operations annually, despite the risks. This is considered permissible since the surgery is done with the consent of patients in hopeless situations, even though they might perhaps have lived another year or even longer without the operation. Moreover, often the surgeon cannot even be sure that the operation will effect a complete cure. No matter—it is permissible if it has been done before, if there is a precedent. Hence, "Never do the patient an injury" is now a relative concept.

Mankind stands at the threshold of a new period in its development, when the exact sciences are beginning to move into every sphere of activity. Many of the accepted scientific concepts of life and death will have to be reconsidered. I should like to touch on certain of the problems involved.

The Brain or the Heart?

Science says that living organisms are nothing more than complex systems. Their structures follow the same principles as those of machines. They may be created artificially. The living DNA of a virus is a first, but most important, step in this direction. But if this is so, then the mystical, "divine" conception of the absolute value of life breaks down. Life is priceless only because this belief is a psychological imperative for society, for the relations among people. The concept derives from that most important of instincts—self-preservation. But an instinct is blind; it may be suppressed in the cerebral cortex. Compassion cries out against the killing of animals, but human beings have become accustomed to it, and they justify the act by saying it is necessary.

The problem of controlling life is something modern science will have to solve. It will have to take into account tradition, the cost of treatment, the influence of instincts and the possible range of changes that may be induced by training, and many other things.

It follows that certain corrections must also be made in the old concept of life. Yes, life is indeed priceless, but what kind of life? The life of what? Formerly the life of the body and the life of the brain were indivisible. When the body died, the brain died, and vice versa. Exceptions were rare; they were encountered solely in the short final stages of certain mental diseases. Now science has changed all that. Life may be maintained in the body by artificial means for several months after the cerebral cortex has been completely destroyed. The destruction of the cortex is determined by repeated electroencephalographic recordings. A person so afflicted is both alive and not alive.

I recall a patient in our clinic: After an unsuccessful operation, she existed for three months without a cerebral cortex. She breathed, her heart throbbed, but she was tube-fed and showed no signs of consciousness. How terrible it was for her relatives to see their dear one alive and yet dead!

It seems to me that the following approach might be taken: A man is alive so long as his brain is alive, so long as he has consciousness. Medicine has precise means for establishing the death of the cortex. Under such conditions (after all doubt has been removed by repeated tests, of course) the doctor obviously has the right to attest death. The generally accepted axiom at present is: "Do everything possible while the heart beats."

It is quite another matter when the brain is alive but afflicted by a disease—mental disorders, sequelae of severe brain hemorrhages attended by paralyses and mental disturbances. With such patients the present approach remains.

This question has been argued by the press in some countries:

Perhaps life should not be maintained in patients with no brain cortex so that their organs could be used to save people with a living brain who would otherwise die. A human being without a brain is less animate than an animal. Those who said No argued solely out of respect for traditions and instincts; they could offer no reasoned objections. To kill is forbidden, but, in order to save the life of another person, is it a crime against conscience and society if, with the consent of the relatives, the heart is taken, before it has completely stopped, from a person who is actually dead, since his brain has been hopelessly destroyed (as established by instruments and a medical consultation)?

Some people say that doctors might arbitrarily decide whether the condition of a dying patient is hopeless and so even commit a crime in order to obtain a living heart. I would advise the narrow-minded people who hold this opinion never to ask for medical aid but to do their own doctoring since even a doctor who treats a simple cold may be harboring the most diabolic intentions! No, the conscience of the doctor must be trusted since no legal laws can replace it. But in addition to conscience we must require the use of instrumented diagnostic methods, with objective registration of data; full publicity; and collegial decisions. All this not so much for protection against arbitrary judgments, but to reduce the probability of error inherent in any complicated problem. In the near future diagnostic machines will be augmenting the physician's battery of methods for making the most accurate decisions.

is Clinical Experimentation Permissible?

Did Dr. Barnard have the right to transplant a heart? Many people ask this question now. Half the medical profession says he had no right, some of them leading figures. And indeed, all the dogs that Vladimir Demikhov and his co-workers experimented on died. Consequently, the Barnard operation violated the basic principle: "On humans—only after dogs!" But from this it would follow that every new model of a heart valve must be tried out on an animal and results checked for several years, to see whether thrombosis occurs or the sutures cut through. And this is something even the most unsparing of Barnard's critics do not do (that is, they used to, but the dogs died).

If the precedent has been established, if valves have already been implanted by someone, it is thought permissible to go ahead with new constructions without thorough experimental testing. Dr. Bernard probably reasoned this same way: Since dogs tolerate the heart transplantation itself and people with kidney transplants live, is it so necessary to wait until every problem of tissue incompatibility is solved? For instance, our surgeons Vladimir Demikhov, Vladimir Kovanov and Yuri Lopukhin hold that the danger of incompatibility may be less with heart transplants than with kidney or liver transplants since the function of the muscular tissue is simpler.

Well, but what about Washkansky—he could have lived longer than 18 days with his own heart! Did the surgeon have the right to perform this operation without being sure that it would not shorten the patient's life? But do we not do the same thing when we risk a dangerous operation on the heart or the esophagus? When we refuse to operate in hopeless cases, it is only because the surgeon, too, is profoundly affected by the death of his patients; moreover, failures frighten him off from milder cases that might take surgery without undue risk. It seems to me that for operations we might follow this principle: If the total survival period of 100 patients who have been operated on is noticeably longer than that of a similar 100 who have not, the operation is permissible. However, this criterion will not do for new types of operations. Where such surgery is indicated, it is permissible to operate only when the patient's condition is other-



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wise hopeless and either his relatives or he himself know that and agree to take the chance. In the final analysis, the right of the patient to do as he likes with his own life cannot be questioned. Many patients, wasted by a severe disease, knowing what the future holds for them, beg for surgery, whatever the risk! If a doctor sees a hope for success with a new operation, why must he refuse to do it only because it is the first one of its kind? Is the principle: "Never injure the patient" superior to the principle: "Try to help the doomed!"?

I repeat: When a method is substantiated, even by controversial data, when a medical consultation soberly determines the hazards and informs the patient's relatives of them, when the patient agrees to the operation, then the doctor has the moral right to take a last chance. So much for the qualitative aspect of the question.

The quantitative aspect is expressed by the ratio between the probable length of the patient's life without the operation and the risk of death following the operation. Of course, the new and complex operations call for suitable conditions-experience, qualified teamworkers, equipment, facilities,

To return to Dr. Barnard. He did the right thing. If I have never transplanted a human heart, it is only because I do not have the courage to step out into the unknown or the talent to organize and perform this very difficult operation. There is absolutely no reason to assume that Barnard took an impermissible risk. The donor patients were as good as dead since the brain injuries they had sustained were incompatible with life. The recipients were doomed to die in the near future; their conditions were probably no better than the conditions of patients for whom certain types of heart surgery are indicated. And what is most important—the preparations for the operations were announced, and they were made openly.

Even if Dr. Barnard's last patient should die, his operation is still of great significance. It is a stimulus to science. It gives new hope to many sufferers. I do not want to arouse too much optimism, however. There are great difficulties involved, the chief one being incompatibility. Nor is it easy to find donors. It seems to me that the psychological barrier implicit in the concept that life is priceless should not be subjected to a direct attack by removing the still beating heart from the body of a person whose brain has been destroyed. Methods for reanimating the heart immediately after death must be evolved. We have investigated the isolated heart extensively, and I believe that its reanimation is feasible. But even so there will be fewer hearts suitable for transplantation than patients who need them. Therefore the future most probably lies in the prosthetic hearts that will unquestionably be developed in the next 10 years. But until artificial hearts are available, natural hearts must be transplanted. However, new attempts should be deferred for several months, until the fate of the last of the five* heart-transplanted patients is clear. If he lives, new operations should be performed; if not, the causes of the failures will have to be analyzed and a more intensive study made of the problem of tissue incompatibility.

Strong Mind, Weak Body

The passions evoked by the heart transplants have not cooled yet, but there is already talk of an isolated brain and the transplantation of a head. What is most characteristic is that the talk is not of the feasibility of the operation, but of its morality.

I think the logic of the matter is simple: If life is activity of the brain, what doubts can there be? Of course, it is good when the brain lives with its body and benefits from the joys the body affords, but if this is impossible, then the brain alive by itself is preferable to death. Of course, this is true only in the case of those with a welldeveloped intellect, for whom the joys of reason and creativity are primary. When I speak of the brain, I have in mind the head. This is simpler and more reasonable since the eyes and ears are the avenues through which information is delivered to the brain, while speech sends out information from the brain. The question of whether the brain should continue to live or not must be decided by no one but the brain itself. As for the strangeness of a head without a bodypeople get accustomed to any strangeness. Finally, a prosthetic body might be grafted to the head, even a body controlled by the head itself.

To me the main question is the first one: "Is such a thing feasible?" Not at present, but it will be. There are several problems. The first is the artificial heart-lung. A good pump, the heart portion, is already available; the lung still leaves much to be desired. But it will undoubtedly be improved soon. Another problem is the delicate biochemistry of the blood-proteins, hormones, enzymes. A daily replacement of the blood (or even several replacements) might meet this difficulty even now. Eventually synthetic chemistry will supply the answer. Besides, brain-control chemistry (neuropharmacology) is making very rapid progress. I see no reason for assuming that the human brain will lose its individuality after losing contact with its body. A strong intellect will be its own support. Even when the body is very weak and ailing, the brain continues its active life if it is not exhausted by physical pain.

What seems unclear is the reaction of the cells of the headthe brain, skin, skull-to alien and daily renewed blood proteins. Sensitization, allergy, and other unforeseen reactions are possible. It is much easier, however, for an isolated head to handle all of this than for a whole organism. Many other difficulties will be encountered, but none of them are likely to be insurmountable. Modern control techniques and chemistry have great capabilities. A most interesting problem in this connection is aging, the development of sclerosis. After all, this is what length of life means in terms of how long life is worth living. Perhaps the isolated head may live longer, although certainly not forever. I do not think that the aging process is programmed in the genes, but its inevitability is the result of the accumulation of interferences, of the impairment of certain matrices that produce new proteins. Perhaps this process would slow down without the body.

As for the transplantation of the head of one person to the body of another, that is highly improbable. There is no way of suturing the spinal cord, and it is very difficult to transplant the brain and the spinal cord together. Nor can we expect that the roots of the spinal cord will implant themselves in the body and then that the body will obey the brain. Moreover, numerous problems of visceral and endocrine control are involved, among others. No, this is impossible and unnecessary. If a good mind is retained, what does it need a bad body for?

Will the reanimation of a head soon become feasible? Moralists again say No; I say Yes. When the technical difficulties have been met in animal experiments, such a proposal might be made to a dying person of superior intellect. I see no sacrilege involved; if such a proposal were made to me, I would agree.

Obviously the problem of an isolated head will not be solved in the next several months. A great deal of work will have to be done, but I do not think that it will be more difficult than anabiosis or overcoming individual tissue incompatibility. A goal must be defined and the study organized.

The Problems Will Be Solved

As in any other science, it is impossible to foresee the precise turn medical development will take. Future discoveries will probably have a radical effect on our ideas of human nature. Thus, for instance, we can anticipate many more tools for psychiatric control. Neuropharmacology, sensing electrodes in the brain, synthetic hormones in combination with programmed influences exerted through sight and hearing will make it possible to control the emotions, affect the will and even convictions. Improvement of psychophysiological investigations based on computer techniques will make it possible to put together a precise model of the individual. This will facilitate the rearing of children and the treatment of neuroses and mental diseases, but at the same time it will bring new moral and social problems. The same might be said of anabiosis, of growing an embryo in an artificial medium and, looking still further ahead, of control of heredity.

And yet it seems to me that there is no need to exaggerate the moral problems the development of medicine may bring or to be afraid of them. Medicine is no threat to society. The doctor's conscience, publicity, collective decisions on questions of principle and the free will of the patient are sufficient security against errors in applying any new method.

Courtesy of Literaturnaya Gazeta



^{*}At the time this article was written there were only five heart transplants.

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MIKHAIL KVLIVIDZE, GEORGIAN POET

By Alexander Mezhirov Poet



IN THE PREFACE to his book Poste Restante Mikhail Kvlividze says: "I am 42, an age when one must willy-nilly do some summing up. Behind are carefree childhood and nilly do some summing up. Behind are carefree childhood and gay youth. I studied at the University, Department of Philosophy, and the Academy of Arts. Then came the war and the end of my youth. It was followed by my anguished attempts to make up for what I had missed at libraries and at my desk and easel. Then came marriage, family life, children, work and finally, as the result of everything experienced, a few Milan. All this in sum is that School of Poetry, that 'show of life' in which I am ordained to be both pupil and teacher, actor and audience. Perennial reflections on life and death, joy and and audience. Perennial reflections on life and death, joy and sorrow, victory and defeat, love and hate, confidence and doubtthese contrasts provided the yeast for my verse. And as I now meditate on my calling, it seems to me as if poetry is nothing but an attempt—at times futile, but ever encouraging—to restore the impaired harmony of life." Kvlividze's verse should not be read with loud, dramatic gestures. It is not stage poetry; it is intimate. His audiences, even the largest, listen silently. The very tissue of Kvlividze is poetry in living thought, and poetic thought invariably elicits quiet and serious interest. Kvlividze's poetry has been enriched by painting. Not naturalistic, it is realistic in the best sense, with elements of impressionism in the realism. A fearless thought deserves handsome clothing. The poet's fantasy is infinite, but it never misrepresents life. The form is unassuming, as if Kvlividze does not want to cheapen poetry by too obvious alliteration and too dextrous rhyming. In Georgia everybody writes poetry—a tradition of some 16 centuries. It is hard to become a famous poet in Georgia. Perhaps Kvlividze's verse is so admired because, despite his long and fruitful career as a writer, he has lost nothing of that blessed timidity in the face of the written word. Hence the restraint, the severity, the clear-cut pattern, the evocative music, the unobtrusive idea and feeling.

UPON THE DEATH OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Traveler and hunter both,
that day he set out:
to travel, to hunt . . .
He caught his biggest game—and the world
lamented.



THE TELEPHONE

Night. And the telephone rings in a room.
Rings furious, fierce and forsaken.
Catches its breath and then again,
again as if recalling the past, alarmed, rings:
hopeless, helpless, harmless, homeless.
And then: praying, pleading, pinging.
The telephone rings, rings . . . While rain pours
down . . .

Rain sweeps the yard, someone roams the streets, Ducks into phone booths and under dark arches, and reappears, and soaks in the rain, and digs deep into pockets searching for coins . . .

And the telephone rings, rings in a room, in a room that has long been empty.



BLANKETED

We lay covered by the sea's blanket, heads resting on a cloud's pillow, but we slept not . . .

Our naked bodies, entwined and tangled, a jumble of endless arms and legs, were akin to some strange, some weird animal or sea plant with leafless, tentaclelike weaving limbs swayed by water and fate...

Clouds of fish hovered around us. Small, bright, they flashed and fluttered under the midnight darkness of our armpits and over the mountains of our hips...

Silvery phosphorescent shells clung to your delicate insteps like rings, and I thirsted to kiss them like a lost soul in a parched desert thirsts for sweet water...

The sea whispered, swayed. Lapping wavelets covered its surface—the work of a silversmith. But down below, at the very depths, where lay our empty bodies exhausted by the struggle and where.

as on a stricken battlefield, ruled a total and deafening silence, there... God knows what happened there!...perhaps a new and hitherto unknown life was born.

Yet we knew: everything around us—
the sea and land, the cloud, motionless in the sky,
the phosphorescent shells and flashing fish,
and we two, covered by one blanket—
all this was merely the endless repetition
of something that once long ago, in time primeval,
had already happened on Earth...



Strange thoughts prey upon me:
I sorrow for the life I wasn't given.
No, not because my own is poor,
or fate has been unkind in my respect.
We have the right to change our way of life:
take a new way, move, marry or divorce,
or take a postgraduate degree . . .
All this is possible . . .

but say
what can I do when there is such a choice,
so many different things to do and have?
When each of us can choose—but only once:
one way, one fate, one life.
"This"—but not "That," for "That's" another's,
it is his, his for always and ever,
a mystery that you cannot unveil.

I stare with hungry eyes at other fates and sorrow for the life I wasn't given.



IN THE CAFÉ

They sat in the cafe. Her palm caressed His hand. "I love you..." She whispered.

And suddenly,
As if in pain, His face was twisted.

"What happened?" She asked.

"Nothing . . . I felt someone trampling on my grave."



FIRING SQUAD

They lead him, more dead than alive, along the village path. The sun stood high. The far-off cannonade was like thunder in spring . . . The prisoner plodded down the dusty path, feet dragging, expecting neither help nor mercy. Only his eyes were full of life, and they looked, stared, soaked up for the last time this world of his: a cloud scudding across the blue, the red tiles of someone's roof, a plow forlorn and rusty near the shed of a long-gone blacksmith, a little girl with basket in hand, and the mountains . . . How he drank them up! So great the thirst to look and see this world, embrace it with his eyes that even as he lay transfixed by bullets on the ground, his eyes were open wide, as though on life's very edge he thirsted for the sight of his own death!



BETRAYAL

Be false in love-The word for that's "betrayal." For love's a secret union, a plot by two 'gainst all.



CHILDHOOD

I recall childhood: sparks of dew, Friends, songs, the river blue . . . I had a dream of something new, a huge, gigantic clock.

I dreamed I stood up on my toes, Shaken with tears and nameless woes, Stretching to stop the dials that rose as if my life to mock.

The boy's dream was to hold time back, throw books and business into oblivion's sack . . . but tears helped not-"ticktock, ticktock"and his hands bled, cut by time's rock.



I know: I'll never meet again the girl I met the other day, the girl with shining legs in the metro. I know: she goes her way And I go mine . . . and yet I'm sad, though I don't know why. The escalator carried her away just as a river—a flower to the sea, while I, crucified to family duties, stood, transfixed,

on the platform with a shopping bag dangling from my hand . . .



THE KUBAN: HARVEST TIME

THE COSSACKS, expelled from the Dnieper basin by Empress Catherine II at the close of the eighteenth century, migrated from the Ukraine to the Caucasian Black Sea coast and the Kuban plain. The Kuban, in the southeastern section of the European part of the country, is washed on the west and southwest by the waters of the Azov and Black Seas. Its moderate climate, great areas of steppeland and fertile soil have made it one of the country's big breadbaskets. In natural conditions it resembles lowa. Its name comes from the Kuban River, which has its source in the Caucasus Mountains and crosses the plain from east to west.

The Kuban has a checkered history. The more prosperous of its Cossacks constituted a pillar of czarist autocracy; the poor—the majority—sided with the Revolution. The 1918-20 Civil War battles fought here were bitter and bloody. Bourgeois historians and economists augured that the Kuban would become a "Russian Vendée," but the toiling Kuban peasants, supported by the Russian working class, smashed the White Guard Cossacks and interventionists. White Guard General Lavr Kornilov, arch foe of the Revolution, was killed in the fighting on the approaches to the Kuban capital of Yekaterinodar, which has been renamed Krasnodar.

Before the 1917 Socialist Revolution only a quarter of a million of the three million people in the Kuban lived in towns. Today the region is well developed industrially. Large deposits of oil and gas have been found here and are being tapped, and there are machine-building, metal-working and food-processing plants in the cities.

But the Kuban's major resource is still the land. In 1966 its farms harvested upwards of 6.6 million tons of marketable grain. Many of them produce two tons of wheat per acre. In addition to wheat, they grow rice, sugar beets, sunflowers and corn. The Kuban is also the Russian Federation's biggest supplier of grapes and fruits. After the war the cultivation of tobacco, tea and essential oil-bearing crops was started. Citrus fruits are grown on the Black Sea coast.

Many of the Kuban farms make profits running into the millions of rubles. The Cossack hamlets have developed into modern cities and urban communities, but the old customs are preserved. Daredevil riding is still a passion; so are the national costume and the local speech, a peculiar mixture of Russian and Ukrainian.

To the visitor the Kuban is a great plain stretching as far as the eye can reach, crisscrossed by roads, power lines and forest shelter belts. Cottages nestle in green orchards amid Lombardy poplars, and from miles off one spots the tall elevators and the chimney stacks of sugar refineries and industrial plants.

Photographs by Fred Grinberg and Boris Kaufman



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This land is generous to those who know how to work it. The grain flows from a seemingly bottomless horn of plenty onto canvas spread on the ground. The dusty, shimmering air is full of that special harvest time fragrance. Work goes on round the clock, at night under searchlights. Every year the fertile plain pours millions of tons of the country's best grain into its elevators.



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On the bridesmaid's face a gamut of emotions—admiration, envy, anxiety for her friend, perhaps. But in a moment she will be tapping her toes in a whirlwind dance and everything else will fade into the background.

Autumn is traditional wedding time in farm country. Here the wedding party is headed for the local registry office.

Later the men on horseback will visit bomesteads and bamlets to gather relatives, friends and neighbors for the festivities.

And this follows in the natural order of things, a chore that new fathers rather like. From time to time an acquaintance will stop to pass the time of day, see how the offspring is doing and offer advice on the only way to bring up children.

The road to the oil of the Caucasus lies through the Kuban.
The biggest air battle of the war was fought here in 1943.
The battle was won, but there are thousands of soldiers' graves bere to remind us how much it cost.







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For Kuban farmers picking grapes is a task to be gotten through as soon as possible. But for this student, one of the thousands of city people who help out, it's fun to sample grapes straight off the vine and the newly pressed wine.

Descendant of Cossacks, this young fellow may drive a tractor, but he is as good as his forebears at trick riding, slashing the vines with a saber at gymkhanas or dancing a jig. His costume is a tribute to the region's traditions.

She has a long memory, this peasant woman. She can tell you about the times of the czars, of the Civil War that bled the Kuhan white, of the hard years of the last war. Her grandchildren's lives are infinitely easier.

Kuban farmers prepare for the harvest as though for a great military operation, mustering every spare hand and piece of equipment, anxiously scanning the sky. The grain is harvested in one go. It's a hectic race against weather.



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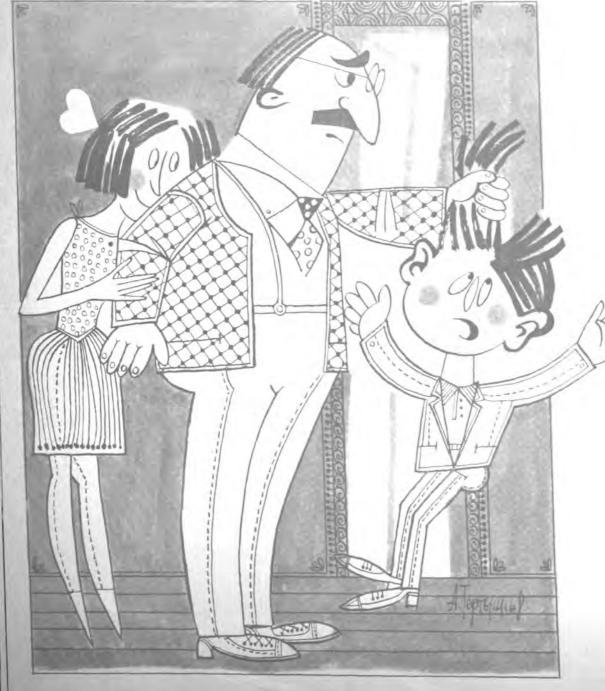
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By Fazil Iskander

Fazil Iskander was born in 1929 in Abkhazia, a small autonomous republic in the Caucasus where Islam was once the predominant religion. He graduated from the Gorky Literary Institute, Moscow, in 1954, and worked for several newspapers and publishing houses. He has authored five collections of poetry and has recently been writing fiction. This short story is from his collection The Thirteenth Exploit of Hercules.

N EITHER CHILDREN nor grownups in our family ever ate pork. Though another of Mohammed's commandments—the one on alcoholic drinks—was broken (and without constraint, as I know now), no latitude was allowed with respect to pork.

The ban provoked hot dreams and icy abstinence. I dreamt interminably of eating pork. The smell of fried pork made me faint. I would loiter for hours in front of food store showcases and contemplate sausages beaded with fat and dappled with pork. I imagined myself skinning these sausages and letting my teeth sink into the juicy, luxuriant meat. I imagined the taste of sausage so accurately that, when I tasted it later, I was surprised at how truly my imagination had anticipated reality.

Of course, in childhood there were occasions when I could have tasted pork in kindergarten or at the home of a friend, but I never broke the commandment.

When we had rice and pork in kindergarten, I fished out all the pieces of pork and gave them to my friends. I conquered the agony of yearning by the sweetness of selfdenial. I enjoyed my ideological superiority.

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EN FRUIT

It was pleasant to be an enigma, to behave in a way baffling to everyone around. And yet, all the more intensely did I dream of a trans-

One of our neighbors was a nurse we called Auntie Sonya. For some reason or other, we believed Auntie Sonya was a doctor. In general, I notice that as one grows older, the

status of people seems to drop.

Auntie Sonya was an elderly woman with bobbed hair and a sorrowing expression never absent from her face. She always spoke in a low voice as though she had long ago realized that there was nothing in life worth speaking

when she quarreled with her neighbors, she rarely raised her voice. That created problems for her adversaries because they could not grasp her last words, lost the thread, and

the quarrel flagged disastrously.

Auntie Sonya and our family were friends, and Mother used to say that Auntie Sonya had saved me. I had been very sick, and she and my mother had taken turns looking after me for a whole month. To tell the truth, I did not feel properly grateful for my saved life but, out of politeness, whenever the incident came up, I wore the expression of a person happy to have been saved.

Auntie Sonya spent evenings with our family and often told us the story of her life, and the principal hero was her first husband, who had been killed in the Civil War. I had heard the story many times, but my heart always dropped when she reached the point where she found her husband among the corpses. Here she would begin to cry, and my mother and older sister would weep too. Then they would comfort her, beg her to have some tea or bring her a glass of water. I was always astonished at how quickly the women composed themselves and chattered with fresh, and even cheery, animation about all sorts of trifles. Then Auntie Sonya would leave because it was time for her husband, Uncle Shura, to come home.

I liked Uncle Shura. I liked his black hair and that unruly lock over his forehead, his neatly rolled up sleeves and strong arms. I even liked his stoop. His was not a clerk's stoop but a pleasant old worker's stoop, though Uncle Shura was neither an old man

nor a worker. After hours he would always tinker with something: a desk lamp, or an electric iron, or a radio set, or even a watch which his neighbors brought and which he repaired, charging them nothing.

Auntie Sonya sat across the table, smoked prodigiously and poked fun at him, telling him that he was a Jack of all trades, that he would never fix what he was trying to fix, and

so on and so forth.
"We'll see if I won't fix it," Uncle Shura muttered through his teeth because he had a cigarette in his mouth. He would handle the thing a neighbor had brought with graceful confidence, dust it off and then suddenly look at it from some unexpected angle.

"I can see them laughing at you," Auntie Sonya would counter with an arrogant puff of smoke, wrapping her robe tighter around her.

Finally, he would wind the watch, or the radio set would crackle snatches of music. "I like to see them laughing at me. I don't

mind a bit, he would say with a wink at me. I wanted my smile to show that I had nothing to do with his triumph but that I appreciated his trust.
"You brag too much," Auntie Sonya would say. "Lay the table for tea."

In her voice I detected hidden pride, and wondered if Uncle Shura was of a less heroic mold than that hero of the Civil War whom Auntie Sonya could not forget.

Once, when I was spending an evening with them, my sister dropped in, and they invited her to tea. Auntie Sonya sliced some pork fat of an unbelievably delicate pink and put a cruet of mustard on the table. They had often eaten pork before and asked me to have some, but I invariably and firmly refused, which always moved Uncle Shura to mirth for some reason or other. This time they also asked me to have some, but they did not insist. Uncle Shura put several slices of pork fat on a chunk of bread and gave it to my sister. After the few nos required by decency, she accepted the horrible sandwich and began to eat it. Indignation stiffened my throat, and I had difficulty getting my tea

"That's what it is," said Uncle Shura.
"You're a monk, that's what you are!"

I could say nothing. She ate the sandwich with shameless neatness, a vacant look in her eyes. That vacancy was meant to show that she was eating officially, purely out of respect for her hosts. It was meant to suggest that the sacrilege was not to be taken seri-

ously and did not count at all.
"It does count!" I thought maliciously, watching the sandwich becoming smaller at

an agonizingly slow rate.

I felt she was enjoying it. It was evident from the way she licked at the crumbs, from the way she swallowed each bite-slowed her chewing in the silliest way as though listen-ing to the sound the food made going down her gullet. The slices of fat were thinner at the edge she nibbled, the surest sign that she was enjoying it because all normal children leave the tidbit for last. In other words, all the evidence was there.

Now she was coming to the edge of the sandwich where the piece of pork was thickest. She kept her enjoyment in crescendo. Meanwhile, she was serenely (woman's infinite ability to pretend) telling how my brother jumped out of a window when the teacher called on our parents. The story had a dual purpose: first, to divert attention from what she was doing and second, to flatter me in a very subtle way since everyone knew that the teacher had no reason to complain of me, and still less had I any reason to flee from her through a window.

As she was telling all this, she would look at me from time to time to see whether I was still watching her or, carried away by her story, was forgetting about her sin. But my expression was not to be doubted: my vigilance never flagged. In self-defense she goggled her eyes like one surprised that so much attention was being paid to a trifling matter. I only smirked, a hint of the retribution to come.

For a moment I thought that it had come already because she began to cough. I watched transfixed. Uncle Shura slapped her on the back, and she stopped coughing to indicate that his cure had helped and that her discomfort was insignificant. But I felt that the piece was still stuck in her throat. She pretended she was all right now and took another

bite.
"Chew away!" I thought. "Let's see you swallow it."

But evidently, somewhere on high the retribution was rescheduled. My sister swallowed this bite without difficulty, and perhaps it even helped her swallow down its predecessor because she gave a sigh of relief and looked around cheerfully. Now she chewed and licked her lips after each bite with special care, or maybe she was simply sticking out her tongue at me.

She was at the edge of the sandwich with the thickest piece of fat. Before committing it to her mouth, she bit off the last edge of the bread uncovered by fat. That climaxed the last tidbit even more. Then she swallowed it down, too, and licked her lips as though trying to prolong the pleasure and show that there were no traces of the sin left.

All this did not take much time, of course, and was almost imperceptible to an outsider. At any rate, Uncle Shura and Auntie Sonya did not seem to notice anything. Her sandwich finished, my sister proceeded to her tea, still pretending that nothing had happened. As soon as she touched her cup, I gulped mine down. I did not want to share anything with her. A few minutes before, I had refused to eat some cookies so I could run the whole gamut of suffering and have no earthly joys in her presence. Besides, I resented Uncle Shura, who had not urged me nearly as much as he had my sister. I would not have accepted the cookies anyway, but his urging would have made my refusal a better lesson in principles

for my sister.
In short, I was terribly let down and went home as soon as I finished my tea. They begged me to stay, but I was adamant.
"I have to do my lessons!" I said piously.

My sister asked me to stay with special insistence. She was sure that I would tell on her at home, and, besides, she was afraid to cross the yard alone.

At home, I slipped out of my clothes and into my bed to luxuriate in the contempla-tion of my sister's apostasy. All kinds of visions rushed through my mind. Here I was, a Red partisan captured by the Whites who are forcing me to eat pork. They torture me, but I will not touch it. Surprised, the officers shake their heads: What sort of boy is this? As a matter of fact, I'm surprised myself. I just won't eat pork. Kill me, but eat pork I will not.

The door creaked and my sister came in.

She immediately asked about me.
"He's gone to bed," I heard my mother re-

ply. "He came home in the dumps. Anything happen?"

"Why, nothing," my sister answered and went over to my bed. I was afraid she would begin coaxing me and all that. Pardon was out of the question, anyway, and besides I did not want her to change the state of mind I was in. I, therefore, pretended to be asleep. She stood for a while and stroked my hair, but I turned over to show that I knew her treacherous hand even in my sleep. She stood



there for a while longer and then went away. I thought she was feeling guilty and did not know how to redeem herself.

I was sorry for her, but, as it turned out, she was not worth it. A minute later she was saying something to mother in a loud whisper; they began to giggle and then stopped. afraid to wake me up. Gradually they settled to a mood fit for going to bed.

Next day we sat at the table waiting dinner for father. He was late and angry at being waited for. Something was wrong on the job, and he was often gloomy and absent-minded.

I was all prepared to divulge my sister's crime, but I realized that this was not a proper time for my exposure. Nevertheless, I looked at my sister from time to time and pretended I was going to tell. I even opened my mouth but said something else instead. As soon as I opened my mouth, she dropped her eyes and bent her head as though expecting a blow. I discovered that keeping her on the verge of exposure was even more fun than exposing her right away could possibly be.

She would turn pale and then blush. From

time to time she would toss her head contemptuously and then her eyes would beg me to forgive her this gesture of wild defiance. She barely touched her soup, but mother in-

sisted that she eat it.

"Of course," I said, "yesterday she ate so much at Uncle Shura's that..."

"What did you eat there?" my brother

asked-as always, he understood nothing.

Mother looked at me anxiously and shook her head imperceptibly for father. My sister pulled up the plate and continued eating. was getting a full taste of it. I fished boiled onion out of my soup and spooned it into hers; we all hated boiled onions. Mother

looked at me severely.
"She likes onions," I said. "You like onions, don't you?" I asked my sister with

velvety softness

She said nothing but her head went down still lower.

"If you like onions, take mine too!" my brother said, and started to transfer his. However, my father looked at him in a way to make his spoon freeze in mid-air and beat a

hasty retreat.

Between the first and second course I invented another diversion I put some slices of cucumber from the salad on a slice of bread and began to eat it, pausing from time to time as though the sandwich was too delicious to proceed. That was a witty little skit recreating her fall. She looked at me in pretended puzzlement, refusing to recognize the picture or to admit that it was so shameful. That was the limit to which her protest

In short, the dinner was magnificent. Virtue blackmailed and vice lowered its head in disgrace. Dinner was followed by tea. Father cheered up, and we shared his mood, especially my sister. Her cheeks reddened and her eyes shone. She started telling some school story, calling on me to testify as though nothing had happened. Her familiarity shocked me. It seemed to me that a person with such a record ought to be more diffident, more self-effacing, ought to wait for worthier people to tell the story. I was on the point of calling her to order, but father produced a package and unwrapped it. It turned out to be a batch of brand-new notebooks.

In those years before the war, it was difficult to get notebooks, just as it was some other things. The notebooks father had brought were of the best kind, made of wonderful paper, cool, heavy, bluish-white, like skimmed milk, with clear red lines for the margins.

There were nine notebooks in all, and father divided them, three notebooks apiece. My elation went. This egalitarian approach seemed to me simply unjust.

The fact was that I did well in school and sometimes even got high marks. The family would tell relatives and friends that all my marks were very high, but probably that was done to balance my brother's academic no-

At school he was considered one of the laziest and most unruly boys. As his teacher put it, his ability to evaluate his behavior lagged far behind his temperament. I imagined my brother's temperament as a little ruffian running helter-skelter far ahead of him, my brother unable to catch up. It was perhaps to overtake him that my brother had wanted to become a car driver ever since the fourth grade. On every scrap of paper he would write the same text:

"To: Transport Office Chief Manager

"I hereby request that you employ me at your agency since I am a third-class driver."

Later he realized his childhood dream, but it turned out that he had to exceed speed limits to overtake his temperament and finally had to change his trade.

And here I, with my almost invariably high marks, was equalized with my brother who would, of course, use those beautiful notebooks to pen his idiotic car-driving applications. And my sister who gobbled up pork fat yesterday would receive an undeserved gift today.

I put my notebooks aside. I felt hard and humiliating tears scalding my eyes and a big lump in my throat. Father coaxed and soothed me and promised to take me to a mountain river for fishing. But the more he consoled me, the more acutely I felt the injustice of

it all.
"I have two blotters!" my sister suddenly yelled as she opened one of her notebooks. That was the last straw. Everything might have been different if it hadn't been for those two blotters.

I stood up and said in a trembling voice, addressing myself to father:

'She ate pork yesterday.

There was a horrible silence. I realized that something was wrong. Perhaps, I hadn't expressed myself properly, or maybe Mo-hammed's great tenets and a little urge to capture someone else's notebooks didn't go together.

Father looked at me, his glance growing heavy with wrath. I made the last pathetic attempt to redeem the situation and direct his wrath into the proper channel.
"She ate pork at Uncle Shura's," I said in

despair, and felt that everything was lost.

Father grabbed me by my ears, shook my head as though to make sure that it would not come off and then flung me to the floor. For a fleeting instant I felt a flash of pain and the crunch of pulled ears.

"You little louse!" he yelled. "All I need now is a stool pigeon at home!"

Grabbing his leather coat, he left the room, slamming the door so hard that plaster crumbled off the wall. I was not crushed by the pain or his words but by that expression of hatred and disgust on his face as though I were a dangerous snake.

I lay on the floor. Mother tried to pick me up while my brother pranced around me in

frantic ecstasy.
"He always gets high marks!" he screamed,

pointing to my ears.

I liked my father and this was the first time he had treated me so.

Many years have passed since. I have long been eating pork like everyone else, though, perhaps, this does not make me any happier. Still, at that time I realized that no principle justifies treachery, and besides, that treachery is always a hairy caterpillar bred of a small butterfly called envy, no matter how lofty the principles involved.

ICEBOUND SHIPS



SOME ALASKAN and West Coast readers of SOVIET LIFE may remember newspaper stories, dated late in 1929 and early in 1930, about the *Nanook*, icebound in Siberian waters, with a cargo of Russian furs, and about the tragedy which followed the effort to fly the crew and the cargo of furs to Alaska.

Olaf Svenson of Seattle, owner of the Nanook, a three-masted schooner with an auxiliary diesel engine, had signed a contract with the Amtorg Trading Corporation of New York to auction the furs in the United States. With his daughter Mary he set sail for Siberia to pick them up.

The vessel's route lay from Seattle to Nome and Teller, Alaska, then across the Bering Strait and beyond to Nizhne-Kolymsk on the Kolyma River. There the schooner was loaded with furs and started back for Seattle.

Unfortunately cold weather came early that year, freezing in the Nanook off Cape Severny (now Cape Schmidt), on the ninth day of her return voyage, with her half-a-million-dollar cargo on board. If the furs could not be brought to America in some other way, the cargo would be tied up until the next navigation season, perhaps as long as 10 months. There was also the hazard that some of the furs would bring lower prices the next season.

Alaskan Fliers Hired

And so Svenson radioed to Alaska and hired Ben Eielson, a well-known American pilot, and his mechanic, Earl Borland, to fly the furs and crew back.

The two made one successful flight to the vessel, picked up a good part of the furs and eight members of the Nanook crew and flew back to Alaska. Even on that first flight the weather, almost always treacherous in that region in winter, gave them trouble. They took off from the ice near the vessel on October 31 and were forced down the same day by a blizzard. They stayed with some Chukchi (a people from the Far North) for four days, and it was not until November 5 that they landed in Nome.

On November 10 Eielson and another flier took off in separate planes from Nome for the *Nanook*. They were caught by a snow storm. The other flier lost Eielson and returned to Nome. Eielson neither returned to Nome nor reached the vessel.

Soviet Ship Also Icebound

A couple of days after the *Nanook* became icebound, the captain learned that the *Stavropol*, a Soviet ship, was also trapped not far away. The *Stavropol* was returning to Vladivostok from Kolyma after picking up 30 people, who had spent two years working in the Arctic. Another ten months or so on an icebound ship after their two years in the Far North was no pleasant prospect, and the Soviet Government made arrangements to fly them home.

Two planes, the *USSR-177* and *USSR-182*, and their pilots were sent by train from Irkutsk to Vladivostok and from there by the icebreaker *Litke* to Provideniye Bay. The pilots were then to fly to the *Stavropol*, take the people off and bring them to the *Litke*. Mavriki Slepnev was the pilot of the *USSR-177*, and Fabio Fahrig was the mechanic.

When Slepnev and Fahrig arrived at the Stavropol on January 29, they found three American planes there. The pilots told them that on December 26 another American flier, Joe Crosson, who was following the course of the Amguema River east of Cape Severny on his flight back to Alaska, had seen a piece of the wing from the Hamilton plane (Eielson's machine) sticking out of the snow. The three Americans had not flown to the spot where the wing was seen. So great was their confidence in the skill of Alaska's ace flier that they were certain Eielson and Borland were alive, had made their way to some Chukchi tent and would be heard from any day. With more than two and a half months gone and no word from Eielson, Slepnev expected the worst, but he told the Americans that he wanted to look the wing over; he would be able to tell from the force of the impact whether or not the men had come down alive. They all decided to join forces, with Slepnev heading the group.

Mavriki Slepnev

Mavriki Slepnev is one of Russia's earliest fliers, his air career dating back to World War I. He later worked for the Civil Air Fleet, spending many years flying in the Arctic.

Some time after the Nanook incident, in the winter of 1933-34, the SS Chelyuskin, trying to make the passage through the Northern Sea Route from Murmansk in the west to Bering Strait in the east, was caught by ice at the strait and began to drift northward. On board were some one hundred people, among them the late Professor Otto Schmidt, who headed the expedition. In February 1934 the ship was crushed by ice, but the party managed to land on an ice floe, where they set up camp. The Soviet Government promptly organized an air rescue expedition. Five planes took off from Soviet territory in the Far North, and Mavriki Slepnev and Sigizmund Levanevsky went to the United States to fly to the camp on the ice floe from Alaska. (Levanevsky was later killed on a flight from Moscow to the United States over the North Pole.) The Amtorg Trading Corporation bought two planes from Alaska Airways, and the one piloted by Slepnev landed on the ice floe. Professor Schmidt was down with pneumonia, and Slepnev flew him to the United States, where he was taken to a hospital.

The American mechanics, who accompanied Slepnev and Levanevsky, were awarded the Order of Lenin, the Soviet Union's highest decoration. Slepnev and the other fliers were made Heroes of the Soviet Union, the first persons so honored.

Slepnev Flies to Wreckage

Finding the *Stavropol* in no immediate danger, Slepnev decided to fly to the spot where the wing had been sighted, and he radioed Moscow for permission, which was granted. Since he expected the worst, before take-off he got a group together to dig around the wing. Despite the extreme cold, 28 men from the *Stavropol* volunteered—two flying with Slepnev and Fahrig, the other 26 traveling by ski or sled to the spot, 135 miles from the ship, with shovels and other tools. The plane landed safely, and the next day Slepnev examined the wing and found the beryllium layer cracked. This indicated so great an

AND ARCTIC FLIERS Soviet Flyer Remembers Alaska

By Kiril Lambkin



impact that Eilson and his mechanic could not possibly have survived.

The 26 men arrived two days after the plane, and all of them got down to work. The digging was hard; the men's hands were frozen, and food ran short. But they stayed with it. Finally one of the seamen, after digging down two and a half yards, unearthed a leg and then a whole body. Nobody there could tell whose body it was.

The following day an American flier, bringing food, identified the body; it was Borland.

The work went on for another five days, until Eielson's body was dug up, more than 100 yards from the spot where Borland had been found. All told the *Stavropol* men were there for 16 days and nights, and dug up more than 8,180 cubic yards of snow and ice.

After the bodies were put on his plane, Slepnev sent the men back in groups, with sleds and skis. He stayed behind for two days, so that on his return flight he could make sure no one had fallen behind. An official message from the Alaskan authorities, approved by the State Department, invited Slepnev and his mechanic to accompany the bodies to Fairbanks.

Chukchi Women Make American Flags

When the bodies were brought to the ship, Chukchi women made two American flags to drape over the coffins, since Ben Eielson and Earl Borland had served in the U.S. Air Force.

The next day orders came from the Soviet Government for Slepnev and Fahrig to accompany the bodies to Alaska. On March 4 a radio message from Teller reported the weather "not too bad." Two planes, one an American with the bodies and the other a Soviet plane serving as escort, took off for Alaska and landed at Teller that afternoon. The mayor made an apology to Slepnev, saying he could not give him the keys to the city since Teller was only a village, but he did want to give him the key to his own home, where the pilots stayed.

Fairbanks Mayor Gives Official Thanks

The following day they flew to Fairbanks. There were hundreds of cars on the airfield. Waiting for them were Mr. Svenson and his daughter, the fliers who had been in Siberia and the mayor of Fairbanks. Perched on the wing of the plane, the mayor thanked the Soviet flier and his mechanic on behalf of Alaska and the United States.

A distinguished-looking elderly man walked over to Slepnev, took off his hat and said, "Thank you." Nothing more. He was followed by a woman with two small children who also said, "Thank you." The man was Ole Eielson, Ben's father, and the woman was Earl Borland's widow. Slepnev offered his condolences.

Then the photographers got busy. In their fur pants, heavyweight sweaters and high Siberian boots, the Soviet airmen were hardly dressed for Fairbanks. They wanted to buy some regular clothes, but they had no money. Preoccupied with their mission, it never occurred to them to make financial arrangements when they left for Alaska with the bodies. Slepnev borrowed 10 dollars to send a telegram to Amtorg, requesting money. In the meantime they were outfitted on credit at Martin Pinska's store in Fairbanks.

Gold Watches for Soviet Airmen

The mayor presented Slepnev with a gold watch inscribed: "Capt. M. T. Slepnev, with gratitude from the people of Fairbanks, Alaska, 1930." A gold watch with a similar inscription was given to Fahrig.

In the evening Ole Eielson and members of the Borland family visited Slepnev at his hotel. Mr. Eielson told him that the Americans and Canadians would drape their national flags over the coffins; he and the Borland family wanted the Soviet flag there also. Since that was before the establishment of diplomatic relations between the United States and the Soviet Union, Slepnev radioed to the Soviet Government and, when permission was granted, ordered a Soviet flag made right there. The Soviet anthem was played when the flag was draped over the coffin.

Mavriki Slepnev gave me the above account at his summer place not far from Moscow.

"Now that I have retired," he concluded, "I spend most of my time here, puttering around in my garden. In the evening after supper, I make myself comfortable in an easy chair on the verandah. Often as I smoke my cigarette, I think back on events and people, among them the fine Americans I met on that sad mission and others I met on happier occasions. I can still see them as they looked then, 37 years ago. If any of them happen to read this story, I'm sure they will feel my warm mental handshake."

NEXT ISSUE



If my daughter could only see it," exclaimed Mrs. Sybil Ramsing when she got her first glimpse of the Kremlin on her visit to the USSR. A photo story on the tour of this Soviet Life reader from Clinton, Connecticut, is featured in the October issue. She won the quiz contest, "Fifty Years of Soviet Power," announced in the July and August Issues of 1967. The first prize was a ten-day trip to the USSR, all expenses paid. The winner chose her own itinerary. She saw Moscow, Leningrad and Volgograd as our honored guest, accompanied by Irina Kalitenko, a senior editor of our magazine, and Vsevolod Tarasevich, our cameraman.







The rest of the issue is devoted to sports and the forthcoming Mexico City Olympics. Track and field coach Gavrill Korobkov speculates on the likely gold medal winners. Sports writer Victor Kuprianov has a look at the situation from the ground floor up. And articles on boxing, soccer, gymnastics, basketball, weight lifting, as well as such traditional pastimes as "Catch the Girl" combine to give you a picture of Soviet sports.

COMING SOON

A special issue on youth; what it thinks about the generation gap.

The Badger and the Weasel

Mr. Weasel was in trouble. The winter snow had melted and the stream had risen so fast that his burrow was in danger of

risen so fast that his burrow was in danger of flooding.

"Help, help!" he squealed.
Presently old man Badger came by.

"Oh dear, you are in a mess," he said.

"You'll have to move to higher ground!"

That only made Weasel squeal all the more.

"Come on," said Badger. "Let's get your things out first!" And he caught hold of a sack of grain and hauled it uphill. sack of grain and hauled it uphill.

All Weasel did was run round in circles, getting in his way and saying "Thank you."
When Badger went back for the third sack,

Weasel was still chattering, but he hadn't done a thing himself.

"Thank you, Mr. Badger," he said. "Thank you so much!"

Badger snorted and began to go away.
"Hey!" called Weasel. "You can't go yet.
We're not half done."

But Badger didn't even turn round. How can you help people who won't help them-





The Biggest Coward

The Hare was very sad.
"I'm scared of everything," he said.
"Even of little birds and field-mice. I'd be

better off dead than always trembling with And off he ran to the lake to drown himself.

Soon he saw a Frog coming towards him. He was terribly frightened, but he was desperate, so he just went on running, expecting

But when the Frog saw him she gave a croak. "Heavens! this great beast will swallow me!" And with a couple of leaps she vanished under the water.

'Well!" said the Hare. "I might as well go back home! I see there are some creatures who are even more frightened than I am!"



The Fox and the Mushroom

The Mushroom and the Fox were having an argument about who was the most respected.

You must have noticed, dear Fox," said the Mushroom, "that everybody bows down to us. That's because we're so white, pure and perfect."

"That's as may be," retorted the Fox. "But they don't fry foxes!"



RUSSIAN CUISINE

By Fyodor Mosin

SOVIET LIFE is introducing another master of Russian cookery. Fyodor Mosin, who has been chef at some of Moscow's best restaurants, is a worthy successor to Vasili Bochurin. Those of our readers who have visited the Soviet Union surely tasted his shchi (a fabulous Russian soup) and shashlyk at the Astoria or the restaurants of the Rossiya and Leningradskaya hotels. Many more probably enjoyed his specialties in the Soviet Pavilion at EXPO last year.

The mushrooms used in the following recipe are imported from Poland or Czechoslovakia. They have a particularly strong aroma and flavor, essential for good shchi. These mushrooms are available in some American groceries that carry gourmet foods.

SHCHI

2 oz. dried mushrooms 1 lb. sauerkraut 1 qt. beef bouillon 1 oz. tomato paste 2 bay leaves I carrot

1 onion 2 young parsnips 1 thsp. vegetable oil peppercorns and salt to taste sour cream

Soak mushrooms in a quart of cold water for 2-3 hours. Remove mushrooms, wash carefully and chop fine. Strain water in which mushrooms soaked through cheesecloth or a fine sieve. Return mushrooms to strained water and simmer for 20 minutes.

While mushrooms are soaking, taste sauerkraut. If it is too sour, rinse it in water and then chop it.

Simmer 1 cup bouillon, tomato paste, bay leaves and sauerkraut for 15-20 minutes.

Chop carrot, parsnips and onion and sauté in vegetable oil (about 10 minutes). Bring remaining beef bouillon, mushroom liquor and mushrooms to a boil. Add sauerkraut, sautéd vegetables, salt and peppercorns, and simmer for 10 minutes. Remove mixture to an earthenware pot and cover. Place pot in

preheated 300° oven. Reduce temperature to 250° and heat for 30 minutes.

Serve with a dab of sour cream.

SHASHLYK

1 lb. leg of lamb cut into pieces 11/2 inches long and 1 inch thick (for 3 or 4 portions)

small onions halved or quartered

½ tsp. rosemary leaves Marinade

2 onions chopped 2 tbsp. vinegar 1/2 cup water

½ cup dry red wine 1/4 tsp. freshly ground pepper 3/4 tsp. salt

Combine ingredients and pour over lamb pieces, which have been placed in an earthenware or glass casserole. Turn lamb so that all the pieces are moistened. Cover with lid and refrigerate for 24 hours, turning meat two or three times.

Put 5 pieces of lamb on a skewer, alternating with onion pieces. Broil on charcoal grill. Turn and baste frequently with marinade.

Serve with rice, lemon wedges, pickles, olives, green onions and plum or tomato



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RILUTSK MOHASTERY



By Vladimir Desyatnikov

THE PRILUTSK MONASTERY, an unusually impressive group of buildings, stands at a sharp bend in the Vologda River, some three miles from the city of Vologda and 248 miles north of Moscow.

The monastery dates back to the year 1371. It was founded by a monk named Dmitri, friend and follower of Sergius of Rodonezh, the prior who united the principalities of Russia on the eve of the battle against the Tatars at Kulikovo, September 1380. With the blessing of Sergius, several large monasteries were built, among them the Troitse-Sergius, several large monasteries were built, among them the Troitse-Sergievo Monastery near Moscow, the Borisogleb Monastery not far from Rostov Veliky, the Simonov and Andronikov monasteries in Moscow, the Belozersk Monastery, and the Ferapont and Prilutsk mon-

asteries in the Vologda region.

The early Prilutsk Monastery consisted of a small log church and several timbered huts where the monks lived. None of these buildings has survived. All the structures in the present complex were built later. over the course of several centuries. They include a cathedral, churches, a bell tower, a house where the monks lived, a refectory, connecting galleries and massive, once impregnable walls and towers with narrow embrasures.

Beginning with the sixteenth century, under the protection of the Moscow czars and grand dukes, Prilutsk grew into one of the richest and most influential monasteries in Northern Russia. It owned more than 100 villages and towns, dozens of saltworks, brick yards and

than 100 villages and towns, dozens of saltworks, brick yards and mills and great tracts of forest.

The monastery was held in particular reverence by Ivan the Terrible and his grandfather Ivan III. The former, on his first campaign against Kazan early in the sixteenth century, took with him the monastery's "wonder-working" icon of Dmitri of Prilutsk, which, legend says, was painted by the famous Dionysius.

In the "time of troubles," following the death of Czar Boris Godunov, early in the seventeenth century, the Prilutsk Monastery suffered the fate of many Russian towns and fortresses; it was pillaged repeatedly by the Poles and Lithuanians. In 1613, for instance, the monastery was looted and more than 200 monks were killed. During the Napoleonic invasion in 1812, holy objects and state treasures from Moscow cathedrals and monasteries were hidden there for several months.

But the influence of Prilutsk gradually declined. By the end of the nineteenth century it was little more than a provincial monastery, its former grandeur found only in the colorful annals of historians or in

The monastery has been restored and is visited by numbers of tourists, drawn there by a North Russian architectural complex that ranks it in beauty with the Solovik and Belozersk monasteries.

(Above) The five-sided stone wall around the monastery was built during the reign of Alexei Mikhailovich, father of Peter the Great, in the middle of the seventeenth century. The five towers, topped by chatri, a dome with projecting roof carried on pillars, allowed for cross fire to protect the approaches. Each tower was a strong bastion, with batteries of guns set in rows and powder and shot magazines large enough to hold out for a long siege. (Right) The five-domed Spassky Cathedral, built in 1537-1542, is the oldest stone building in the complex. Dmitri, the monk who founded the monastery, and prince Ioann of Uglich, who fought Ivan the Terrible and was imprisoned for almost 32 years in the Prilutsk Monastery, are buried in







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OUR QUIZ CONTEST WINNER TOURS SOVIET UNION

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FRONT COVER: Mrs. Sybil Ramsing, carrying her souvenirs, waves to her new Soviet friends. Photograph by Vsevolod

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Russian Cuisine

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Cover III





TEN DAYS IN RUSSIA

Soviet Life hosts a quiz contest winner

By Irina Kalitenko Photographs by Vsevolod Tarasevich

The July and August 1967 issues of SOVIET LIFE carried the material for a quiz contest. The subject was "Fifty Years of Soviet Power." The first prize was a free 10-day trip to our country, the itinerary to be selected by the winner. It went to Mrs. Sybil Ramsing of Clinton, Connecticut. Mrs. Ramsing worked on the quiz for two solid months. She made five trips to the Yale University library, which is 25 miles from her home, and one to a library in New York City to find the answers to some of the quiz questions.

In our country Mrs. Ramsing was the guest of SOVIET LIFE.

MOSCOW

When on May 17 several members of our editorial board, duly equipped with bouquets of tulips and carnations, arrived at Sheremetyevo Airport, it was humming with traffic. Thousands of people were arriving for the many international exhibitions which were held in May. One of them alone, Interbytmash-68, an exhibition of household appliances and municipal equipment, had 1,100 foreign firms participating. Moscow was also having exhibitions of pharmaceuticals from Czechoslovakia, of flowers and gardens from Poland, of machines from Japan.

For a while we thought we had missed Mrs. Ramsing, but our worry was wasted. As soon as we saw an elderly, wiry woman in a broad-brimmed black hat and with shrewd, quick eyes at the entrance gate, we recognized our

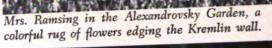
Winner of SOVIET LIFE's quiz contest. Behind her is the Assumption Cathedral in the Kremlin.

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... We drove to the Kremlin and walked through Archangelsky and saw tombs covered with metal roofs ... then briefly in and out of the Uspensky Cathedral. Finally we came to what I think, by my map, was Alexandrovsky Sad—park, long walks, short crosswalks, trees, grass, beds of tulips, lilacs, apple and cherry trees, other trees—but the amazing long lines of people. I had seen the looping line in Red Square in pictures but never realized the line starts a mile or two away, counting loops, in this shady park, or snowy, as the case may be.

.. We saw a boy with a potted hydrangea and asked whom it was for. The boy was bashful but his mother said "Gagarin," and I began to wish I had brought some of the







A look at the famous Czar Cannon. It was cast in 1586 to defend the Kremlin but never fired.



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flowers which had been given me at the airport. I had not known all this would happen. Then as we approached Lenin's tomb, the boys took off their hats and were quiet. A little blonde girl handed me a narcissus and I tried to whisper to Mrs. Kalitenko that she should tell the girl I would put it on Gagarin's grave. But I started to cry and she could not understand. I turned to get control and could not tell her, so she never could tell the little girl.

I saw the bronze blaques in the Krem-

in wall and peonies growing and offerings of flowers below. . . . So many flowers at Gagarin's plaque, including the potted bydrangea and my narcissus. One young man in history.

So here we were in Moscow. Since the Hotel Rossiya, where Mrs. Ramsing was staying, is practically on Red Square, we started our sightseeing there the next day. It was warm and sunny. The unusually early spring, the freshness of the leaves, the Alexandrovsky Garden spreading by the walls of the Kremlin and covered with flowers, and the majestic complex of the Kremlin brought this exclamation from Mrs. Ramsing, "I wish my daughter could see it!"

That day Soviet children were celebrating their holiday—the forty-fifth anniversary of the founding of their Young Pioneer organization, and thousands of bright and smiling boys and girls were in Red Square. They were dressed in their Young Pioneer uniforms—white blouses and shirts, dark skirts and trousers, and red neckerchiefs. Only the caps of the various groups were of different colors—blue, red, green and yellow.

Mrs. Ramsing found herself in a crowd of children. They were all carrying flowers. A little girl, quite spontaneously, offered hers to the foreign visitor. Other children did the same.

Minutes later she placed the flowers that had been presented to her on the never dwindling floral hill by the grave of cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin who is buried in the Kremlin wall with other heroes and famous men and women. Not only those of our country. Buried in the same wall are foreign citizens, friends whose memory the Soviet people hold sacred. Among those buried in the wall and near it are American writer John Reed, American Communist Charles Ruthenberg and American labor leader William Haywood.

Next day we were to continue our sightseeing in Moscow. We also had scheduled a visit to the Pioneer Palace. When we met Mrs. Ramsing in the morning, however, we had to change our plans. It was Sunday, and she said she would like to go to a Baptist Church service

would like to go to a Baptist Church service.
"A sister from America," said a church attendant as he introduced Mrs. Ramsing to Ilya Orlov, Deputy Chairman of the National Council of Baptists who, besides being a preacher, proved to be a good organist. He has made many trips to the United States and other countries. Speaking fluent English, he told Mrs. Ramsing that their church had a congregation of 5,000, that services were held six times a week and that 27 lay preachers officiated, taking turns. Ilya Orlov played several hymns on the organ for Mrs. Ramsing. When she was ready to leave, he asked her to sign the guest book which, incidentally, contained many entries by Americans—Eleanor Roosevelt, Van Cliburn and others. Mrs. Ramsing wrote, "I would like many Americans to see this church."

A group of Young Pioneers in Red Square tried out their grade-school English on Mrs. Ramsing.

3



What woman would miss a chance to shop, especially in foreign stores? Not Mrs. Ramsing. She tried on everything from a mink to a raincoat.



A Baptist, she visited the church of her denomination, spoke to mininster Ilya Orlov and even sang a hymn to his organ accompaniment.



It was a crowded 10 days, what with sightseeing, theaters and dinner parties at the homes of SOVIET LIFE editors. A quiet moment for tea.



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Even if you've bought all your gifts, it's hard to resist another string of amber beads since there aren't two alike.

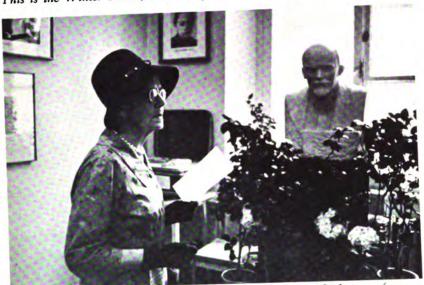


She wanted to speak to a Russian soldier and did. Nikolai

Shamanov, twenty-two, was in Moscow on furlough.



This is the Winter Palace, stormed by the revolutionary forces on that historic night of October 1917 when Russia became the first socialist republic.



Vladimir Lenin's apartment is now a museum. The beds, which came from an army hospital, and the other furnishings show how modestly he lived.



Mrs. Ramsing made two trips to the Hermitage. One of the world's great collections of painting and sculpture, it is housed in the Winter Palace.

The Aurora which fired the shot that shook the world-the signal to attack the Winter Palace on October 25-is anchored permanently in the Neva River.



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LENINGRAD

don't want to see cathedrals," she told us in Leningrad, the city of museums, palaces and churches. So we dispensed with the magnificent St. Isaak Cathedral and the Yekaterininsky, Pavlovsky and Petrovsky palaces, visiting only those places which played an impor-

tant part in our history.

The Winter Palace, which now houses the Hermitage, one of the biggest art galleries in the world, we saw twice. Mrs. Ramsing recognized the room in which the members of the Provisional Government had been arrested. She also recognized the gates from which revolutionary detachments of workers, sailors and soldiers began the final attack on the Winter Palace that night in October 1917. She positively beamed when she recognized the chamber in Smolny where the Second All-Russia Congress of Soviets proclaimed a Soviet republic and adopted its first decrees—the Decree on Peace and the Decree on Land.

The weather was not too kind to us in Leningrad. But despite strong wind and rain we took a hydrofoil boat to Petrodvorets. The palace and its immense park were looted by the Nazis when they marched in and destroyed when they retreated. The many gilded figures that adorned the park had been melted down or shipped to Germany. It took more than 20 years to restore Petrodvorets from architectural plans and blueprints.

... I suppose not everyone can equate the shot fired at Concord Bridge and heard round the world with the signal shot from the cruiser Aurora—also heard 'round the world—and both shots are still reverberating!

other museums the remaining, well-guarded rich treasures of the czars. But the people needed bread, just as in New England they needed tea without tax. Symbols of too wide a spread between the rich and the poor.

So I walked in that square where they stormed the Winter Palace, and I saw the small dining room and Lenin's bedroom at Smolny and all the places I'd read about We started out to take a boat to Peterbof, a hydrofoil, that is. Peterbof was

first a lodge, built for Peter the Great near a fort, and the lodge finally became 20 palaces and a 14-mile-long system of fountains.

. . . This was the czars' summer palace.
One long, long series of connected rooms,

cottages and glassed-in galleries is called Mon Plaisir.

Over there is a huge, sloping black and white checkerboard, a sheet of water glints over it and descending ends in a wide, clear waterfall. A group of small fir trees have water gracefully arching from each branch. From a little distance you think each branch ends as a stream of water. Oh, here is a small, round rest house: a seat all around, a



Youngsters in Petrodvorets Park gave her souvenir badges. She promised to send them mementos from the United States.

A whole world of things, places and people to see and remember. Mrs. Ramsing herself chose the cities she wanted to see: Moscow, Leningrad, Volgograd.







No slowdown for this tourist. When a rest was suggested, her answer was an emphatic: "I didn't come here to sleep. What's next on our program?"

floor to rest your feet on and a conical roof for shade as you sit and relax a while, watch-ing the people passing. But just as you rise to go, a fountain may gush up at the peak of the roof and flow down and off the eaves in a circular curtain of water.

of the roof and flow down and off the eaves in a circular curtain of water. . . .

In the woods among the fun fountains we met five schoolboys, all age 12, three studying German and two studying English and one of those the most earnest, intense child I ever met, so eager was he to try to communicate with an old Amerikanski woman who could speak the language he was trying to learn. Between them they had three badges which they sent to my grandsons, who will send them badges in return. . . . turn. .

You know, Bob, any number of people have said to me that communism would drag everyone down to the same level, a statement usually made from a point farther up than down. Really, I don't think it's all that leveling! But the beauties of the palment and the Hermitage collections, which that leveling! But the beauties of the pal-aces and the Hermitage collections, which in fact once were enjoyed only by the czars and royalty and the rich, are now open to me and ordinary schoolboys, and we can go walking through the woods among the fountains. The world can stand a lot of that kind of leveling. kind of leveling.

Photograph By Vytautas Zenkevičius



VOLGOGRAD

The third city on our itinerary was Volgograd. In Volgograd we were struck once again by the size of our country. It can be bitter cold in one city while another will be sweltering in almost tropical heat. The temperature was 86°F. in Volgograd. We found an evening stroll on the broad embankment of the Volga refreshing, but it was there we encountered our first mosquitoes of the season, an unwelcome experience.

We all agreed to get up early the next morning since our schedule allowed for only one day of sightseeing in Volgograd. We were due back in Moscow that same evening to see the ballet Spartacus at the Bolshoi Theater.

When we knocked on the door of Mrs. Ramsing's room the next morning, we got no answer. We knocked again, with the same result. We were not on tenterhooks long, for our guest soon appeared with a bottle of Volga water. "For my grandchildren," she explained.

After a hasty breakfast we started on our tour of this young city. Actually the city is not very young; it was founded in the sixteenth century as Tsaritsyn. It was renamed Stalingrad and then Volgograd in Soviet times. The decisive battle of World War II was fought there. It lasted six and a half months and involved two million people from both sides.

After the battle there was nothing but ruins and scorched land. Only 7,000 of 48,000 buildings were left standing.

The city had to be built anew. The job has been done. Volgograd, in a garden setting, stretches for 48 miles along the Volga River. It now has three and a half times as many houses as before the war, and its Volzhskaya Hydroelectric Power Station is one of the biggest in the Soviet Union.

On Mamayev Hill, which dominates the

area and was the center of the severest fighting in the course of the battle, a memorial has been erected. "I just simply had to see this!" said Mrs. Ramsing.

The same evening, according to schedule, Mrs. Ramsing was seeing Spartacus in the famous Bolshoi Theater. As a fitting climax to this very eventful day Aram Khachaturian, who composed the ballet, presented our guest with an autograph and gave her his impressions of his three-month visit to the United States made earlier in the year.

Mrs. Ramsing flew across our country in the speediest airliners, but her 10 days flew by even faster. She saw a good deal of our country, but it was only a fraction of what she wanted to see—Lake Baikal and the Soviet Far East, for example.

"I guess that I will have to wait for the next quiz," said Mrs. Ramsing when she bade us farewell.

(Continued on page 60)

"FIFTY YEARS OF SOVIET POWER" Quiz Contest Prizes

Each of these second prizes found their American owners and, we hope, proved to them that the labor and efforts they expended in answering our quiz contest questions were not in vain.

Since our readers are curious to know what the prizes look like and what they represent, we shall describe them.

The gold embroidered cap, won by Ohio University student Karen Meldahl of Charleston, West Virginia, is part of the national costume of the people who inhabit Tajikistan, one of the 15 Soviet Socialist republics.

The piece of natural amber from Lithuania, won by Floyd Clark of California, comes from the shores of the Baltic Sea.

A lacquered box from Mstera, won by Karen Hawks of Indiana, is an original piece of art painted by Kultyshev. It depicts a scene from Pushkin's poem Ruslan and Ludmila.

The Georgian drinking horn ornamented in silver now belongs to Robert Rose of California. It is a custom to fill the horn with wine and drink it bottoms up. They say it works with Georgian wines. We hope one day to hear how it is with Californian.

The rubob kashgarsky, won by Jack Tate of Massachusetts, is an ancient Uzbek instrument. Even if Mr. Tate does not learn to play it, we hope that it will make an interesting wall decoration.

The two wooden platters in the background are of original design. The one ornamented with amber comes from Latvia and now belongs to John Hubbard of Baltimore. The other is the work of Vasil Yakovich Tonuk, a Ukrainian craftsman from the village of Richka. Our congratulations to Joseph Moran of Chicago.

The rug from Moldavia now decorates the floor of Mrs. Werner Fries' study, and the suzaneh (a large hand-embroidered cloth, shown in the photo as a background drape) from Kazakhstan went to Richard Lee Hartness.

Gold-plated silver glass holders, the pride of Azerbaijanian masters, and six crystal glasses were sent to Rose Apolloni from New York.

The above prizes are shown in the photo. Those that follow are not.

An original drawing by Dzumabayev of Kirghizia was won by Jules Goldstein of Minnesota; an Estonian graphic arts album went to John Mitchell of California; a hand-embroidered Turkmenian robe was won by Louis Wolpoff of California; a hand-carved ladle and a linen tablecloth made in Byelorussia were won by Mrs. B. R. Sloan of Pacific Grove, California.

The last, but not the least, of the second prizes was a vase of Armenian marble, won by Ita Jones of Texas.

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AROUND the COUNTRY



ATOMS FOR RESEARCH

A new type of reactor with a thermal capacity of 100,000 kilowatts has been built for the study of various materials under high temperatures and radiation at the Atomic Reactor Research Institute in the Volga town of Melekess. In the critical zone the chain reaction of uranium fission emits a flood of charged particles in this unique reactor which reduces test times to three or four weeks. This compares with the months and even years such samples had to be irradiated before. After irradiation the samples are tested for strength, rupture, fatigue and other qualities. Remote control ensures 100 per cent safety. The reactor has been named Mir (Peace).



UZBEK GOLD

G old has been mined in the Central Asian Republic of Uzbekistan from time immemorial and especially so between the ninth and twelfth centuries. Workings went down to depths of 328-492 feet. The Tartar-Mongol invasions of the twelfth to thirteenth centuries brought gold mining to an almost complete standstill. Nearly all the mines were abandoned, and only legends remained.

Several years ago geologists discovered a large deposit of the precious metal in Murun-Tau on the western fringe of the Kyzyl-Kum Desert. Later commercially exploitable deposits of gold were found elsewhere in the republic.

STONE-AGE PICTURE GALLERY

here the Siberian Yenisei River cuts into the Sayan Mountain Range amidst sheer cliffs is found the legendary Genghis Khan Caravan Trail. The area, soon to be inundated by the reservoir of the future Sayan-Shushenskoye Power Station, was explored by a team of archeologists led by Alexander Grach. In one gorge the team found a stone-age picture gallery of some 1,000 cave drawings. Curiously enough they can be seen distinctly only in the rays of the early morning sun, when the viewer is treated to an unforgettable show of bulls, ibexes, mountain goats, foxes and snakes looking down at the water from steep cliffs bothed in a purple glow. The gallery is almost 3,000 years old, and one drawing of a bullock appears to be the oldest ever found anywhere. The spot was evidently a shrine, where the ancient Yenisei tribes made ritual sacrifices before they went hunting.

To preserve the unique collection, the archeologists are reproducing all the drawings in color and sawing out the best for exhibition in a museum.

ALL-TRANSISTOR COMBINATION

One of the latest models made at the Dnepropetrovsk Radio Works in the Ukraine, which specializes in the production of transistorized radios, is the miniature portable Mria, with a built-in record player.

BASHKIR SOUVENIRS

The Bashkir Autonomous Republic in the Urals is the country's sole supplier of burl, a pink-ish-brown birch excrescence, which makes an excellent material for souvenirs. The Bashkirs export brooches, paper knives, cigarette holders, pipes, shirt studs, cigarette cases and boxes and other objects made of burl to 15 countries in Europe, America and Asia.





ROBOT EXAMINER

The students and instructors of the technical school in the Upper Volga town of Rybinsk have designed a robot examiner. Students are given the list of questions, and their answers are heard by the robot examiner, which can test the whole class in a quarter of an hour. The appropriate marks light up on the illuminated panel.

EARLY AMERICANS CAME FROM ASIA

Archeological finds in Yakutia, Eastern Siberia, have confirmed theories about the migration to America of people from North-East Asia.

Of great interest to scientists is an Old Stone Age settlement in the lower reaches of the Aldan River.

The settlement dates back to 12,000-10,000 B.C.

Finds in the area are convincing proof that ancient Yakuts were hunting bison, mammoth and wild horses.

Around 8,000 B.C. the so-called Sumnaginsk culture, named after the settlement in the upper reaches of the Aldan River, had spread throughout the territory.

This culture penetrated Alaska by 5,000 B.C., asserts Yuri Mochanov, head of the expedition.

In his opinion, all epochs from the late Old Stone Age are represented in Yakutia.

Theories about migration to Alaska from Asia appeared in the forties, after an expedition discovered ancient settlements in the basin of the Lena River.



ABKHASIAN SWAMPS DRAINED

ore tea, citrus fruits, grapes and tung trees are being planted on newly drained fertile land in the Colchis Depression of Abkhazia. Last year alone Abkhazian farmers drained more than 2,471 acres of swamp.

ISOTOPES HELP DOCTORS

The Institute of Medical Radiology in Obninsk, a town near Moscow, is investigating the uses of radioactive isotopes in medical practice, more specifically to study the natural radioactivity of the human organism and to help diagnose ailments. The institute is often the place where conferences and symposiums are held and to which scientists from many countries are invited.

EMULATING JACQUES COUSTEAU

Like the celebrated French scientist Jacques Cousteau, members of the Staff of the USSR Academy of Sciences Oceanology Institute used a bathyscaphe to study the ocean depths. The iron capsule is called Chernomor, after the hero of a Russian saga. The tests were conducted in Gelenhzhik on the Black Sea coast.



TWO DIPLOMAS

An extracurricular department to train lecturers on international affairs, decorators and sports coaches, all much needed in rural areas, was started five years ago at the Institute for the Mechanization and Electrification of Agriculture in the Urals town of Chelyabinsk. To date it has awarded 480 future rural engineers second diplomas. The department, which operates on an unpaid volunteer basis, presently has a student body of 270.



NEW TV CENTER IN MINSK

A 1,148-foot-high TV tower with a range of 62 miles—twice the present reach—is going up 9 miles outside Minsk. When it starts functioning, a good many more towns will be able to see TV programs direct from the Byelorussian capital.

2,000-YEAR FIRE

nside Mt. Rabat, which spews out smoke above the valley of the Central Asian River of Fan-Darya, is a coal-burning "furnace," 16 miles long and more than a mile wide. The coal deposit is estimated at 1,500 million metric tons. Experts believe the fire started some 2,000 years ago. It cannot be extinguished, because the rains keep on eating the surface away, and thus air reaches the coal seams. In addition the deposit is above groundwater level and contains large quantities of sulphur.

ANCIENT CHESSMEN

Soviet archeologists have assembled a unique collection of eleventh to fifteenth century chessmen. Discovered in digs in old Russian towns, they show how popular the game was then. The pieces were differently shaped and much smaller than those we use now. For a long time archeologists could not locate the king. Recently, however, Georgi Shtykov of Byelorussia found this piece, the carved-ivory effigy of a man. To make the set complete, archeologists have to find the queen.



COSSACK ISLAND TO BE MUSEUM

The Island of Khortitsa in the Dnieper River was once the home of the free Zaporozhye Cossacks and the center of the Ukrainian national liberation movement. It is presently being turned into a museum and preserve.

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NATURAL BUILDING MATERIAL

flood of basalt that once A flood or pusual erupted from the crater of the now extinct Anyui volcano in Chukotka completely overran the valley of a small river. This 31-mile long stream turns out to be a surprise gift from Mother Nature. The porous stone makes good building material.



TWO SEAS

The enormous salt lake known as the Aral Sea is beginning to dry up. The two Central Asian rivers, the Amu Darya and Syr Darya, that run into it-no rivers flow out—are being diverted for irrigation. The sea still abounds in fish and is a good transport route. Scientists have proposed that the broad Siberian rivers be diverted to the parched steppes, orid lands and deserts of Central Asia; this would save the Aral Sea from drying up too. But this is a project for the future.

Hydrogeologists recently discovered another body of fresh water, deep in the bowels of the earth beneath the Aral Sea. Wells bored to depths of 1,968 and 2,296 feet on the islands of Kaska-Kulan and Bektau produced powerful water gushers. Scientists say the underground body of fresh water is fairly large and may help partially to refill the Aral



BRICK BRIGANTINE

ovosibirsk architects have designed a teenage theater, shaped like a brigantine under sail. The structure is both dramatic and functional. The "sail" stores the scenery; there is a movable arena stage, and spectators are seated in stands that rise up in an amphitheater. The hall can accommodate 1500. Item: As of late 1966 there were 127 repertory companies in the country, playing to children and teenagers.



15 MILLION VOLTS

he USSR Institute of Electrical Engineering is to have a high voltage research center to study problems of electrical transmission from Siberia to the European part of the country. The center's testing units, to operate at a tension of 15 million volts, will be housed beneath a dome 459 feet high and with a diameter of 984 feet.

TURKMENIAN **ENCYCLOPEDIA**

Scholars of the Central Asian Republic of Turkmenia have started the first national encyclopedia, a multivolume illustrated edition that will provide information on the Turkmenian people from their beginning to the present.



MOSCOW SUBWAY **EXTENSION**

our new stations are to be built along the six-mile extension of the Zamoskvoretsky line of Moscow's subway. The most remote station—a model is shown here-will service the big Volkhonka-ZIL residential section for workers of Moscow Automobile Plant in capital's southwest.

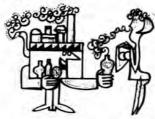
MULTIPURPOSE HELICOPTER

"he KA-26 helicopter devised specially for farmers, can be easily converted in three or four hours from a passenger craft to a crop-sprayer. It can carry six passengers or 1,543 pounds of freight and has a flight range of 373 miles.



MORE PERFUME

Moldavian Republic in Southwestern USSR is a key supplier of essential oils, a very difficult commercial item to produce. It takes thousands of rose petals to make one gram. Moldavia's annual output of attar of roses runs into tons. Currently two more essential oil factories are being built, each with an annual capacity upwards of 21 tons of rose, sage, lavender and mint



NEW SNOWCAT

On display or me ic Achievements in Moscow is a 148-horsepower snowcat called Vityaz (Knight). The vehicle has rubber - metal caterpillars and extra suspension and can haul three tons of freight over undeveloped terrain. It will be particularly useful in pipeline construction.

1.000 PASSENGER CATAMARAN

ourist is the name of a twinhull river catamaran designed by a team in the Volga city of Gorky for voyages along big rivers and reservoirs. It is 230 feet long and 52 feet wide and can carry up to 1,000 passengers. Because of its relatively small draft, it will be able to sail in smaller streams and anchor in wooded scenic spots. The catamaran will do 15-16 miles per hour. A series of such craft is to be built for Gorky, Volgograd, Kuibyshev and other big Volga towns.





POWER PLANTS INFLUENCE WEATHER

The reservoir of the Bratsk Power Plant in Eastern Siberia has changed the surrounding climate markedly. To record the changes the Bratsk Hydrometeorological Observatory sends radio probes into the atmosphere every 12 hours. The information is radioed back to the ground "Meteorite" automatic probe-tracking station.

MEDICINES FOR 26 COUNTRIES

he pharmaceutical factory of Chimkent in Southern Ka zakhstan, established several decades ago, produces annually between 33 and 35 million rubles' worth of medicine from opium poppies grown on Kirghiz plantations in the mountains of Central Asia and dried herbs from Siberia, the Ukraine, the Volga basin and the Crimea. This factory makes some 30 different kinds of medicines, mostly sedatives and painkillers such as morphine and its derivatives and codeine. Russian thistle, a grass which grows only in Central Asia, is used to make salsomine, a bitter powder, which reduces blood pressure. From nightshade is derived solasodine, a white crystal powder which is the base for harmone preparations. The Chimkent factory ships medicines to 26 countries. Pharmacists from Bulgaria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia other countries have worked there.

KAZAKH MONUMENT UNVEILED

monument named Fallen A monument house in the Kazakh capital of Alma-Ata. On national holidays veterans of the Revolution, of the Civil War and the Second World War, as well as children, come to the obelisk to honor the dead.

In the Great Patriotic War thousands of Kazakhs volunteered for the front. Those who stayed behind transformed the republic into an arsenal. Of every 10 bullets fired at the enemy, nine were cast of Kazakhstan lead. Among Kazakhstan's heroic fighting men, 448 were awarded the title of Hero of the Soviet Union, the USSR's highest military decoration for conspicuous gallantry. It was in Kazakhstan that General Fyodor Panfilov's famous division was founded; 28 of its soldiers stopped a nazi force many times that size outside Moscow at the price of their own lives.



RARE VIRGIL EDITION

1502 edition of Virgil's works, a 1542 edition of Leonard Fuch's Botany and other rare and valuable books have been found by members of the staff of the Ukrainian Central Science Library in piles of old books stored for years in the churches of St. Michael and St. George.

MAIL BOATS

Shipyards in the Upper Volga town of Rybinsk have started building two-sealer mail boats with plastic hulls. Their waterjet engines can work up to a speed of 23 miles per hour. Preproduction trials demonstrated that the shallow waters of smaller streams offered no obstacles to the new launch.



2,000th PIANO

he Tallinn musical instrument factory has just turned out its two-thousandth Estonia grand piano. Van Cliburn praised the instrument highly when he tried it out at the New York exhibition of 1959. The products of this 18year-old Tallinn factory have earned a worldwide reputation.



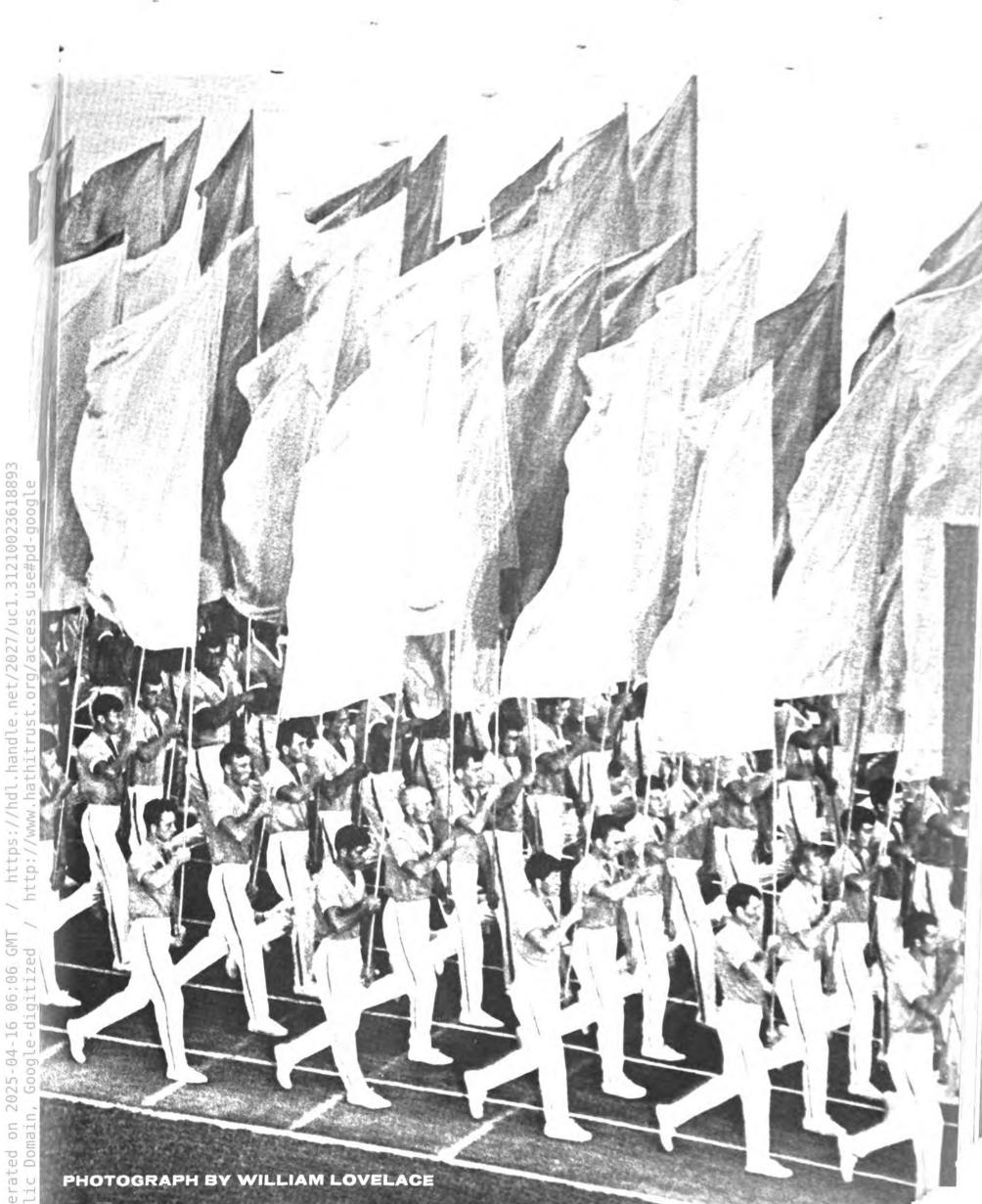
AROUND the COUNTRY

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Every fifth person in the USSR is active in some sport. Sports and physical fitness funds are a sizable item in the national budget.

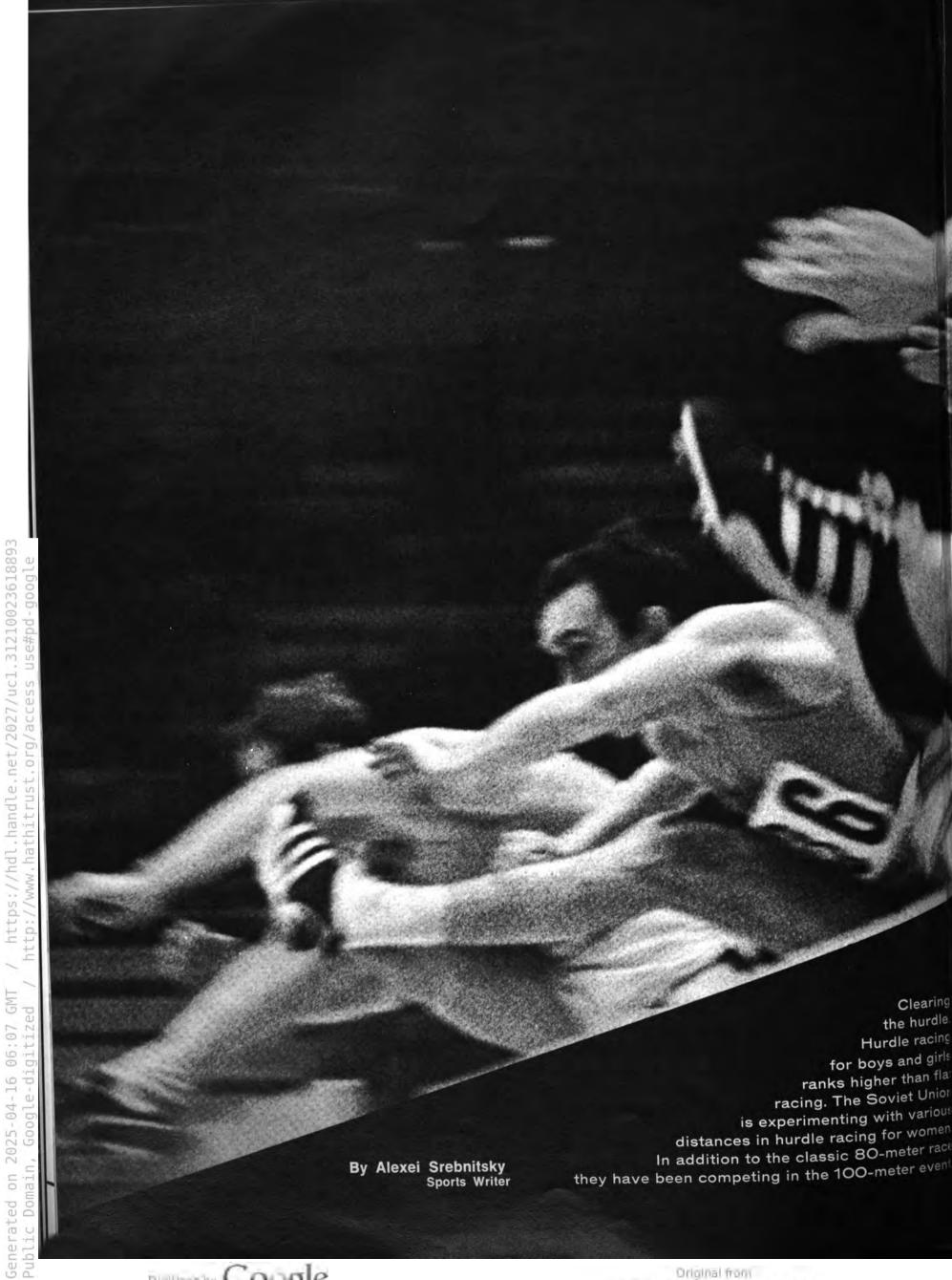
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years has been grooming our national track and field team, told me that the 1968 Soviet Olympic squad should do much better in Mexico City than it did in Tokyo.

From Japan our performers brought home only five gold medals, not nearly enough to satisfy the fans of a country where sports get top popularity rating—some six million young people participate regularly. Any noticeable sethack on the international scene makes our setback on the international scene makes our fans grumble and sets our experts to pondernid Shcherbakov (triple jump), Alexandra Chudina (broad jump and javelin), Nina Dumbadze (discus), Maria Golubnichaya (80-meter hurdles) and to the men's 400-meter

relay team. It was a Vladimir Kuts Olympics at the 1956 Melbourne games. Our ace long-distance runner took first place in the 5,000 and 10,000 meters.* Gold medals were won by Tamara

*One meter equals 1.094 yards (3.28 feet).

Our people chalked up a considerable number of victories in big meets (European championships, annual USSR-USA matches, etc.) held between the Olympics.

On a number of occasions Vladimir Kuts, Vasili Kuznetsov and Valeri Brumel were rated "Athletes of the Year." Igor Ter-Ovanesyan thrilled track and field fans the world over with his spectacular broad jumps.

*One kilometer equals 1,000 meters.

ON THE EVE OF THE OLYMPICS

We have had sufficient Olympic experience to see in which events we are good and in which we are not. We are pretty good in all the jumps (except the pole vault); the javelin and hammer (Edwuard Gushchin holds the European record in the hammer, but the Americans reign supreme in that event worldwide); long-distance running; the steeple-chase; and the decathlon. In the not-so-good category are the sprints, middle-distance running, the discus and the hurdles. With slight variations now and then, that is the general situation today, on the eve of the Nineteenth Olympics.

Our national squad suffered another body blow, after the Tokyo fiasco, at the 1966 European track and field championships. What happened was that our veterans, although champion of the Old World and held a place in the world record tables for several years.

Igor finds time for sport, graduate study, a family, literature and various minor hobbies, with painting in the lead. Besides setting athletic records, he is working on his master's thesis in education, finishing a book about his life in big-time sport, teaching his four-year-old son Igor, Jr. how to play soccer and helping his wife Marina bring up their infant daughter Karine.

infant daughter Karine.

Igor's father Aram Ter-Ovanesyan, a national discus champion in his time, has a friend, Lvov decathlon coach Dmitri Obbarius, who became Igor's first mentor. Under his tutelage Igor learned how to clear the high-jump bar at two meters (6.56 feet), sprint the century in 10.4 seconds, heave the shot

Igor and Ralph in Tokyo and stripped Igor of his European crown at the 1966 championship in Budapest. How do we unriddle the "Davies riddle"?

Igor has also been dogged by injuries. In a nasty spill while skiing in the Carpathians on his vacation, he fell on a sharp branch hidden in the snow and had to spend months in the hospital. The doctors told him to forget sports for good. But when the surgeon and nurses weren't looking, he began training his injured leg in his own way. A few months after he left the hospital, Igor smashed the world record.

Bad things pass, good things are indestructible. Igor makes no secret of the fact that he is counting on a gold medal in Mexico. And he knows there are Boston, Davies, Jerry Proctor and Bob Beamon to watch out for. As for the winning distance in Mexico City, he thinks that it will be 8.20-8.25 meters.

"But I want to build up a psychological advantage before the Olympics by breaking the world record," he says.

Invincible Klim

I put Romuald Klim among the middle-generation athletes, even though he is five years older than Ter-Ovanesyan. This is no paradox: Klim was late moving to the top in the hammer event. He won his first medal—and a bronze one at that—in the national championships only a year before the Tokyo Olympics.

Klim went in for the walking event before turning to the hammer at the age of 22. He was spotted by talent scouts, but they did not believe he would get very far. And indeed, in the beginning Klim stayed in the shadows of Mikhail Krivonosov, Anatoli Samotsvetov and Vasili Rudenkov. Later he pulled ahead of Yuri Bakarinov, Alexei Baltovsky and Yuri Nikulin. He was not even a nominee for the national team, and third place in the 1963 USSR championships did not change the experts' opinion.

Apparently this win in 1963 was enough to wake Klim from his trance, a state not unnatural for an aging athlete who is constantly being overtaken by younger rivals. He started winning one hammer event after another and established a new Soviet record on the eve of the Tokyo Olympics. He went on to chalk up a victory in those games, and I feel sureand so do many others-that he will repeat the feat in Mexico City. One reason is that he remained unbeaten in the interval between the Olympics (and the interval includes the European Cup). He boosted the Soviet record to 71.34 meters (233.95 feet). The world record is still held by Gyula Zsivotsky, but Romuald has beaten the Hungarian each time they

The trump cards of this well-developed athlete (height—185 centimeters,* weight—95.5 kilograms) are his surprisingly relaxed throwing style backing up a perfected final effort, strength (he snatches 110 kilograms and squats with 220 kilograms on the bar bell) and speed (he sprints 30 meters in 4.2 seconds). Klim is not tearing after a world record but prefers to win in every meet if he can. He has been successful so far, even though he competes very often and against top-notch opposition, too. As noted earlier, fame came to him rather late, and he has no intention of relinquishing his laurels.

A word on several other athletes who, like Klim, made their Olympic debut in the Japanese capital and are now getting into trim for their next Olympic effort in the Mexican

capital.

Janis Lusis took third place in Japan in the javelin and afterward won the European

*One centimeter equals 0.39 inch.



stronger than their younger teammates, were not the performers they had been, while the newcomers did not have time to acquire top skill and experience in international competition.

That things are better now is confirmed by the strong showing our men's and women's national teams made in the 1967 European Cup matches. The Mexico City-bound aggregation will be a blend of the veterans who are still in top form and younger, gifted performers in their prime.

Fourth Olympics for Veteran

The most colorful member of the older generation of Soviet athletes is broad jumper Igor Ter-Ovanesyan, well known to American fans.

Igor celebrated his thirtieth birthday in May. He was 18 when he appeared on the Melbourne Olympic field, but he overstepped the bar on all three tries. Later, in Rome and Tokyo, he won Olympic bronze medals. He will make his last bid for an Olympic first in Mexico City.

He has never been in as good form as he is now. He scored his best distance last autumn—8,35 meters—to repeat Ralph Boston's world record. In March of this year Ter-Ovanesyan became the continental indoor champ with a leap of 8.16 meters. He won the national crown a dozen times, was the

for nearly 15 meters and squat with a 150kilogram* bar bell straddled across his shoulders. All this experience stood him in good stead later, when he decided to specialize in the long jump.

After the Rome Olympics he moved from Lvov to Moscow, where he met his second and present coach, Vladimir Popov. Their joint effort is one continuous training experiment. Popov is also one of the national team

Igor has some very pleasant moments to look back on in his career. He was the first in the USSR to beat the eight-meter mark. He traveled around the whole country and took part in many competitions abroad. Autograph fans chased after him in Australia, Mexico, the United States and Czechoslovakia. Younger athletes at home seek out his advice.

But there have been disappointing moments, too. The Boston Grasshopper made Igor an ex-world record holder, and it was several years before he pulled up to the American star again. He defeated Boston in the 1963 and 1965 U.S. Indoor Open Championships but relinquished the Olympic laurels to his overseas rival.

And then Lynn Davies, the British jumper, came on the scene. Although he appeared to be weaker, Lynn went on to outjump both

^{*}One kilogram equals 2.205 pounds.

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omuald Klim, gold medal hammer thrower. This is one of the Olympic events Soviet coaches feel most confident about

15, and her first heave with the shot wasn't anything to write home about-7.38 meters

At that time Nadezhda lived in a small town, Usolye-Sibirskoye. After finishing at a sevenyear, school, she entered a nursing school, where she started serious work with physical training instructor Dmitri Gladyshev. After two years of practice her distance in the shot-put lengthened to 12.28 meters (40.2882 feet).

Nurse Chizhova then moved to Leningrad and enrolled at the local physical culture college. Her new trainer was Victor Alexeyev, who heads the most popular training school in the country. Among his graduates are world-famous Tamara Press and Galina Zy-

Chizhova bettered the 17-meter mark in 1965, and it was not easy for her. She weighs less (83 kilograms) than most women shotputters and is shorter (1.72 meters). She doesn't like practice with a bar bell. Much attention is paid in the Alexeyev clinic to athletic acrobatics. Zybina helped Chizhova polish a throwing style which has become famous in athletic circles.

All of this was developing when Tamara Press was doing minor miracles with the shot. Nadezhda wondered whether it paid to give her all in practice when the best she could hope for was runner-up honors. True, she beat Tamara in the 1966 USSR Indoor Meet in Leningrad, but both their scores were not especially good.

Press, however, retired from athletics to take a full-time job with the USSR Central Council of Trade Unions. That left the road wide open for Chizhova. She tossed the sphere beyond the 18-meter mark last year (Tamara was the only one to do this before) and has not slipped out of that groove since. Chizhova is now finishing college, but she is more interested in being a doctor than a trainer when she too leaves athletics for good. Meanwhile she has high hopes for Mexico City.

"Margit Hummel, the shot-putter of the German Democratic Republic, hasn't pulled up to me yet," says Nadezhda, "but she has the experience and endurance to compete for an Olympic gold medal."

The 22 - year - old European champion doesn't expect a walkaway in Mexico City. Which also means she is not going to make it easy for her challengers.

Our national team coaches pin their Olympic and future hopes on these third generation-20 or a little over-performers.

Victor Saneyev competed with Nadezhda Chizhova in the same European Junior Games, taking silver medals in the triple and long jumps. Saneyev now leads up the Soviet triple jumpers. He has already outjumped the Polish world record holder, Jozef Schmidt, and the Soviet record holder, Alexander Zolotaryov, and also has victories in the European Cup and the Mexico City Olympic Week to his credit.

Nikolai Dudkin, who recently moved up into the senior ranks, set a new world indoor record in the triple jump, 16.71 meters, and won the 1968 European title in Madrid.

In the same competition in the Spanish capital Valentin Gavrilov excelled in the high jump. A little earlier he took first place in the U.S. Indoor Open.

In the post-Tokyo Olympic years a Kiev army man, Victor Kudinsky, came to the fore in the steeplechase. He beat the Belgian ace and world record holder Gaston Roelants to the tape in the 1966 European championships and intends to make a strong bid for the Olympic laurels in Mexico City.

Alexander Bratchikov, a 20-year-old runner, looks good in the 400-meter event. Another 20-year-old, Tonu Lepik, will give Igor Ter-Ovanesyan strong support at the Olympics: The Estonian broad jumper has sailed over the eight-meter mark several times.

The young athletes are expected to do as well in the coming Olympics as their senior teammates.

crown for the second time. Twice this last season he sent his missile soaring beyond the 90-meter (295.28-foot) mark. The javelin world rates him very high.

Valeri Skvortsov was pushed off the Tokyo high-jumping scene by the keen rivalry be-tween Valeri Brumel and John Thomas, but in Mexico City the 23-year-old Moscow student will be very much in the picture. Skvortsov's best clearance to date is 2.21 meters.

Tatyana Talysheva, winner of the women's broad jump in the U.S. Indoor Open last winter, is a promising replacement for Tatyana Shchelkanova.

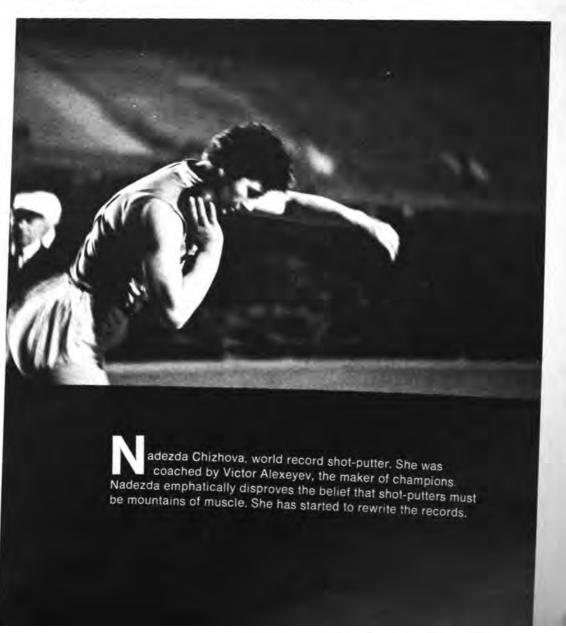
Lastly, Gennadi Bliznetsov, who placed fifth in the pole vault in the Tokyo Games, recently raised the Soviet record to 5.20 meters (17.06 feet), a clearance which puts him among the Mexico City favorites.

She Heads the Young Challengers

When the USSR seniors were competing in the Tokyo Olympics, Nadezhda Chizhova, an 18-year-old Leningrad student, won the shot-put at the European Junior Games in Warsaw with a throw of 16.60 meters.

Nadezhda will travel to the capital of the Nineteenth Olympics as European champion with a personal best of 18.34 meters, which puts her far ahead of her main rivals.

Chizhova's rise to fame is truly phenomenal. She took up athletics at the "late" age of







GAVRIIL KOROBKOV: TRACK AND FIELD COACH

By Konstantin Telyatnikov

OACHES have a hard and often thankless job. If a picture made by Kramer, Antonioni or Chukhrai wins the Grand Prix the credit goes to the director, no matter how inspired and brilliant the acting. If a director turns out a mediocre picture, this does not prevent him from making another. When orchestras under George Szell, Leonard Bernstein or Yevgeni Mravinsky outdo themselves, this is ascribed to the conductor's talent. If an orchestra falls into a decline, the musicians are blamed, and only much later is there talk of changing conductors.

But when it comes to sports, unfortunately, the press and the fans remember the coach only when their favorite team goes down in defeat. The players get the praise when the team wins, and the coach gets the blame when the team loses. Not only is he blamed, he is often fired. The team gets a new coach who basks in the fame of his players until they are defeated. Then

he, too, is replaced.

There are no rules, of course, without exceptions; in the case of coaches, the exceptions are few and far between. Probably the rarest exception is Gavrill Korobkov, senior coach of the USSR track and field team since 1954.

Korobkov was born in Moscow in 1919. He went in for sports early and had an early taste of the joys of victory and the bitterness of defeat. This was not in Moscow, however, but on the other side of the world, in New York, where he was living with his parents. His father Vitali Korobkov, director of the USSR State Bank, was sent to the United States in 1929, when our two countries had no diplomatic relations, to make economic contacts. Gavriil attended Abraham Lincoln High School on the corner of Riverside Drive and 88th Street, New York. He was a good student and also good at athletics. He played baseball and swam at Camp Lincoln, the school athletic camp, in summer. In 1959 when Korobkov came to New York with the Soviet track and field team, he made a beeline for the corner of Riverside Drive and 88th Street to look at the school he had attended 30 years earlier. The team was amazed at the way he got around that big city.

Korobkov finished high school in Moscow and then majored in mechanics and math at Moscow University. The university also gave him the opportunity to develop his athletic talents. By the time he was 20, he held the title of Master of Sport in the decath-lon, the most difficult of all track and field events. At national championships he was three times a member of the team that won the 4 by 100-meter relay race, placed second three times in the decathlon, won second and third place in the long jump and cap-

tured Moscow and trade union championship titles several times. He would undoubtedly have made a still more brilliant showing if the war had not usurped his best athletic years. He went to work in the munitions industry while he was still an undergraduate. Sports were put aside in those critical years. Athletes went to the front, where many of them died for the freedom of their country. Others worked long hours in the factories and laboratories where weapons for the fight against fascism were being forged.

After the war Korobkov graduated from the university in 1946. Again his name began to appear on the sports pages. It took courage to try a come back after an interval of five years, with his youth and his perhaps best sports years behind him. But

Korobkov overcame the psychological hurdle. Once again he starred in national tournaments, again the fans applauded him and chanted his name.

But the moment was approaching when the athlete, like the singer, begins to feel that he will not be able to take that "high C" much longer. The more courageous leave the scene or switch to something else before the spectator senses the moment has come. Korobkov switched to something else. In 1951 he became senior coach of the Dynamo Clubs track and field team, and since 1954 he has been in charge of the national team.

under Korobkov our athletes have chalked up many victories at the very top level. They won three European championships, in 1954, 1958 and 1962; the recently instituted European Cup two years in succession, in 1965 and 1967; came out on top at the 1960 Olympics and won the annual meets with the US national team in 1958, 1959, 1961, 1962, 1963 and 1965. There were also painful setbacks, like the defeat in the match between the men's teams of the Federal Republic of Germany and the USSR in 1958, the 1964 Olympics and the US-USSR meet in 1964.

But the over-all score is clearly in favor of our athletes and their coach. Korobkov should have every reason to be pleased with the track and field record of his team. But he is not, for reasons we shall cite later.

reasons we shall cite later.

Korobkov has a paternal feeling for his charges. He is proud of their achievements and full of admiration for their determination and capacity for work. He does not feel they owe their victories to him, nor does he feel it necessary to coach them especially to set records. Asked what he considers the most important element in his coaching method, he says:

'Kindly advice. They are all experienced enough to know what to do, how to do it and when to do it. Sometimes only advice

is needed to help them reach peak form. That's all there is to it."

Is it? Interestingly enough Genrich Neigauz, eminent Soviet planist and famous teacher, said almost the same thing when he was asked how he taught Svyatoslav Richter. "We simply exchange ideas," he said. And probably there can be no other answer when it comes to grasping the higher laws of techanswer when it comes to grasping the higher laws of tech-

While paying tribute to the skill of many of our athletes, Korob-kov is not inclined to make a fetish of their winning scores. He

kov is not inclined to make a fetish of their winning scores. He is particularly worried about his runners who seem to be stuck at a level below their foreign competitors, especially the Americans. "What's at the bottom of the trouble?" I asked. "We have no track and field at school," Korobkov replied. "In the United States 10,000 of the 180,000 schools are members of the High School Track and Field Association. When Bobby Morrow finished high school, he was already showing international competition results. Our high school students play soccer and ice hockey; they ski and skate, but no one gives them a feeling for track and field. Our schools have physical education teachers but no track and field coaches. As a result teenagers go in for but no track and field coaches. As a result teenagers go in for track and field only at district and city sports schools or as members of junior groups at sports clubs and societies. Hence it is only by accident that we discover a new Jesse Owens or Vladimir Kuts, since the schools are the base for all types of sports. Many potential champions never appear on the cinder track or the jumping and throwing pits, because they go in for the more

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exciting sports like boxing, soccer, basketball, wrestling, ice hockey or volleyball. But if you want to become a really firstclass runner, you have to start at the age of nine. Running is more than technique, it is a way of life. Determination and hard work will make up for a lot in sports like throwing and jumping, but in running you can't make up for lost time. I believe every school should have track and field facilities and experienced teacher-coaches. Then if the schools competed among themselves at least twice a month, I'm sure we would get a lot more accomplished in the way of health and also records.

There is another far from unimportant factor that blocks the development of Soviet track and field. We don't have enough indoor arenas. That is because we give priority to housing. We sportsmen know that it is more important right now to build 20 apartment houses than one Palace of Sports. But our winters are long and cold, and there is hardly any point in comparing the training conditions of a runner in, say, California, with a runner in Central Russia."

'You just said that we would get better results in the way of records and health. But isn't the drive for records apt to damage the health of an athlete and shorten his youth?"

Well, to a certain degree it may. Setting records doesn't make an athlete healthier, of course, and can be done only by a person who is in perfect shape. The terrific strain involved in setting a record does affect an athlete's central nervous system. But if he is under strict medical supervision, it shouldn't do him any harm. On the other hand regular athletic training without heavy or long strain does the body an enormous amount of good. Why do young people go in for track and field? Because of the records set by some famous runner, jumper or thrower and to acquire easy, beautiful, coordinated movements. It would be hard to overestimate the value of records in attracting millions of people to

sports."
"It is obvious that phenomenal results take time as well as strength. How do our best athletes manage to combine a regular job with the strenuous training their sports careers require? In this connection I have another question: What do you think of the position, taken by some members of the World Olympic Committee, that our sportsmen are professionals?

This is a thoroughly mistaken position, based on conjecture and a highly subjective and somewhat outmoded understanding of what amateur status means. There was a time when bricklayers were not allowed to compete in the games, because their occupation helped to develop a certain set of muscles. The level of sports achievements has grown immeasurably since Pierre de Coubertin revived the Olympic movement. The records set at the first modern Olympic Games in Athens in 1896 are now matched by millions of athletes. To make records today requires a very considerable financial outlay in addition to talent and capacity for work. Facilities and equipment, experienced coaches, sports camps, money to travel the long distances to competitions, money for hotels and so on and so forth are needed. Athletes are usually young, still in school, and their private incomes are far from sufficient to meet these kinds of expenses. Children from well-to-do families get the money from their parents, but what about the others? In order to give all Soviet citizens an equal opportunity in sports, the government and the trade unions assume the burden of such expenses. If this is professionalism,

In my opinion, an athlete becomes a professional only when he is paid for participating. Who goes in for track and field in our country? Mostly college students. While they are undergraduates, they naturally have more opportunity to train and compete than after they graduate. Unfortunately our young people usually drop out of competitive athletics as soon as they finish college and take jobs. Then they have new duties and start families, and by that time they have reached the critical age. Many of those who do dedicate their lives to sports gradually make the change to coaching. This is what I did. But I don't know anyone in track and field who isn't either studying or working. Take Oleg Ryakhovsky, ex-world record holder in the triple jump. He now has an advanced degree in the physicomathematical sciences. Heino Potter of Estonia, who ran the 400-meter at the Helsinki Olympics, now works at the Pulkovo Observatory. He holds the degree of doctor of physicomathematical sciences and is a world formatical sciences. matical sciences and is a world-famous astronomer. Taisia Chenchik, national high jump champion, is a power engineer who will soon present her thesis for a Candidate's degree."

Speaking of women, only a few years ago our women were the undoubted favorites in almost all track and field events. There seems to be a decline in Soviet women's track and field.

"I wouldn't call it a decline. We were the first to run women's track and field events and were able to win fairly easy victories against competitors who were not as well trained. Our experience has been infectious; there are now talented women athletes in many countries. Actually we are not lagging behind; it is simply that other countries are catching up with us, even surpassing us

in some events. We've lost our supremacy in women's sports. I think it's a good thing, good for us also. Sports shouldn't result in supremacy for anyone. There should be competitions among equals in which today's strongest wins. Who wins tomorrow, the

future will show—for one thing, the Mexican Olympics.

"There is another factor, though, that has to some degree slowed up the development of our women's track and field—a social factor, so to speak. Before, when life was harder and more austere, women paid less attention to their looks and their comforts. They went into trades and professions that were commonly regarded as men's and shared with men all the difficulties and hardships of the country's prewar history. Then came the war, then rebuilding what the war had destroyed. In a word our women were anything but the 'weaker sex.' Now that we are growing more and more prosperous and more and more comforts are available, women are changing. They want to be feminine and attractive. They read more, go to the theater more often, give more time to their families. That distracts them from sports, makes them more interested in bringing up their children than in training for national or world records. The area from which we can draw potential women record holders and champions is narrowing.

Korobkov is objective about the strong and weak sides of our track and field. Unlike most coaches he does not promise victories. His aim is to get the best he can get out of his men and if his rival makes a better showing, Korobkov is the first to congratulate him.

He is skeptical of sports oracles and is himself most unwilling to make predictions, including Olympic forecasts. So I limited myself to questions about the composition of our Olympic team. What," I asked, "does an athlete need to earn the trip to

Mexico?" To begin with, he needs one of the three first places at the USSR championships, to be held in Leninakan, Armenia, which is 3,921 feet above sea level. The conditions there resemble those in Mexico City. The first three in each of the 36 track and field events can hope for an Olympic berth."

'Will they all get to the Olympics?"

"No. Winning at Leninakan will not be enough. An athlete will also have to make a high international-class showing at either Leninakan or any of the previous competitions (even in lowland country). That is going to be much more difficult, I think, than winning a prize place at Leninakan.'

"What are your Olympic standards?"
"Very high. The 100* meter, for example, has to be run in 10.2 seconds, which is the USSR record. In the 200 meter the USSR record, 20.6 seconds, has to be broken, since the Olympic time is 20.5 seconds. The 400 meters must be run in 45.9 seconds, although the record now is 46.0 seconds. The USSR record for the 800 meters is 1.46.9, but to join our Olympic team the runner will have to cover the distance in 1.46.5. Women will have to run the 800 meters in 2 minutes, 3 seconds, although the USSR record is 2 minutes, 3.6 seconds. Male discus-throwers will have to record 62 meters, which is a whole 60 centimeters more than the USSR record. The Olympic standard for shot-putting is 19 meters 60 centimeters, for the 5,000 meter race 13 minutes 35 seconds and for the pole vault 5 meters 20 centimeters."

'How many athletes will manage the Olympic standard?" "It's hard to say. I'll be pleased if 80 manage it, 55 men and

"How many are you sure of?"

Twenty or so, thus far. I repeat, thus far. That includes Leonid Mikitenko and Gennadi Khlystov (the 10,000 meters) who should have a chance of winning one of the Olympic medals. It all depends on how well prepared they are for Mexico City's altitude. Mikitenko is in a better position than Khlystov, because he lives and trains in Alma-Ata, in the mountains of Kazakhstan, while Khlystov lives in Riga, on the Baltic coast, only a few meters above sea level. In the 3,000-meter steeplechase which, along with the 5000-meter race, will be one of the most difficult events in Mexico City, I'm counting on European champion Victor Kudinsky of Kiev and Anatoli Kuryan of Irkutsk. Both of them won from Rulands last year in Budapest and have reason to hope for Olympic medals. Our best walkers are Gennadi Agapov of Sverdlovsk and Igor Delaross of Tbilisi in the 50 kilometer and Olympic champion Vladimir Golubnichi and Nikolai Smaga in the 20 kilometer. Valentin Gavrilov and Valeri Skvortsov may win medals in the men's high jump, Igor Ter-Ovanesyan in the long jump, Gennadi Bliznetsov in the pole vault, and Nikolai Dudin, Victor Saneyev and Alexander Zolotarev in the triple jump. Among the women Antonina Okorokova in the high jump, Tatyana Talyshova in the long jump, and Nadezhda Chizhova in the shot-put are among the best we have. Our top men throwers are Romuald Klim (hammer) and Janis Lusis (javelin). These are not all, of course. New stars may rise in our track and field firmament in the course of the pre-Olympic competitions and will, I hope, bring us some pleasant surprises.

One meter equals 1.094 yards (3.28 feet)



TATISTICS TELL US that more people the world over watch and play soccer than any other game. The Soviet Union helps substantially to build up this statistical margin.

The rules ordain that the game shall be played by a team of 11 men, only one of whom has the right to handle the ball, the goalie. The remaining 10 must get the ball moving by kicking or coaxing or any other known or unknown means.

This game that Americans call soccer is known as futbol in the Soviet Union. Soccer is an international sport; it is a national pastime in our country.

Futbol is a major barbershop topic. It is also a subject for conversation, once the weather is disposed of, with your taxi driver. It is the best way of introducing yourself to a stranger or butting into a conversation at a cocktail party.

Soccer is the game the younger generation grows up on, the first game youngsters play. It's the game stadiums are planned around: It's the universal game. When men are icebound in the Arctic, they play soccer. When the atomic submarines made their under-ice voyage across the North Pole, the men played soccer for exercise when they surfaced. The game is played under the scorching sun of Central Asia.

There are no rain checks in soccer; any weather will do. It may be so bad that the stadium is empty except for a new player's mother, well blanketed and umbrellaed, but the game goes on.

Soccer is the big league ball game. Twenty clubs compete for the national title. Belonging to the team that wins the championship carries more status than driving a gold-plated Rolls-Royce.

Soccer is played at all levels. The tournament system is planned so as to get as many people as possible to participate.

The players must be trained by the club for which they play. Coaches do not fish for players belonging to other clubs; that is Lev Tashin, an all-time best goalie and a national hero, started playing for the sports club of a factory.

BALL GAMENO.

By Lev Viktorov

considered a breach of ethics. There was a case of the kind recently. A center forward by the name of Scherbakov had been expelled from one of the leading Moscow big league clubs for breaking discipline and taking to drink. Scherbakov had been warned repeatedly and had promised to turn over a new leaf but didn't. So the team expelled him.

A month later he turned up on the Army Club team. Sports writers took up the cudgels and banged away at the Army officials for unethical practice.

Every big club trains its own players from scratch. That's true not only in big league soccer but everywhere. With so many instructors needed, there is a perennial dearth of coaches.

They are trained by the country's physical education colleges, which also give special crash courses for coaches. This is where players go when they can no longer meet the competition.

Lev Yashin, peerless goalie, who was selected to tend goal against England in the match of the century-England versus the Rest of the World-combined his playing with courses in soccer coaching. He graduated, and when his club tells him he is no longer needed, he has a degree in physical education in his pocket and can get a job as a coach.

Many players become coaches. All the big league coaches are former players. Many headline players work with children's teams. They get 12- and 13-year-olds and shape them into champions. Soccer's present and future is made by these coaches.

One of the features of the Soviet sports setup is that coaching is provided in all sports. Facilities, coaching and medical supervision are a must on all levels.

Since the medicos have a big say in shaping the sports blueprint, all training is built around physical fitness. As one nationally famous boys' coach put it: "The youngsters I train may never turn out to be crack soccer players, but they will be healthy boys. And they'll always be thankful for that."

A very small percentage of the boys who go to "soccer schools" (as the sports centers are called) actually become big league players.

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Some don't make the grade when they grow up. Others find that academic study does not leave them time for soccer. It is very difficult to combine study and big time sports.

One player made this point: "They ought to make special allowance for men playing in big league sports, maybe lowering the pension age. I combine studies with play. That takes up almost all my time. I can't fit in nearly as much theater or music as I'd like. If I could go on pension earlier, I'd be able to catch up on what I miss now."

On the whole, soccer is not a collegiate sport for several reasons. First of all, it is a spring, summer and early fall game. In the spring students are busy with exams; in the summer and early autumn they are on vacation. As a result, most of the players come from the factory sports clubs.

Despite the general trend of training your own players, quite a few boys do move from club to club. What is it that attracts them to the new team?

In most cases it is the chance to study. One coach came to Moscow recently to "recruit" players for his club out in the Far East (Pacific Maritime Province). He is head coach of a factory club.

"I offer a youngster a good job in his trade. If he has no trade, our factory will teach him one. Secondly, I offer him educational opportunities. The factory has its own branches of technical school and college. Thirdly, our housing situation is easier than in big cities like Moscow. Fourthly, out at my place he can become a local celebrity. Moscow is full of good players who aren't even recognized by the fans when they're off the gridiron. But in my place everybody knows you, and you'll even get a handshake from the mayor."

Russian soccer is 70 years old, young by European standards,

but it has made signal progress. The USSR got to the semifinals of the World Cup. It is a force in European soccer. An extensive program of international exchanges has given teams here the know-how they need to hold their own against the world's best. This year the Soviet Union also competed in Olympic soccer but didn't get to the finals in Mexico.

USSR soccer has been taking a close look at itself. The coaches have all given up defensive tactics to base their attacks on speed and technical maturity. Players are being taught to use their heads, literally and figuratively. "Soccer is a game where you have to think fast to beat the other fellow," one coach explained. "There is no time for signals from the legs to the brain. The player has got to learn to think with his legs."

That takes time and explains why Soviet teams have been beaten in top-level international tournaments.

Tactical and training know-how are the result of collective effort. Coaches have no professional secrets. Regular conferences of the country's leading coaches air all innovations.

The coach of Kiev Dynamo, the reigning champion, was asked why he shares his know-how with his colleagues. "Why don't you keep it to yourself? That would give you an advantage in championship play."

"No, it wouldn't," was his reply. "If the teams you play are not as good as you, your boys can't be much better. It's only when a player is pitted against a good opponent that his best comes out. And then the better all clubs play, the better the performance of the USSR national. Of course I'd like to see the USSR win the Olympic, European and world titles. That would be more to my credit than just being coach of the national champions."



What a boner! Unfortunately this goalkeeper's emotion is irrelevant. No effect whatsover on the score.

Edward Streltsov does a split at an international match in Moscow. Soccer is the Soviet Union's No. 1 game.





Officials say there are five million players on all levels. As for fans, that takes in the whole population.



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GYMNASTICS

By Bernard Lvov

G YMNASTICS has an enviable process of sports. Almost everyone has fooled YMNASTICS has an enviable place in around on the apparatus at one time or another, and most people will go out of their way to watch a gymnastics tournament.

Our physical fitness program is built around gymnastics. Every backyard in the country has a horizontal bar on which youngsters can chin and do simple spinning exercises. Every school has a gym outfitted with the necessary paraphernalia. Coaches in the other sports call that rank discrimination, and they have been clamoring for "equal

People take the sport seriously. They are introduced to gymnastics when they start school, and the easy availability of facilities, as well as the many tournaments, keeps interest high.

This is how the gymnastics rating system works: To qualify as gymnast, third grade, the newcomer has to meet minimum requirements on the parallel and horizontal bars and on the horse and rings; he must perform a specified series of floor exercises. That accomplished, he is entitled to wear a handsome pin marked with his rating.

Third-grade gymnasts compete in tournaments to win second-grade and then firstgrade pins. After that comes a master's rating and a place in the headlines.

There are two reasons for the popularity of the sport. One is the general awareness that it helps to build the body beautiful. The other is the fact that as a competitive sport it can be just as exciting as any other event.

The spectator at this kind of competition enjoys a privileged position. He does not know who is ahead or who is behind until the referees announce their decisions in points, and so he is free to agree or disagree. And most of the time he is dissenting —with great enjoyment.

The subjective element in the refereeing does not detract from the excitement of competition, but it does bring tears on occasion. Sophia Muratova, Olympic medalish



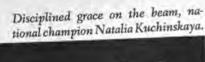
Olympic gymnast Sergei Diomidov displays the precision which adds up points for a champion-ship. This is one of the events, forecasters say, that should bring medals to the Soviet contenders.

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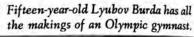
An "effortless" control that takes years of four-hours-a-day sessions.



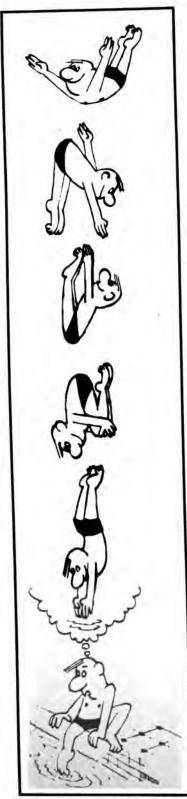




USSR all-round champion Mikhail Voronin figured an Olympic winner.







DRAWING BY OLEG TESSLER

now turned coach, once complained in an interview that referees were inclined to be overly attentive to a girl's figure. But since most gymnasts in the top bracket have pinup figures anyway (the result of training), said propensity may not make much difference.

A recent poll held here to pick all-time athletes put a girl gymnast in first place. Larissa Latynina has won honors in every top-bracket contest. She is now a national coach. While competing she was a college student and a member of the Kiev City Soviet

Larissa Latynina's early life was typical of her generation's although her sports career was not. She lived in the Ukraine, in an area occupied by the Nazis during the war. Her mother worked as a charwoman in a school. Larissa was frail—occupation had left its mark—and the doctors suggested gymnastics to build her up. She took their advice and more. She made herself the world's best gymnast.

Larissa married a river-craft engineer, who took a broad-minded view of his wife's interest in sports. And a good thing he did, because Larissa developed into a crack performer, and competition took her practically all over the world.

When Larissa had her baby and stopped training, fans were worried that it would affect the Soviet showing. They hoped she would return, and she did.

Soviet athletes combine a family and sports admirably. Sophia Muratova has two children, and she also got to the top in gymnastics. Both Muratova and Latynina say that they performed better after they had their babies; they were in better physical shape. If that is true, what about the current national champion and the runners-up who have no children yet? Something for officials to think about.

A while ago sports commentators were talking of a crisis in gymnastics. The veterans were gone, and there were no replacements in sight. Then suddenly a school generation exploded into headline prominence. Lyubov Burda and Ludmila Turischeva had the spectators gasping—they are only 15. The youngsters stand up to the ever young Russian birch, as she is called, Polina

Astakhova, now 32 and a peerless performer.

Officials are bothered, however. The girls are making great progress, but the boys are not. The boys still take more time to develop. Another worrisome item is the growing mastery of gymnasts in other countries. Vera Caslavska of Czechoslovakia now outshines her Soviet rivals, and a new galaxy of stars is brightening the skies of Germany and Japan. That keeps gymnasts and coaches here on their toes.

What is the younger generation of gymnastic stars like? Typical are the Voronins, husband and wife. Mikhail at 21 won the all-round world gymnastics title, the only one to do so at this age. Zinaida, 20, won the silver medal in Amsterdam in a razor-edged battle for the European Cup; Vera Caslavska was the winner in that duel.

Mikhail, a physical education sophomore, plans to become a gymnastics coach. He believes that a gymnast can perform in the top bracket up to the age of 28. His wife expects to compete for another six to eight years. But she has announced that she will soon be taking a break in training for about a year and a half.

This is typical of the attitude here—family and sports go well together; there is no need to sacrifice one for the other.

To keep in form nowadays, a top gymnast has to train three to three and a half hours a day. The Voronins do.

Doesn't this rigid training regimen get to be a bit too much? "Certainly," says Mikhail. "When I feel I'm beginning to get fed up, I make a break and don't go near the gym. The worst thing possible is to train when you don't feel like it."

With the influx of teenagers into gymnastics, the moguls have modified the rules somewhat. The youngsters are barred from the difficult compulsory exercises, which overtax their physical abilities. Young gymnasts are not rushed. "Points and medals are secondary. Health comes first," as one top official put it.

Next year the National School Games are to be held. Gymnastics will occupy a prominent place. Officials and youngsters are already busy preparing for the games. They see them as a preview of talent for the 1972 Olympics.



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When Yuri Vlasov lifted 210 kilograms,* he was bearhugged by his young friend Leonid Zhabotinsky. The Ukrainian giant carried the Olympic champion out of the ring. Thousands of spectators roared their delight. No wonder! Having completed this unequaled lift, Vlasov's total score was 550 kilograms! Later Yuri said, "That, Leonid, is how you'll be carrying me out of a competition one of these days." They both laughed, but it is not likely that the hero of the Rome Olympics thought he might really have to move off the pinnacle of world fame. He stood so high no other athlete even came within reach of matching his records. At the Dnepropetrovsk Championship (December 1961) Zhabotinsky came within reaching distance for the first time. The 23-year-old Ukrainian cleared the half-ton mark. But he was still 50 kilograms (110 pounds) behind Vlasov. No sports authority would have been foolhardy enough to predict that Zhabotinsky would top Vlasov at the Tokyo Olympics, but he did.

By Dmitri Ivanov Master of Sports



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STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD

Before we go on, here is a short history of Leonid Zhabotin-sky. In the fall of 1953 he met weight-lifting trainer Mikhail Svet-lichny at the Kharkov Tractor Plant. Leonid was going on 16. That does not seem like an advanced age, but he considered himself a man of years and experience and so was already at odds with almost everyone. The upshot of all this was that he left school and bummed around the streets of Kharkov. His father, Ivan Filippovich Zhabotinsky, a metal worker, tried both kindness and then force to make his son see sense but to no avail.

Among his fellow trainers Mikhail Svetlichny was considered an eccentric. Besides teaching weight lifting to boys and grownups, he wrote poetry. When he was pleased by his verse, he read it to his pupils. He must have had his reasons. The truth is that Svetlichny's afterschool group was disciplined and worked hard. All his pupils kept up their school marks. They took on group responsibilities: The older ones taught the newcomers; they put out a newspaper and demonstrated their athletic skills. It was this kind of orderly and industrious community that accepted the future "champion of champions" straight from the streets. Svetlichny showed Zhabotinsky around the gym and said:

"Here's a 'piece of iron.' You can play around with it as much as you want."

At the very first training session Svetlichny realized that Zhabotinsky was first-class material. He told the novice nothing but thought to himself: "With legs like those you ought to be able to lift a freight car."

Not that Zhabotinsky immediately became the No. 1 strong man of the group. He weighed only 70 kilograms and could not more than a 50-kilogram weight. Svetlichny took his time creating a champion. For the first years of training Leonid did more running, jumping, shot-putting and discus throwing than lifting weights. The techniques of pressing, snatching and jerking he learned with a light weight. An unusual training method but at the time there was no written material on training 15-year-olds; 16 was the lowest age for entering a weight-lifting group.

Events proved that Svetlichny had chosen the right road for his pupil, albeit a long one. Zhabotinsky's weight-lifting abilities rose in proportion to his own weight. A few figures: The first time he competed, on December

*One kilogram equals 2.205 pounds.



heavyweight record in this sport. No relaxation for a champion as younger men are always breathing down his neck.

18, 1953, he himself weighed 82.6 kilograms, and he totaled 170 kilograms: press 50, snatch 50, jerk 70 kilograms. Five years later the twenty-year-old heavyweight became a Master of Sports and a Ukrainian champion. With a body weight of about 130 kilograms, he totaled 460 kilograms.

This was heady progress, and Leonid began to believe he would just keep on taking seven-league strides toward the world title. But the next season was a vast disappointment. His performance was only five kilograms better. Neither did the Olympic year 1960 bring the athlete any com-

In 1961 he plucked up courage again. But Vlasov's records were still leagues away. Still Leonid held on to the dream that someday he would compete with the Olympic champion and come out the winner. It happened in Tokyo.

The duel between Vlasov and Zhabotinsky at the Tokyo Olympics will be remembered forever in the golden history of weight lifting. The Soviet athletes broke three world records and won the gold and silver medals for the team. The struggle for first place was decided when Zhabotinsky jerked 217.5 kilograms, too much for Vlasov to beat.

As of now Leonid Zhabotinsky is the strongest man in the world. Last June he broke Vlasov's aggregate record by totaling 590 kilograms and is now training to storm the 600-kilogram barrier.

What are his plans for the future? In 1967 Zhabotinsky passed his entrance exams for graduate study at the Institute of Physical Culture. But he does not expect to abandon either the weights or the ring.

"I'll give all I've got to weight lifting. Then I'll train others. And in two or three years I'll try to write my thesis for a graduate degree in education."

THE "IRON KNIGHT

Some years hence light heavyweights of 90 kilograms will probably be totaling somewhere in the neighborhood of six hundred kilograms. But even then sports writers and connoisseurs of the weight-lifting art will not forget the "Iron Knight" of Estonia, Jan Talts. On August 1, 1967 he opened the 500-kilogram era for athletes of his weight category by totaling 502.5 kilograms at the fourth Spartakiad of the Peoples of the USSR.

Our commentators pronounced him the best athlete of 1967. Every appearance of his in the ring makes headlines. Last year alone he set seven world records!

Who is this outstanding weight

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https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210023618893 Generated on 2025-04-16 06:07 GMT Public Domain, Google-digitized lifter? And how did he get that

way?
When we talk about the birth of a talent, we always mention the trainer, the gifts of the athlete himself and never a word about grandmothers. Yes, I mean grandmothers. Talts' first trainer was his grandmother. It was she who discovered the athlete in him. This is how it happened. Once the five-year-old Jan tried jumping from the floor onto the bed and didn't make it.

"Clumsy," exclaimed his grandmother, picked him up and sat him on the edge of the bed.

The boy turned red and slipped down to the floor. "I'll do it myself," he said and tried jumping up again.

He had three brothers: Ants, Matte and Ain, all of them older, taller and stronger than he.

"I don't know where it all came from," Jan recalls now. "There were no sports facilities in our village, but my brothers threw the discus, the shot-put and played volleyball. So did I. I wanted to be like Ants, the biggest and strongest of us all."

In school Jan was nicknamed "the champion." He never missed a chance to compete and fought to win. In most cases he did, but at home he still lagged behind his brothers in height, weight and

After completing seven years of schooling, Jan entered an agricultural technical school. This was where he first saw a real bar bell, and where it all began. There were some second- and thirdcategory weight lifters among the students, but they had no trainer. It was with them that Jan Talts began his sports career. Unlike the others, he never skipped training sessions and let nothing with practice. He weighed 55 kilograms then and interfere at his first competition totaled only 150 kilograms. What helped this self-taught athlete to make such rapid progress? Infinite patience and resolution but, more than that, all-round physical training. Having become a weight lifter, Talts went on competing in track and field events. His name appears twice on the list of Estonian champions for 1962: He took first place in the hammer throw and the shot-put.

His break as a weight lifter came the year of the Tokyo Olympics. At the Soviet youth championship in Donetsk, the Ukraine, he took first place with 407.5 kilograms. That same day the USSR record was broken in Khabarovsk by the future Olympic champion, light heavyweight Vladimir Golovanov, who totaled 70 kilograms more than Talts.

Nobody can blame the trainers of the USSR national team for not paying the young champion any attention at the time. It did not look as though Talts could ever

Wow! I did it! Jan Talts, age 23, shows how easy it is to break world records if you know how. Weight lifting needs more than brawn. It takes skill to do the three lifts-the press, jerk and snatch.







equal Golovanov. But Jan thought differently. Traveling to Kiev, he began training in the same ring with such famous athletes as Vladimir Belyayev. Soon the 20year-old Talts became a Master of Sports. But this no longer satisfied him. He shot ahead and in that one Olympic year added 40 kilograms to his total score! And overdid it! The next year he spent treating his injuries.

He made his international debut in 1966 in Riga at the Friend-ship Cup Games. Next, at the USSR championship, he gave battle to Edward Brovko. Both totaled 477.5 kilograms, but only Jan got the silver medal, since he was heavier than his rival.

However after this championship Jan moved to first place on our national team. He soon justified the trust of his trainers: In August he made the best showing in the world—482.5 kilograms—and then went ahead to win the Baltic Cup. No one doubted that at the Berlin World Championship Talts would be in line for the gold medal. But the unforeseen happened. He was called out to the ring before he had warmed up properly . . . zero points. The winner was the Hungarian Tot with a total of 485 kilograms. Two days later, there in Berlin, Talts made an excellent total of 490 kilograms.

With his subsequent performances Jan proved himself a worthy successor to the famous light heavyweight Arkady Vorobyev, presently a trainer of the Soviet weight-lifting team. Last year Jan had no equal in any of the contests. And in April, at a competition in the town of Dubna near Moscow, he set a new world record in the snatch (153 kilograms) and in the jerk (195 kilograms), rolling up a fantastic total for a light heavyweight-510 kilograms.

And what does he say about Mexico?

"I think that now the struggle for kilograms will be even sharper. All my rivals including Vladimir Golovanov, for example, are members of the 'five-hundred' club. The winner of first place in Mexico City will need a total of 510 kilograms at least."
Athletic fame has obviously

made Talts more wise and more careful. He is now governed by reason. Also by the scale.

'My weight is getting on to a hundred kilograms and I have to stay below 90. So, alas, I'm on a diet. I have to leave parties early and go to bed just when things are getting interesting."

He isn't weeping over his lot; he just wants to let you know how much sports demand of a man.

"But I love weight lifting," he said. "And I truly enjoy training."

Talts is very much concerned about what people think of him. An unusually persistent fellow, that Jan!

/ https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210023618893 http://www.hathitrust.org/access use#pd-google Generated on 2025-04-16 06:07 GMT Public Domain, Google-digitized Lev Borodulin took this unusual photo of a calisthenics class in action with a fisheye lens. Photograph By Lev Borodulin

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SOVIET SPORTS SEEN FROM THE GROUND FLOOR

By Victor Kuprianov

VAN LAY ON HIS BACK gurgling contentedly. He smiled at the blue-eyed girl who had just helped him do a jackknife bend. She smiled back, and Ivan knew he was going to like her.

This scene took place at the local children's health center. The smiling girl was the doctor, and Ivan had just turned six months.

Another Ivan lay on his back, also murmuring happily. He too smiled at the blueeyed girl who had just helped him do a jackknife bend. She smiled back, and Ivan knew he was going to like her.

This scene took place at the local gym. The smiling girl was the physical education instructor, and this Ivan had reached the age when a man tries to stop counting the years.

Fizkultura—the Magic Word

This, in brief, is the Soviet physical fitness program. You're never too young and never too old to be fit and healthy.

Keeping the population in that condition is state policy. Ample appropriations for sports and physical fitness are provided for in the public health budget.

Statistics show that at least 50 million people go in for physical fitness and sports activities. The Russian word for it is fizkul-

Everyone is exposed to fizkultura. The kiddies get it in the films where the hero is usually a bunny who can outskate and outski that big bully-a wolf. Posters in all the children's parks show animals doing exercises and enjoying sports. The wrappers of children's candies play up the same theme.

At kindergarten physical education is a

At home one of the most listened-to early must that's fun. morning broadcasts is setting-up exercises for schoolchildren. This is so popular that it is broadcast on a nationwide hookup. For the youngster who prefers to exercise by TV-they've got that too.

At school all the lower grades start the day with setting-up exercises, just to get

them into the habit. All the mass media popularize physical fitness. You just can't get away from it.

Moscow had a big pageant early in May to usher in the outdoor sports season. It was a gala affair with top athletes taking part. The procession was led by a large group of first and second graders wearing Olympic togs and carrying a banner reading "1980 Olympic Games."

Go to a summer resort, the day starts with exercises. Drive out somewhere roughing it, and your transistor will pick up exercises broadcast all morning and twice in the afternoon.

The latest wrinkle is physical fitness for the middle-aged. The starting age is 45, and no one is too venerable. At 60 you may not be able to work off the midriff perimeter, but you can still feel fit.

One pensioner told us that before going in for these fitness activities, he got winded walking up three flights. Now he literally takes them in his stride and feels he could walk up 30. Another pensioner said the exercise had a further benefit for him. He found he was easier to live with.

Now that the medicos say there is a direct relationship between longevity and fizkultura, everybody has become physical-fitnessminded.

Keeping Fit

What prevents people from keeping fit? Several things. First, that psychological barrier that makes a man or woman shy of appearing in public in sports togs that accentuate their unglamorous figures. Second, lack of time. Third, lack of facilities.

We are overcoming these problems. The special activities for the no-longer-young help people get over their self-consciousness. And now that the entire country works a five-day week, there is more time for sports. But the long weekend is still new, and people have not yet geared themselves to the changed time pattern. It will take a while before they learn how to make the most of their leisure. As to facilities, a re-

Daddy, the swimmer of the family, obviously will have no nonsense about how wet the water is and how cold. He likes bathing, and so will they!



cent government ruling makes it binding on city planners to include facilities for sports in all projects and blueprints for communities of all sizes—this means playgrounds, gyms and even swimming pools. The country has a serious shortage of facilities and equipment to meet.

That is the picture: The physical fitness bug is everywhere.

Urge to Compete

Educators, psychologists and everyone else who has the time wonder why it is that a man gets more fun out of competing with someone than doing the same thing by himself. This urge to compete seems to be inherent. Ever since primitive man, long before the days of Olympics, stopwatches and sports officials, got his first real taste of competition by trying to outrun oversized tigers and the like and found he enjoyed the process, his descendants have been swarming into competitive sports.



Where the big league talent grows, in the playgrounds and the backyards. It can take as much as six years to develop a first-class player.

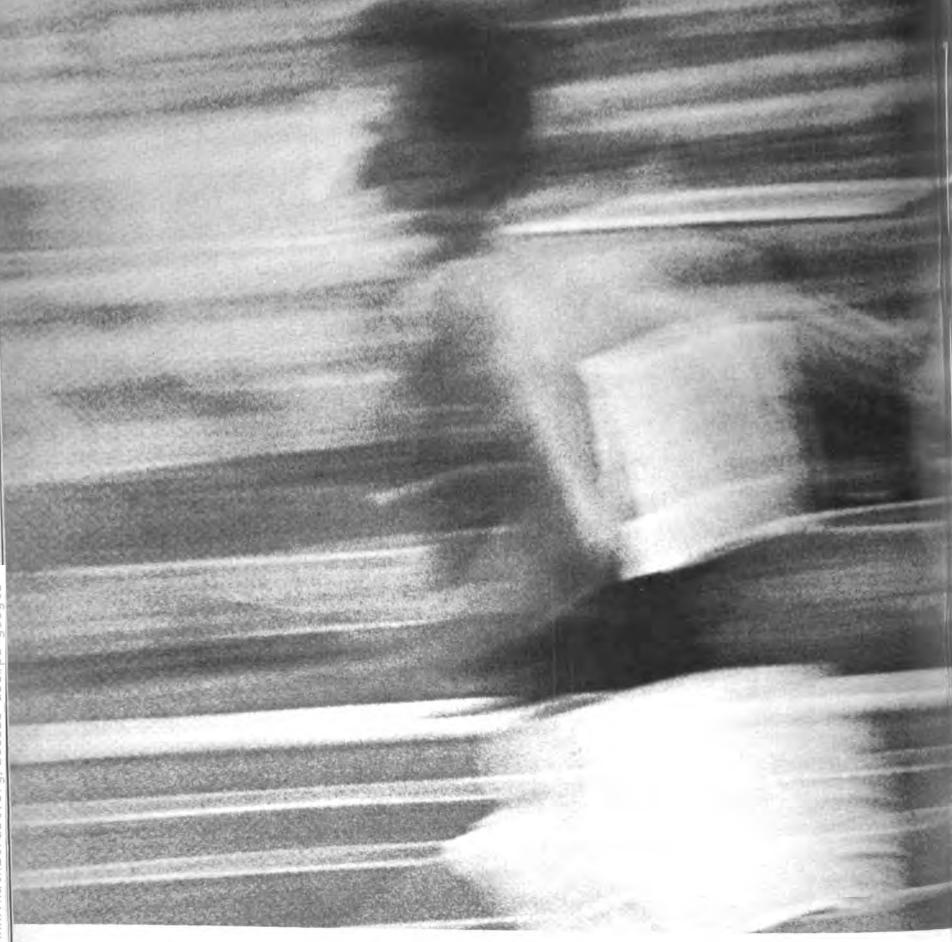
At first it was enough to outrun the tiger to survive. Now with official rules setting up all sorts of restrictions and musts, you might even be disqualified for beating the tiger. Intensive training is now an absolute neces-

A man could hope to outrun a tiger at the first try. But these days to outrun your opponent at the Olympic Games takes three. four and more hours of training daily over a period of many years. Not many people find that kind of time or want to make that sacrifice for a medal they will never wear anyway.

One track and field coach decried the fact that the modern girl thinks nothing of spending three and four hours on a hairdo but would never dream of giving that much time to a training session.

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What complicates it all is the disconcerting discovery that champions are made, not born. Another discovery, no less disquieting, is that the making of a champion has to start early.

A Change of Focus

Soviet officials decided to shift sports from the schools to special children's sports centers. The elementary and the high school give children the usual physical education and intramural sports. But should a student show more than average ability, he (or she) will be invited to the local children's sports center sponsored by the board of education. Here youngsters get expert coaching and are helped up the ladder of sports proficiency.

There are good and bad things in this system. Some people insist that sports should be concentrated in the school. Perhaps, but there are still not enough qualified coaches and physical education instructors. Those just out of college are among the best-paid graduates. A physical education teacher who can also coach will earn as much as a top industrial executive.

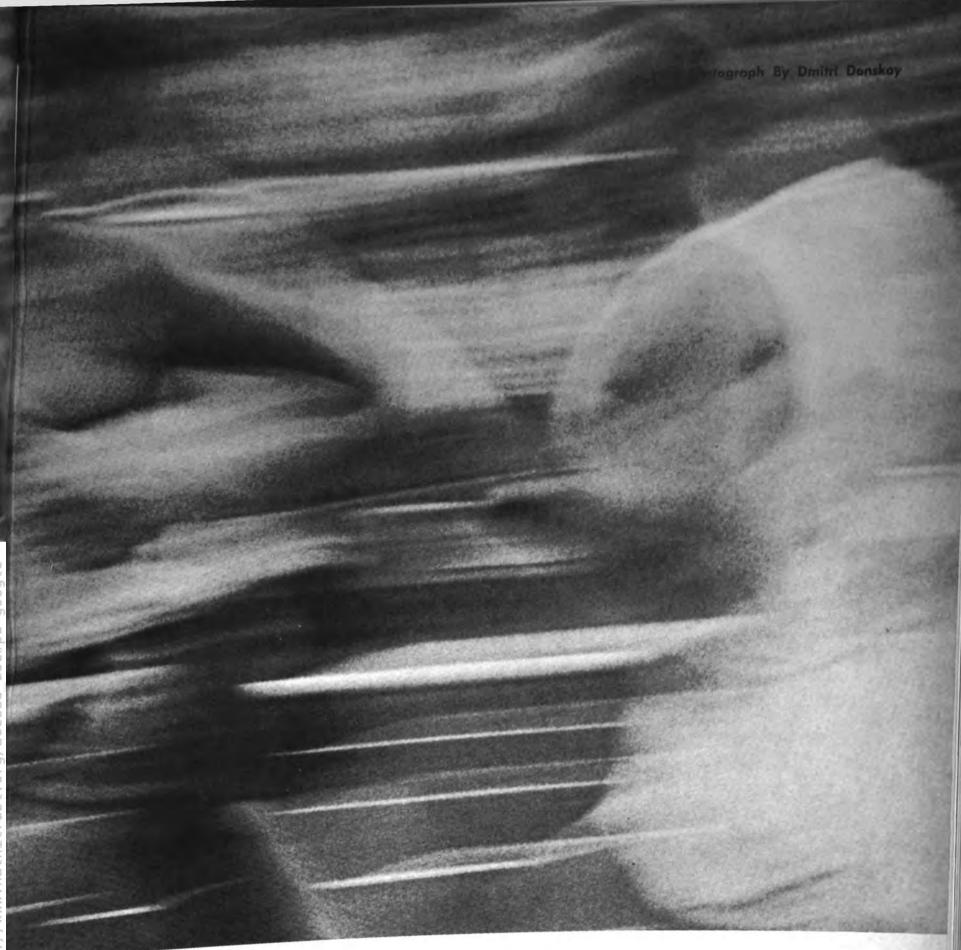
The instructor who spots a likely prospect will try to talk the boy or girl into joining the sports center. If he fails, the sports center itself will try to persuade the youngster.

What can make a boy or girl say No? Certainly not parental objections. Our parents are very sports-minded. The complication is that every sports club in the country offers special activities for children; they are all interested in signing up the younger generation.

The local boards of education have about half a million boys and girls registered in their sports centers. Dynamo and Spartak have more.

Everyone Welcome

What is required to join one of these children's centers? Practically nothing-medical clearance and parents' permission. There is one little catch-the athlete must maintain a high academic average or he is dropped. At tournaments officials have the right to ask a contestant to show his report card. If his marks are not passing, he is automatically disqualified.



A visitor probably thinks it strange to find a huge board in the gym with the names of the youngsters and—not their sports results —their school marks. The coach keeps in close touch with school and parents.

Sports officials feel that in this present age of razor-edged competition, training must start early. The sports centers for children specialize in various fields. For one child it may be track and field, for another, fencing

But one need not wait to be spotted to and soccer. join one of these exciting children's centers. Every year youngsters are invited to the stadiums to try out for the soccer clubs. The big league teams, under present regulations, must train their own replacements; they can-not "buy and sell" players.

Pure motion. The final headlong dash which will catapult the runner the last few yards to that finish line and perhaps to sport's hall of fame.

The school generation at a gymnastics display in Moscow. The occasion is Physical Fitness Day, and the best junior sports clubs put on a show.



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A new sport in the making. Racing cars are designed and made by the drivers themselves. Stockcar and truck racing also attract large crowds.

At the end of the spring term the big clubs ask the youngsters to their ball parks to try out for what they call their children's "school." Ordinarily some 200 or more 13-to 14-year-old boys will turn up. They are broken up into teams and play while the coaches look on. Of course all the boys have to show is enthusiasm. Nobody expects technique or playing ability. But the coaches have their eyes peeled for promise. They can see in some of these awkward youngsters tomorrow's champion athletes.

He-man and Sissy Sports

There is no difficulty getting boys to play soccer and ice hockey, the two sports that hog all the headlines. The talent scouts in figure skating are the ones who have trouble.

Parents are invited to bring children from the age of five up. All the billboards in town are plastered with notices from the various stadiums and ice arenas. It doesn't take much coaxing for parents to bring their children around. First of all, figure skating is a glamour event, and it is taught in conjunction with ballet dancing and music appreciation. Parents are enthusiastic; so are girls.

But boys call it a "sissy sport." A leading coach explained it this way: "The boys are perfectly happy when it comes to just skating, but when we try to dress them up as bunnies for some ice show arranged for Mother's Day, they all revolt. To keep them interested, we have to combine figure skating with track and field, ball games and even treasure hunts."

This program is perfect for building up health and fitness, but coaches complain that it is a bit slow for developing skating talent. Another thing the coaches complain about is the scarcity of ice to skate on. The reason for that is the current skating boom.

The kiddies are also urged to go in for gymnastics and swimming. The latest development at the Lenin Stadium in Moscow is a physical fitness program for schoolchildren. Versatility is the key word here. The program acquaints them with the rudiments of all sports.



Hurdle champ Anatoli Mikhailov with coach Victor Alexeyev, whose children's sports school in Leningrad seems to specialize in Olympic winners.

Volleyball-Game No. 1

Not all sports in the Soviet Union are organized. Whenever students—boys and girls both—get together you can bet they'll get around to the most popular sport, volleyball. Every break between lessons will be used for a session. The principle is simple. You hang up a net, get a ball, make up two teams and bang the ball back and forth.

While the rules call for a net to be stretched across the court, the younger generation will be perfectly happy with an ordinary rope. If no rope is available, they will be equally blissful just passing the ball around. This can keep up forever.

In the backyard the youngsters pass the ball around until evening, when the daddies come out. Without a murmur the youngsters step aside, and the fathers take over to demonstrate how they played in their youth. Sometimes it takes a lot of imagination to visualize how well daddy played in his day. This goes on for a while—with everybody enjoying it—until the mothers appear on the scene.

The atmosphere changes immediately when Mom says: "I thought I sent you out to bring him in to supper!" A remark like that will take the kick out of the game. But after supper even Mom will get into it.

Backyard Sports

Backyard volleyball teams are formed in all blocks, and tournaments are played on all levels. The picture is the same in ice hockey, where we even have a national backyard ice hockey championship. At least two million boys took part this year. The 16 best teams were sent to Moscow for a championship meet that easily matched the winter Olympics in glamour and excitement.

The national hockey coach, Anatoli Tarasov, called the meet the tomorrow of ice hockey. He watched every game in the finals and even suggested holding international exchanges on this level. Czechoslovakia responded, and an invitation was extended to Canada. Soccer is the other top ball game in the Soviet Union. Every boy has dreams of playing for the national team. Youngsters may not be sure which Caesar came first, Julius or Augustus, but they can rattle off the lineup of the national team and all the subs without even pausing for breath.

Soccer, as the generation growing up has shown, can be played on any size gridiron, with any number of players and any number of minutes, in utter disregard of the rules.

Despite the laxity of procedure, difficulties do crop up. For instance, getting someone to referee the game; everyone wants to play. Then, every player is too engrossed in the game to let referee's whistles and all that sort of thing bother him. Eventually referees are found for these games, but there is a price to pay. The referee will insist on the right to get into the game at any point on either side. But that is a small price. Only the onlooker thinks it unusual for the referee to toot his whistle and simultaneously kick the ball downfield.

Soccer, say parents, takes a heavier toll of footwear than any other known cause. Soccer also explains why boys are late getting home from school.

A survey of backyard soccer shows that the game, once it starts, can be stopped by three things only:

One-earthquake or torrential rain.

Two—the appearance of irate mothers who march the stars off by the ear.

Three—fewer than two players on the gridiron.

Soccer is played all over the country—in the city on cement playgrounds and regulation soccer fields in the parks; on the farm it may be played barefoot on the grass.

For the American reader who is only beginning to acquaint himself with the game and probably is not aware of the finer points of soccer, we go into some detail.

Ordinarily a goalie tends the goal. In backyard soccer that is a problem since no goalie wants to stand immovable most of the time waiting for the ball to come his way. That's a waste of manpower. Putting one's dog to play that position serves the purpose, while in rural areas a nanny goat, it has been found, does almost as well.

There are regular tournaments at junior level and even a national championship for school-age players.

Soccer officials estimate that at least five million play the game regularly at tournament level. That figure, staggering though it may be, is not surprising. The Moscow Automobile Plant has more than 200 teams competing at various levels. And that includes teams made up of the workers' children.

One important factor that explains the popularity of sports here in Europe is that international meets are regular fixtures. This is true for all sports.

Children's Activities

There are a good many stadiums exclusively for the school generation although every stadium is required to set aside time and facilities for youngsters. At big games several thousand tickets are made available to children at slashed-to-the-bone prices, the equivalent of about a dime at a big league game, or even free of charge. The purpose is to popularize sports.



Moscow has two stadiums especially for the younger generation. One, the Young Pioneers' Stadium, even boasts a cycling speedway and an indoor track and field arena. The second is the children's stadium at Lenin Stadium.

When the latter was built, the planners foresaw a sports complex of about 500 acres on the river front. It was a tremendous project that provided everything but facilities for youngsters. Protest was so strong and insistent that the city fathers appropriated the money to build the children's stadium there, a modern affair with all facilities,

including stands seating 5,000.

Children's activities are promoted by all sports clubs. Even the army sports club has special children's sections, not only for servicemen's children but for the kids living nearby. All clubs for grownups offer similar facilities.

Moscow University, for instance, has one of the best swimming and water polo clubs around for children, open to all the kids in the vicinity. The army has one of the best track and field clubs for boys. Everyone's welcome.

It is not the big hearts of sports officials that ensures these activities for children. Regulations in all spheres of competition stipulate that an adult team can compete for the championship only if it enters several children's teams. In the tennis team championships the rules make a point of this practice: Three teams of boys and girls must be entered on each side, and the points count is taken on the basis of all the players, including the juniors.

A big problem is encouraging young athletes to continue in sports. All athletes, even of school age, are graded according to age and results. The lowest grade is third, then

These walruses thrive on ice and snow. Their clubs put on midwinter shows to popularize this sport for the extra-special hardy of all ages.



comes second and first, followed by a master's rating. Each grade gets a handsome pin, which every youngster proudly wears. The same system is used for grownups.

The requirements from one grade to the other are constantly boosted so that getting a master's rating could be the equivalent of setting a national record in some European countries.

Facilities

The program is good. What prevents it from operating as smoothly as it does on paper is a shortage of equipment. Clubs can provide sailboats for boys and girls who go in for that sport, but there is a pressing shortage of hockey sticks and soccer balls, among many other items.

No telescopic sights for today's Robin Hoods and William Tells. They still have to rely on their hands and eyes. It's a woman's sport, too, now.



The government has taken action, but the sporting goods industry still cannot meet the demand. The press flays the industry regularly for lagging behind in both the quality and quantity of its products.

One harassed sporting goods executive said that no other industry comes in for as much public censure. "We've got to think in terms of millions. That is way beyond our capacities. It's reached the point where I'm afraid to pick up the phone."

Grass Roots Sports for Oldsters

The older athletes belong to countrywide sports societies. Most of them are run and financed by the trade unions. One of the most popular is Spartak (red jersey with a white stripe). It serves a trade union membership of well over 10 million people. Spartak provides all facilities, including regula-

tion stadiums and swimming pools, qualified coaching and medical supervision. The annual dues, about 33 kopecks, entitles the member to everything Spartak offers.

There is no age ceiling. That explains why at the USSR Games (held the year preceding Olympic Year) the athletes' march is always led by the centenarians (all so far have been from the Georgian Republic in the Caucasus, where, incidentally, everybody is an expert horseman)!

Marathon runs in Leningrad feature a special race for the older group, men over 60. And in figure skating bearded gentlemen are no surprise.

Another sport in which the older generation is on top is ice swimming. Organized groups of enthusiasts, called walruses, swim all year round. In Moscow they are headed by a 65-year-old doctor.

The idea is to gradually get used to allweather swimming. You'd expect the swimmers to catch pneumonia, but not one has ever caught a cold. One pensioner told this correspondent that all-year-round swimming cured his bronchial asthma.

It all looks easy. They gather at the spot, break the ice with crowbars and pile it high to serve as a windbreak. Then the walruses in swimming togs go through a round of exercise on the ice while flocks of people wrapped in furs and woolens shiver as they look on. The warm-up over—brrr—into the water, which is just one jump of the mercury above freezing.

For readers who are interested—women go in for ice swimming too.

Pastime or Science?

Sports activity nowadays cannot be regarded as merely a pastime. It has become a science. Teams of doctors, physiologists, psychologists and other researchers are working on problems of sports and physical fitness. And the problems are many.

A Soviet athlete beaten in international competition provides the researchers with food for thought. Should athletes start training earlier, as they do in swimming? Up to what age does a youngster develop speed ability? What factors cause fatigue? How does fatigue affect ability?

This type of research conducted in the Soviet Union and abroad keeps the coaches on their toes. It takes four years of college to train a coach or physical education instructor. A national network of physical fitness colleges and research centers is kept busy trying to meet the need for instructors and coaches and searching for answers to coaching problems that keep cropping up.

The Olympic Games are more than just two weeks of competition. They are preceded by years of intensive study and fact-finding. How will altitude affect the athlete? How much time is needed for acclimatization? What should athletes eat? What should they drink?

In the past American publications commented with surprise on the Russian diet. And the Russians stared at Americans swallowing protein pills. The French include wine in their rations, and the Soviet weight-lifting coach suggests a bit of wine at bedtime for his strongmen to help relax their muscles. Yet the hockey coaches suspend a player if he takes a drop. Who's right?

These are some of the questions the sci-



entists have to answer in preparation for the Olympic Games.

Previously, by just watching, a coach could spot all the things he needed to know for deciding further training procedure. Today films are shot and studied and sensors are attached to athletes to register physiological functions in action. The coach has to be a scientist himself these days.

When Valeri Brumel trained for his world records, his coach briefed him in math and physics to determine the right angle for the



Nonna Gaprindashvili, chess queen of the world. She takes on male competition as well. Proof? International tourneys in England and Holland.

push-off. Every degree off meant that much of an inch less.

Psychological Priming

In the past coaches concentrated on physical performance. That was considered enough to win. Now they know that psychological priming is no less important. In the high jump, for instance, the man with the stronger nerves wins.

Not many fans know it, but when Valeri Brumel won his first Olympic medal in high jumping, he spent most of the time at the stadium sprawled on the grass reading a whodunit. He didn't seem the least interested in what was taking place on the jumping apron. And when he broke the world record in Moscow, he was almost late for the meet.

The US-USSR meet had started, but Brumel wasn't at the stadium. Officials began chewing their nails; the fans got jittery. The only one who seemed calm was the coach. He knew that Brumel had gone for a walk in the woods before the meet. He reached the stadium just in time to change for his event.

Track and field coach Gavriil Korobkov once said that what he needed were not merely good runners and jumpers but good fighters. An athlete who gets cold feet is beaten before he starts. He used to joke about Brumel: "That's what I like about that boy. Tell him he'll have to compete against a kangaroo in a jumping contest, and he

won't register surprise. He'll just go out and win."

Another athlete in this class was Vladimir Kuts—two gold medals at the Melbourne Olympics in distance running. He never looked to see whom he was running against. He took the lead from the start and held onto it. He ran every race as if he were out to break the world record.

But these are individuals. Now the scientists want to turn at least every other athlete into a Brumel and a Kuts. That explains why they not only study techniques and tactics but focus on psychological priming as well. The title of one scientist's research project is: "Psychological Priming of Athletes for the Olympic Games."

The Most Popular Sports

What sports are most popular with athletes?

Track and field is called the Queen of Sports. Over six million athletes compete regularly. Of these, three million are girls.

The Soviet Union does not group athletics by sex. Track and field meets are not held separately. Every team must include boys



Rugby did not catch on until 1957, when an international match was played in Moscow. There are some 10,000 players, with interest increasing.

and girls. The public here has been brought up in that tradition. It surprised no one when Natalia Petukhova was named to lead a team of male athletes to the Maple Leaf Games. Petukhova is one of the leading coaches in the country and very prominent in junior athletics.

The constant drum-thumping by the AAU about counting points in a dual match separately was something the public here could never understand. When American sports commentators said the Soviets insisted on a combined count so they could get a victory on points, people here were perplexed. "Aren't the girls athletes, too?" they asked.

Glamour

One thing that makes officials unhappy is the falling attendance at track and field meets. They blame the drop in public interest on poor results and the absence of glamour. While a top athlete can expect to see himself on magazine covers and the sports pages of the national dailies, which

have circulations of over seven million, the low men on the totem pole will hardly rate a mention. That is perhaps because of the wide gap between the top bracket and the runners-up.

This gap helps to explain why meets are dull and why the fans stay away from the stadiums. It also explains why officials are glum about replacements for the current champions.

The officials have taken crash measures to stimulate track and field interest. The heavy schedules in the junior and senior brackets are rectifying the situation somewhat. Surprisingly high results were chalked up at the beginning of the season by junior athletes. This was interpreted by most observers to mean that the Soviet national team would have high-grade replacements in two or three years. Meanwhile the lineup of the Olympic team had everyone guessing up to the very last minute.

Top Spectator Sport

Soccer statistics show at least five million players taking part in tournament competition at all levels. This includes the 20 big league clubs competing for the national title and the 84 clubs competing for a place in the top league.

Soccer is the top spectator sport. It also draws the biggest gate and has the greatest financial support of all sports. An international meet will jam-pack a stadium. And winning streaks by the Kiev Dynamo prompted the City Soviet to double the capacity of their ball field. The skeptics doubted that a soccer game could draw 100,000 fans. Now they are wondering whether they weren't too hasty and made the stadium too small.

The Soviet fan is knowledgeable and partisan when it comes to soccer. Families are divided on this issue, and the rooting of the fair sex is just as ear-splitting as the men's.

Soccer clubs may not buy, sell or exchange players. They've got to train their own, and they do. But last year a situation arose which got the coaches to wondering whether this rule ought not to be changed: None of the three top teams was from Moscow. It was the first time in soccer history. Attendance at the ball parks fell drastically. Coaches were frankly worried. Some suggested reshuffling the lineups to add strength to the Moscow clubs.

The officials were adamant: Train your own players. They would allow no fishing for talent. In fact, two promising 18-year-olds were disqualified for leaving their clubs and moving.

This year soccer is enjoying a new boom. Gate receipts have gone up despite the fact that all games are televised.

Everybody's Doing It

Volleyball, basketball and gymnastics rank next in popularity, not only as spectator, but as participant, sports.

Volleyball is played everywhere and gets as much column space as football. There isn't a person in the country who hasn't

Tricky skiing. Masters of Sports Yevgeni Kozlov and Vladimir Subbotin started simultaneously from different jumping hills in the Carpathians. Generated on 2025-04-16 06:08 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/ucl.31210023618893

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Grenoble, 1968. Boris Mayorov, captain of the USSR Ice Hockey Team, eight-time world champion, holds up Winter Olympic trophies just won.

played the game at one time or another.

The same may be said of gymnastics.

Every backyard has a chinning bar, and gymnastics activities at the country's sports clubs are well attended. Coaches in the

other sports insist on athletes' going through a general gymnastics proficiency course as a buildup for their particular event.

Swimming is another up-and-coming sport with the accent at present on teaching everyone how to get along in the water. While the Soviet Union has some performers and performances to boast of, the caliber of its swimming on the whole does not yet measure up to the standards of the United States or Australia. The explanation is purely and simply not enough swimming

pools. The country is only beginning to meet the deficiency. As a result training is limited to the warm months of the year.

One of the highlights of the winter season last year was the visit of an American swimming team to Moscow. The Americans not only made a clean sweep of all events; their techniques were eye openers to the coaches. A special team of experts made a study of the what and how of the American performance. This clearly indicates that the officials are steering for a breakthrough in this sport.



How long it will take is anyone's guess. But the goal is obvious.

How Good Are We?

Ice hockey is in a class by itself. It is spectator sport No. 1 in winter although as a participant sport it does not rate as high as the other team events.

The game is only 20 years old, but the Soviet Union already holds the world and Olympic titles.

Photograph By Lev Borodulin

Just how good is the Soviet team? While it might be tops among amateur teams, what would happen if it played a professional club, skeptics ask.

First of all, hockey on the European continent is exclusively an amateur sport. As in soccer the amateur East European groups are as good as the best professional clubs. Secondly, the Soviet hockey federation has repeatedly requested the international authorities to sanction a string of meets with professional clubs just to see what's what. There was a move in Chicago to arrange a possible meeting on the pro versus amateur level, but it never materialized. The international federation has not sanctioned the affair.

The Soviet top coach takes this view: "If we played a series of games, we'd lose the first few, then break even and then go ahead to win." This forecast has evoked a hurricane of comment. Words will continue to be exchanged on both sides until permission comes for a probe of strength. Until then how good the world champions really are will have to remain a matter for speculation.

All-time Best

Some time ago the country's sports writers and commentators were asked to name the two best all-time Soviet athletes. Their choice was Larissa Latynina and Yuri Vlasov.

Larissa Latynina is a gymnast who won every prize possible in her sport. She won gold medals at the Melbourne and Rome Olympics. She won the world championship twice.

Typical of her generation, she did not let sports interfere with her studies at college or with her public activities as a deputy of the Kiev City Soviet. And the fact that she had a family did not deter her. Latynina has a daughter, Tanya, born at the height of her

Water polo. Popular in the big cities now and catching on very fast elsewhere as the "build swimming pools everywhere" drive gets going.



gymnastics career. Like many other athletes, she took time out to have a baby and then returned to active competition. That is the usual picture, and at big tournaments fans are not surprised to see kiddies sitting on benches up front rooting for their mommies.

Larissa Latynina now coaches the woman's gymnastics team of the Soviet Union.

Yuri Vlasov is a weight lifter whose other pastime is writing. By profession he is an engineer. In 1959 he won the world title and the gold medal at the Rome Olympics. In his day he set close to 30 world records, the last one a year ago. Now he lifts weights to keep fit and concentrates on writing.

It may seem strange that the sports writers' choice should have been these athletes and not soccer players or track and field stars.

Latynina and Vlasov represent the new type of athlete. Both are in sports that build muscle and the body beautiful. And their intellectual activities make obsolete that crack about dumb athletes.

A Policy of Friendship

Much attention is paid to international sports in the Soviet Union. International schedules are heavy, and hundreds of meets are arranged annually on this level.

Soviet athletes not only go out to win but to learn. And they prefer, consequently, to lose to a strong opponent rather than win from a weak one.

A special type of soccer. Hands only, no feet permitted. A very popular game for both men and women, with continental matches held regularly.



We think of our athletes as ambassadors of good will. And if we are accused of bringing politics into sports, it is because we bring a policy of friendship into sports. We believe that sports make friends. But we do not believe there is room in sports for any kind of discrimination, racist or any other kind. The Soviet Union stands firm on that. That explains why we fought to keep South Africa out of the Olympic Games.

The Soviet team is a blend of many nationalities. Have a look at our Olympic team. We practice what we preach.

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HE HIPPODROME in Alma-Ata is bedecked with fluttering flags and flowers. The grandstands are packed. A girl in old Kazakh costume rides in to cries of "Kyz, kyz (girl)!" from the grandstands. A young jigit (crack horseman)

comes on the scene. He stops his horse a few dozen yards behind the girl and waits for the starter's signal. Attention, start! The jigit sets off after the girl. He has to catch her and tear the arm band off her sleeve before she makes a round of the hippodrome. His reward is a kiss.

The young man almost catches up with the kyz, but almost is not good enough. And the spectators award the skillful (and inaccessible) Amazon with generous applause and the unfortunate jigit with a horselaugh.

This folk game kyz-kuu (Catch the Girl) has been played in Kazakhstan for centuries. Our modern day sports festivals, besides the usual events, invariably include such old national contests as kyz-kuu. They are as popular as the Olympic events.

Take Armenia, one of the most ancient cultures on earth. Old memorials and manuscripts have preserved for us the names of Armenian winners in the Greek Olympic Games and the ancient Roman Games, for instance, the runner Trdata and the pentathlon champion Varazdata.

Today Armenia can boast such Olympic and world champions as boxer Vladimir Engibaryan, gymnast Grant Shaginyan and pentathlon winner Igor Novikov.

The national wrestling event kokh is as favored in that republic as free-style or Greco-Roman wrestling. Contenders wear the chokha (short jackets with belts and sleeves), and all holds must be above the belt. This is the lorii kokh variant.

In some Armenian localities shirak kokh is more popular. The wrestlers wear only loose Eastern trousers and are bare to the waist. They are allowed to catch hold of the feet and trousers.

Kokh contests on a republic scale follow the lorii variant. The time limit for a bout is seven minutes. The wrestlers are divided into nine weight divisions. This championship is preceded by tournaments in cities, small towns and districts.

Uzbeks go in for almost all the Olympic sports events, from boxing to football and fencing, but they also like such ancient and unique national sports as darvaz.

In darvaz they walk a tightrope and jump with a beam from a height. This sport attracts mostly Uzbeks and some Tajiks. Other national sports have their close relatives in several of the republics. There is a great resemblance between the Uzbek type of wrestling kurash, the Kazakh kures, the Turkmenian gheresh and the Tajik gushtinghiri.

Long-distance and cross-country horse races are called in Kazakhstan alaman baiga and in Turkmenia at chapyshygy, but the rules are approximately the same: The horsemen speed across rough terrain into the distant steppe and then return. The first one back is the winner.

Enthusiasm for national sports not only preserves old folk traditions but helps develop Olympic winners.

Recall the champions and medal winners of the last three Olympics (Melbourne, Rome and Tokyo) in free-style wrestlingquite a number of Georgians,

Azerbaijanians and Daghestanians. Why? Because fast and lively national wrestling is traditional in these republics.

The Georgian type of wrestling, chidaoba, requires a virtuoso mastery of a varied attack and defense. No wonder that children and teenagers who go in for chidaoba develop into such world champion free-style wrestlers as Vakhtang Balavadze or Mikhail Saragadze.

FROM "CATCH THE GIRL" TO "SAMBO"

By Mikhail Zaslavsky

Photographs By Mstislav Batashov And Lev Borodulin



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Azerbaijanian wrestling is called gyulesh. It is usually held outdoors, in summer gardens or parks. The wrestlers are dressed in loose-fitting, belted Eastern trousers and soft footwear.

They greet each other in the

They greet each other in the middle of the mat, then go to their corners where they limber up by bending and stretching hands and body. Then they come together, join hands and, without letting go, push each other three

times with their shoulders. The bout begins then — with foot holds, tripping and throws—until one of them is pinned to the mat. The 15-minute bout is accompanied by a folk instrument band.

Four years ago Japanese judo became an Olympic event. Soviet wrestlers who prior to the Tokyo Olympics did no judo at all have already captured European titles four times and yield only to the Japanese wrestlers in technique. Sambo (Russian abbreviation

Sambo (Russian abbreviation for self-defense without weapons) made that possible. By the way, a unanimous decision was adopted at the congress called by the International Amateur Wrestlers Federation in July 1966 to recognize sambo as one of the international sports events on a level with Greco-Roman, free-style wrestling and judo.

But whence did sambo come?

Our trainers and experts created this wrestling event by combining the more valuable tricks and elements of the Georgian, Tajik, Kazakh, Turkmenian, Uzbek and some other styles of wrestling. Thus the physical culture of our forebears has enriched modern sports.

Of the 15 republics of the Soviet Union the Russian Federation is the biggest in territory and



Fencing, Caucasus style. It takes skill and muscle to ward off the small but heavy swords.

A traditional sport in the Caucasus is archery on horseback. The target is mounted high on a pole.

To start these sword bouts a fair damsel waving a silk kerchief dances between the contestants.









This is the way you caught a wife once; now it's a game.
This dzigit is a winner, and he's claiming the prize—a kiss.

Hunting with a golden eagle, a sport and even a necessity in country where shepherds have to keep an eye out for wolves.

Wrestling, Kirghiz style. Only sash holds are allowed. Olympic contestants use many of the Kirghiz-style holds.





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population. All modern winter and summer sports are popular there. So are the national sports. One of them is *gorodki*, a kind of skittles, which, by the way, was played by the writer Maxim Gorky, the physiologist Ivan Pavlov and the founding father of cosmonautics Edward Tsiolkovsky.

Gorodki is played with wooden cylindrical pins eight inches long and about two inches in diameter. Different figures with names like "star," "well," "gun," "crawfish," "airplane," "fork" and "letter" are made up by five pins on a marked rectangle—the gorod (city).

Armed with long wooden sticks, called bity, the players, standing a specified distance from the rectangle, have to knock the figures out of the gorod. The man or team that knocks out all the figures with the least number of throws is the winner. Records are registered and championships held in this sport. Many factory, trade union and rural sports clubs have well equipped courts and stadiums for gorodki. The game has caught hold in neighboring countries—Poland and Czechoslovakia.

Certain of our national sports have relatives not only in Europe but on other continents. Russian lapta is one such.

About that game the famous writer Alexander Kuprin said: "Lapta takes resourcefulness, staying power, team loyalty, unflagging attention and a sharp eye, dodging ability, running, hard hitting and everlasting confidence that you won't be beaten. This is no sport for cowards and loafers. I heartily recommend this native Russian game not only for exercise but also as a harmless pastime which develops comradeship—the spirit of helping your fellow man."

Lapta is played in many of the cities and villages of the Russian Federation. Devotees use special courts as well as ordinary soccer field. Two teams of seven to nine men compete. With sticks ranging in length from 30 to 50 inches, they smack a leather ball 2-3 inches in diameter and weighing 50-70 grams into the field.

While one team is at bat, the other is out in the field. After a good hit, the player runs to the end of the field where his home base is located and runs back. A run gives his team a point.

The idea is to stop him from scoring. If he is tagged with the ball, his side is out and the other side goes to bat. The team that piles up the most points in the 60 minutes of play, divided into two periods, is the winner. Since 1958 lapta championships have been held in the Russian Federation.

To an American this brief description of *lapta* will sound like baseball, to an Englishman it will sound like cricket. An analogous game in Rumania is called *cina* and in Finland *pesa pallo*.

A sports newspaper called *Lelo* is published in Georgia. *Lelo* is an old ball game. Once a *lelo* team was composed of any number of players. The point of the game is to get the ball to some set border any way you can—by using your feet or your hands, by creeping, running, riding a horse, even swimming.

These days *lelo* is played in Georgia on an ordinary soccer field. The leather ball is stuffed with horsehair. It can be carried in any direction. The ball can be caught and thrown by hand or kicked. But you are penalized if you push, strike or tackle an opponent

French rugby trainers who visited Georgia last year thought that rugby and *lelo* had a lot in common, although there is no question of borrowing here. Americans would also find a resemblance between *lelo* and their own football.

The name of the Georgian game tskhenburti is derived from two words: tskheni (horse) and burti (ball). A team consists of six horsemen equipped with wooden rackets. Each of the riders (except the goalie) tries to shoot a small ball, either filled with air or made of solid rubber, into the enemy goal.

Tajiks play guibozi or chavgonbozi. Gui is the Tajik for ball and chavgon—a bent stick, something like a hockey stick. There are two variations of this game. The one on horseback resembles the Georgian tskhenburti and the one on foot—ordinary field hockey.

Once these national games were part of a young man's military training; now they are purely sports. In Georgia, for instance, you see games like isindi—an equestrian sport that involves hurling a short javelin—a dart; kabakhi—an equestrian game that includes archery; jarti—acrobatic stunts while galloping at full speed and taria—a struggle by horsemen to grab some object.

Naturally not all of these sports now attract young people. Some games are liked and always find new adherents; others are gradually passing into limbo.

In Lithuania an annual zirgu lenktines contest is held. This type of horse racing is especially popular in winter and has been held since olden days on the icebound lakes of Sartu and Platelu. The horses race around a circle for a distance of one mile, with no more than three taking part in a single heat.

Lithuanians are also fond of kirvis (ax). Once a girl, standing in the midst of young men, would throw a sharp ax into the air for them to catch barehanded. Now the game is not so bloodthirsty; instead of an ax the girl throws up a shawl or a towel.

Among the numerous equestrian contests in Kazakhstan zhorga zharys—race of pacers—is especially favored. Zhorga in the Kazakh means pacer, a horse who runs by throwing his two right legs forward and then his two left legs. During a race a good pacer will never revert to the usual gait; if he does, his rider is fined and after three violations is disqualified.

An interesting game in Kirghizia is called Zhamby atmai (target shooting). A small bag (zhamby) holding the prize is tied with a leather strap to a pole at a height of 11 to 13 feet. The players try to hit the strap while galloping at full speed and catch the bag with the prize intact.

Oodarysh is a wrestling bout by mounted men. Each tries to drag his opponent off the horse and throw him on the ground. He can even be downed with his horse, if his opponent is skillful and strong.

Another Kirghizian game demands incredible dexterity and skill: Galloping at full speed, the rider has to bend down and scoop up a coin lying in a hole half an inch deep and hand it to the judge.

Every republic has its federations for such Olympic events as track and field, swimming, soccer; it also has federations for national sports events, the ones played most often, of course.

Will the national games and contests give way to the more modern sports?

I think not. These national games seem to be indestructible. Like so many of our national traditions, they seem to be standing the test of time.



"Sambo" is a Russian acronym for "self-defense without weapons." This type of wrestling ranks high with collegians. It has won a place for itself among the popular national sports, and championship meets are scheduled at regular intervals. Besides the familiar Greco-Roman style, dozens of other kinds of wrestling is done in the Soviet Union. Some of the traditional styles used in the Central Asian and neighboring republics. have interesting variations. Sambo is a synthesis of styles, combining the best elements of many, including judo, which its hold and techniques resemble, and has been charming away many once orthodox wrestlers and fans.

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WHO'S WHO IN SOVIET SW

N THE AUTUMN of 1964 Galina Prozumenshchikova, a 15-year-old girl from Sevastopol on the Black Sea, brought the Soviet Union its very first Olympic gold medal for swimming. She pulled ahead of all the 200-meter breaststroke favorites at Tokyo to capture the Olympic title. Her teammate Svetlana Babanina brought home a bronze medal.

A sensation! The experts had no answers. On the eve of the Olympics our swimmers did not even figure among the possible winners. All the Soviet team had been able to do in earlier Olympics was to register a single team point in the swimming lanes-and that was way back in the 1952 Helsinki games by Maria Gavrish.

The trainers of the Soviet national squad thought differently. Why a sensation? Nothing of the kind. And with the pedantry of mathematicians they cited figures-the results obtained by Prozumenshchikova (and not only by her, of course) on the eve of the Olympics, the total training loads and other such statistical explanations.

"Breaststroke Queen" is what the foreign newsmen called the Soviet schoolgirl. But the sober-minded trainers did not go along with that either. They forecast serious competition for the Olympic champion, not only in the international water lanes but also at home, where, they thought, a real struggle for the swimming throne would soon be starting.

They were not mistaken. Prozumenshchikova did not have an easy time after her Olympic triumph. Despite the fact that she upped her results in the spring to break several world records, in every race she felt the hot breath of her rivals.

We were going through a swimming rennaissance in the first half of the sixties. Not everyone knows, and especially not people abroad, that the prewar results of our swimmers were up to world standards. Not everyone remembers such aquatic stars as Leonid Meshkov and Victor Ushakov. They, too, smashed records. But because the Soviet Union was not represented at the International Swimming Federation, these champions and their results remain unrecognized. The drop in the forties and fifties was due to the difficulties of reconstruction. Laid waste by the war, the country could not spare the money to build indoor swimming pools. And in modern swimming, facilities play a large role. In a country where the winter in some regions is almost half a year long, you cannot figure on stable sports achievements and a rapid development of world-class results without indoor facilities.

That is why Prozumenshchikova's 1964 victory in Tokyo was hardly a revelation. It was the logical result of the entire evolution of swimming in our country in the sixties. Nevertheless, Prozumenshchikova did symbolize new times for Soviet swimming, for her victory not only gave our sportsmen more confidence in their own strength but also brought out new talent.

Life moves fast these days. Prozumenshchikova, the youngest champion of the Tokyo Olympics, is already a veteran of the Soviet women's team though she is not yet 20. All her rivals are younger. The biggest threat is



Galina Prozumenshchikova, the country's leading breaststroke swimmer. She is a student of journalism at Moscow University.

Catie Ball, a young American who grabbed Prozumenshchikova's world records. Catie is now as old as Galina was in Tokyo. Irina Pozdnyakova, also 15, is another threat; she has already held and lost a world record. Everything is still ahead of her.

At the end of last year, when the sports writers ranked the stars, the brightest was Debbie Meyer of the USA. One of the American sports commentators, incidentally, gave three of his compatriots the same rating, explaining that he didn't want the girls to feel left out. But the fact remains that swimmers earned the leading spots last season. Nor is it an accident that the leading places in the domestic sports rosters also went to swimmers. In addition to Prozumenshchikova, the 1967 list of the Soviet

SIMMING

Union's top 10 sportsmen has the 19-year-old European record holder Semyon Bellts-Geiman, and in the 10 "hopes"—Irina Pozdnyakova, Tamara Sosnova and Larissa Zakharova.

Emulating the American sports writer who didn't want to hurt the girls' feelings, we would say it is too early to talk about the absolute superiority of any one of them. But what we can say is that the competition in our Olympic team is very sharp. And the conclusive "table of ranks" will be confirmed in the water lanes in Mexico, where the awards will be disposed of by the girls themselves—Catie Ball, Galina Prozumenshchikova, Ada Kok of the Netherlands, Debbie Meyer and Irina Pozdnyakova. And if the Soviet sportswomen win the medals this time, nobody is going to call it a sensation.

Olympic hope Semyon Belits-Geiman. The USSR still has to match the over-all swimming of the U.S., Japan and Australia.



Yes, indeed, times do change. Not too long ago Don Schollander's four-event success seemed fantastic, almost unreal, to Soviet swimmers. Today, four years later, the names of Georgi Prokopenko, Semyon Belits-Geiman, Victor Mazanov and Leonid Ilyichov appear with increasing frequency on the lists of European and world record holders.

Sports signifies youth. That is its privilege and also its limitation. A sports career flies by fast. This is especially true in swimming. As a rule, it is the sport of teenagers 14 to 20, the prime being 16 to 18. But there are exceptions. For instance, 31-year-old Georgi Prokopenko is swimming faster with every passing year. Vladimir Sychov, the mentor of the Soviet swimmers, said this about him recently:

"Prokopenko has been swimming as well as he does now for a long time. He is in better form than he was before Tokyo. By spring he was already showing excellent results. But we are not afraid that Prokopenko got into shape prematurely. This swimmer has true athletic wisdom and will reach his top form by the time the season's main contest comes along."

Prokopenko's own answer to the awkward question, "Don't you feel your years?" is: "No, as long as I compete, I'm always 18."

But the exception, as they say, merely confirms the rule. The Soviet trainers have their eyes on many such talented and very young sportsmen as 16-year-old Oleg Ishchenko (backstroke) and his coeval Grigori Davydov (medley). Moreover, the national team has set up an experimental group for young swimmers. The novices try out all kinds of new approaches and train with big loads and much enthusiasm. The trainers judge that their best clockings will be shown in the next three or four years.

Yes, indeed, the history of sports, especially swimming, is being written fast these days. The next chapter is Mexico. For our swimmers, the overseas Olympics will be the first they are counting on for medals. And whom do the trainers count on?

Georgi Prokopenko leads the Soviet breaststrokers and showed the world's fastest time this season. He should bring home one of the medals. Also promising is 18-year-old Igor Marchukov of Smolensk. The 22-year-old national record holder Vladimir Kosinsky has more than once disappointed the trainers by his frequent injuries. Nevertheless, his experience and will to victory make him a hopeful.

Freestyle swimmers Leonid Ilyichov and Georgi Kulikov are possible medal winners in the 100 and 200 meters.*

Moscow student Semyon Belits-Geiman, who habitually does well in the 400 and 1,500 meters freestyle, looks good for those events.

As for the women, Prozumenshchikova's chief rival will probably be Alla Grebennikova. And Irina Pozdnyakova, of course. America's Claudia Kolb in the medley will be swimming against Larissa Zakharova. But, to forecast sports winners and to add up medals is to count the proverbial unhatched chicks. Let's be wise and leave it to the future.

By Mikhail Ardov Master of Sports



^{*} One meter equals 1.093 yards (3.28 feet).



Six-Footer Club **Members Introduced**

WHEN THE U.S. BASKETBALL TEAM was winding up its Soviet tour in 1961, I asked coach John McLendon which Soviet players he would like to see on professional American

"Alachachyan, Korneyev and Volnov," he replied.

For the reader's information, Armenak Alachachyan was then playing guard, and Yuri Korneyev and Gennadi Volnov were

John MacClendon and his boys were back in the USSR three years later. I put the same question to him and he answered: 'Alachachyan, Korneyev, Volnov, Travin and Bagley."

Alexander Travin was a guard and Ivan Bagley a forward. Had I been in Uruguay last summer, I would have asked McLendon the same question. He would certainly have added Anatoli Polivoda, who helped his team take the world title and himself earned a spot on the symbolic all-world amateur team and a prize as the best center at the Uruguay world championships.

One evening back in September 1963, Anatoli watched a European basketball championship game in Wroclaw on television and saw the way Gennadi Volnov's shots found the rival basket. It was Volnov who, MacClendon had said, would fit easily into the Boston Celtics pattern. This same Volnov, together with Polivoda, contributed largely to the Soviet victory in Uruguay three and a half years later. He earned himself a berth on the symbolic world quintet and was rated the No. 1 forward, not only of that championship match but of all-time amateur basketball. By the way, Gennadi did not start playing the hoop game until he was 17.

That Volnov and Polivoda became court stars of the first magnitude is gratifying since basketball does not favor latecomers.

Soviet and American hoopsters first clashed at the Helsinki Olympics. By then we were leading the Old World. It was not losing the game that stunned our men (that possibility was not excluded in this initial appearance against the top players of the globe) but the hopelessness of our prospects.

It is only natural for a loser to thirst for revenge, but common sense told us that we would not be able to pull abreast of the Americans. Our coaches knew what to do if it were simply a matter of the U.S. team's superiority in technique and stamina. But what could our Otari Korkiya, standing 6 feet 3 inches in his stocking feet, do against Lavollette, who was 81/2 inches taller? What could our coaches do when American players, on the average, were taller than our tallest courtman? We did not know how many more Lavollettes they had in the States, but we did know that we had only one Korkiya on our team.

The time finally came when basketball giants appeared in the Soviet Union, too, and sometimes giants who could run and even

jump a bit, not simply just pretend that they were going to jump. But we lost heart again as soon as our "double-deckers" met their American counterparts. Comparing our centers with Wilt Chamberlain, Bill Russell, or Gerry Lucas (the first of this trio



KETBALL?

By Anatoli Pinchuk

Sovetski Sport Commentator

came to our country with the Harlem Globetrotters, the second played against our team in Melbourne, and the third in Rome and in our country), we learned, with disappointment, that we had made less progress than we expected.

All our centers could do was to collect rebounds at their own basket, put the sphere into the rival basket if it chanced to be near and nobody bothered them, and prevent an opponent from doing the same. But after seeing Chamberlain, Russell and Lucas, we realized that the sole merit of our centers was their height. The American trio ran, jumped and passed the same way as their "minimates." As for their dribbling, it was perfection itself.

We, of course, were aware that Russell, Chamberlain and Lucas got their first lessons in basketball at the age of seven or eight, while our giants started learning the ABCs of the game in their late teens.

But despondency gradually gave way to optimism and hope. We came to believe that our boys would some day catch up with the Americans and that this would happen when they solved the giant problem or, better put, the giant center problem. The arrival of Anatoli Polivoda spelled the advent of a new era, our era of tall basketballers.

Polivoda is built like a courtman—height, 6 feet 7½ inches, weight, 231 pounds—but he is also endowed with speed and jumping ability. Our coaches are crazy about tall players—the taller, the better. But since Polivoda is not so tall by present standards, the first effort was to turn him into a forward. He tried to do what was expected of him, but the coaches soon saw that he was not cut out for that job. A center, they realized, was a very special kind of player.

Is it right to talk about a new era in Soviet basketball on the basis of one, even a brilliant, player? Of course not. But I could say much the same thing about Leonid Ivanov of Leningrad, about the three Muscovites Mikhail Medvedev, Rudolph Nesterov and Alexander Kovalyov, about Vladimir Ilyichov of Riga, and about a very young Leningrader, Alexander Belov. They are all members of the six-footer club, and the only thing that distinguishes them from the top-flight Soviet players of smaller stature is their height.

I would not say that Polivoda is in a class by himself. The other club members are just as good as he is on the court, which explains our current optimism.

A dozen or so years ago we were elated when our national team won a game against a second-rate U.S. amateur contingent, whereas last year anything less than a victory in the world championship was unacceptable.

We know that the Americans get their best amateur squad together every four years. We'll be very proud if our men come home with Olympic gold medals, but if they do, it will be neither unexpected nor accidental. It's a tough but no longer impossible assignment.



International basketball: USA vs. USSR. Soviet fans have been asking: When are we going to steal the Olympic honors away from the United States?



SPORTS NEWSPAPER WORK

BY ALEXANDER MARYAMOV





HE STENOGRAPHERS are the first to go into action in the early hours of a typical morning at Sovetski Sport. They take down in their tricky hieroglyphics the exciting and fast changing chronicle of today's sports for tomorrow's issue.

The four-decade-old paper leads the country's sports news. (There are 14 other sports newspapers and about the same number of sports magazines). On the staff are authorities on all the major sports played in the Soviet Union. This specialist approach does not cramp either the paper's content or style. On the contrary, the breadth of view of Sovetski Sport's writers is the envy of other newsmen.

.. The phone rings in the paper's stenography office. The correspondent covering the weight-lifting meet in Dubna, a small town near Moscow, has something to add to the new world record he reported yesterday. The correspondent's name is Dmitri Ivanov. His informed comments fill out the details of the record snatch. Ivanov was an outstanding strong man, a world title and record holder. He took a journalism course at Moscow University and has been writing for the sports press and periodicals since. The stories and analyses of this Sovetski Sport commentator are published in Pravda, Izvestia and other big newspapers. Ivanov is the author of several books on weight lifting.

A popular sports writer and before that a no less popular goalie of the Spartak soccer team, Alexei Leontyev is on the soccer desk. His colleague in the department, Dmitri Ryzhkov, was a physicist on the staff of the Nuclear Physics Institute and played for 10 years on the national handball team. Edward Borisov, USSR boxing champion and a Melbourne Olympics contender, covers boxing. He is

simultaneously writing a novel.

Boris Chernyshov, a noted swimmer and water polo player, handles the aquatic sports. Like Borisov, he is a journalism graduate from Moscow University. On the other hand, soccer and hockey editor Yevgeni Rubin was never a big time sportsman. A lawyer by training, eight years ago he became interested in sports writing and gave up a good practice. Rubin is one of Europe's top experts on ice hockey. He covered six world championships and the Olympic Games in Rome, Innsbruck and Grenoble. Another ex-lawyer, Anatoli Pinchuk, a real basketball connois-seur, covers that sport for newspapers and television. American national team trainer John McLendon, who visited our country twice, was amazed by Pinchuk's sports eru-dition. According to McLendon, Pinchuk knew everything there was to be known about Old and New World basketball.

The editors of Sovetski Sport appreciate good writing, a fact acknowledged by many well-known writers, most of whom are inter-ested in sports. They contribute essays, travelogues, fiction and even verse. And not necessarily on sports themes. The newspa-





The editorial board of Sovetski Sport hard at work.

per's literary section is the province of assistant editor-in-chief Nikolai Tarasov, author of several books of poetry. It was he who was approached about 20 years ago by a skinny, big-eared youngster in a blue soccer jersey, who had some poems he wanted printed. The poems were awkward and imitative. But there was something about them that Tarasov liked. After some major surgery, he published one. Several times since, Sovetski Sport has carried verse by a poet who is almost as well-known to the American as to the Soviet reader—Yevgeni Yevtushenko.

The noted prose writer Yuri Kazakov also started on his literary career in Sovetski Sport.

At noon the paper's dummy of the next issue is ready for the editorial board. The eight pages are all marked up with blue pencil. An argument for place on the page ensues. Theory and sensations, foreign wire dispatches and a report on the cornerstone-laying of a big new stadium, a review of the past hockey season and a two-page spread on the current round of the soccer championship, brief news and a piece of research done by the science and methods desk all have to be balanced and decisions made about which pictures go where.

The front page must mirror the day's sports—illustrated announcements, banner heads, the geography of the sporting world. The first page must be a foreshortened instant portrait of the season. The reader must be

put in immediate touch with everything that is happening. He must run, jump, swim, box, turn with the discus and ponder the situation on the chessboard. The world breast stroke record for the 100 meters, the reason for the wrestlers' poor showing, the sensational admission of soccer trainers—all first page stories, the details inside.

The second and third pages are the most serious. The superficial reader skips them and that's too bad. They talk about sports fundamentals and problems, about children's sport, organizational tasks and the like. The authors are engineers, teachers, doctors, a very broad spectrum.

Today the fourth page is devoted to track and field and shooting. The sharpshooters have been hitting bull's eyes, and the correspondent (Sovetski Sport has correspondents in almost all big cities), sending this report from Kiev, is in a congratulatory mood; for the time being the critical arrows remain in his guiver.

One article sees some disturbing signs in the track and field picture. Long-jump record holder Igor Ter-Ovanesyan has some harsh things to say to his colleagues.

The fifth page of tomorrow's issue will probably be read most closely: Its subject is soccer. Today's issue has already acquainted the fans with the traditional start of the national championship. The commentator gave his forecast of possible winners, told about the changes in lineups and made

an excursion into history; in short, gave the reader a lot of food for argument and thought. An on-the-spot report is ready for this issue. With the soccer results in, the page is considered finished. In reserve is a spot for TASS announcements that come in on the teletype and brook no delay.

The sixth and seventh pages are for international news. Sport is a global affair, and fans want to know about developments abroad. A special correspondent reports from Lyons on the table tennis contest. Volleyball trainers just back from Japan give their impressions of the tournament there. The globe rotates—and the paper reports the seconds and meters achieved in Sweden, Switzerland, the USA and the FRG. Sovetski Sport comments on the article by Neil Allen, sports writer of the London Times, and interviews André Hambessa, a leading figure in African sports.

The eighth page is the negative counterpart of the front page. Announcements and more announcements, radio and TV programs, reviews of the sports press and everything else that was squeezed off the other pages.

. . . Midnight. The editor on duty reads through the issue in the printshop. Now he is the best informed man on the sports day just ending. Tomorrow's readers are several nocturnal hours away. But the phones in the stenographers' bureau keep ringing round the clock.

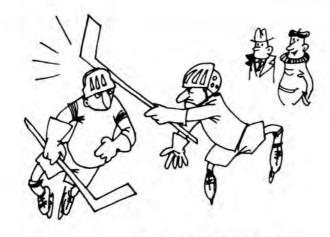


HUMOR

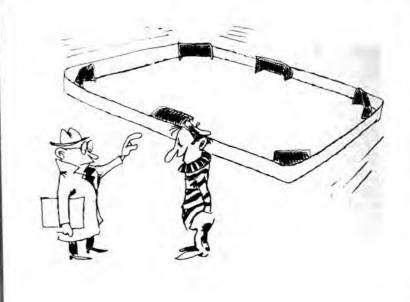
Drawings By Yevgeni Shabelmik



"This is civil execution: he scored in his own gate."

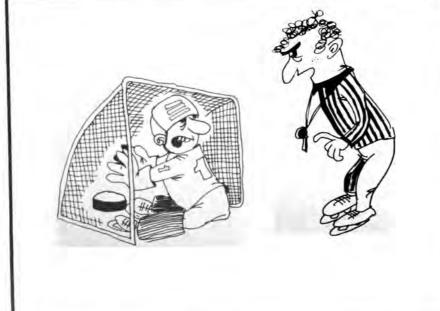


"They are only checking their helmets."





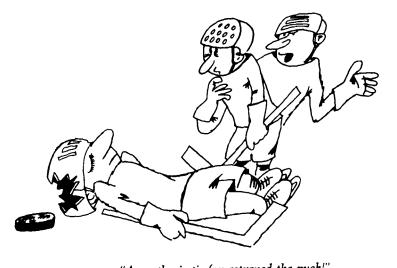
"He is a good shot, but he cannot skate too well."





"He is good from the right or left."





"An enthusiastic fan returned the puck!"



"Hey! That's not the puck!"





"This is our best shot!"

SOVIET ATHLETES IN OLYMPICS

USSIAN SPORTSMEN first appeared in the IV Olympic games in London in 1908. Although only a five-man delegation, it, nevertheless, gained one gold and two silver medals. Nikolai Panin-Kolomenkin was victorious in figure skating, while Nikolai Orlov and Oleg Petrov captured runners-up laurels in Greco-Roman wrestling.

At the next Olympics in Stockholm the Russian delegation of 170 athletes competed in the whole program. But they were not fully trained and failed to earn a single gold medal; they tied, with Austria, for fifteenth place in the unofficial team score.

The USSR Olympic Committee came into existence in April 1951. It was recognized by the International Olympic Committee, and our athletes became eligible for the games.

Before that very little was known abroad about the sports movement in the USSR. Fans in other countries only heard that Russia had some good soccer players, as testified by the successful tour of Moscow Dynamo in England, Scotland and Wales right after the end of the last world war. The Dynamo team won two games, drew in the other two and chalked up a goal total of 19-9.

Soviet volleyball players, both men and women, became world champions, but not many people were interested in this game at that time. As for the victories of our basketball players over European teams, many sports writers in the West explained that this was due to the fact that Europe was only beginning to rise from the ashes of war, and, therefore, its basketball standards were nothing to talk about.

In any event, as the whole of the Western press admitted, the Soviet team, which arrived in Helsinki in 1952 for the XV Summer Olympics, was a complete mystery. No sensational wins or outstanding records were expected from it: It simply was supposed to show the advances in all sports made by the Russians and not only in ball games.

What the Soviet team actually did in the Finnish capital stunned the experts, as well as the fans. It was not only that our sportsmen won 22 gold, 30 silver and 15 bronze medals, collecting 494 points, tying with the United States for first place in the unofficial team score and setting nine Olympic records. The experts were also astonished by the success of our athletes in the traditionally "American" or "West European" kinds of sport. The greatest upset was the triumph of the Soviet gymnasts, both in the individual and team sections. Maria Gorokhovskaya and Victor Chukarin became the over-all gymnastic champions in Helsinki.

Equally sensational were the victories of Yuri Tyukalov in the single sculls and weight lifter Ivan Udodov, who surpassed the famous Persian strong man Mahmoud Namdju (the competition was staged in the Messuhalli Hall). Our basketball team also did well by meriting silver medals, losing only to the United States in the finals.

Our country made its debut in the VII Win-

ter Olympics in Cortina D'Ampezzo in January 1956. Our hockey team came out on top in that Olympic tournament, while our speed skaters gained three of the four firsts in their field. The Soviet skiers also turned in commendable performances. All in all our team returned from Italy with seven gold, three silver and six bronze medals and a winning points aggregate of 103.

No one was surprised when the USSR emerged triumphant in the 1956 Melbourne games. Our delegation, which sailed to "down under," totaled 283 men and women who pocketed 37 gold, 29 silver and 32 bronze medals and racked up a sum of 624.5 points on the unofficial score card. The Melbourne Olympic star was our long-distance runner, Vladimir Kuts, who scored a double victory by breasting the tape first in the 5,000 and then the 10,000 meters.

The age composition of our Olympic team had changed considerably when compared with the previous Olympics. In Helsinki half of the USSR delegation consisted of athletes over 30 years of age, and not a single member was younger than 20. There were already 39 members in the Melbourne-bound squad younger than 20.

The Soviet athletes began feeling confident in ever more fields of sport: Our boxers earned three gold medals, a silver one and two bronze; our free-style matmen one gold, one silver and four bronze; Greco-Roman wrestlers five gold, one silver; weight lifters three gold and four silver; gymnasts 11 gold, six silver and six bronze; rowing two gold, one silver and one bronze; Kayak and canoe racing two gold, three silver and two bronze and for the modern pentathlon one gold.

and for the modern pentathlon one gold.
However the Melbourne games also revealed our weaknesses in certain sports when compared with foreign athletes. Our track and field performers could only win five gold, seven silver and 10 bronze medals, while our swimmers and fencers gained a pair of bronze medals each. Our cyclists, divers and yachtsmen came home without

any Olympic medals.

The Rome Olympics in 1960 saw the Soviet team reap a harvest of 43 gold, 29 silver, and 31 bronze medals and showed 883 points on the unofficial scoreboard. Our challengers appeared in 19 of the 21 events, winning medals in all except swimming.

Boris Shakhlin earned four gold medals in gymnastics, and five were pocketed by our weight lifters (Olympic champion Yuri Vlasov set a fantastic world record with a total of 537.5 kilograms to eclipse Paul Anderson's aggregate (believed to be unbeatable in its time) by a full 25 kilos.

Pyotr Bolotnikov triumphed in the 10,000 meters, while Robert Shavlakadze took a gold medal with a 2.16 meter clearance in the high jump (Valeri Brumel came in second to earn a silver medal); Vasili Rudenkov and Victor Tsybulenko emerged on top in the hammer and javelin events, respectively.

The finals of the fencing tournament in the eternal city saw young Victor Zhdanovich

achieve a brilliant victory, 5-3, over the sixtime world champion and Olympic champion Christian D'Oriole of France.

Yet the biggest sensation in Rome was the triumph of cyclist Victor Kapitonov in the 175 kilometer road event, in which he beat the top favorite. Livin Trape of Italy.

top favorite, Livio Trape of Italy.
In the following Olympics in Tokyo in 1964, the Soviet team won 30 gold, 31 silver and 35 bronze medals and ran up a total of 608.3 points. We took the team honors and received more medals (96) than the United States, but the U.S. team gained half a dozen more gold medals than we did.

All seven of our weight lifters became recipients of medals in the Land of the Rising Sun (four of them got gold ones and the rest silver). Nine of our 10 boxers received medals (three gold, four silver and two bronze), and Valeri Popenchenko was voted the best boxer of the Olympic tournament.

Our modern pentathlon men took the team honors. As for wrestling we merited a pair of gold medals in the free-style bouts, and one in the Greco-Roman division. Our men's volleyball team was victorious, and so were Vyacheslav Ivanov in the single sculls, and Oleg Tyurin and Boris Dubrovsky in the double sculls. The Soviet fencers were the best in team foil and saber bouts, while Grigori Kriss gained a gold medal in the individual épée contest. Galina Prozumenshchikova, a 15-year-old Sevastopol schoolgirl, was the first Soviet mermaid to capture a gold medal in the Olympic 200-meter breast stroke.

Again our track, shooting and cycling teams did not do too well. Whereas 11 gold medals had been won in Rome, only five were gained in Tokyo. Our marksmen took only a solitary silver medal and showed a score of only eight points. In the Italian capital they had won two gold medals and 37 points. Also not up to their usual mark were our gymnasts, Greco-Roman wrestlers, rowers, yachtsmen and horsemen.

The main reason for this setback, explained by some of our experts, is that we put our principal stakes on the Rome Olympic stars. Many challengers showed stable and excellent results in the years preceding the Tokyo games but cracked under the strain in the real competition. Whereas we had 149 athletes under the age of 25 in Melbourne and 174 in Rome only 142 in Tokyo. As to those over 25, there were 150 in Melbourne, 129 in Rome and 190 in Tokyo.

bourne, 129 in Rome and 190 in Tokyo.

The trainers are also to blame—they failed to put their charges into proper form for the Tokyo games. Quite a few of our challengers turned stale by the time the Tokyo events came up.

It is hard to say who will win in the Mexico City Olympics, but one thing is clear: Rivalry will be exceptionally keen. Yet no matter who wins in the team and individual sections, the main victor in the approaching XIX Olympics will be friendship among the athletes of all five continents.



QUERIES FROM READERS

QUESTION: Are bears still hunted with only a knife and possibly a spear? I understand that only a "village hunter" is allowed to have a gun in his possession and he does the hunting for the whole village. I would appreciate any information you can give me about this. (J. M., Klamath Falls, Oregon)

ANSWER: Hunting bear is strictly limited and requires a special license. In areas which have been declared wildlife sanctuaries, it is completely prohibited. Bear hunting with knife and spear has passed into the domain of camp-

fire yarns.

Your information about one hunter to a village is incorrect. Hunting is a sport anyone can go in for. We do make a distinction between commercial hunting and the sport. In cities amateur hunters join clubs, and in the countryside hunting groups. Professional hunters either belong to a cooperative or work for a state agency. Every hunter must have a membership card issued by a hunting society, and the card must be renewed annually. Shotguns can be purchased only on presentation of this card.

Hunting is important commercially. Hunters bring in 120 million pelts, 30 million fowl and some 2,000 tons of meat annually.

QUESTION: Have any animal or human heart transplants been carried out in the Soviet Union? (Erich Aggen, Liberty, Missouri)

ANSWER: Our scientists have been experimenting with transplants of animal organs, including the heart, for some years. The most interesting experiments have been done by Dr. Vladimir Demikhov. He transplanted the heart, lungs and kidneys of dogs and grafted severed appendages, even a second head.

Thus far our surgeons have not done any human heart transplants.

QUESTION: I would like some information on Christianity and Christian churches, Baptists especially. (Mrs. Orba Lee Malone, El Paso, Texas)

ANSWER: We have more than 7,500 functioning Russian Orthodox churches, 1,000 Lutheran churches, 1,000 Polish Roman Catholic churches and several hundred Armenian Gregorian churches.

The Baptists are the largest Protestant denomination. The sect appeared in Russia in the sixties of the past century and spread most widely in the Ukraine, Southern Russia and the Baltic area. Prior to the 1917 Revolution there were about 200,000 Baptists and their kindred Evangelical Christians in Russia. In 1944 the Baptists and Evangelical Christians merged into the Church of the Evangelical Christian Baptist. A year later Christians of the Evangelical Faith (pyatidesyatniki) joined them, as did part of the Mennonites (the socalled Fraternal Mennonites) in 1963. The governing body is the All-Union Council of Evangelical Christian Baptists. The Council publishes a bimonthly bulletin the Bratsky Vestnik. The Evangelical Christian Baptists

have about 4,000 communities and their own meeting houses.

QUESTION: Could you send me some information about the Far East University? (Dale R. Gowen, Stanford, California)

ANSWER: The Far East University is located in the city of Vladivostok. Founded in 1937, it now has a student body of 6,000 enrolled in six faculties: philology, history and law, physics and mathematics, geophysics, chemistry, biology and soil. The philology faculty has an Eastern Department where the Chinese and Japanese languages are studied. A number of the specialties are also taught evenings and by correspondence.

QUESTION: I would like to know about health food stores. (Joseph Richman, Chicago, Illinois)

ANSWER: We have stores which sell food subject to special regulations. Certain types of perishable food must be sold from 4 to 24 hours after the store receives them. For instance, such foods as chopped meat and fish, hamburgers, breaded meat and vegetable items must be sold within four hours of delivery to the store, pâté within six hours, and herring butter the same day. Some dairy products, like milk and buttermilk, may be kept in the store's refrigerators 20 hours, i.e., to be sold the next morning. But then they must be checked to see whether they still meet accepted standards. Dairy products not sold within 20 hours are returned to the dairy.

We also have dietetic stores which carry baked goods made without sugar, bread made without salt, and items for people suffering from stomach and kidney ailments. A physician specializing in nutrition is on duty at each of these stores. He sees to it that no food is sold after its time limit and advises customers. There are 28 such stores in Moscow alone.

QUESTION: Would you be good enough to furnish me with information concerning "gun laws" in the Soviet Union? (H. L. Mann, North Miami Beach, Florida)

ANSWER: We approached the Ministry for the Maintenance of Public Order on the matter and we were told that Article 218 of the Criminal Code of the Russian Federation runs as follows: "Carrying, keeping, making or selling firearms (with the exception of smoothbore weapons for hunting), ammunition or explosives without official authorization is punishable by imprisonment for a term of two years, or corrective labor for one year, or a fine of 100 rubles. Carrying, making or selling daggers, Finnish knives or other blank arms without official authorization, except for areas where blank arms are part of the national costume, is punishable by imprisonment for a term of up to one year, or corrective labor for the same term, or a fine of 30

It follows herefrom that there are no pistols or rifles on sale, not to mention automatic pis-

tols. Keeping any kind of weapon, regardless of design, is punishable under the law. Weapons awarded to servicemen for valor in battle in defense of the country, with the owner's name inscribed, are an exception to the rule.

As for hunting pieces and marksmanship weapons, these are sold at special shops. But in order to buy a hunting rifle, you must have a license. The license is issued by the militia and for two years only to professional hunters, who can use (carry) them only during the hunting season. After the expiration of that period, the license has to be renewed. People who make a hobby of marksmanship have to be members of an officially registered marksmanship sports club. To buy a small caliber rifle, they must have a special license, also issued by the militia.

Smoothbore hunting pieces and ammunition for them are sold without a license to members of hunting sports societies on presentation of their membership card. These cards are issued to persons who go in for hunting as a hobby. They must be at least 18 years old. To be admitted to such a society, you must show your competence in handling sports weapons.

Shops selling hunting pieces register each piece sold. A special register is kept for the purpose in which the name and address of the customer are entered together with the number of his hunting permit and the serial number of the gun purchased. The hunting sports society keeps a record of each member with his name and the serial number of the piece owned by him. Hunting knives can also be bought only on presentation of a hunting permit.

It is expressly forbidden to sell any weapons whatever to minors, imbeciles and insane persons, to persons on trial or under interrogation, or to persons who have been previously convicted for a dangerous crime.

QUESTION: What sports organizations are there in the Soviet Union?

ANSWER: There are nearly 200,000 sports organizations at industrial enterprises, offices, schools, collective and state farms. They are incorporated into sports societies of a city, district, region, republic or a branch of the national economy. The sports societies are divided into republican and all-union societies.

The USSR Union of Sports Societies and Organizations directs and coordinates sports activities. Sports are considered an important means for promoting health. Both the Soviet Olympic Committee and the trade unions take an active part in sports guidance. They generously allocate funds from their treasuries for popularizing sports among factory and office workers. There are 36 sports societies in the USSR, the most famous of which are Spartak, Dynamo, Burevestnik, Locomotive, Vodnik and Trud.

Anyone wishing to take up some sport may become a member of a sports society, wear its sports uniform and badge, use its facilities and participate in competitions. The annual membership fee is 30 kopecks.





Carrots Make Tasty Bananas

One night Hedgehog had a dream. He dreamed he was in Africa. There was lots of sand, a wonderful blue sky, a few sad-looking rhinoceroses and, right in the middle, a perky little Rabbit with blue

whiskers and wearing a straw hat.
"Good morning, Mr. Rabbit," said Hedgehog politely. "I thought there were lions in

"So there are," said Rabbit, "but they sleep most of the time. Would you like a

Hedgehog had no idea what a banana was, but he was well brought up, so he said, "Yes, please."

Rabbit shouted something up to one of the trees, and the Monkeys threw down a bunch of bananas.

"You have to peel them first," Rabbit explained.

"Lovely!" said Hedgehog, after he'd taken a bite. "White carrots!" "What's a carrot?" asked Rabbit.

"Well, it's something like this, only red-dish," said Hedgehog. "As a matter of fact, I think I've got one with me." And he looked in the bag he always carried, and there was

Rabbit started nibbling the orange-colored "banana." "Do you know," he said, "I think they're even better than ours. So crunchy!"

At this point Hedgehog woke up. It was morning, and he looked around, and there was his traveling bag full of bananas!

The Ferocious Daisy

The Baby Hippopotamus was always asking awkward questions. One day he asked: "Daddy, what is a daisy?"

Father Hippopotamus hadn't the faintest idea, so he dived into the pool to think of an answer. When he came up with a snort, he said, "It's a kind of animal."

"What kind of animal, Daddy?"

"A ferocious animal. It has six legs, huge claws and a tail as big as the Elephant's trunk, and when it finds a naughty Baby Hippo, it snatches him up and flies away."
"Where to?" asked the Baby Hippopota-

But before Father Hippopotamus had time to make up an answer, a Swallow who was on the way south, swerved around and started

flying back north again.
"Where are you going?" asked Father

Hippo.
"Back home!" cried the Swallow. "I'm afraid I might meet one of your dreadful, bloodthirsty daisies! Where I come from a daisy is only a flower!"

SERGEI KOSLOV



The Baby Sparrow

nce upon a time there was a yellow-billed Baby Sparrow named Poodik.

Poodik lived in a warm nest. He hadn't yet tried to fly but just flapped his little wings and peeked out of his nest to see what the world was like and whether it would be a

world was like and wnetner it would be a good place to live in.

"Cheep, cheep!" warned his mother. "Be careful you don't fall out!"

"That's right!" said his father, flying off to hunt for food. "If you fall out, the Cat will pounce on you and eat you up!"

Dut the Raby Sparrow was very impatient

But the Baby Sparrow was very impatient. Its wings were taking such a long time to

Poodik didn't believe his mother. He

didn't know that if you don't believe your mother, you are sure to come to grief.

Perching on the very edge of the nest, he chirped a song he made up himself at the top of his voice.

He was so carried away by the song that he fell out of the nest. Mother Sparrow flew down after him in a panic.

A Brown Cat with green eyes came bound-

ing up to the birds.
Poodik was terribly frightened. Spreading his wings and swaying on his unsteady gray feet, he chirped. "How do you do?"

Mother Sparrow pushed him away. Her wings bristled as she bravely opened her bill and aimed for the Cat's eye.

"Hurry! hurry! Fly up to the window, Poodik! Fly!"



Fear lifted the Baby Sparrow. He jumped, flapped his wings once or twice and landed on the window sill.

Mother Sparrow came flying up after him without her tail, but overjoyed.

Perching next to her baby son, she pecked at his neck and asked: "Are you all right?"
"Oh dear!" sighed Poodik. "You can't learn everything all at once!"
Meanwhile the Cat sat on the ground, licking his paws clean of Mother Sparrow's tail feathers. Gazing up green-eved at the

tail feathers. Gazing up green-eyed at the birds, he mewed longingly.

"Ah, such a soft little sparrow, just like a mouse. Miaow!"

All ended well, except that Mother Sparrow remained without a tail.

MAXIM GORKY

RUSSIAN **CUISINE**

By Fyodor Mosin

Patricia Ward has requested the recipe for stolichny salad. Says Miss Ward:

"While in the Soviet Union last fall, I ate solichny salad every opportunity I had. It was delicious, and since then I have been trying to find a recipe for it but it appears in no cookbook that I have looked in.'

We hope this tastes like the salad you ate in the Soviet Union, Miss Ward. Of course, each chef adds something of his own person-

ality to the dish he serves. Don't be afraid to improvise a little.

STOLICHNY SALAD

1 cup diced boiled potatoes

2/3 cup diced cucumbers

1 cup diced cooked chicken

½ cup chopped lettuce

2 diced hard-boiled eggs

Mix together:

2 thsp. catsup 3/3 cup mayonnaise

GARNISH

1 hard-boiled egg lettuce leaves 1/8 cup canned crabmeat

2 small dill pickles diced 6-8 olives

Combine all ingredients and place on serving platter. Decorate with egg, lettuce, pickles, olives and crabmeat.

Serves 5-6.

BEEF STROGANOFF

1 lb. beef (for 3 or 4 portions)

1½ cups bouillon 2 tbsp. catsup ½ cup sour cream

5 thsp. butter 1 medium onion

pepper, salt, to

taste 2 tbsp. flour parsley and fennel to garnish

Cut beef into thin strips $1\frac{1}{2}$ " long. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and fry in butter in a very hot frying pan.

Sauté onion in butter in separate frying pan.

Brown flour slightly in a clean, dry frying pan, then add 11/2 cups of beef bouillon and cook slowly to thicken. Add catsup, salt, pepper and boil. Stir in sour cream. Pour sauce over meat, add fried onions and bring to boiling point, but do not boil.

Garnish with parsley and fennel.

Serve with fried or mashed potatoes. May also be served over rice or noodles.

CHESS UNIVERSITY

By GRANDMASTER **ALEXANDER KOTOV**

Dummaging in the Central Chess Club library one afternoon, I came across an item from a Russian newspaper of 1837 which reported the opening of Russia's first chess club.

The ceremony took place on November 4, 1837, in the St. Petersburg home of the Ippolitovs.

The butler rattled off the names of the guests: "Count Vieigorsky!" "Prince Obolensky!" "General Mikhailovsky-Danilevsky!"

It was one of a regular series of Thursday class gatherings, but there was a bigger group on this occasion.

gatherings, but there was a bigger group on this occasion.

The players were asked to adopt rules and regulations, including one that the membership should not exceed 64.

Our present Chess Club has nearly 1,500 members, and we occupy a former palace on Gogol Boulevard—erected at the beginning of the nineteenth century by one of the richest men in Moscow, Zimin.

Apart from individual members, the club has

Apart from individual members, the club has many collective members—chess groups and or-

ganisations.

They get together every evening and play until the club closes its doors at 11 p.m.

Our noteworthy games are printed in a bulletin and circulated throughout the country.

and circulated throughout the country.

The club stages international tournaments and national championships, and younger players are given advice by veterans.

Lectures are given regularly at junior chess circles by Masters Grigory Ravinsky, Abram Khasin and Oleg Moiseyev.

There is a particularly keen interest in lectures given by grandmasters and in the analyses of the best games.

One novelty introduced last year was the col-

lection of noteworthy games from all over the world which are filed according to openings and players.

Another new thing is the opening of a "Chess University," with a course of lectures delivered by grandmasters and masters on chess theory, tournament practice, psychology and training.

Grandmaster Nikolai Krogius recently devoted a class at the university to chess psychology. The same subject was dealt with by International Master Vladimir Alatortsev, and Grandmaster Yury Averbakh spoke about chess in the United States.

Lectures by ex-world champions Mikhail Bot-

States.

Lectures by ex-world champions Mikhail Botvinnik and Vasily Smyslov and other outstanding players draw capacity audiences and are planned by a special University Council, headed by Grandmaster Vladimir Simagin.

All seats at the tables are occupied every evening. Games are played, and demonstrations of chess theory continue without a break.

The place is packed when the club promotes its own championship, contested by several hundred players.

dred players.

Many interesting games are played in these mammoth tournaments, one of which is given

SICILIAN DEFENCE

White-Loktev

Black-Kirevev

1. P-K4, P-Q84. 2. Kt-KB3, P-K3. 3. P-Q4, PxP.

4. KtxP, P-QR3. 5. B-K3, Q-QB2. 6. B-Q3, P-KQ14.

3. P-Q4, PxP.

5. B-Q3, P-KQ14.

This system of the Sicilian Defence is not very common nowadays, because it gives White the chance of using Black's hasty weakening of the Queen's Wing.

7. P-QR4!, P-QK15.

6. K1-Q2, B-QK12.

10. K1-QB4!, . . .

This is a brilliant thrust: White threatens to take advantage of Black's weakened QK13 spot and adjoining ones.

10. . . . K1-K4.

Black prevents this intention and tries to exchange his Knight with his rival's dangerous Knight. But more unpleasantness lies in store for him.

11. KtxKt, QxKt.

13. K1-QK931

11. KixKi, QxKi. 12. P-KB4, Q-QB2. 13. Kt-QKt3! . . . The Black Bishop should be prevented from advancing to QB4.

13. . . , Kt-KB3.

15. B-Q4, B-K2.

14. P-K5, Kt-Q4.

16. P-KB5, . . .

13. ..., Kt-KB3.

14. P-K5, Kt-Q4.

15. B-Q4, B-K2.

14. P-K5, Kt-Q4.

16. P-KB5, ...

White conducts a swift and strong offensive on the King's Wing, where the Black sovereign is obliged to take cover.

16. ..., P-KK3.

19. Q-KB4, O-O.

17. PxP(K), P(Q)xP.

18. Q-KK14, Kt-QK13.

White prepares

White prepares for a very interesting combination.

20. . . ., KtxP. 21. R-K3, Q-Q1.

22. R-KR3, B-KK14. 23. Q-KK14, B-Q4.

Black - Kirevey



White - Loktev

24. R-KB8!, ...

This is an excellent positional sacrifice of the exchange, which enables White to cash in on weak black squares in the enemy camp. Now, if the continuation should be 24. ..., BX.R 25. BxB, BxKt. 26. K-KR4!, P-KR4. 27. Q-KB4, there is no way for Black to protect himself against the threat of 28. RxP. That explains why Black cannot accept the sacrifice.

24. ..., P-KR3. 25. BxP (KKt), ...

This fresh sacrifice smashes the Black Kings' cover completely.

25. ..., PxB. 26. RxPeh, K-KR2.

It is not better to reply with 26. . . . K-KB2, because of 27. Q-KR5.

27. RxB. Black resigns.

Pub



ROBERT ROZHDESTVENSKY (1932 -

Two years ago Robert Rozhdestvensky was awarded the Gold Wreath at the International Festival of Modern Poetry in Yugoslavia for his poem "A Man is Born." The award marked his progress from one book of verse to the next, from "Floating Avenue" to "Uninhabited Island" to "Range of Action" and others. Rozhdestvensky has developed a richer content and more allustve style as he has discarded the grandiose effects and didactic pronouncements characteristic of his earlier period.

Like most young writers, Rozhdestvensky often travels, so he can be where things are happening. But he is more inclined to comment upon rather than to portray workaday life. His larger works have an oracular, prophetic tone, the poem "Letter to the Thirtieth Century" for example. He is not afraid of exalted phrasing that give his poems

ter to the Initiatin Century for example, the is not afraid of exalted phrasing that give his poems an epic quality.

One of Rozhdestvensky's books is called To My Contemporary. That could be an appropriate title for all his poems; they are all addressed to youth.

KOCTEP

Умирал костер, как человек... То устало затихал, то вдруг вздрагивал,

вытягивая вверх

кисти желтых

и прозрачных рук.

Вздрагивал, по струйке дыма

лез,

будто унести хотел с собой этот душный, неподвижный лес, от осин желтеющих

рябой,

неразличимые слова, пухлого тумана

длинный хвост,

и россынь синих звезд, тучами прикрытую едва.

FIRE

The fire died out like a person . . . Now, bone-tired, it quieted down, no, suddenly trembled

stretching skyward the yellow wrists

of its transparent hands.

Trembled, climbed the wisp

of smoke,

as if it wanted to take along that oppressive, silent forest, from the aspens

grown yellow,

to the indefinable

words of birds,

and the swelling fog's

long tail,

and the sparkling field of blue stars, half hidden by the clouds.



BELLA AKHMADULINA (1937 -

Bella Akhmadulina's first book, the Chord, was published in 1962. She was 25 and had already earned herself a considerable reputation. However critics usually grouped her with Yevengeni Yevtushenko, Andrei Voznesensky and other young poets. After publication of "Prayer During Bombing," "My Genealogy," and especially "Rain," she began to be considered on her own merits as a poet with a highly individual style. Akhmadulina is inclined to analysis; hers is a philosophical lyricism. She looks at life lovingly and without rancor. Her style is replete with unexpected images, faceted and brilliant like precious stones. Akhmadulina is against conformity. Her poetic temperament and vigorous imagination make her seek out remote associations in both ancient history and present-day events. She ber outlook is optimistic. She accepts life. In her own words, life "is always right."

XEMNHFY3Ň

В стране, не забывающей

Линкольна, в селе, где ни двора и ни кола, как женщина, печальна колокольня По мне, по мне звонят колокола. По юношам, безвременно погибшим на этой победительной войне, по женщинам, усталым и поникшим, и всё-таки они звонят по мне. По старикам, давным-давно усопшим, по морякам, оставшимся на дне, по мумиям, загадочным, усохшим, и всё-таки — по мне, по мне, по

мие.

Не уделяй мне много времени, вопросов мне не задавай. Глазами добрыми и верными руки моей не задевай. Не проходи весной по лужицам, по следу следа моего. Я знаю — снова не получится из этой встречи ничего. Ты думаешь, что я из гордости хожу, с тобою не дружу? Я не из гордости — из горести так прямо голову держу.

HEMINGWAY

In a land that forgets not

Lincoln, in a village with neither house nor home, the belfry is sorrowful as a woman. For me, for me the bells toll. For youngsters who met their untimely de in that victorious war, for women, tired and woebegone, and yet they toll for me. For old men, dead and long gone, for sailors, left on the sea bottom, for mummies, mysterious and wizzened, and yet-for me, for me, for

me.

Don't spend much time on me, ask me no questions. Don't touch my hand with kind true eyes. Don't cross spring puddles, searching for the footprints of my tracks. I know-nothing will come of our meeting. You think it is because of pride that I don't see you? No, not pride—because of grief I hold my head so high.





YEVGENI YEVTUSHENKO (1933 -

Poetry has a large audience in our country. A book of verse by Yevgeni Yevtushenko (for instance, the Sway of Hand published in 1962, an edition of 100,000 copies), sold out in a single day. An issue of a Moscow newspaper sells faster if it features a poem by Yevtushenko on some current topic. That was true, for example, of the June 7 issue of Pravda, with a poem on the death of Senator Robert Kennedy.

Yevtushenko won a following of young readers

with his first published efforts. They were drawn by his uncompromising frankness, his batred of falsehood and equivocation, his rejection of the affected and ambiguous phrase, his feeling for people, his challenging independence and commitment even to unpopular causes.

Yevtushenko keeps his own "diarry of the era." He plays up the characteristic hallmarks of the times; he uses everyday details, real events and beroes. He travels widely, both in the Soviet Union and abroad, in search of material. In 1966 he visited the United States at the invitation of the New York Poetry Center, and in 1967 he made another visit. another visit.

СТАРЫЙ БУХГАЛТЕР

Никакой не ведаю я муки, ни о чём ненужном не сужу. Подложив подушечку под брюки, в чёрных нарукавниках сижу.

Вижу те же подписи, печати... На столе бумаги шелестят, шелестят устало и печально, шелестят, что скоро шестьдесят.

Ах, начальник — молод он и крепок! Как всегда, взыскательно побрит, он, играя чётками из скрепок, про футбол со мною говорит. Ах, начальник! — вроде бы он чистый,

вроде не похож на подлеца, но я вижу всё, что скрыть он тшится

под сияньем гладкого лица. Ах, начальник! — как себя он холит!

Даже перстни носит на руках! Только он не очень твёрдо ходит В замшевых красивых башмаках!

Выйду я из маленькой конторы, улыбнусь растерянно весне и поеду в поезде, который до Мытищ и далее везде.

Там живут четыре, тоже старых некрасивых женщин у реки. У одной из них, таких усталых, попрошу когда-нибудь руки.

А когда вернусь в свою каморку, В пахнущую «Примой» тишину, из большого ветхого комода выну фотографию одну.

Там, неловко очень подбоченясь, у эпохи грозной на виду, я стою, неюный ополченец в сорок первом памятном году.

Я услышу самолётов гулы, выстрелы и песни на ветру и прошепчут что-то мои губы, ну а что — и сам не разберу.

THE OLD BOOKKEEPER

I never feel any turmoil of the soul, never carry judgment uselessly. With a pillow under my pants, I sit wearing black cuffs.

I see the same signatures, seals . . . Papers rustle on the table, they rustle tiredly and sadly, they rustle that I'll soon be sixty.

Ah, the boss-so young and healthy!

Always so demandingly shaven, playing with a rosary made of paper clips, he talks to me about soccer.

Ah, the boss!—so stainless it would seem, no one would take him for a rogue, but I see everything he tries to hide

behind the radiance of his smooth face. Ah, the boss!-how he cares for

himself! He even wears rings on his hands! But the trouble is he doesn't feel too sure of himself

even in his nice suede shoes!

I will emerge from my little office, smile spring a lost smile and take the train that goes to Mytishchi, that old local.

There live four old ugly women near the river. On some day I'll ask one of them, so worn out, to be my bride.

When I return to my little room, to the silence that smells of Prima cigarettes, out of the ancient rickety drawer I'll take a picture

On that photo uncomfortably arms akimbo in full view of the fierce epoch, I stand there, a not-young volunteer in that memorable year of forty-one.

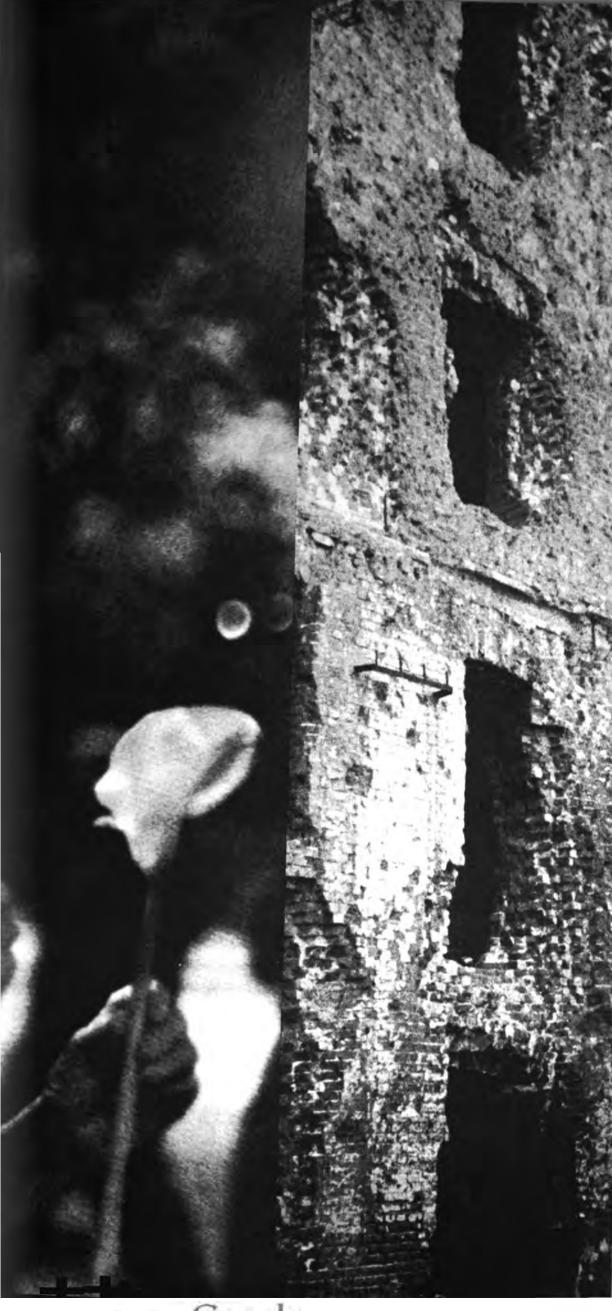
I'll hear the hum of planes, shots and songs in the wind, and my lips will whisper something but what—I won't even understand myself.



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(Continued from page 9)

TEN DAYS IN RUSSIA

In early evening, before sunset, we walked to the Square of Fallen Heroes.

There is really a mass grave there, I think. There is an obelisk and a wreath and a flame. In front of the flame were two boys and two girls, Young Pieneers, with the red neck scarfs and white blouses and skirts and dark trousers and caps.

trousers and caps.

The boys stand facing each other nearest the wreath, and three or four wide steps down are the girls, and they all stand on little, square duckboard platforms, not on the hard stone.

The boys each hold a gun, I think it is an automatic rifle that was actually used in the war and looks it. The girls don't have guns. While we were there a boy came marching in, solemnly leading two other boys, the rifles changed hands and the boys marched out—their turn as 30-minute

Honor Guard was over....

I don't think this is "war-mindedness" or conditioning the kids for war! I forget how many, maybe 200,000 died at Stalingrad. When I get the rest of this written, if ever, you'll know why I say this is genuine concern, grief, respect—and sincere.

I always wake at dawn. At 5:15 I left the hotel to walk back down the Embankment to get a bottle of Volga River water! Still

As I started down the Alley of Heroes and approached the Memorial, I saw two women and a man coming toward me, approaching the Memorial from the other way. They were not together. I walked very slowly and watched but did not turn toward them, and as each one got to the Memorial he stopped, stood a minute or two as if meditating, two of them laid down single blossoms on the ledge, one woman laid down a very small bouquet. Then they walked on. By this time I had passed the Memorial and I turned around and stood and watched each one as they walked on past where they had left their flowers. I am sure they didn't notice me and had no idea I was an American. And anyway, they had probably left their homes or apartments before I left the

As I came back from the river a woman, elderly, was sweeping at the Memorial. She would move the large green wreaths of leaves, each of which has a thin, wide red ribbon with gold lettering, sweep under and around them and rearrange them, and what she was sweeping up was bundreds of dried, withered single blossoms of all hinds and small houquets or simple bandkinds, and small bouquets or simple band-fuls of flowers that had been left there the day before. . . . They had served their pur-



This monument on Mamayev Hill commemorates the battle of Stalingrad. It was the turning point of the war, the beginning of the end for German fascism.



Another visitor to the shrine, Nikolai Nemlin, a veteran, reminisces about the war. He and his son Anatoli, now in the army, are from the Ukraine.

pose and more would take their places, tributes to dead loved ones, beroes, the defenders of Stalingrad.

Well, it is the highest point around Volgograd, and they fought over it for five months, and it is a huge graveyard and tombstone. I couldn't tell you or describe it so that you could visualize it, but there are great, wide flights of steps, then a rising approach between two rows of dark evergreens to a statue of a soldier with automatic rifle and grenade, this sculpture set in a pool; then to the left of a wide paved plaza a great figure of a woman and dead soldier, his head covered as with her shawl, and to the right the large circular Pantheon. From here you climb gradually up the hill-side to the top and there is a statue about 100 feet high of a woman, Victory, with hair and garments streaming as if blown by the wind, and in her right hand a long sword raised high, her left hand reaching back and her mouth open as if she is motioning and calling the people on to Victory.

You sit in the cool breeze in the shadow of that tall figure, and it is so quiet, looking far over the city and the river, that you can hardly believe they fought so long here and

An unending stream of people walk up these steps to the eternal flame that burns for the men and women who gave their lives in the Battle of Stalingrad.



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that they had to sift from the soil millions of bits of mines, bombs, shells, bullets, and when these were cleared away, bundreds of thousands of tourists were allowed to take these fragments, to carry all over the world, from that bill at Stalingrad, and now there is grass growing in the soil on the billside.

But the Pantheon impressed me most. It is a rotunda with the roof resting on supports: In the center of the rotunda there rises a large sculptured hand bearing a torch....It is really an immense tombstone because the walls inside are all mosaic work of specially made glass, red banners with names in two columns on each banner.

Around the wall inside is a wide ramp. As you walk up the ramp, on one side are the banners with the names of the dead, and on the other side, on the stone ledge, there are many pots of flowers, placed by relatives before their hero's name and also the single blossoms and small bouquets and simple handfuls of flowers.

You feel sad there in the Pantheon for the dead, and because you know that as the years have passed and fear and hatred have gone, we have forgotten and we don't appreciate the sacrifices they made to defend their land and to drive the Nazis back, back, back. But if they had not fought so hard at Stalingrad and in the Ukraine and at Moscow and Leningrad and on through the very streets of Berlin, bow much harder would

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Engraved on the Pantheon are the words: "We fought to defend the Motherland, but we did not live to see victory." Battles are depicted on the wall.

we have had to fight, how many more men of ours would have died, before the Nazis were defeated?

Besides the birds singing in the fragrant locust trees on the lovely cool morning, there were water trucks moving slowly along washing the streets, which in Russia are never noticeably dirty anyway. I didn't see as much litter in ten days and three cities of Russia as I can see in three blocks along Main Street here any day.

In the cool evening we walked along the Alley of Heroes to the Druzbba (Friendship) Fountain and down the long flights of stairs to the Volga River. This is the Embankment.

All along, on the many benches under the locust trees, there were people sitting in the cool evening, but earlier as we went down to the Volga they were middle-aged and older people and parents with children, and as we came back, they were young people, boys and girls, couples, but sitting, as far as I noticed, demurely and politely, no embarrassingly obvious necking or petting. Just young people under the locust trees.

... There are no large old trees in Volgograd—just thousands of trees set out since the war, long rows of uniform size, smaller on newer streets but none are old trees. Excerpts from Sybil Ramsing's letters

Symbol of the all-conquering force of life—a new hydropower station, the Volzhskaya, one of the world's biggest, now generates electricity for the city.



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https://hdl.handle.net/2027/ucl.31210023618893 http://www.hathitrust.org/access use#pd-google Generated on 2025-04-16 06:12 GMT Public Domain, Google-digitized It was a prize trip and free and I suppose not good manners to ask for what I wanted to see, but I asked for Moscow because everyone ought to see Moscow once before he dies, and Stalingrad because I

remembered how they stopped the Nazis there, and Leningrad because I've seen Concord and Lexington and so I wanted to see Smolny and the Winter Palace. And I saw everything I asked for, plus much more.

LOOKING FORWARD TO WINNING ANOTHER TOUR

The 10-day visit was over. Time to say good-by. "Did you see everything you wanted to?" "Not nearly," said Mrs. Ramsing. "I would love to see your Far East." "Did you like your visit?" "Oh, yes indeed!" "Will you come again?" "I could never afford it. But maybe I'll win the next quiz contest."



to see you iz contest."

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NEXT ISSUE

he theme of the November issue will be Soviet youth, what they think, feel, hope for, aspire to. Are they the "angry young men and women" or the "lukewarm generation," epithets that Western commentators have pinned on to them at various times? Or are these the products of a new social order, "a happy blend of enthusiasm and realism," a characterization made by the Moscow correspondent for an Italian newspaper? The lead article is about Uzhgorod University, one of the 42 in the Soviet Union. Most of the capitals and larger cities of the union republics have their own institutes and universities, but some students prefer out-of-town schools. It gives them a chance to get off on their own and also to learn the language and customs of other peoples.







ore than half the Soviet population is under thirty, which explains, more pointedly than weighty studies, the country's drive, creativity and urge for change. Spokesman for these underthirties is Komsomolskaya Pravda. This daily has a circulation of seven million and an estimated readership three times that. Supplementing its professional editorial staff is a legion of volunteer local correspondents in cities, towns, villages and hamlets throughout the country. Komsomolskaya Pravda has a large influence and a compelling voice, and its opinion frequently shapes political and economic policy. Most of the articles in the issue were prepared by its writers and reporters. We asked the editors of this youth newspaper to answer questions like this one an American college student sent us: "Can your paper criticize the government?" A photo story describes the role played by Komsomolskaya Pravda in recruiting young people for crash construction projects in remote, oil-rich Western Siberia, where pipelines and refineries have to be virtually hacked out of virgin forest. There are no comforts and conveniences in these outposts of industrial progress, let alone luxuries, but tens of thousands of high school and college graduates leave metropolitan centers each year for this pioneer country to test their stamina.

Interviews with foreign students at Soviet colleges. A scientist, playwright and choreographer comment on the younger generation. Newspaper sensations, good and bad. About a handstand on top of the Eiffel Tower.

COMING SOON

Hydroelectric power stations in Siberia.

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IN THE MOUNTAINS 1968 ANSWERING QUESTIONS OF U.S. STUDENTS

SOVIET YOUTH REACH FOR THE FUTURE THEIR FATHERS **FASHIONED**

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SOVIET LIFE

NOVEMBER 1968 No. 11 (146)

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FRONT COVER: Galya Milovskaya (left) and Tamara Vladimirtseva are models at the Moscow Research Institute of Light. Photograph by Alexander Makarov.

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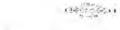
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Next Issue

Our National Holiday

THE PEOPLES of our country mark their national holiday—the fifty-first anniversary of the Great October Socialist Revolution, the date of the foundation of the Soviet

state, November 7-8, 1917.

The national holiday of each country is usually associated with a major landmark in its history; in our case such an event, which determined the destiny of the country forever, was the October Revolution. In the political sphere, the radical change it brought meant that the power was taken away from the propertied classes, the capitalists and landed gentry, and was given to the people. An entirely new, unprecedented form of government emerged—the Soviets of the Workers' and Peasants' Deputies.

The political basis of our socialist democracy guarantees all the working people real equality of rights in all spheres of life without any limitations, racial limitations included.

In the economic sphere our revolution abolished private ownership of the means of production—land, plants, banks—and made them the property of the entire society. This made the development of the national economy possible according to a nationwide plan, formulated exclusively in the interests of the people by building socialism and, later, communism. Just as were the Soviets, the socialization of the means of production was unprecedented in history.

Marking the fifty-first anniversary of their new state, the Soviet peoples clearly see that their socialist society has successfully emerged, despite the great difficulties that beset our courageous pioneers and the occasional mistakes inevitable for a country blazing new trails. Let us recall two facts. Out of 51 years of its existence, the country spent almost 20 years in defensive wars and postwar reconstruction. In beating back the nazi aggression, our country lost 20 million men and suffered tremendous material damage.

Nevertheless outstanding successes have been achieved in the construction of the new life. A backward country before the Revolution, Russia is now the second greatest industrial power. Our annual steel output, which was a mere four million tons before the Revolution, now tops 100 million tons. Electric power output has soared from two thousand million kilowatt-hours a year to 600 thousand million kilowatt-hours. On the whole industrial output has increased almost 70 times. In the period of 1918 to 1966 the average annual growth of industrial production constituted about 10 per cent in the Soviet Union, which is the world's highest rate over such a long period of time. Industrial development, combined with scientific and technological progress, made it possible for our country to launch the world's first artificial satellite in 1957 and the world's first manned spaceship with Yuri Gagarin in 1961. Broad-scale automation testifies to the high technical level of our industry. The world's first atomic power station was completed in 1954, and the world's first atomic icebreaker, Lenin, was launched in 1959.

In old Russia peasants comprised three-fourths of the population and were the poorest of all. Cooperative societies put an end to the poverty of rural areas, making the farmers' work easier and opening up new prospects for them. The gross output of our agriculture increased 2.8 times as compared with prerevolutionary times. Our villages are grad-

ually becoming urbanlike.

Under Soviet power the life of the working masses, the ordinary people, has radically changed for the better. Working hours have been sharply reduced, and the working conditions have been improved: Since January 1968 Soviet factory and office workers have been enjoying a five-day work week; paid leaves are guaranteed; resorts are within everyone's reach. The real incomes of factory workers have grown 6.6 times and those of farmers have increased 8.5 times above the prerevolutionary level. Although the housing problem has not been completely solved, 100 million people have been given new housing in the last 10 years—an impressive feat.

Every Soviet citizen receives free medical service, free education, a broad system of pensions and benefits from public funds, all of which makes life easier for the Soviet citizen, giving him confidence in the future and stimulating the development of the individual and his family. The socialist way of life has given the individual permanent social

guarantees enabling him to enjoy life to the fullest In old Russia an average of 75 people out of every 100 were illiterate, while the population of what now constitute the Soviet republics were 100 per cent illiterate. Today the country has made great progress with the implementation of the plan for a universal ten-year secondary education. The blessings of culture—books, theater, music and television—have been made available to all segments of the population.

Under socialist democracy, factory workers and peasants have mastered the art of managing the state. More than two million deputies and 23 million activists are now working in the organs of power, the Soviets. A society once divided into unequal classes has become one body of working people having common interests. In place of the "prison of the peoples," as Lenin called czarist Russia, there has grown the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics, a closely-knit family of fraternal nations, whose relations are based on mutual respect and mutual assistance. Thanks to this, all our peoples, no matter how deprived they were in the past, have attained a high level of progress.

The fifty-first anniversary of the Revolution has been marked by new achievements in all areas of the country's life. The rate of industrial development is slightly above the target figures of the current five-year plan. Economic reform has already spread to more than 25,000 industrial enterprises and is yielding ever more tangible results, both in the improvement of production and workers' incomes. The agricultural year has been very successful. The number of pupils in schools of all kinds has reached 80 million. This is the highest figure during the history of Soviet power. On the whole the first years of new Russia's second half-century have been marked by the atmosphere of confidence. "We are making good progress," our people say today.

On this red-letter day our people appraise, with a feeling of profound satisfaction, the role of their state as a member of the world community of nations. It is gratifying to realize that as a result of the triumph of socialism in our country, mankind has a different, bright and optimistic prospect. It is gratifying to the Soviet Union that in the comparatively short period since 1917 many other peoples have embarked upon the road of socialist development. The new social system has asserted itself on the international scale; that today this system, backed up by progressive forces, is exerting ever greater positive influence on the international scene regarding the solution of problems concerning war and peace.

The call for peace was the first international proposal made by the new government following the October Revolution. Throughout its history the Soviet Union has been invariably for peace; for the peaceful coexistence of different social systems, for the solution of all problems through negotiation. This humanist policy, for all peoples and social classes without exception in our epoch of the thermonuclear weapons, will be followed by our state no matter how complex the international situation may become. Our peoples fully share in the peaceful policy of their state.

plex the international situation may become. Our peoples fully share in the peaceful policy of their state.

It goes without saying that the policy of peace cannot bear fruit if it is sought by only one side. Our peoples hope to be correctly understood by all those upon whom the development of international relations depends.

Today socialism has enough strength and means to be successful at all times should any nation try to encroach on the freedom and independence of the peoples of the socialist community.

Communism, the foundations of which are now being built by our people, is vital to the destiny of the young. Youth takes over from the older generations. Youth will continue the causes of their predecessors tomorrow and in the future.

What is Soviet youth like today? What is it doing, and what is it thinking about? What are its aims and dreams? What possibilities does it have for the development of its gifts, for the realization of its ideals?

We devote this issue to youth. This subject reflects better than any other the substantial aspects of our society's present and future.



Russians

Ukrainians

Byelorussians

Uzbecks

Drawings by Alexander Gamburg

The Soviet Union is a large multinational state. And a young Ukrainian, Nenets and Uzbek will have, of course, different concepts of the world. But they all are united by common ideas; more than a hundred nationalities of the USSR are consolidated through friendship, equality of rights and mutual cultural enrichment. This picture illustrates the national costumes of the Soviet Union's 15 Republics. The younger generation, they say, is a country's future. That is only half true. It is a country's present as well, for its activities make today's history.

It is a truism that all young people are particularly critical about the way their elders do things. A younger person's view is fresh and more socially pointed at times; he sees the superannuated and outworn elements to which the older generation has either grown accustomed or become resigned. If this critical outlook is not provided an outlet, it



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turns into cynicism, and the valuable energy of young minds and hearts is then lost to society.

In our country, where a new society is in the making, young people are a decisive social force. No measure of any significance—whether it be improving the educational system, developing public services, tapping new industrial resources or implementing economic reforms—can be carried out without their willing cooperation and often their leadership.

Our young people are legislators. 190 deputies

to the USSR Supreme Soviet are under 30. A quarter of the deputies to local, regional and republic Soviets are young.

Every third doctor and teacher and every second scientists in the USSR is young. More than 40 per cent of all those employed in industry and agriculture are under 30.

There is no unemployment in the country; young people have wide open job opportunities. "I don't have to look for a job, the job looks for me," is what a high school or college senior will tell you.



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THE MAIN BUILDING OF UZHGOROD UNIVERSITY (WITH TWO TURRETS) IS SURROUNDED BY CHERRY TREES.

THE BUILDING IS ONE OF THE OLDEST IN THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD UZHGOROD. DEPICTED ON THE CITY SEAL ARE A BUNCH OF GRAPES AND THE BRANCH OF A BEECH TREE, TESTIMONY TO THE FACT THAT ITS MAJOR INDUSTRIES WERE ONCE WOOD CUTTING AND GRAPE GROWING. THE UNIVERSITY HAS JUST ENTERED ITS SECOND DECADE. ITS SEAL PICTURES AN OPEN BOOK AND A SPACESHIP.

UNIVERSITY IN THE

By Myuda Derevyankina and Vladimir Popov Photographs by Alexander Makarov



https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210023618893 use#pd-doodle Generated on 2025-04-16 06:15 GMT Public Domain, Google-digitized The larger part of this issue has been prepared as an answer to questions our readers have asked and to questions sent us by a number of American colleges and newspapers. There were so many questions that we could not cover all of them in one issue. Some of the answers (on education and school life) will be found in our January 1968 issue.

Our thanks to all of you who sent in questions. Those we do not cover this month will be answered in future issues.

The answers to the questions asked by American students (pages 12, 17, 35 and 47 of this issue) were prepared in consultation with the journalism faculty of Moscow University and the editorial board of the university's paper Moscow University.

HIGHLANDS

Geography. Uzhgorod University is in the Western Ukraine. The city of Uzhgorod has 60,000 inhabitants, and 16,000 of them are at the university, which means that every fourth person is a student.

This small, neat city, with its colors varying from pale brown to light pink, seems to be drawn in pastels. The Japanese cherry blossoms are rose and white; the sidewalks and streets in the city are paved with light-gray, brown and yellow tile. The River Uzh (grass snake) twists—as its name says it does—across Uzhgorod, dividing it into the old city and the new city. In the old part are ancient castles, forts, chapels and churches. Set in the scenic Carpathian Mountains, Uzhgorod has the romantic look Mountains, Uzhgorod has the romantic look of a medieval university town. Many of the mountain peaks have been named by the students: Echo, Diploma, the highest, and Marina. The university's astronomy observatory, physics-research stations and a health resort where students go for rest or treatment are located in the mountains.

or treatment are located in the mountains.

Economics. The estimate is that each student costs the state somewhere around 1,000 rubles a year.* Maintenance scholarships range from 30 to 50 rubles a month; expenses run about 40 to 70 rubles. The difference in made up by the money paragraph. ference is made up by the money parents send or which the student earns at odd jobs.
The rent for his dormitory room is one ruble a month; meals in the cafeteria cost him between 80 kopecks and one ruble a day.
The average Uzhgorod student goes to the movies once a week and to the theater once

History. Uzhgorod University is not the most prominent of the Soviet Union's 42 universities. It does not have the prestige of Moscow University, the refined intellectual atmosphere of Leningrad University, the solidity of Kazan University nor the daring challenge of Novosibirsk University. But it is the youngest, having been established in 1945, three months after the victory over

in 1945, three months after the victory over Germany. Its rules say:

1. Any citizen of the Soviet Union with a secondary education, regardless of his race, nationality, religion or social standing, has the right to a free education at Uzhgorod State University. The age limit for students in residence is 35; there is no age limit for correspondence students.

2. Students in residence are entitled to monthly maintenance scholarships, dormi-

monthly maintenance scholarships, dormitory accommodations and the free use of laboratory equipment, libraries, reading rooms, science rooms and all other univer-

sity facilities. They are entitled to free medical care at the student outpatient clinic and—at the discretion of the student committee and the trade union—free accommodations at health resorts.

 Evening and correspondence students are entitled by law to time off with pay from their jobs to prepare for and take their examinations and to certain other privileges. The first students were WW II veterans, for the most part, who had seen several years of service. They were serious minded; they devoured books and were grateful to instructors who gave them time to brush up on the rudiments of their early education. They had to grind away for sleepless nights at old high school texts. Those first students were highly disciplined and far sighted. They tended toward the humanities; the second second were harder for them to reexact sciences were harder for them to recall.

The first rector was Arkadi Kurishko, a frontline officer. He is remembered for the phrase, "Fortresses are made to be stormed." It was also he who fitted out expeditions to the mountains where the future of the university was concealed. That was peditions to the mountains where the future of the university was concealed. That was where 70 per cent of the local population lived: mostly loggers, farmers, vineyardists and shepherds. The Carpathians had only recently become a part of the Soviet Union, and although the local people had a great respect for knowledge, they mistrusted free education. They were convinced one would have to pay dearly sooner or later for anything free.

They were persuaded by time and their own eyes, and soon young people from the Carpathian villages were replacing former servicemen at the university. Their education, however, was not up to university entrance standards; the 10-year school system had just been introduced in the Western and the results were not yet and Ukraine, and the results were not yet apparent. But standards were gradually raised as university graduates began to teach in

village schools.

The 1955 graduating class is the most notable thus far: It has produced the biggest number of famous scientists, doctors of science and notable discoveries. University sociologists explain this by saying that the students of the fifties had rid themselves of the pragmatism of the forties but had not yet fallen victim to the smug laziness of the sixties. This, however, is a more or less jocular conjecture. The questionnaires circulated by the sociology department show that prior to 1955 graduates tended to take jobs in industry, and that after 1956 their interests turned to scientific research.

*One ruble equals \$1.10,

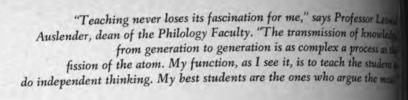
The student body consists of young men and women of more than 20 nationalities. They come from most of the Soviet Republics and from several foreign countries. The language of instruction is Ukrainian. The International Friendship Club, organized by foreign language majors, is one of the most popular in the university.



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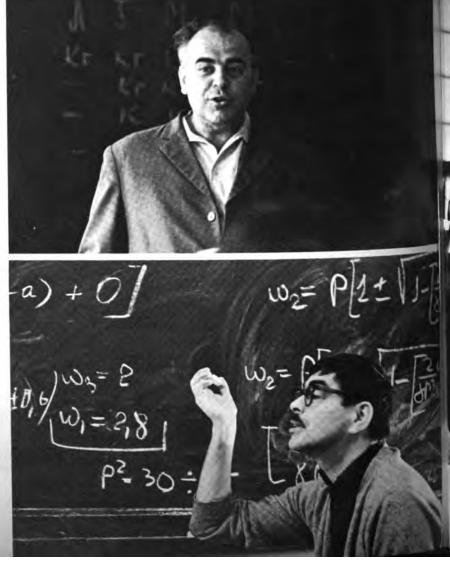
CHILDREN OF WORKERS AND FARMERS. MANY OF THEM FROM REMOTE MOUNTAIN VILLAGES HAD DIFFICULTY WHEN THEY FIRST ENTERED; THEIR EDUCATIONAL BACKGROUNDS WERE INADEQUATE. THEY WERE GIVEN SPECIAL COACHING THEIR FIRST YEAR. ONCE THEY CAUGHT UP, THEY MOVED AHEAD VERY RAPIDLY, OFTEN LEADING THE STUDENTS FROM URBAN CENTERS.



"Our young people must be prepared for an active, responsibility fill future," says Professor Vasili Petrus, vice rector. "They are already a real force today, working for their country, particular the students. Responsibility for their actions and clarit purpose-this is what characterizes our young people tolor

Vladimir Lendel, physicist and chief of a laboratory: "In the 12 n I spent in Pasadena, I got to know many American students. When returned home, I naturally compared them with our students. It seemed me that Americans are more pragmatic. For instance, our stude think more of what they can give than what they can get from their country







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> The geniuses in Room 130 is what dormitory neighbors call the Barannik brothers, mathematics majors. The Baranniks are worried about too much specialization; they each want to obtain a rounded education.

A seminar on the literature of the ancient world—poetry, drama and philosophy. This is a second-year group which displays its command of the material when discussing problems with style and eloquence.

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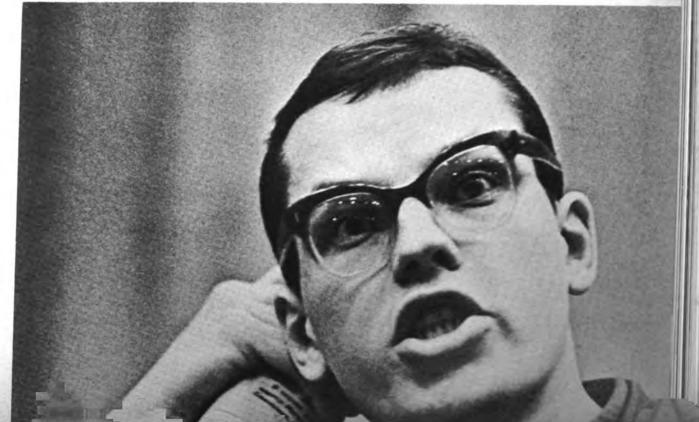
"When hippies cop out," he is saying, "they become dependent upon society."

THE FIRST OPERATION. THE FIRST DISCOVERY OF A FORMULA OR A POEM. THE FIRST CLASH OF IDEAS OR OPINIONS. YOUTH, THE PIONEERING TIME OF LIFE. IS FULL OF SUCH THINGS. OUR COUNTRY IS ALSO IN ITS PIONEERING TIME OF LIFE: THE FIRST COUNTRY TO INTRODUCE SOCIAL. POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC RELATIONS NEVER BEFORE TRIED.





The library, with its collection of rare Ukrainian and Russian books, is a favorite place for studying.



One of the many debates that go on at the university all the time is shown here. This one is on "Man and Society."



Students and Science. The main goal of the university is to train teachers and scientists. You might expect, therefore, that most of the 16,000 students would have chosen their area of specialization before or shortly after enrolling. The fact is, however, that only 15 to 20 per cent of the 3,000 freshmen really know what they want to be.

These are the dedicated ones, "the geniuses" as other students call them with a bit of irony and a good deal more envy. Most often their inclinations will already be apparent in high school. They are usually the prize winners in physics, mathematics and related disciplines. They follow a special curriculum and have permission to attend only those lectures they choose. Much of their time is spent in libraries and laboratories.

Much of their time is spent in libraries and laboratories.

Two examples are Alexander Barannik and Ivan Yurik; both are mathematicians. They enrolled as mathematics majors in 1966, after being discovered in a remote Carpathian village by Yuri Boky, a vacationing countryman of theirs. It is traditional for a visiting student to give short tests to the

children in his village and, after telling about his own and other subjects, to give them problems to solve or compositions to write. Alexander and Ivan solved all the problems and then presented Yuri, a third-year student at the university, with a problem he could not solve. A year later Alexander and Ivan entered the university, and Yuri was their sponsor at the Student Scientific Society.

Yuri was their sponsor at the state tific Society.

The SSS is a society not only for the geniuses but is a springboard to research for many students. In a message to the students the SSS council said: "Do you want to do creative research? Then set yourself more ambitious goals than you can presently attain with your fund of knowleade."

edge."

Students and Their Instructors. Students and instructors join in scientific research, forming research teams known throughout the country. Ivan Zapesochny, the physicist, Nikolai Shevchenko who works with the largest synchrophasotron in the Ukraine, and mathematician Vladimir Lendel head such teams. Lendel's group has several

publications to its credit. A team of graduate associates and senior students is composed of 10 men and one woman. Their average age is 22 and the leader, a Master of Science after three years of graduate study, is 25. Incidentally Vladimir spent two years in the United States at the California Institute of Technology (Pasadena) and keeps up an active correspondence with colleagues in the United States.

"When I am asked about the difference between Soviet and American students, I don't know what to say. People are not formulas, and differences are hard to put into words. Our system of higher education takes in a far larger section of the population. In our country a student will get help from everyone around him—from the group leader to the student committee. In the United States, as far as I could see, the student is left to his own resources. He sinks or swims. If he manages to get to shore, that's fine; if he sinks, there's nothing much lost. Both systems have their pros and cons. It happens, of course, that we sometimes drag mediocrity into science, but we don't lose late-blooming geniuses.

A poll taken at the university asked, among other questions, "Which instructor did you get the most from?" Eighty per cent of the astronomy majors named Matryona Bratiichuk. Her tracking station in the Carpathians took the first picture of the first sputnik. The road to the station, on the city's highest point, runs through rose gardens and vineyards. It is a long and wearing, the students say, as the road to scientific eminence.

Matryona's apartment is a favorite gathering place for astronomers, of course, but also for students from many other disciplination.

Matryona's apartment is a favorite gathering place for astronomers, of course, but also for students from many other disciplines as well. Her apartment, all books and flowers, is the setting for lively dialogues on subjects as far removed from astronomy as French painting and Russian cooking. The three Matrunich brothers and two sisters are her most frequent quests. They hail

on subjects as far removed from astronomy as French painting and Russian cooking. The three Matrunich brothers and two sisters are her most frequent guests. They hail from a tiny Carpathian village. Two of the brothers, Ivan and Yanush, are the tallest boys in the Mechanical-Mathematical Department, and both are astronomers. "The taller you are, the better you can see the stars," they explain.

Says Matryona Bratiichuk: "What I like about the new generation of students is their interest in the humanities as well as the exact sciences. Though I am a mathematician and astronomer, I believe the humanities are the most significant disciplines for personality development. Physics and mathematics have no moral content: They are uncommitted, indifferent to people. A man stuffed with knowledge can become anything, even a fascist. To be a real scientist, a man must be a humanist."

Students and the City. Students in the university's medical department are perhaps the most liked and respected by Uzhgorod people. Other students, too, are active in community affairs but not the way the medicos are. They make house-to-house calls for preventive checkups, including schools and factories. Twenty years ago the number of doctors in the area was practically zero. Now the old folks have a choice of third-year medical students to tell their ailments to.

Each department, however, makes its parametrical parametric to the seminary. The

choice of third-year medical students to tell their ailments to.

Each department, however, makes its particular contribution to the community. The students tutor backward children. Their drama and music groups give public performances, and Uzhgorod artists, writers and actors appear for student audiences. In spring the students plant trees in the city's main square while the townspeople plant them on the university grounds, a symbolic touch since some of the workers are evening and correspondence-division students, another link between the city and the university.

Community activity matures them into citizens. Uzhgorod students do not shut themselves away from the city behind the campus wall. This serves to make easier the subsequent transformation from "student—the city" to "expert—the nation."

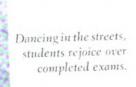
Going steady, she has eyes for only one



Gathering at the home of Matryona Bratiichuk who teaches astronomy, students find good company









The university's drama group reliearses. The group calls itself Experiment.

The five Matunichs from Velikie Komyata: Yanush, Maria, Ivan, Anna and Nikolai.





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THE TRULY HUMAN VALUES

By Victor Rozov

Y OPINION of today's youth? First, I would like to say that I think very highly of our youth. They are probably the greatest achievement of our 50 years of Soviet power. Don't think I turn a blind eye to that portion of youth that gives us grownups pain and anxiety: the drunkards and hooligans, the idlers and opportunists. But they are not the ones who determine the character of our society.

Naturally, I can't hope to tell you about all of our youth in this one talk. For all its oneness, it is many-sided. I want to dwell on a definite and very important part of it-the young intellectuals. I shall not cite statistics on how many young people are attending universities and colleges, technical schools and schools for working youth, how many are taking courses, how many are working in industry, in science and art, in offices. In the final analysis, they all either study or work, and a man's occupation is hardly an indication of his spiritual and social attitudes.

In the difficult postrevolutionary years-I was an adolescent then-our fathers dreamed of the time when our own Soviet intelligentsia would appear. The problem of a new intelligentsia was debated heatedly and at length. There was a shortage of scientific, technical and engineering personnel, of creative people. We were forced to improvise, so to speak. New institutions of learning were established hastily: workers' faculties, technical and trade schools with condensed courses of study and reduced sessions. The watchword was: Speed and more speed! Most people got their schooling on the go, even on the run. For all our respect for the Soviet intelligentsia the thirties and forties produced, it had certain educational and even spiritual limitations. Its virtue was that it was a Soviet intelligentsia. But in many ways it was inferior to the old Russian intelligentsia. It was not until the mid-fifties, through the enormous efforts of our state and as a result of great changes in the life of our society, that a real Soviet intelligentsia was born. This was the intelligentsia for which our fathers had waited, about which we had argued so much and which the country needed so badly.

I understand exactly what I am taking upon myself in making this assertion. Nevertheless I repeat: A real Soviet intelligentsiaand I do not mean outstanding individuals, we had those in the twenties, thirties and forties—did not emerge until the midfifties. It was a young intelligentsia, it was our youth, the same youth that is now working in our scientific institutions, design bureaus, laboratories, that is conducting complex calculations, precise experiments, that is pushing back the dark walls of the unknown, beginning to occupy prominent places in art and litera-

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As part of their university courses Soviet students attend lectures on philosophy and discuss its key problems at seminars. Those in the humanities, those training to teach and, of course, majors in philosophy make a comprehensive study of the subject from the theories of the ancient East and Greece to existentialism, Neo-Thomism and other modern Western philosophies. Students at engineering institutes take a shorter course in the history of world philosophy. In addition the student has every opportunity to study philosophy off campus. All the big cities have what are called people's universities and Znanie Society forums where philosophers and sociologists lecture. And, of course, there are the libraries.

Incidentally Soviet newspapers note a rising interest in the study of philosophy generally, not only among students. See Yevgeni Bogat's article "A Nation of Philosophers?" in SOVIET LIFE for last August, Books on philosophy sell out quickly. Many of the volumes in the series What Philosophers Study and Debate issued by Political Literature Publishers are on the year's best-seller list.

The various forms of political government are taught in the required social studies course given freshmen year at all universities and institutes. Law students, of course, make a much closer study of the subject.

At the seminars in philosophy taken by students majoring in physics and other natural sciences, dialectical materialism, the theories of cognition and of cause and effect and various philosophical trends are debated. The dominating interest is the Communist world outlook. Soviet history has shown several generations of our people that Marxism is the answer to complex social problems. This belief is shared by the younger generation. We do not have a father-son conflict, the younger generation discarding the cultural and ideological values of its parents,

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What all Soviet citizens feel. The Communist Party program embraces the interests of all our classes, social groupings, nationalities, minorities and generations. For us and for our young people the Party's authority has been tested by history. Of all the political parties that existed in old Russia or which emerged right after the October 1917 Revolution, only the Communists were

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ture, stirring up the debates so necessary for the development of art. And it is no longer separate individuals but a whole layer of our society-an interesting, important and promising layer.

As was true of the best Russian intellectuals, our Soviet intellectuals are marked by definite human qualities: decency, a sense of civic duty, enthusiasm, breadth of education, a watchful eye for the great problems of the world, respect for themselves and for others.

What do I believe to be the driving principle of our young intellectuals today? I think it is the same as for the best section of the youth of all countries: the desire to make life on earth better and to make themselves better. Intelligent young people sharply, and at times even painfully, react to all the inadequacies of life when they reach the age that brings them into personal contact with that life. But they do not retreat before these difficulties; they come to grips with them.

Every one of them looks for his particular road to the common goal. Some look for it in the exact sciences, hoping to transform the world with this powerful lever; others base their hopes on the humanities and still others on public service, where they think their efforts will bring the social community the largest

A particularly admirable characteristic of young people today, I believe, is their emphatic efforts to assert themselves as individuals. They refuse to be swallowed up in the mass, to be standardized and mechanized by the pressures of our technological age. These efforts command my respect. Young people are very wary about authority, and this also because they guard their individuality so jealously. They would much rather take risks and make mistakes than slavishly accept authority. They demand their share of confidence and respect. The youth of today is educated, and education awakens personality.
I am often asked whether by "wary of authority" I mean that

our young people have no faith in authority at all.

Their attitude derives from our recent history. Twice within approximately a decade our youth was bitterly disappointed by great authorities. I mean the criticism of Stalin in 1956 and then of Khrushchev. True, the first disappointment was the bitterest, for Stalin had been considered infallible. The denunciation of the Stalin cult was a bitter experience for many, not only the youth. Fortunately, we came through it all right. However hard it was, especially for the youth, to learn the truth about their former leaders, it was good for Soviet society as a whole. Youth, freed from false authorities, learned to think soberly and to soberly question authority.

Another consideration, I believe, is that in our time the solution of the most difficult problems—those that determine the destiny of the world, of all mankind, those that worry everyone, the young primarily-no longer hinges on a single person, no matter how exalted he is. Our heroes have become localized. They are great only in their own spheres; outside that they are as helpless as any other single person.

able to prove to the peoples of Russia that their program was the right one to lead them in a historic social, economic and cultural transformation.

The Young Communist League or Komsomol, a voluntary organization, has a membership of 23 million between the ages of 14 and 27. The Communist Party itself has a membership of around 13 million, with six out of every 100 under 25 years of age and 47 out of every 100 between 26 and 40. Indeed young Communists in the party less than 10 years comprise nearly half the total membership. They include not only factory workers and farmers but engineers, scientists, teachers, lawyers, business and industrial executives—in short people who not too long ago were students themselves.

This is how our young people answer this question. The Institute of Public Opinion of the youth newspaper Komsomolskaya Pravda polled readers between the ages of 14 and 30 on the subject "What do you think about your own generation?" Nearly 20,000 young people responded. They sent in replies from all areas in the country. All sections of society, including students, were represented. One question asked was, "What do you think is the most characteristic quality of Soviet youth, and how does it express itself?"

The ten most frequently men-

Among the many good qualities of our young people I have observed one which I think is very significant—their sane attitude toward things, commodities. There is not the scorn for commodities in general that I have seen among the hippies-an exaggerated and even violent scorn. Theirs is a simple attitude toward commodities; it is determined by their use, their purpose. My observations as a writer lead me to the conclusion that we are not likely to have hippies. Not only because we are as yet not so well off materially, but also because hippies are a protest against the senselessness of the wealth which grownups see as the meaning of life. Our country, in the best traditions of the former intelligentsia, has a calm, healthy attitude toward the material things of life-neither deliberate poverty, nor the inflated wealth that becomes master. Which reminds me of a mirthless joke that young friends of mine regretfully told me about a family, also young: "They think that they have acquired a household; actually the household has acquired them."

Emancipation from wealth, from the pursuit of things, makes it possible for our youth to recognize true human values: spiritual wealth, real humanism. This quality of the youth is very dear to me, personally, for I believe that freedom from material want is a great freedom but that material slavery is too high a price to pay for it.

I do not advocate asceticism, by any means. I am happy at every success of our industry or agriculture. I am happy at our growing prosperity. With everyone else, I marvel at the technical wonders of our age. But-and this may sound sacrilegious to some-the isolated fact of landing a man on the Moon, Mars or Venus is not enough to make people happy. The loftiest aspirations of man are social and spiritual-esthetic and ethical. To love, to be a friend, to overcome one's base and selfish tendencies, to bring happiness to people through an action or even a kind word, to establish good human relations-these are the true human values. These qualities I rejoice to see in our youth.

I am 55. For 36 years of my life I was poor, at times very poor, but most of the time I was happy. I studied, loved, had friends, discovered the world. The sky I saw through the window of a morning might have been clear or overcast, but it was always beautiful; it always made me glad to be alive. People said to me then, "You're pretty hard up." And I answered with a laugh, "Money isn't everything." Some of them shook their heads sadly and told me, "You say that because you don't have it." The rest of my life I have been well off, but I still value what I valued before. Only I put a higher premium on health, perhaps because I have less of it. And now when I say, "Money isn't everything," some disapprovingly wag their heads and answer, "You say that because you've got it." I probably should keep quiet so as not to be thought a hypocrite. But I say what I do because it is true. I am glad that for most of our young people the meaning of life is not in making money. That is a stupid waste of life. I am glad that the youth of my country recognizes and treasures the truly spiritual, truly human values.

tioned qualities were will power, courage, veracity and consideration for others, devotion to the Communist Party and its ideology, thirst for knowledge, a responsible attitude to one's job, team spirit, enthusiasm, interest in innovation, love of peace and finally internationalism and no prejudice against other nationalities. Despite a vast diversity of personal goals revealed in this poll, the overwhelming majority, more than 95 per cent, of these personal goals in no way conflicted with the goals of communist society as a whole. The students polled were no exception.

In the first place their rights are guaranteed by our Constitution and the laws. At 18 every young person becomes a citizen, with the right to vote and be elected to office. The very important rights of students to study and work are guaranteed by free tuition and by state-provided employment in a chosen profession upon graduatian.

Student privileges include maintenance, scholarships, low-cost dormitory accommodations, draft deferments while at a university, a 50 per cent discount on fares during vacations, accommodations at a large discount or without charge at health and holiday resorts and reduced admission rates to museums and exhibitions. Then

(Continued on page 17)



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During recess the school is like a roaring anthill. Hard to believe that a moment ago they were sitting quietly at their desks, listening attentively to the teacher. Discipline in class is a primary problem. It cannot be built on threats and punishment. It has to grow out of the children's interest in what they are being taught.

Dina teaches English. Youngsters are not easily motivated to learn foreign languages. They see no immediate use for it. It takes an artful teacher to get them interested in conjugating an English verb. When they begin to use it by writing letters to American friends, they become self-motivated.



(Continued from page 13)

there are the privileges deriving from student self-government. These are not the same everywhere but depend on the authority of the student organization and on its relations with the administration. Thus at some universities the students themselves are in charge of their hostel; they help to allocate scholarships and to assign jobs to new graduates.

Of course our students want to visit America. Soviet students are interested not only in learning theoretically but in seeing with their own eyes how their counterparts live and study abroad, particularly in the United States. However a number of difficulties limit the realization of this wish. In the first place, the trip itself is a very expensive one, and no student is able to save up enough money for it. The insignificant trade carried on between our two countries and the exchange problem connected with it considerably reduce the possibili-

ties of financing such trips. Our students and youth organizations try to overcome this difficulty by sending and receiving students on an exchange basis. This system is working very well with many countries. About 2,000 tourist groups of Soviet youth will visit almost 50 foreign countries this year. Young people from 47 countries will, in turn, visit the Soviet Union. No real progress, however, has been made so far in the exchange of students between the Soviet Union and the United States. The aggravation of international tension is one of the factors that hinders the development of such an exchange program.

As polls of Soviet and American youth conducted by a number of American publications, the magazine Look, for instance, have proved, Soviet students are better informed about life in the United States than their American counterparts about life in the Soviet Union. Besides the intellectual curiosity of our youth, which is quite under-

standable, a great part is played in this respect by the system of information concerning life abroad, including the United States. Rovesnik, a magazine with countrywide circulation, tells about the life of young people in other countries. Za Rubezhom, a weekly journal that has a circulation of half a million, contains articles translated from foreign publications. It pays great attention to life in the USA, the tendencies of its inner development and to everything new, not only in the political sphere of the country but also in the cultural field.

The Inostrannaya Literatura magazine acquaints our youth with American fiction. Travel notes about the United States published in our periodicals are also very popular with Soviet readers. Our students' knowledge of the English language keeps improving, and this enables them to read American books and newspapers in the original. Knowing that peace in the world depends to a considerable extent on the relations between our two countries, Soviet students attentively follow all the new movements in the United States and attach great importance to them.

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WHAT IS "KOMSOMLSKAYA PRAVDA"?

BY GRIGORI ORGANOV MANAGING EDITOR

KOMSOMOLSKAYA PRAVDA, called Komsomolka for short, is the most popular young people's newspaper in the country. Published by the Central Committee of the Young Communist League, it has been appearing for 43 years, six times a week,

and it has a circulation of seven million.

Komsomolka's special quality is, perhaps, the fact that its readers (an average of 20 million with three readers to a copy) so often become contributors. Every day's mail brings us interesting, informative and critical letters, articles, sketches and essays. We receive some 350,000 items of correspondence a year. They are a source of information and news which the paper draws upon constantly.

Many of our regular features have the words

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"reader" or "letter" in their titles: "The Reader Has Called," "Letter Time," "Trip by Letter," "The Reader Wants to Know," "Readers Forum." An unanswered reader's letter or a brushoff answer constitutes a major editorial crime. We asked our best equipped newsmen and writers to answer the questions on Soviet youth submitted by SOVIET LIFE readers. Incidentally, materials printed in the newspaper at one time or another are also used in the answers.

By BORIS PANKIN

Editor in Chief

of Komsomolskaya Pravda

Photographs by Yuri Shalonov

UR YOUNG PEOPLE are more and more frequently being described in the Western press as "a calm youth." Surprise generally accompanies the reference, mystification that Soviet young people do not vilify their government, that they are convinced of the advantages of the socialist way of life, that while they dress just like their Western brothers and sisters, they also furiously debate negative aspects of our life, unembarrassed by the presence of a foreigner.

This surprise and wonderment are symptomatic, if not novel. A while ago Western journalists talked of our "angry young men" and gathered every item that would or could be made to corroborate that description. One no longer reads of the "angry Soviet young man." What does the replacement "calm youth" mean? Does it mean a calm indifference to shortcomings? Passivity? Boredom? Confidence? There are any number of interpretations.

As I see it, Moscow correspondent Guerra of the Italian newspaper L'Unità was more to the point when he said that Soviet young people were "a happy blend of enthusiasm and realism." More than once has the attempt been made to prove that the enthusiasm of our young people and their devotion to the common cause are all very much in the past, that today's enthusiasts are few and that they represent an "elite." The realism is represented as egoism, as a consumer approach to the good things of life, as the refusal to subordinate personal interests, if necessary, to the interest of society.

"If we were to make a diagram of how Soviet young people group," a news analyst wrote in the French paper Le Figaro, "we would see at the apex a fine and effective minority who believe in the ideals of communism, who are aware of their obligations and who are diligent

and serious. Further down would come the bulk of the Soviet youth, who are also respectable. But never having experienced their moments of heroism and having lost their susceptibility to overzealous propaganda, they prefer today's reality to tomorrow's sweet promises.

What do we say to that? Again, as in many other efforts to take a close look at our young people, the observer does not see very deeply. After all, how many people can a traveling correspondent interview? From how many will he learn their real opinions and feelings? Very few. In fact it is hard for him to say whether he is getting majority or minority opinions.

We, on the other hand, have special institutes for the purpose—more specifically the Komsomolskaya Pravda Institute of Public Opinion. Recently polled on their social values were some 17,500 young people of all walks of life from all over the country. Nine out of ten interviewed consider the building of communism in their country their chief social goal.

The over-all values of the society they live in are the same as their own. They accept them but vigorously resist everything they think wrong and obsolete and bureaucratic. They wage a fight for their society, not against it.

Lenin once said: "We fought better than our fathers, and our children will fight better than we have, and they will win." The young people are indeed trying to contribute something new to the established forms and patterns of social life. They demonstrate the capacity to play a role of their own in civic affairs. They are vigorous, persistent and acutely aware of developments.

In fighting against shortcomings, the young people do not run into a wall of double talk or lying promises. Our youth is an authority itself; it plays an important social role.

As soon as he or she reaches 18, a Soviet citizen votes for representatives to local government bodies, the Supreme Soviet of his republic and the USSR Supreme Soviet. He may be elected to local government bodies at 18, to the Supreme Soviet of his republic at 21 and to the USSR Supreme Soviet at 23. In the present USSR Supreme Soviet 190 of the deputies are under 30, and in the local Soviets 400,000 of the deputies are young people. That they are guaranteed the right of deciding the country's policies and of charting its development cannot help but make them socially responsible, enthusiastic, realistic. They have displayed these qualities in different ways at different periods of the country's history.

When we think back to the construction projects of the thirties-the Magnitogorsk Iron and Steel Works, the Fergana Canal or the city of Komsomolskon-Amur-we remember those boys and girls in padded jackets and bast shoes who went off to work with wheelbarrow, pickax, shovel and trowel. Today we see them in a totally different setting of blueprints and slide rules, semiconductors and intricate computers.

These are only symbols, rather com-

monplace and overused symbols. They hardly begin to convey all the changes the country and its people have gone through.

I want to try to highlight these changes against a background of facts. At the Third Congress of the YCL in 1920 only 11 of its 600 delegates had a higher education and only 200 or so had middle schooling. As a matter of fact, when one of the delegates was asked what he meant by middle schooling, he said he "could read all right, but his writing was only fair to middling." At this Congress Lenin was asked what he considered the main task of revolutionary youth. He said it was to study, study and study once again. He also said that the young people were showing, to an unprecedented degree, the desire, readiness, and resolve to undertake the administration of the state. But for them to do a proper job, he emphasized, they had to acquire the knowledge first.

In 1967, 47 years later, 93 per cent of the 3,821 delegates to the Fifteenth YCL Congress had a complete secondary education and nearly 50 per cent had a higher education. This was the result of the "broad access to education for the broadest masses," a permanent plank in the Communist Party Program.

The fact that our 210,000 schools now have an attendance of 48 million and our 767 universities, institutes and technical schools a student body of 8.1 million is the result of this policy. Currently we have compulsory eight-year schooling, but by 1970 we will have switched to a ten-year system which means universal and compulsory secondary education. Of course our educational system has its problems. It has been modified more than once under the impact of criticism from both "above" and "below." What it does not have, though, is any social or national segregation. Education on all levels is accessible to all on an absolutely equal basis.

Our youngsters are not threatened by unemployment or by a lack of demand for their skills. On the contrary, the demand for specialists in our fast growing economy stays well ahead of supply. Our society with its economic and technical potentials keeps confronting the young man with more and more complex tasks that force him to temper his enthusiasms with common sense. A sober stocktaking of the ups and downs, the evaluation of one's own powers, makes for self-improvement and the improvement of the economic and social functions of our system.

Lenin thus defined the attitude the revolutionary state should take to its youth: "Enlist young people on a wider and more daring scale; don't be afraid of them. We must respect the young people, make demands on them, not flatter them.'

The insistence of young people today on being independent, thinking realistically, showing that they have their own way of saying and doing things, their growing self-esteem are all a sign of the times, and a good sign.

But not infrequently healthy insistence goes so far beyond sensible limits that

its motivation is put into question. This makes it possible for people of another persuasion—those who object to giving young people their independence—to "tutor" the young man, to hedge his every step with restrictions and bans.

Let me cite the simplest instance. How many words did we bandy about in our press a few years ago about the clothes young folk wore, the way they cut their hair, the way they danced-all fads that come and go? It is silly to look-as we have done—for political heresy in the width of trouser cuffs or the length of someone's hair. On the other hand, this does not mean that we should not try to inculcate good taste in young people by encouraging them to develop an appreciation for beauty.

In principle we all seem to agree that regimentation and unjustified bans are harmful. Our paper has said so more than once. Too often rudeness, tactlessness, pretending to know all the answers discredit the older generation's good intentions and sincere wish to help the teenager. They kill rather than cure and create innumerable conflicts. The result is an artificial source of irritation, a nutritive medium for that myth about the conflict of generations. However, there is this other extreme: Since young people object so strongly to the influence exerted by their elders, let them decide everything for themselves. This really is a cult of the young man, an effort to capitalize on his sentiments. A cult of this sort arises from a fear of young people, the wish to curry favor with them, to glorify their every emotion and play upon it.

Character, attitude toward the world, feelings are all grounded on material standards. At the same time, in our age of technological revolution we must see the power of opinion and taste created by the inescapable media of mass communication. Things, the machine, fashion are enthroned. Advertising becomes magic. Imagine a vacuity reproduced in millions of admirers! Is this not "exerting influence"? This is influence, and for a definite purpose. When Soviet TV shows no sex and horror films—they are banned by law-and when Soviet shops do not freely sell or mail firearms, this is also exerting influence on teenagers and young people—also for a definite, but quite different, purpose.

What I think characteristic of our attitude toward young people is the effort to convince them, to make them aware of the cardinal truths of our life, without sermons and homilies but without com-

promising our principles.

Our young people believe in communism. This is not fanaticism; it is born of conviction. This is not blind trust; it is conscious choice. This is not wholesale glorification of the world but an analytical, dialectical approach to it. This is the ability, or at least the desire, to see what is worthwhile and what must be fought against, the belief that however difficult the struggle, it is not uesless, not purposeless. This is what makes our youth so "calm," to use the epithet of the Western press. It is the calm of conviction.





Komsomolskaya Pravda runs a column with the title we use here. The questions range from the specific ("Can a student study in two departments at once?") to the global ("Zoya! What is the meaning of life?"). Zoya is not a symbol, not a fictitious character. She is 23, married and likes newspaper work. Her credentials as head of Komsomolskaya Pravda's student department? She is fresh out of college. We asked Zoya to answer some of the questions American students sent us.

> ceived. If several applicants have the same number of points, preference goes to exservicemen and to those who have already held down jobs in their specialty. After the decision of the enrollment commission (on which there are students also!) the final stage: The list of those accepted is posted in the institute corridor. in the institute corridor.

Those who are not accepted have to get down to their books and try their luck again the following year. Some apply to another institute where the competition is not so sharp or where there is no competition at all.

QUESTION: Are your students' attitudes geared toward the present or the distant future? (Ion Rodman)

ANSWER: I suppose that our students, like those everywhere, are interested in whether or not they will pass an example.

or not they will pass an exam, what to buy for supper, whether they will get a letter from home today. But like normal, thinking people, they find it dull to look at life so shortsightedly—the day is over, and that's that

However that's too general a reply.

Here are three excerpts from students'
letters (the mail of our editorial department) that may give you a better answer.

In my opinion, personal happiness its of several elements. Man is happy he knows that his work is necessary

and useful, but it must be work that does not cramp his individuality. That means it must be work he loves. He is happy when he has full use of all the material benefits created by man himself.

"I am certain that if I think only of the present, I shall lag behind the times. To keep abreast of the times, I have to think of the future..."

Valentin Vasilyev, student

Valentin Vasilyev, student
Leningrad University

"... I would very much like to help
lay the foundations of a new city and then
write a book about this city and its people."
Alina Alimova, student
Polytechnic Secondary School
Uzbekistan

" Lam 18 years old I want to be im-

"... I am 18 years old. I want to be immortal. I'm sorry that this is impossible. They say that immortality is not a very pleasant thing—that one gets tired of living. But aren't you interested in knowing what will take place several thousand years from now, or in a million years? No, I would never tire of living. How about you?"

Nina Petrova, student Aviation Institute

Moscow

Moscow

QUESTION: What is the average level of cultural appreciation? How does this compare with the young person who does not attend college? (Ion Rodman)

ANSWER: I could write a whole treatise on this question. I did a paper in college on

the enlightenment movement in our country. Back in the nineteenth century our edu-cated people went out to the villages to teach the peasants health and sanitation, the structure of the Universe and other such the structure of the Universe and other such things. They organized schools and reading rooms. Our students today follow that tradition. They often go to collective farms and factories to give lectures and concerts.

At first I took it for granted that the cultural level of the students would be higher.

But when I became better acquainted with But when I became better acquainted with those who give the lectures and concerts and those who listen, I began to think the reverse was true. I still don't know who gets more from these "enlightenment" meetings—the students or the workers and collective farmers. The cultural level of the workers and collective farmers is often as high as that of the students. Besides, they know about the world through experience, while the students' knowledge is largely theoretical. Nor must we forget that many of these workers are also students—in the evening and correspondence departments of institutes and universities. of institutes and universities.

QUESTION: How many years do Soviet students actually attend school? (William B. Newbrough, University of Iowa, Iowa City,

lowa)
ANSWER: Three or four years in the technicums (specialized secondary schools which require eight years of schooling for entrance) and five years in institutes. In the evening and correspondence divisions the course of study is six years. Several schools have a four-year course (teacher training) and a six-year course (medical institutes).

QUESTION: How many Soviet colleges and universities are there? Do they offer the same kind of variety as American schools? (Cathy Stadelman, Aquinas College, Grand Rapids, Michigan)
ANSWER: We have 42 universities, 725 institutes, and 3,980 specialized secondary schools. They offer much the same variety of courses as American schools. Most of our colleges are comparatively young—40, 30, 20 years old. The youngest, the Kirovograd Institute of Agricultural Machine Building and eight other institutes, are only a little over a year old.

QUESTION: Do Soviet students participate in any kind of self-rule through student government? (Mark Fackler, Westmont College, Santa Barbara, California)

ANSWER: Each class—freshman through senior—and each department has a student council. There are also student trade unions. They all have a voice in school government.

ernment. So does the Komsomol, the Young Communist League. It participates in assigning stipends to students and helps them find jobs after graduation. No student can be expelled from school without the consent of the Komsomol.

In some colleges student council recommendations for graduate work or internship are much sought after. These recommenda-tions are discussed at meetings of the entire senior class.

QUESTION: Are Soviet student bodies organized in any way? (Cathy Moss, Contra Costa College, San Pabio, California)
ANSWER: We have student trade unions, student councils, the Young Communist League and the student sports society Burevestnik. Our students are also affiliated with the World Federation of Democratic Youth

QUESTION: Do the various colleges have their own newspapers run by students? (Steven A. Mitchell, Long Beach City College, Long Beach, California)

ANSWER: Every large college has its own newspaper printed in the college's print shop. There is also a nationwide publication.

tion, Student Meridian.

The many youth newspapers all have student pages. Ours in Komsomolskaya Pravda is called "Eureka."

QUESTION: How do students receive scholarships to the different schools? (Roy Musick, Brigham Young University, Provo,

Utah) ANSWER: ANSWER: The stipends are standard throughout the country, but they vary for students of different colleges. Whether because of traditions already forgotten or the difficulty of the subjects (although who is to say strength of materials is more difficult say strength of materials is more difficult than Sanskrit?), there is a difference in the stipends granted. For instance, in MAI (Moscow Aviation Institute) they are higher than in MARI (Moscow Automobile Road Institute). But generally speaking, the stipend for first-year students is from 30 to 40 rubles a month, and in the final years from 40 to 50 rubles. Students who receive from 40 to 50 rubles. Students who receive excellent in all their courses get 25 per cent more. There are also personal stipends—110 rubles—for the best students and graduate students. For instance, there are five Nikolai Gogol (the writer) stipends, four lgor Kurchatov (the physicist) stipends, four stipends named after the educator Konstantin Ushinsky. All told there are about 90 such stipends. Those students who have been sent to college by their collective farm or factory (where they must work after graduating) get somewhat higher stipends. The stipend is not very large, but it does take care of meals, lodging and the basics. Remember that our students do not have to pay for their tuition, books or labhave to pay for their tuition, books or lab-oratory fees. Some students take part-time jobs to make additional spending money. There are plenty of such jobs around.

QUESTION: Is it true that academic undesirables are "weeded out" through state tests, and if so, what happens to the students who have been weeded out? (Patrick McClure, Bakersfield College, Bakersfield,

California)
ANSWER: Why should a person be allowed to stay in college if he doesn't make the grade? If a student fails in three courses in one year and there are no suitable explanations—illness and the like—he is expelled. What does he do? He goes to work. May he return to college? He may. But to do so he must take the exams again.

QUESTION: What percentage of Soviet youth attend college? What per cent male? Female? (Cathy Stadelman)

ANSWER: We have about eight million students in our colleges and specialized secondary schools. About a fourth of the 230-million people in the Soviet Union are under 25. That means about 15 per cent

of the young people are students. Women account for 45 per cent of the student en-

QUESTION: Do the students choose their major, or is it chosen for them by advisers? (Kevin P. O'Connor, Chaminade College, Honolulu, Hawaii)

ANSWER: It depends on the student. If he knows what he wants to do, he chooses his own specialty. If he isn't sure, he goes to a guidance counselor.

QUESTION: How long is summer vacation? What kind of holidays are students given? (John P. Mackey, State University College, Cortland, N. Y.)

ANSWER: Two months. There is also a two-week winter vacation. And holidays, of course—New Year's Day, March 8, May 1-2, May 9 and November 7-8.

QUESTION: Are there sororities and fra-ternities in the Soviet Union? (John P.

ANSWER: I do not think we have any student clubs exclusively for women. There are some women's clubs—not student—like the Siberian Women's Club in Omsk and others.

The only organizations in our country similar to student fraternities are associations of students who come from other countries—associations of all Polish, or all German, or all Algerian students. There are also associations of students from our own republics—Uzbekistan, Lithuania, Moldavia and the others.

QUESTION: What emphasis is given to the social life of students? How frequently are dances, concerts, plays and other activities scheduled? (Roy Musick)
ANSWER: The administration of every in-

stitute and university provides funds and facilities to encourage students to pursue a rich social life. Students attending schools in or near urban centers have their pick of theaters, films, concerts and anything else you can think of. Students also can invite artists and theater groups to perform at their clubs. The money to pay for such performances is raised partly by ticket sales and partly by funds provided by the school administration.

All schools have their own projectors,

and the students can requisition the films they want to show at their clubs.

Students pay reduced fares for travel and are able to buy theater, movie and concert

tickets at a discount.
Statistics show that students like movies

tickets at a discount.

Statistics show that students like movies more than any other form of entertainment. They also go to the theater a lot. Amateur dramatics is very popular. Our famous film actress lya Savina came from one such amateur group in Moscow University.

The college clubs hold dances every day can, at the city club. Probably the student clubs and cafés are the most popular spots for recreation. And their number is infinite.

I recently met Sasha Bereznyak, president of the Student Club in Rostov, a favorite gathering place for talking and dancing. He told me that Rostov has a student ensemble known as Blue Shadows that plays to standing room only. Globus, the club of the Kherson Pedagogical Institute's club; Brigantine, the Nikolayev Shipbuilding Institute's club; Budilnik, the Chelyabinsk Medical Institute's club are all very popular. Kazan Aviation Institute has an Uzh (it stands for "oral magazine"); the Crimean Pedagogical Institute has its Fridays; at Perm University you can see an opera called Philological Cactus and so on ad infinitum.

Our students like a good time and know how to make one. The famous Danish physicist, Niels Bohr, who was a guest of the physicists of Moscow State University at a celebration of theirs called Archimedes Birthday, noted that. He said: "If they study only half as well as they make merry, I am confident of the future of your science."







By Tatiana Agalonova Komsomolskaya Pravda Reporter

Does Komsomolskaya Pravda print sensations? Or do Russians consider them improper?

Yes, we do print sensations, our own and foreign. But there are sensations and sensations. For us a sensation is some-thing of exceptional public importance. Yuri Gagarin's or Valentina Tereshkova's space flights were sensations, so was Robert Kennedy's assassination; it was news which horrified the world. No newspaper, radio or TV can work without sensations, for they reflect the complexities of life, the unusual things that take place. Every one of our reporters dreams of a scoop of that kind.

But we think a sensation should not be an aim in itself. It should serve to do more than shock the reader. That is why we think the marriage of a 60-year-old film director to an 18-year-old model is their business, not the public's. More-over, since our Constitution guarantees inviolability of the person, no one has the right to make an individual's personal

affairs public! Crimes, murders and the like, served up as sensations, incite the mentally unstable. The details of a crime, the atmosphere of secrecy, the admiration for the cleverness of a criminal, the publicity give him a halo of interest, a perverted "heroism." All of this fosters a cult of violence. We report crime, but our crime section is very modest. Its place on the section is very modest. Its place on the last page of the paper shows its place in

real life. I remember using all my powers of persuasion as a reporter to convince six biologists that they should take me, a woman, with them on an ice floe drifting in the White Sea. The drift was quite dangerous since the ice on the White Sea was thin. I convinced them finally. But my "battle" with them was in behalf of my readers who were interested in firsthand news of that unique expedition. Komsomolskaya Pravda carried five stories on the drift.

One more instance. Two Arkhangelsk adventurers set out on a very alluring but difficult voyage. In a boat as small as those used by ancient seafarers, they charted a course through northern seas and revers to the city of Mangazeya, which was famous centuries ago as the "Siberian Baghdad." They wanted to show that such a passage was possible. I joined them toward the end of their journey and sent back regular reports on a trip which was as sensational as the voyage of Bombard or Chichester.

I could cite dozens of other examples of sensational reports by newspaper colleagues to demonstrate my point: that we are in favor of publicizing sensations of importance to the citizenry but are against printing sensations for the sake of sensation, against sensations that private affairs, publicize someone's against sensations that glamorize crime.



SIX MINUTES OF PIRACY

By Vladimir Ponizovsky

ILOT EDIK BAKHSHINYAN arrived at the airport at six in the morning. He went in to the doctor first to have his heart and blood pressure checked. Then he looked over the weather chart, the air-navigation chart and the storm-path record. The red lights indicated the nonoperational routes, meaning that heavy thunder clouds were on the way. His own route was clear.

Armenia's airlines are always busy, because the only transportation to smaller towns is by plane.

The pavigator on duty announced.

The navigator on duty announced, "Bakhshinyan, your flight, please. The Yerevan-Yekhegnadzor route." He was to fly

verevan-Yekhegnadzor route." He was to fly over three mountain passes.

Before going to his "baby" YAK, Edik walked over to the bigger, silver-painted IL plane, cold to the touch from the night air. After tomorrow it would be his plane.

The IL is a bigger and better plane, but Edik had some pangs about leaving the YAK he had flown ever since he finished aviation school. He had carried air freight in it then

he had flown ever since he finished aviation school. He had carried air freight in it, then had dusted cotton fields, then had flown cameramen to location to shoot a film. The YAK showed him new dimensions of his beautiful native land: the bowls of the deep green valleys, the carpets of thick growth on the mountain slopes, the chasms and mountains—yellow, red, malachite and blue. It was country that sometimes looked like a rippled sea and sometimes like a fantastic rippled sea and sometimes like a fantastic moonscape.

He had perfected his trade on the YAK. He could handle it in a snowstorm, make it climb the snow-capped peaks, land the little plane on a foothold on the brink of a chasm. This would be the last flight he would make in his YAK.

The plane was ready for him on the edge of the field, tanks full. He taxied the craft to the passenger-embarkation platform. A steward escorted the passengers to the

Bakhshinyan jumped out of his seat and

greeted his passengers.

He looked the passengers over. There were three—all in starched white shirts and well-pressed, narrow black trousers. "Visiting friends," he thought. One of them, a short spare man, was wearing big sunglasses. Another was a boulder of a man, 200-odd pounds, perhaps, with a good-natured face. The third was slender, elegance itself, with a serious face and a dashing mustache.

The man in the sunglasses took the seat next to the pilot, the others in the back.

The YAK has a small cabin. Bakhshinyan was pleased that the spare man sat next to him. "A little more room to move," he thought.

"Everything all right?" he asked.
"Fine," replied the man beside him.
"Three-four-eight requests permission to take off!"

The YAK took off and started a steady climb. Ahead could be seen the valley of Mount Ararat with fields looking as if they Mount Ararat with fields looking as if they were combed, showing the divisions between the vineyards. The houses of pink tufa stone looked through the foliage of the poplars. On the edge of the horizon the sparkling surface of the Araks River stood out prominently. In the mist behind the river, on the other side, you could see snow-capped Mount Ararat. That was Turkey.

As soon as the plane was high enough, Edik would bank to the left for a look at Armenia's ancient capital. Artashat. On the

Edik would bank to the left for a look at Armenia's ancient capital, Artashat. On the left were the excavations of another former capital of Armenia, ancient Dvin. Then he would follow the route between the mountains. Beyond the pass to the Arpa River, they could see a valley with its orchards and vineyards. He was glad that his last flight on the local line was to Yekhegnadzor. It was 8:05 A.M. on the clock. He pulled at

the trimmer control, depressing the pedal with his left foot.

Four hands closed like the jaws of a bulldog on his wrists, and the friendly buzz in his headphones snapped off.
"Stop it," cried Edik, tugging at the con-

trols.

"Keep straight ahead!"

It was like a movie or a bad dream.
"Bandits!" he yelled into the blank mike.
Red-hot needles pierced his shoulder, side and chest.

The dispatcher was calling him,

"Three-four-eight, answer, please; three-four-eight, answer, please."

The YAK nosed up sharply and turned into a dive. Then the machine rolled over into a climb and headed straight for the frontier.

Two of the bandits had their knives stuck in the pilot's back. The third one tried to pull his hands from the control stick to get con-

Edik hung on to the pedals with his feet.
He felt no pain, but his right hand was growing weaker. The man with the sunglasses grabbed hold of the control stick.

"He knows how to handle it. He'll lower the trimmer and take the plane across the

border."

The bandits dragged Edik away from the controls. But the man in the sunglasses could not locate the trimmer-control lever. The plane soared high to drop sharply downward as it lost speed.

"You liar," said the ringleader to his accomplice. "So you don't know how to handle the plane."

"Turn me loose," Bakhshinyan turned to the ringleader. "Your man is no pilot. I'll take over."

take over.

"All right," he replied, "but mind you, no tricks! Or else. . . ."
There he was with three armed bandits

behind him.

They had taken their time preparing for the operation. They had figured every move to the second. They knew what route to take after pirating the plane, when to cut off radio contact and when to attack him—at what height and on which course. They were sure he would do as he was told if his life was threatened.

Edik lowered the trim and leveled the

plane.
"Well done," remarked the ringleader

"Well done," remarked the ringleader with relief and pulled his knife back.

The pilot turned the stick sharply to the right. The YAK swung 180°. The bandits were thrown to the left. In a fraction of a second Edik nosed the plane into a steep dive. "Now I've got them," he thought.

The air-speed indicator registered 200 miles per hour. The sky disappeared. The land rushed toward them at breakneck speed. The bandits howled like wolves.

A few feet above the ground Edik tugged at the stick with his still serviceable left hand. The YAK leveled out, but its landing gear struck the ground and snapped off. Then the right wing hit a rock. The machine dug into the ground with its nose and turned over.

Edik felt nothing. All his mind registered was that he was still alive. He got out of the wreckage to see the collective farmers run-ning toward him from every corner of the vineyard. Another plane was hovering over-head, and several cars were speeding along the road.

the road.

The ground stations registered the time the YAK struck the ground—8:11 A.M. The fight in the air lasted only six minutes.

One of the bandits was killed in the crash; the other two were captured.

But the pilot was in bad shape too. The doctors fought for his life for days on end. Until finally Professor Isaakyan told him, "You'll live, and you'll fly."

Courtesy of Komsomolskaya Pravda

THEY BUILD IN THE WILDERNESS

By Dmitri Viktorov Photographs by Alexei Varfolomeev

EACH SPRING the newspapers publish a Komsomol (Young Communist League) project map like the one shown here. It is addressed to prospective high school graduates and institute students.

uates and institute students.

There is no adequate English equivalent for "Komsomol project." In the early post-Revolutionary period, when the country had to build its industry practically from scratch, the Young Communist League called on its members to help rehabilitate the devastated economy by volunteering for the Volkhov hydropower project. There were many Komsomol members who volunteered to work hydropower project. There were many Komsomol members who volunteered to work on that first large-scale construction job which began during the winter of 1918. It was followed by others—Magnitogorsk, Komsomolsk-on-Amur and the Donbas—and the movement grew into a tradition. The components of that tradition were competition for the common good, collective work and the responsibility of each for all. As time went on the scale and scope of these projects changed, as did the equipment and techniques. But the builders have changed most of all; their educational level and skills are immeasurably higher today, and they have the assurance that comes with success. The tradition, however, has not changed. Today, just like half a century ago, volunteers man these projects. Today, just like then, the Young Communist League selects its best young men and women and tries to interest them in these projects and always gets more volunteers than it needs. gets more volunteers than it

Mhat is a Komsomol project like?
Beyond the Ural Mountains stretches almost endless taiga forest. At a spot several hundred miles from a inhabited locality or a road geologists have discovered oil. It

has to be extracted.

Another project-a swift Siberian river

squeezed between stone banks. A power station built on it could generate cheap electricity for dozens of mills plants and towns; it could remake the whole region. The problem is to get pioneers to go to this remote place to build the station.

Volunteers are needed for construction projects on the wild steppes of Kazakhstan and in the Khibiny Mountains beyond the Arctic Circle, for the tundra country of polar nights, fierce snowstorms and harsh frosts lasting six months a year and for the steep, burning cliffs of the Pamirs. Nature has hoarded iron ore, diamonds, natural gas, coal, oil and other raw materials for the chemical and construction industries. Roads and powertransmission lines have to be laid to these desolate places. Then oil and gas pipe lines and railways. And after that settlements and towns must be built with new industries. with new industries.

This map shows only the main Komsomol projects, those construction jobs over which the Young Communist League assumes patronage.

The Komsomol is the biggest youth organization in the Soviet Union. Besides sending volunteers to the frontier construction sites it helps them acquire a trade or tion sites, it helps them acquire a trade or profession. YCL branches at plants through-out the country pay special attention to or-ders for equipment from these sites. Young league members working on railways and other means of transportation see that this equipment reaches the projects with dispatch. In short the country's young people are doing their special bit to develop these new industrial areas.

The big inducement of these construction projects is on the job training. They want people with at least eight years of schooling. Here are some help-wanted ads culled

from the paper:



Invitation From the Achinsk Aluminum Plant.

"An urgent national construction project —our problem is people; we do not have enough. We need 1,500 construction workers. We want YCL volunteers. We can ac-commodate 500 immediately, and in five days we can take care of another 400. We have jobs and housing for them. Our hos-tels are ready. They are not luxurious, no rugs yet, but they are warm, clean and

"If you have no trade, we'll teach you

one. A few weeks as a trainee, and you can earn full wages. We have a school at the plant for those who want to improve their skill or learn a second trade. We can seat 300 students simultaneously.

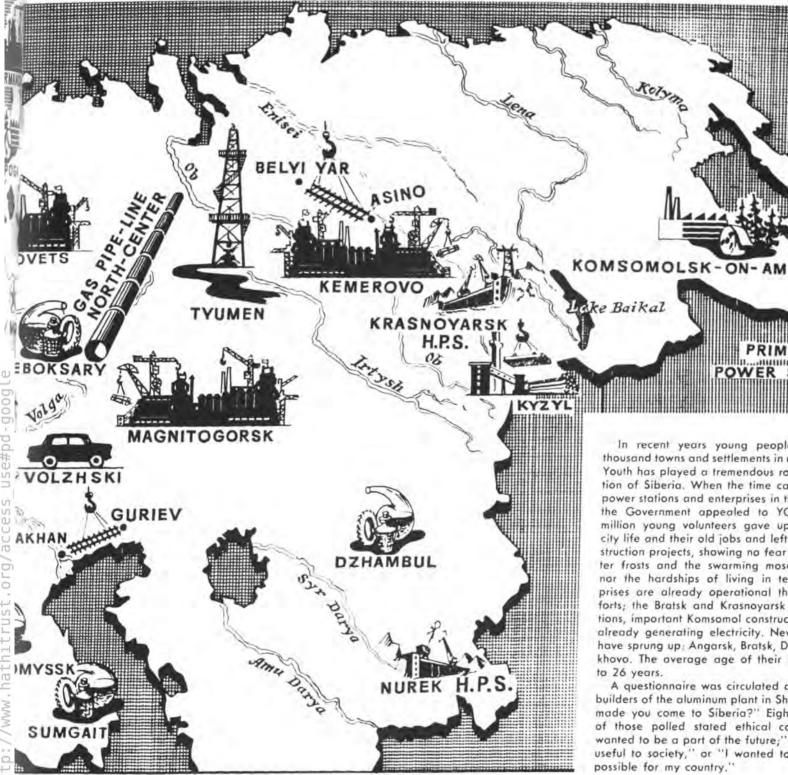
"We have several movie theaters (two with wide screens), about a dozen clubs and a drama theater in town. You will not be lonely or bored here."

> Y. Bezugiov Deputy Manager Achinskaluminstroi Trust Achinsk, Krasnoyarsk Territory

We Are Damming the Volga.

"We want young volunteers for this urgent national Komsomol project. We now have 10,000 young men and women working here. We have a big training setup which teaches every trade used on the project. There is a branch of the Saratov Polytechnical Institute on the site and a chamical industrial achoes. chemical industrial school.

"We have modern comfortable hostels for our young people. We are completing another hostel building for the new volunteer building for the new yolungel. teer builders who come this year. Our Pal-



In recent years young people have built one thousand towns and settlements in uninhabited areas. Youth has played a tremendous role in the reclamation of Siberia. When the time came to build giant power stations and enterprises in that rigorous area, the Government appealed to YCL members. Two million young volunteers gave up the comforts of city life and their old jobs and left for Siberian construction projects, showing no fear of the biting winter frosts and the swarming mosquitos of summer nor the hardships of living in tents. Giant enterprises are already operational thanks to their efforts; the Bratsk and Krasnoyarsk hydropower stations, important Komsomol construction projects, are already generating electricity. New Siberian towns have sprung up: Angarsk, Bratsk, Divnogorsk, Shelekhova. The average age of their inhabitants is 24 to 26 years.

PRIMORSKAYA

A questionnaire was circulated among the young builders of the aluminum plant in Shelekhovo: "What made you come to Siberia?" Eighty four per cent of those polled stated ethical considerations: "I wanted to be a part of the future;" "I wanted to be useful to society," or "I wanted to do as much as possible for my country."

ace of Culture is nearing completion, too. "We have a good stadium and by summer our aquatic center will be ready.

"We invite intelligent, strong young men and women with a sense of responsibility to help build a dam across the Volga." N. Ivantsov

> Construction Superintendent Saratov Hydroelectric Power Project

Come to Magnitka

"We are short of workers and engineers needed to build rolling mill 2500 at the Magnitogorsk Iron and Steel Works. We

want young people.
"The mill under construction has a tremendous capacity. The floor space of the
main building alone is 1,614,587 square
feet. No cars will come off the assembly lines at the auto plant now being built at Togliatti without sheet steel from our mill!

Too bad that we have to disappoint the pioneering types. We have only one tent, and that one was put up to commemorate the early pioneering days. But now good housing is available. The rooms are comfortable. Each hostel has a library for evening students. Sports facilities are nearby.

The YCL is building a stadium.

"Just one more request which the builders have asked me to give to YCL members working at the Gorky Milling Machine Plant, Alma-Ata Heavy Engineering Plant and Kharkov Electromechanical Plant: 'Please rush any orders you get from Magnitos-troi!'"

Paramonov

Fitter-team Leader, Honored Builder of the Russian Federation

V. Anikushin

Senior Engineer for Construction of Rolling Mill 2500

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Komsomolskaya Pravda asked students who had worked on construction teams during their vacations what they remembered doing on one particular day, August 21. They answered by sending excerpts from diaries, letters and official documents.

V DOLL BUILT FARRY TAYS

(On the Balkhash-Sayak Railroad in the Early Morning Hours of August 21)

Two railroad-construction gangs working from opposite directions met on August 21, five days ahead of schedule. On removing the last jack, they uncorked their first bottle of lemonade. Somebody yelled, "Hurrah!" Somebody else sat down on the hot rusty rail and stared at the receding tracks. They had just completed laying 18 miles of track. ... (From a letter by students of the Moscow Institute of Transport Engineers).

CONTRACTOR SEEDS TO A CONTRACT

(Letter from a Team)

. . . There are 11 of us, all 18 years old. We arose at sunrise as usual.

Today's job was to pull a transmission line across a swamp inaccessible to earthmoving equipment. Our strongest men-Volodva Tetyutsky, Sasha Bakalev, Oleg Loginov and Gena Bychin-battled swamp, mud, clouds of mosquitoes and midget flies.

This morning we equipped and set up 30 poles and uncoiled and laid out 10 coils of wire. There was no end to the swamp we had to negotiate. But the line went up behind us.

At noon we returned to camp for dinner, forgetting that an hour before we had been stuck in bog and had to inch our way through dense woods. We washed in cold water poured from buckets and after dinner held our usual "rest and chatter hour," during which time we helped our good cooks with the dish washing. Then we got back to work. In the evening we danced and sang, mostly to music we made ourselves. In short it was an ordinary day.

Volodya Chukreyev Students' Communications Team Sverdlovsk

CHAID, THE S IN SECTION OF

(Vasili Dmitrenko, Rector of the Khabarovsk Institute of Railroad Engineering telephoned Sakhalin Island where some of his students were working. At student headquarters in the village Boris Malyshev, a senior student and chief engineer of the team, picked up the phone.)

Khabarovsk: "Hello. How are things go-

ing?"

Sakhalin: "We're doing fine. We are almost through with building operations on our part of the project. We have finished a couple of depots, a pumping station, a warehouse and several apartment houses."

Khabarovsk: "How are you fixed for living arrangements?"

Sakhalin: "Pretty well. They gave us a fine welcome, houses and tents, a dining room and a kitchen to do what we want with. For recreation we celebrate birthdays and holidays together and give concerts for the local people. Incidentally we've been winning all the sports prizes."

Khabarovsk: "What's the weather like?" Sakhalin: "Not too good. It's raining, and the clouds lie heavy on the hills. It's like living under a blanket."

Khabarovsk: "What did you do on August 21?'

Sakhalin: "It was a good day. We put the roof on a warehouse. It wasn't an ordinary building, and the work required skill. Vasili Bykov's squad finished the roof of an apartment house and was congratulated in our wall newspaper. In the evening we gave a concert at the club. That was at one of our five locations. How are things with you, Valentin losifovich? How's the enrollment going? What are the new students like? Any pretty girls among them?"

Khabarovsk: "The exams are over. We have another 625 young people. Every 18year-old girl is stunning. Give my regards to the squad. We're proud of you and are waiting impatiently for you to return."

111 6 2 1

(From a letter dated August 21, 1967)

Ten years ago, in August 1958, we worked in the virgin-land area—200 students and myself, a student also, in command. Now I'm a teacher. In the summer of 1967 I was out with a construction group once again, in Pushchino, where a biological research center is being built. The teams, the organization, the youthful enthusiasm and sense of duty were much the same as before. But everything else had changed completely. The country had changed and also the machinery, the work procedures and the living conditions. The people, too, had changedtheir ethical concepts of psychology, their ideas of the value of the individual and of the relationship between the individual and the collective. If I had directed the group now the way I did 10 years ago, I would have messed everything up by the second or third day.

A student construction group nowadays is like a chain of glimmering lights: The chain stays together, but the lights are of different colors. One has to be able to distinguish the slightest shades of difference.

Our guiding rule is, "Fraternal concern of all for the individuality of each." We have to be aware of individual needs and differences. At one time the group leader was the most forceful person, but time has taught us that the leader has to guide as unobtrusively as possible. All I have the right to do now is to recommend and advise.

In 1957 on the banks of the Tobol near Kustanai things were fine.

In 1967 on the banks of the Oka things were fine.

But they were fine in different ways. And things will be fine later on in an altogether different way. The biological research center in Pushchino is rising. Somebody will replace me next year. What can I tell him? Only one thing—to listen to the voice of time. We can be forgiven everything except turning a deaf ear to the voice of time.

> Vadim Turbin Instructor, Moscow University **Head of Student Construction Group** Pushchino on the Oka River

Company of the second Similar. M

The collective of the Tseliny (Virgin Land) State Farm of Bulayevsky, North Kazakhstan Region, has resolved unanimously to request the authorities responsible to rename our state farm The Student in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the Leninist Young Communist League and the tenth anniversary of the first student-construction group to work on our farm.

Zhadan

Director, Bulayevsky State Farm

Chairman, The Workers' Committee Salykov

Secretary of the YCL Committee August 21, 1967

From the Editors:

In the summer of 1959 the first construction squad of students from the Physics Department of Moscow University worked on the Bulayevsky State Farm. In 1960 the Moscow University physics students built the first street, called University, for the farm and in 1964 the second street, Tomskaya, was built. Now the whole farm has been renamed Student in their honor.

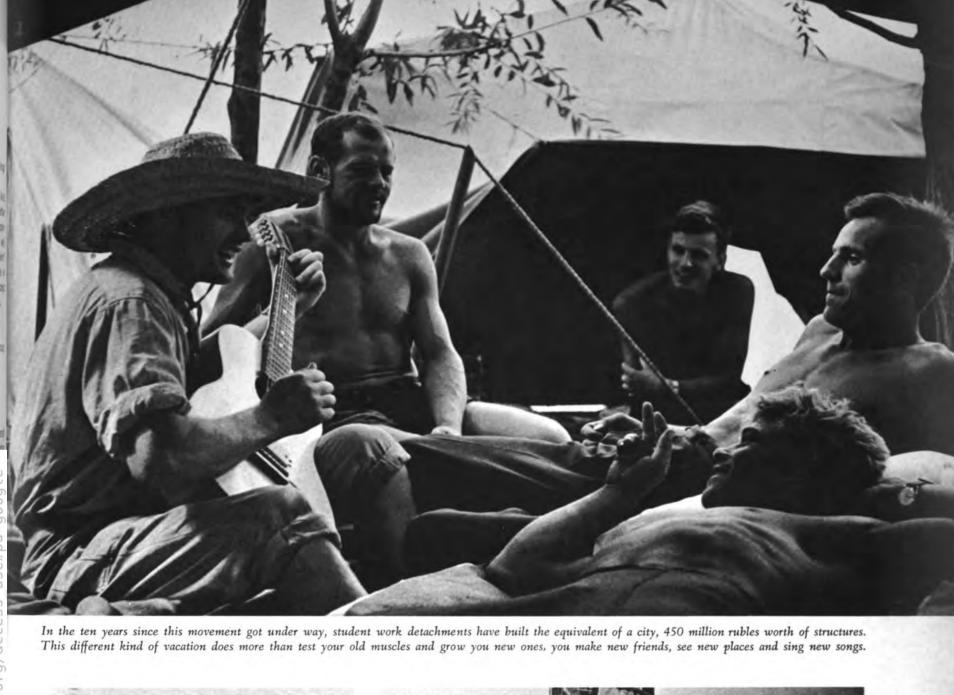
I to key of Your Life

(From a letter)

August 21. What can be packed into 24 hours of an ordinary working day? A flag being raised over the house you helped to build, songs sung around the campfire on the virgin-land tracts, newly laid track stretching to the horizon and the electric current you brought to a remote taiga village. One day of your life. But if 100,000 friends worked with you, those were not just 24 hours. They were 100,000 days lived together in one day, packed to capacity with joys and doubts, the pulsating heart of the country.

Svetlana Yakovleva Student, Tomsk University Siberia









It's not all work. A festive break. The best student teams are presented with the traditional gifts, a national silk gown and the embroidered skull cap many Uzbeks still wear.

Tashkent, the capital of Uzbekistan, is in hot Central Asia, where the mercury often pushes up to the top of the bulb. Local people say there's nothing like green tea to get it down.

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NEVERMORE

Twenty-three years have passed since the war, but we still write a lot about it—its heroes and dramas, victories and defeats.

Twenty-three years have passed—the life of a whole generation—but May 9, Victory Day, is still one of our biggest national holidays. We paid a tremendous price for this victory, the highest price there is—20 million dead—the cream of the nation.

Children without fathers, mothers without sons, youths who did not become poets, scientists, builders. Twenty million terminated lives.

Twenty million dreams that never came true.

Till this day mothers still wait for their sons to come back, children still search for their fathers, wives still listen expectantly for the familiar footsteps of their beloved husbands. Personal columns in newspapers and special announcements over the radio are filled with echoes of the war—requests for help from those still trying to locate dear ones who have not been heard from these many long years.

The war left its mark on the minds, the hearts, the very souls of people. There are traces of the war on our land. Yearning for the plow after victory, our earth had already been sown with death. Unexploded mines, bombs and shells were seeking out new victims. Sappers have had their hands full these entire twenty-three years. This picture was taken a year ago. It was entered by Boris Vitkov, a reader of Komsomolskaya Pravda, in its Best Photographs Contest. When Hitler's Germany attacked the Soviet Union in 1941, Vitkov, then 17, volunteered for the front. Twenty-six years later he returned to the place where he had received his baptism of fire to lay flowers on the grave of his fallen friends. Sappers were at work on the former battlefield. And it was there that Vitkov took this photograph. There wasn't time to find out the soldier's name, and the picture appeared in the paper without it. Nevermore won the prize and was reprinted in other publications. When the soldier saw his picture in the paper, he sent a letter to Vitkov, who forwarded it to the paper with the author consent.

"... My name is Shamsutdin Akbarkhodzhayev. I am a former soldier who is now a student at a polytechnic institute.

It was I you photographed on that day in May. Our boys had no time for interviews then. Every day we deactivated hundreds of bombs, mines and shells that had been planted by the Nazis and had lain in the ground for a quarter of a century. Frankly speaking, it was your picture that made me see things from another angle.... Sure, we had read about the war in books, seen it in the movies and heard about it from our parents. But now I could clearly visualize it—in the small shell that I held in my hands. It lay in the ground as a symbol of hatred for it, and it had to disappear, to vanish, because it is not with metal splinters but with fertile seeds that the earth must be sowed. It was such a small shell, but it was death—for me, for my friends, for the people who worked this field.

A small shell is dangerous, just as a 'small' war is. There is a new quality now in my attitude toward war. Of course I had opposed war and the revival of fascism in West Germany before too, but now I really could feel the inhumanness of war with my entire being.

NO TO WAR! NO TO FASCISM! I felt this, and I shall always feel it.

This is my credo. This is the credo of all Soviet youth."

CRITICIZE THE GOVERNMENT. **CAN WE? SHOULD WE?**

Chief of the Social and Political Department of Komsomolskaya Pravda

WHEN VISITING FOREIGNERS call at our editorial offices and ask whether Komsomolskaya Pravda can criticize the government, we reply, "It can, and if necessary it does." I say foreigners, because our people would not ask such a question. They don't talk, they act. If anything needs criticizing, they go ahead and criticize "without respect to persons," as we say here. Komsomolskaya Pravda, like every other medium of communication, is guaranteed freedom of speech by the Constitution. Since it is a youth newspaper, Komsomolskaya Pravda naturally gives precedence to criticism that concerns the working and living conditions of youth.

Perhaps the distinguishing feature of our criticism is that it works. It is purposeful; it has a definite aim and is not done simply to make a hullabaloo. Newspaper criticism we look upon as serious business; we double check facts and allegations. And those criticized also take it seriously. Whether it is directed to a ministry or a specific person, they must react. Such is the power of public opinion, respect for youth and, if you wish, Soviet tradition.

Criticism usually originates from "below," with the reader. Some time ago, for instance, we received a great many letters from readers complaining that they were having trouble keeping up with their studies at evening schools and institutes. Their jobs took so much time, they said, that they could not prepare for examinations, diploma projects and the like. Komsomolskaya Pravda carried several articles on the subject. The problem was given serious consideration, and the government followed it up with a decree "On Additional Privileges for Working Youth Studying at Evening Educational Institutions and Correspondence Courses." Students were given additional paid days off, additional paid leave and no longer had to work evening or night shifts.

Another example. Our basic school unit for several years was the 11-year school. It did not justify itself, and we went back to the 10-year school. But the year of the change tenth-grade and eleventh-grade students graduated at the same time. The country's technical schools, institutes, industrial and agricultural enterprises and construction projects had to enroll or provide jobs for twice as many young people as they normally did. Our newspaper soon began getting reports that many enterprises, especially in small and mediumsized towns, were unable to provide jobs for all their graduates and in some instances simply preferred not to hire the youngsters, who put in a shorter work day than adults and had other privileges specified by law. A special department was set up by Komsomolskaya Pravda to look after the interests of these young people by helping them choose trades and professions and find jobs. This department reported the positive efforts and experiences, of course, but its emphasis was critical; it wanted the government to take steps to remedy the situation. And the government responded: A special decision was taken, making provisions for all secondary school graduates. Enterprises were instructed to reserve a percentage of vacancies and jobs for school graduates. New technical schools were opened and enrollment at institutes increased.

Our articles on nature conservation, delay in the construction of cultural and welfare facilities in new towns, mismanagement and wastefulness in breeding fur-bearing animals and other matters were cited at sessions of the Presidium of the USSR Council of Ministers. Government leaders wrote their notes and instructions right on the newspaper margins, formed commissions and took appropriate actions.

Our criticism has a second function. We want to teach young people not to put up with shortcomings, to fight stubbornly for necessary changes, to learn the art of public administration. We think of criticism as one of the main driving forces of our society.

We do not always get immediate reactions to a letter we print or a critical comment we make; this goes without saying. Considerable effort must sometimes be exerted to get a response to a letter, and action frequently has to be fought for. Here is a letter we printed recently. It has not yet been answered.

To Minister of Electric Power Development and Electrification of the USSR, Comrade Neporozhny.

To Komsomolskaya Pravda From young builders of the Ust-Ilim Hydroelectric Station (a new mammoth power plant in Siberia) Comrade Neporozhny:

"Large-scale preparatory work has been going on for more than three years at the site of this future hydroelectric station. A 155-mile highway has been laid through dense taiga. The dam site has been readied. Construction of cofferdams will commence toward the end of this year, after which excavation of the foundation pit will begin. An additional 1,000 workers are expected in the near future. They will eventually be followed by some 5,000-7,000 more. But the management is not showing much concern for its workers. There are not enough houses in the settlement, and new ones are going up too slowly.

We are writing this letter not because we are afraid of hardships. No, indeed! Most of the young people working here, in Ust-Ilim, have had experience on other construction sites. There they also had to begin, as the expression goes, from scratch. But difficulties there were justified by objective circumstances. Bratsk, for example, was a long way from any industrial base, and conditions in those years were different. Now conditions have changed, and our hardships are created not by objective circumstances but by mismanagement. And there is no reason why the difficulties people had to cope with in Bratsk should crop up again in Ust-Ilim. Artificially created difficulties always serve as an excuse for inept and poor managers and never do anybody or anything any good. The 15th Congress of the Soviet Young Communist League criticized such managers as we have in Ust-Ilim who think that the everyday living conditions of their workers are matters of minor importance. Our construction project has been declared an all-USSR YCL project. Batches of letters come in every day from young people who want to come and work here. Many come by themselves. And what do we have to offer them? We have no clubhouse and absolutely no facilities for sports.

One might expect that the construction of housing and cultural and welfare facilities would be stepped up since work on the main elements of the hydropower plant have not yet begun. But our building and assembly administration has no plans.

Through Komsomolskaya Pravda we demand that the USSR Ministry of Electric Power Development and Electrification take steps to speed up construction in Ust-Ilim and create normal living and working conditions for us here.

The letter was signed by nine members of the YCL. On receiving the letter the newspaper sent a correspondent to Ust-Ilim. Everything the young people had written about was true. An investigation showed that the Ministry was to blame for the delay in construction.

Komsomolskaya Pravda addressed it-

self to the Minister:
"The USSR Ministry of Electric
Power Development and Electrification seems to think the construction of cultural and welfare facilities a matter of third-rate importance. We do not agree. Ust-Ilim expects speedy help. And Komsomolskaya Pravda expects an answer."

Here is another example. The manage ment of a large ferroalloy plant in the town of Serov refused to include in the union agreement with its staff a supplement on "Work Regulations for Youth."

It was some considerable time before our newspaper was able to print in its column "Steps Taken" that the demands of the young people at the plant had been met.

The communist society we are building, unlike all others, cannot mark time nor tolerate stagnation. Its basic law is progress. Its driving force is criticism. The new is invincible, but it does not triumph by itself-it must be fought for.



CENTAURS IN OUR MIDST

By Ivan Zyuzyukin



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Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA MAN HAS LEARNED much about nature but miserably little about man. He knows more about the way of life of an ant-hill and the processes raging in the hearts of the stars than about the processes going

Of all of us, the most underprivileged in this respect are the teenagers. For a long time we divided all human beings roughly into children and adults, a convenient classification from which politicians and economists could take off. If the topic was rights, teenagers were classified as children. If the topic was duty, they were classified as grownups.

Adolescence, we say somewhat smugly, is that curious and little understood stage of life when the child is becoming an adult. It is both easy and difficult to understand a teenager. He is no longer a child but not yet an adult. Something like a centaur, chronologically speaking. And it is just this strange duplexity that gives rise to his suffering.

Interest in the teenager and his problems has been growing in the Soviet Union. There is hardly a conference of teachers, psychologists or sociologists where he does not get some attention. And not, I believe, because the teenager's behavior is any worse than it has been. The boys and girls of today do not differ markedly from their predecessors. There are more of them after the war, of which we should be glad. Surrounded as they are with all kinds of information, they tney are with all kinds of information, they have begun growing faster intellectually. All I can say to that is, "Thank goodness." As always, the accent in their behavior is on independence. Without any ulterior motive, they annoy us grownups with their bizarre dress and hair styles. They love ear-shattering music, and their dancing has no rhyme paper. In other articles he pointed out his superior interests. Despite the general pre-occupation of the class with mathematics, but the property of the class with mathematics. occupation of the class with mathematics, he personally abhorred it. He was prepared to beat up anyone who spoke ill of Mayakovsky and Hemingway, his favorite writers. The editor (his name was Victor) exhorted everyone to appreciate color music, drink strong coffee and read only at night. When, as he put it, his "brain box was boiling over with thoughts," he would put on a Bach record. And one of the most difficult problems for him to understand was why Bach lems for him to understand was why Bach sounded better in the dark than in the light. "Crimson Sail" reprinted the article and

asked its readers to explain what was happening to Victor: "a crisis of vanity or a crisis of originality?"

The number of answers "for" and "against" Victor was practically the same.

Victor's behavior and the letters of his advocates and opponents manifest the split personality of the teenager. Attack from a position of walled-in defense is probably the way to describe his perplexity in the face of the world opening before him. The boy's life is as yet restricted to his home, the street as yet restricted to his nome, the street and school. His ideals have been gleaned mainly from books. He compensates for the paucity of his experience with wealth of imagination, for his lack of argument with overriding declarations. Should this be regarded as a crisis of vanity? But perhaps it is something different—a desperate attempt at colf-operation.

tempt at self-assertion.

This age period is afflicted with a disease against which there is no remedy but time. It is called Maximalism. In this respect teenagers are very reminiscent of early humanity. It was "Yes, yes!" or "No, no!"—anything in between was considered the work of the evil one, according to an ancient

love. Thousands of letters came in, many of them very moving, very tender. They were real sonnets in prose and verse. Many adult readers sent "Crimson Sail" their thanks for giving them a more understanding look at their sons and daughters.

Not so long ago sociologists of Leningrad sent a questionnaire to teenagers of that city. Among other things it asked, "What do you feel about community activity?" It turned out that teenagers are more interested in community activity than any other age group. A subconscious, semi-intuitive wish to prepare themselves for adult life often precipitates them into even such risky ventures as running away from home. risky ventures as running away from home, floating down the river on a raft, etc. In the final analysis, even those actions of theirs that are potentially dangerous to society must be regarded as a desire to assert themselves in the community.

themselves in the community.

How is this brimming energy to be channeled to creation and not destruction? Frightening them and imposing stricter conditions will not do it. There is a magical means—play. A much more complicated and meaningful variety than children's, but play nevertheless. During their summer years. play nevertheless. During their summer vacations our teenagers, under the guidance of volunteer leaders (often not much older than themselves), leave for the mountains and the taiga to hold heated debates by the light of a campfire, to make so-called "raids of assistance" on the fields of collective farms. Many schools have excursion base camps in the country that are run like republics, with their own way of life and laws. Trips to places commemorating the war give the growing child a sense of the horror of the last war and of the fighting and suffering their fathers had to endure. The all-USSR sports competitions for the Golden

For "crisis of vanity"

1. The reason you flaunt your dislike for mathematics, Victor, is because you are helpless before the ruthless logic of the science, and it shows you are neipiess perore the ruthless logic of the science, and it shows up all the futility of your efforts to appear more profound than you are. Three "ha-ha's!" Strong coffee, color music, Bach in the dark! A wise man would not waste time on such pseudo-original problems. (Andrei Yegorkin, eighth grade, Orekhovo-Zuyevo)

2. It is sickening to see how Victor and people like him pretend to be Childe Harolds, understood by no one. (Yelena Rappoport, ninth grade,

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3. In my class they'd call him a fool. I, personally, wouldn't say hello to him. (Dima Volnov, seventh grade, Kazakhstan)

4. What good fellows you are in that class! May none of you flinch before the onslaught of that miserable humanities-monger! (Nadya S., Hakhodka)

For "crisis of originality"

1. I understand Victor. At night one is visited by ultra-thoughts and ultra-emotions. Of course, they can come in the daytime too. It all depends. (Sergei Vashchenko, ninth grade, Novosibirsk)

2. In a class where everyone gnaws away like mice on mathematical rusks and cares for nothing else, I call Victor's behavior courageous. (Sergei Titov, Moscow)

3. What do I think of Victor? I think he is a decent fellow. His talk, thoughts and emotions are more modern than the others. If a monkey wrench is not thrown into his work now, he'll grow into a remarkable man, a man useful and necessary to society. (Lyuda Kharitonova, Sverdlovsk)

4. I agree, that's not a class but a company of twins! Is it possible in our time to be keen on one thing only, to be confined to one interest? (Olya V., Tula)

or rhythm. What is to be done with these

or rhythm. What is to be done with these disturbers of our peace?

As a newspaperman, I am closely connected with the "Crimson Sail," a special page for teenagers published by the newspaper Komsomolskaya Pravda. Crimson Sail happens to be the title of a novel by Alexander Green, a very popular writer.

"Crimson Sail" has turned into a telephone, as it were, over which a group of journalists communicate with the teenage world. "Tell me who your friend is." "What does it mean to live with dignity?" "Who do you believe is the best girl in the world?" —with such questions as these, we try to span the age gap. Teenagers have been responsive; they send us bagloads of letters, some naïve, some wise and some counterqueries.

"Crimson Seil" was in lich Oncombet.

queries.
"Crimson Sail" was in luck. Once a teacher from a Moscow school came into the room where it first saw the light. She unrolled before us an as yet unknown wall newspaper called *Tom-tom*, published by one of her students. Here is his appeal to

one of her students. Here is his appeal to his classmates:

"Listen, you inertniks and deaf ears! Do you need a cannon to rouse you from hibernation? Do you need a fist to bang you on your bean before you can take an interest in something besides your textbooks?" That was the editorial tirade loosed on the class by the editor of this personal wall news-

prophet. Victor is full of good intentions. He propnet. Victor is tuil of good intentions. He wants to reorganize the life of the class. But this has to be done in a single day—no longer. Defending his tastes, his right to be himself, he rejects out of hand the likes and dislikes of his classmates. And if someone dares to criticize a favorite author in his presence, he finds nothing more convincing than his fist.

Should we who are older panic for that

Should we who are older panic for that reason? No. When he is listened to, the teenager will listen in return and will begin to appreciate the multiplicity of the world, its complexity and dialectics, and grow more flexible and more tolerant.

Unfortunately we often forget that the most immature of personalities is already a human being, and we treat him as the very dearest personal property, but no more than that. Our love for a son or a daughter can be despotic. In our anxiety for their success at school, their health, both physical and moral, we tend to become perfectionists. Recall how often we give them the categor-ical choice: "either this or that!"

Contemporary children and adolescents become aware of their sex much earlier. There are many objective reasons for that, for instance, children's films, which have become so much more outspoken on the subject.

"Crimson Sail" asked its readers (anonymously, of course) to tell about their first

Puck and Leather Ball prizes attract literally millions of participants. This is the kind of play I have in mind.

It is possible to be friends with teenagers. There is nothing like association with them to help an adult grow in mind and heart. Their view of the world differs somewhat from ours. Ours is wiser, theirs is sharper. We love and hate maturely, they passionately. By learning to see things through their ately. By learning to see things through their

eyes, we become more observant.

As for the centaurs themselves, if they do not know precisely, they at least can guess what is happening to them and what we grownups think of them. You don't believe it? Read this poem by a teenager:

In us so much has been compressed, About us much has been expressed, In us so much is nonessential, In us so much is just tangential, So much in us is just in spite, So much in us is quite all right

But folks believe not, or ignore, They are so dry, have no emotion, They skirt us, as if on the shore Of an allen and raging ocean.

in us all things are new and hurried; But things will always come and go, And streams that in the spring are turbid, Toward autumn clear as crystal flow.



Yes, they are, as are all male citizens of the USSR. However the Law on Universal Military Service provides for a deferment for the whole period of study at an institute or university. If by the time a student graduates he has not yet reached the age of 27, he must serve in the army for one year. He then receives an officer's commission in the reserve corps. It is not obligatory to serve the year immediately after graduation. If a graduate is older than 27, he is not called up for military service. After graduating from certain institutes, for example medical and technical, the young specialists automatically become reserve of-

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What do Soviet young people think about the KOB? (Caciles Potter, Davis and Eckins College, Elkins, West Virginia)

They think that under the circumstances, when there are two opposing social systems in the world, an organ that protects the socialist state is absolutely necessary. Since the West allocates enormous funds for subversive and inimical intelligence activities, our country has to keep a special apparatus for the neutralization of these activities.

Do Soviet students view the United States as an enemy or as a country with which they can come to praceful trians? It is, Braid, Stating Cott, as, Stating Kansas)

Our students do not really think about it that way when they study history. Historical materialism gives them a scientific approach to that question. Our young people learn to consider the phenomena of social life from a class standpoint. Therefore, when the question of relations with another country arises, they usually identify these relations with the policy of the ruling classes of the given country. They try to determine the alignment of class forces in the country and to figure out how this alignment influences domestic and foreign policies.

In capitalist countries the bourgeoisie is the ruling class, and it determines the policy toward the socialist world. Because of its class position, it—as a class (of course there can be exceptions among its representatives)—does not experience any feelings of sympathy toward the world of socialism. Quite the contrary, it tries to direct its country's policy and the course of world events in

a manner that will weaken the socialist world.

It is quite understandable, therefore, that Soviet youth-and this is true of the whole Soviet peoplecannot feel any sympathy for these circles. However, the present age is characteristic of a process of differentiation of the monopolistic bourgeoisie. Because of the place certain groups occupy in the system of social production, they are interested in intensifying world tension. It creates a demand for armaments, and they make big money filling military orders. But there are some representatives of the bourgeoisie who quite reasonably believe that playing with nuclear weapons is fraught with the danger of mutual destruction and that it is in the interests of their own social system to relax the tension and promote the development of mutual understanding between countries with different social systems. This group is far from being sympathetic to communist ideas, but since it has a more realistic approach to the present situation, the socialist world is ready to cooperate with it on certain conditions. Among these are equality and noninterference in the domestic affairs of the other country and prohibition of the use of political pressure.

This is the general approach of all Soviet people, including Soviet youth, to relations with countries with a different social system. So long as the Soviet Union and the United States are the two largest powers of two opposite social systems, it is essential in the interest of preserving life on earth that they live in peace.

Soviet students cannot regard America as their enemy because the name "America" stands for different classes and different categories of people. Besides certain insignificant but powerful groups (powerful because of the place they occupy in social production) interested in the physical destruction of the "reds," there are millions of working people, hired laborers and employees who do not share these aspirations, who may not quite understand us yet, but who nevertheless do not encroach upon our right to arrange our life in the manner that suits us best. It is easy to understand that we cannot look upon these millions of people as our enemies. We believe that we have surpassed the United States in establishing a more just social system, but for a number of reasons we still lag behind it in providing the amenities of life. We follow American developments in this field very closely. Since these are, after all, the

achievements of the American working people, we cannot help but admire their dilligence, inventiveness and business acumen.

Is there any need for Soviet students to become involved in any civil rights movements? (Endip Broastord, Union College, Emcom, Nebraska)

If it concerns their own country, they probably experience no such need. Why is it then that while students the world over rebel, their Soviet counterparts are absorbed in their tests and examinations? This is all a question of the setting of the problem of civil rights in socialist and capitalist societies.

If you were to analyze the constitutions of bourgeois states, you would see that the same wording is used to define civil rights as in the constitutions of socialist states. The difference lies in the guarantee of their realization. In bourgeois constitutions and legislation there is a complex system of guaranteeing these rights chiefly by means testing the case in court. However, this system very often does not work and actually does not offer equal opportunity to all groups of the population because it expresses the interests of only one group—the ruling class.

In socialist countries the system of guaranteeing civil rights is simpler. Nevertheless it proves quite effective, and the guarantees are realized because the social system itself is the main guarantee of civil rights in the socialist world. In our country the right to own land and the means of production was long ago abolished, and this has created a system of human relations based on the complete equality of people regardless of sex, color, creed or economic status. The fight for equal opportunity becomes a problem only in a society where people can amass huge private fortunes and use them to subjugate and humiliate their fellow citizens. In socialist society the ownership of large private holdings is impossible, as is the exploitation of man by man. Consequently, the elevation of some at the expense of others simply cannot happen.

There is only one standard for measuring the contribution made to social life by a citizen, and that standard is his labor. It is all the same to society whether the contribution is made by a white or a colored person, by the son of a general or the son of a street cleaner. This creates a climate of equality of all people in the eyes of society and therefore a society of equal opportunity and equal civil rights.

Some people may object to this, recalling that in Beria's time certain civil rights were violated in our country. This is indeed true, and it did great harm to the development of socialist democracy. The activities of Beria and his accomplices, who were later severely punished by the Soviet court of justice, was an anomaly, a deviation from the normal development of the socialist system. There are a number of reasons this could happen, not the least of which was the tension in the international situation, which Beria and his accomplices used for their own purposes. But their exposure and ignominious end proves that what they did was contrary to the spirit of the new social organization of society.

Thus, the conclusion can be drawn that the social system itself is the strongest guarantee of civil rights in socialist society. Any infringement on these rights, and they do sometimes take place in our society, is immediately corrected through such organizations as the courts, the Soviets, the militia, and trade union and party organizations. But no special movement as a struggle for civil rights is required to deal with these cases.

What are typical American campus problems in your country thre generation gap the apathy relicition and protests of students i? (Carby Stadelman, A puices College Grand Ruplas, M. higani

These problems probably reflect, in one form or another, a protest against the existing social system and therefore, sometimes become very acute. The conflict between the generations is not so much a misunderstanding between parents and children as a protest against a social order to which the parents have become accustomed and to which they have resigned themselves.

Of course there must be a difference in the aspirations of the generations in socialist countries as well. How could it be otherwise? If each generation were to repeat everything that the previous generation did, there would be no progress. However this difference bears no trace of social conflict. It is just a difference of age. It is actually a continuation of the social striving for a more just organization of society on the basis of communist principles and unites the generation of 1917 with the present generation. Such social continuity makes the existing difference between the generations less acute. This difference may be character-

(Continued on page 47)





Komsomol Detachments on the Revolutionary Fronts Print by Robert Babayan

In the fall of 1918 the leagues of we're's' and pracarts' youth gethered for their first All Russia Congress. They are a nized the Young Communist Learning Warmsembly and act all a program. YCL members placed their laying to the Revolution and their devoted efforts to the construction of a just society, communism. That pledge was recogned with hinter in fight ag off the foreign intervention, in the Civil Way, in the Sound World War and in the periods of reconstruction following the wars. YClers carried out the talks at hard very course and honored with the older. To by the fiction of the olderbarship of 23 million young man and warm of 14 cod 2º lists & is to inter from 1 youth to more selle to thing need at to dischipling the in



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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



CADEMICIAN MIKHAIL LAVRENTYEV, one of our outstanding men of science, is not only a famous mathematician but is the "father" of the famous city of scientists in Siberia, a new scientific center east of the Urals. It was his idea to decentralize the scientific establishments located in Moscow and concentrate research staffs and facilities in areas of unexplored natural resources of incalculable wealth.

The first resident of Science City, a few miles from Novosibirsk, was Lavrentyev. The Novosibirsk History Museum has a snapshot taken ten years ago of his hut, the first temporary housing in the virgin forest where a modern city now stands. The land was not cleared of trees, and the new buildings rise among them; here the forest primeval rubs shoulders with the latest scientific achievements. The city has dozens of institutes and hundreds of scientists: among them 14 members of the Academy of Sciences, 35 Corresponding Members, 80 with doctor's degrees and 20 Lenin Prize Laureates. Lavrentyev is called the father of this city, yet his role is far more significant than that of any mayor. He is the spiritual leader of several generations of researchers working here. The Institute of Hydrodynamics was the first institute to be erected in Science City, and Academician Lavrentyev is its director.

Lavrentyev can be compared to the head of a big family who is never satisfied with the home situation. One of his perpetual concerns has been how to make a larger place for young people in

TRAINING FOR RESEARCH

BY ACADEMICIAN MIKHAIL LAVRENTYEV

A philosopher once justly remarked that the future lies in the present. When we think of the future, taking the present state of affairs as our point of departure, it seems to me that the most important aspect of scientific and technological progress is the important aspect of scientific and technological progress is the training of personnel for research and development. We should take greater advantage of our opportunities and publicize our successful experiments more widely. The 1917 Revolution brought educational opportunity to all people of our society, and this produced an extraordinary upsurge of creative activity. Today we must do more to bring higher education within everyone's reach. We must actively search for talented children and guide their training from the early school years.

Training for research should start in high school. Man's fund of knowledge is growing with unprecedented speed, and the learning period will increase beyond all propor-

length of the learning period will increase beyond all proportion if we do not revise our system of education. The answer is the early discovery of a child's capabilities through scientific tests and measurements, followed by specialized instruction. This would greatly accelerate the mass training of researchers

This would greatly accelerate the mass training of researchers and engineering personnel.

The experience of the physics and mathematics school in Novosibirsk and the physics and mathematics schools and classes in Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev show that this specialized approach does more to develop the abilities of gifted young people. In ordinary schools these youngsters face two dangers. They cope easily with all their courses and receive excellent marks without effort, and as a result they stop making an effort. Their superiority over the other children often gives them inflated notions of their abilities. On the other hand, the gifts of some children are not detected and remain dormant. the gifts of some children are not detected and remain dormant.

An individualized approach to the student is even more important at the institute level. This is particularly true of institutes of physics and technology which train personnel for the most important fields of science and engineering. Progress in these fields largely determines the rate by which the material and technical foundation of communism is built in our country.

I think that within the next five to ten years we should open several institutes similar to the Physics and Technical Institute in Moscow. The professors at these institutes and the heads of their major departments should be scientists of distinction. The colleges should be attached to specific research institutes and, beginning with the students' third year, the teaching emphasis should be shifted to these institutes. The focus should be on independent study and projects in libraries and laboratories. Students must be given more than a measured body of knowledge; they must be taught to make immediate and constructive use of their knowledge and to think in-

dependently. Institutes should have physics and mathematics high schools that would "feed" them students.

All this applies not only to physics and mathematics high schools and institutes; every craft has its craftsmen and every profession its Lomonosov.* High schools should invite more scientists, engineers and university students to read papers, lecture and lead extracurricular study groups. The schools should arrange more excursions to factories.

should arrange more excursions to factories.

The number of junior technical hobby groups and clubs formed to study history and field biology has increased greatly. This trend should be encouraged in every way. This is where we are going to have to look for gifted children.

The serious process of educating the younger generation should begin by helping young people find their vocations. It is the first and foremost duty of the older generation to help young people find themselves, to help them to decide in which field

* Mikhail Lomonosov was an eighteenth century Russian scientist of hom Pushkin remarked, "Lomonosov is himself a university."

they can most fully develop their abilities and therefore con-

tribute their best to society.
In educating children of marked ability, it should never be forgotten that their education must be well-rounded. It must instill a love of country, develop political maturity, and civic responsibility, a sense of obligation toward their fellow men and an understanding of the values of collective living.

The experience of Torch, a research and development association founded in Science City, is interesting. The association has a staff of about 800, 240 of them undergraduates. Torch takes orders from factories for research and development on various problems. Since June 1966 when it was organized, the association has filled orders for more than two million rubles. It is investing its income in useful projects such as a sports complex and a recreation center for young people it is now building. The important point here is that these young people are giving society their specialized knowledge and are simultaneously helping to provide more amenities of life and recreation facilities for the community's youth.

Science will reach easily into the most diverse fields of the economy only if we keep the layman informed. That is why popularization of scientific and technical knowledge is so important

Beginning now we intend to hold "science days" regularly at our Science House. All the city's research institutes will take turns. The first invitations to these functions will go to the young people working in factories which make use of the results of scientific advances. Lectures by leading scientists, exhibitions, motion pictures and perhaps visits to laboratories will tell the young people about the science whose ideas are applied in their factory.

their factory.

Scientists from our city go on field trips or business trips to every part of Siberia and the Soviet Far East, and they lecture

wherever they go. They gave 600 such lectures last year.

We have done much, but there is much more to do.

Every fourth researcher in the world lives in the Soviet Union.

The majority are under 30. This vast army is equipped to solve the most complex problems. My colleagues and I do not always know how to share our knowledge. We are not always generous enough with our encouragement. Teaching is a gift; it should not become a hinderance. I came into conflict with some highly respected colleagues not long ago: they opposed some highly respected colleagues not long ago; they opposed granting a doctoral degree to a gifted young man because he did not yet have his Candidate's degree. He was too young. they said. But I say youth is the best period for science. Einstein gave the world his theory of relativity when he was 26.

We must provide conditions more favorable for the manifes-

tation of talent. The major condition is the organization of the study process. Both teacher and pupil must be especially generous, especially bold. We must neither frighten young people with difficulties nor fetter their imagination. I recall what a famous mathematician said about an unsuccessful pupil. "He became a poet. He did not have enough imagination to be a mathematician.

We must encourage young people to think independently from their earliest years. This is something we must keep constantly in mind as we improve the boarding schools where we train future mathematicians, physicists and chemists. We are reviewing our university courses, for today's discovery must become part of tomorrow's study program.

There must be no standardization. Every significant discovery was preceded by an imaginative concept. We must do more to bring our young people into contact with cutetanding mem-

to bring our young people into contact with outstanding mem-bers of the older generation. Contact with a first-class mind can greatly influence a young person's intellectual development. Courtesy of the newspaper Izvestia



WANTED: MORE KNOWLEDGE AND EARLIER By Sergei Sobolev Member, USSR Academy of Sciences Director, Institute of Mathematics in Novosibirsk

HAVE OCCASION very often to meet Moscow college and senior high school students as well as youth who come to Siberia to work. Young people are not alike and never have been. There are all kinds among them. But I do think that the percentage of good ones has been growing.

Their strengths today are what they have always been. Young people are romantic, their plans are daring and their goals are clear.

I also find that they have two negative characteristics: They tend to Philistinism, expressed sometimes in love of money and material things, and they make dogmatic judg-

Here I see the influence of the war years and also the lack of a real forum where young people could express their views without the fear of being labeled or reprimanded -instead of receiving comradely assistance-as happened sometimes in the past.

As early as possible we should introduce young people to science, to the whole broad reach of human culture. After eight or ten years of school-

THE YOUNG ing a young person should know more than today's young adult does. We must bring up people who can think independently but who can, at the

ELDERS

VIEW

In my opinion the school curriculum should be changed to make more knowledge available in the early years. All sorts of pedantry-a sample is the tedious analysis of literary characters-should be eliminated. Literature must be taught creatively, with the emphasis on independent reading outside the classroom. Admission to colleges and universities should be open to all, but the weeding out should be done at the end of the first year. A college or university

same time, listen to the voice

of reason.



education should not be a reward "for diligent learning and exemplary behavior" but a task of national importance entrusted to those who have shown their ability to study.

I wish young people the love of knowledge, the striving to make their way into new fields of science, the feeling

that they serve in the great army of creators of a new life.

WHO WILL TAKE OVER FROM ME?

By Mikhail Panfilov Company Director

OUR OPTICAL INDUSTRY was born in the Soviet years. The great majority of our instruments are up to world standards, and 19 items are better than standard. We manufacture intricate optical equipment, astronomical instruments included. A telescope with a mirror 20 feet in diameter is now in the making; it is the first such telescope anywhere. We also manufacture the whole range of instruments for spectral analysis, including the most complex for express analysisquantometers and the like. This is in addition to our biological microscopes, film projectors and cameras.

My attitude to youth? As company director I have to be interested in young people.

But let us agree on the terms first. Who is to be considered young? People of 20? Or still younger? People of 30? Or older? And then-what is a "young man"? Is he a chronological concept? A moral concept? Gifted French writer Jules Renard said, "Man is young if he has never lied."

It goes without saying that to grow up a man needs more than years. Infantile men of 40 are common enough.

One grows up on success. It brings self-assurance. What we must do is trust young people, not regard them as potential failures or conceited egotists. Conceit is an infantile disease, something like measles. Every second gifted person I know has had it. But the real talents get over it. It is only those who are really interested in their work who eventually arrive at self-criticism and start making real demands on themselves. Those without enthusiasm you might as well give up for lost. Older people have to entrust the young with responsibilities, not keep them out of decisionmaking jobs on the grounds that they lack experience.

Myself, I had to mature rather early in life. It was in the thirties, a very rough period for the entire country. We had to show what we could do right from the start. Young people today have much more favorable conditions; they have practically unlimited opportunities for promotion.

I'm always pleased with the natural and easy way in which urban and rural young people take hold of the latest achievements of science. I like their confidence, independence, dignity and their respectful but critical attitude to authority. Our young engineers have excellent business and organizing abilities. I'd be ready to hand over my own job to one of them without the slightest hesitation.

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GENERATION GAP, OR CONFLICT OF TASTES?

By Igor Moiseyev

People's Artist

Artistic Director, USSR Folk Dance Ensemble

ADMIRE the intelligence and intellectual grasp of present-day youth. Our knowledge was not so comprehensive nor so deep. The minds of these young people are sometimes unconventional, but that is also good: It gives them a better chance to get at the truth. We were eccentric too. I went around in a kind of plaid with an opening down the middle-something like a Mexican poncho. You don't see people here nowadays parading in fancy costumes of that type; instead beards have become as customary and standardized as modern furniture. But there is far more play of intelligence.

Here is what I am afraid of, though—that this intellectuality may lead to the complete



rationalization of human conduct. My generation listened more closely to the prompting of our hearts; we had more passion. That is not bad for artists! I find that the emotions of the young today are impoverished, even banal. Sex is crowding out the platonic aspect of love. Why? Because of a relaxation in moral values? No, the matter is far more complex. More and more people are looking at all things as

though they were scientific problems, and, going to extremes, they take apart, classify and file away concepts which are meaningful only in their synthesis.

If I may allow myself a partisan grumble, I will say that I believe the psychology of men is clearly reflected in the popular dance. Modern dances are frankly sexual, and young people are carried away by them. It is what they dance that I cannot accept esthetically; the reason why they dance like that I reject on moral grounds. Perhaps I am being retrogressive, but I'm afraid it is too late for me to change.

Could it be that the generations conflict, about which there is so much talk, is really a conflict of tastes?

JUSTIFY SOCRATES

By Leonid Likhodeyev Author and Satirist

A CURRENT FAD of young people in the United States is to sport buttons with irreverent sayings. One I noticed them wearing reads "Justify Socrates."

All right, let's talk about Socrates.

"Our youth takes luxury for granted. They behave badly, scorn authority, do not respect their elders. Children argue with their parents . . . and torment their teachers."

This quotation from Socrates is cited with particular frequency. It seems to me it is such a favorite because it makes no demands of any kind. It assumes that irresponsibility is normal. If things have always been like that (people talked that way over 2,000 years ago), apparently things always will be like that. Then why worry? Why listen to young people? Why consider their demands seriously and on their merits? All we need is the patience to wait

until they grow up and come to their senses, until they enter the real world of the older generation, and their rebellious spirit is dampened.

But old Socrates said something else as well; it is one of the reasons he is remembered today. Socrates was a wise, honest and responsible man. He respected youth, and so he said something quite different about them. That quotation is cited much more rarely. This is what he said in his address to the judges who sentenced him to death: "Me you have killed because you wanted to escape the accuser, and not to give an account of your lives. But that will not be as you suppose: far otherwise. For I say that there will be more accusers of you than there are now; accusers whom hitherto I have restrained: and as they are younger they will be more inconsiderate with you, and you will be more offended at them. If you think that by killing men you can prevent someone from censuring your evil lives, you are mistaken; that is not a way of escape which is either possible or honorable; the easiest and the noblest way is not to be disabling others, but to be improving yourselves." * Do not condescendingly dismiss young people, respect themthat was Socrates' plea.

When the court of Athens sentenced him to death, he said to the judges: "When my sons are grown up, I would ask you, O my friends, to punish them; and I would have you trouble them, as I have troubled you, if they seem to care about riches, or anything, more than about virtue; or if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing, —then reprove them as I have reproved you. . . ." **

These words of his are quoted even more rarely. With the assistance of Socrates I should like to analyze some other sentiments we keep repeating. Our youth, we say,

are the very best, perfection itself with the exception of a few isolated cases that do not spoil the whole beautiful picture. For some reason we always rejoice in the belief that the few bad kernels are isolated and incidental but that the good ones are not, they make the whole. I don't understand what there is to rejoice about. Is not one thing sufficient to spoil the lives of many good people? Is not one swindler enough to deceive hundreds? Is not one murderer sufficient to kill a whole fam-



ily? It seems to me there is nothing to rejoice about when we count defects on our fingers and virtues on an adding machine. It is not a matter of quantity. Each person is important in himself. He cannot be wished away. We must see each person separately. Socrates said: "We must not say that the youth are one thing or another. We must speak of each person separately. It is ridiculous to believe that a flute is being played and not believe that there is a flutist, or to acknowledge swimming without acknowledging a swimmer."_

And so, let us not limit our acquaintance with Socrates just to the words so often quoted in magazines. Socrates was a straightforward, honest person; he was, perhaps, one of the first to give expression to the rules of social living. And one of the most important of these rules was respect for youth. But respect implies responsibility.

^{*} Raphael Demos, ed., Plato Selections (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927), p. 30.

^{**} Ibid., p. 33.

O THE ARCHEOLOGIST youth and old age are relative concepts. The age of man on earth is about 500,000 years. My teachers, my pupils, and myself are trying to unravel our ancestral past to find the links that will connect our ancestors with the present and to us. I think everyone will agree that youth is not only a biological or social idea; it is a philosophical category as well. The archeologist has ample material for comparison.

As an older person it is hard for me to talk objectively about youth. Those who have to deal with the youth of the world

must not allow themselves to grow old. I have a sympathy for the errors and the joy of the young. But don't take me for the harmless old man of the funny vaudeville sketch. Some things make me mad. I can forgive a lot. For example, I don't mind a student confusing a date or not knowing it at all. I see no point in stuffing your head with an entire chronological table; there are reference books for that. But when I ask a student a thoughtful question, I want a thoughtful answer. And if I don't get it, he will fail the exam. Is it an old man's absurdity? I don't think so. It is a man's vocation, not his diligence that

I am examining. I want to be able to respect a student as a colleague. I have no use for people without a vocation in life. I have a reverence for those who are faithful to their vocation, who serve it all their lives like selfless knights; these are people untainted by material considerations.

I've already said that I can forgive the young many things. But there is one human fault which I find unpardonable in the young-cowardice, the mother of all sins. One starts being afraid of one's self, then begins to fear others and ends with fearing everybody and everything. Cowardice breeds

baseness and treachery. But, fortunately, cowards are despised by young people blessed with courage and drive motivated by envy. Pushkin said once, "Envy is the sister of competition; hence it comes from a good stock." I mean only this sort of envy, of course: envy like a thirst that makes you want to understand and perceive the whole world.

I wish young people would remember this: That the world is young, still terribly young. Don't grow old and cold too soon. Look for the right spot to apply your forces, look for the Archimedian lever. Seek out your place on the globe.



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CHILDREN'S CORNER

SPINY'S JAZZ BAND

Hedgehog really played the fiddle quite

He'd often heard the hares drumming—as hares do—so he asked them if they'd like to

join him and play jazz.

"We could call ourselves Spiny and his March Hares," he said. But how surprised he was when they turned up with a couple of real drums, which they beat like anything. It looks to me, though, as if Birdie doesn't

like their kind of music-or perhaps he's

LITTLE WORK-SMALL REWARD

Walking in the woods, Masha and Oika met Old Mother Bear and Old Porcupine. Old Mother Bear was carry a big sack of apples. She was very tired.

Old Porcupine could hardly drag his feet. He had a large apple stuck on the needles of

his back.
"Please help us, girls," Old Mother Bear

begged. "We're so tired! You see how old we are,



but you two are very young."

The girls agreed. "I'll help Porcupine," said Oika. "You help Mother Bear!"

Masha swung the sack of apples onto her back and followed Mother Bear.

The sack was so heavy that she bent double under it and hardly managed to carry it to Mother Bear's home.

Old Mother Bear untied the sack. She gave ten apples each to Old Bear, to her three bear cubs and to Masha.

Meanwhile Oika tripped along after Old Porcupine. The apple was light, and she kept tossing it into the air.

When they came to Old Porcupine's house, he cut up the applie into tiny pieces. He gave ten pieces each to Old Mother Porcupine, to the three Baby Porcupines and Oika.

Oika ate her pieces, but she was still hungry. Sadly, she made her way back through the forest.

Soon she met Masha, whose pockets were full of apples.

"Why do you have so many apples, while I have none at all? she complained. Squirrel leapt off his branch and told her the answer: "He who works a lot, receives a lot. He who works little, receives little."

THE FOX HOLE

These ducklings were hatched in a fox hole! but it wasn't their fault. Their silly parents picked the fox hole as a suitable nest

for their young.

The ducks lived under the same roof as the Fox, though his room next door was just a bit larger than theirs.

Everytime the Fox looked into the duck's hole, Mother Duck stretched her neck and began to swing it this way and that, hissing like a snake, and flashing her eyes in a ter-rifying way. The Fox's tail bristled with fear! And he never dared to stick his nose into his neighbour's home.

Behind their mother, the ducklings made wicked faces at the Fox.

Soon Mother Duck led her ducklings out of the hole to the river. Though the ducklings pricked their webbed feet on the pebbles, they never lagged behind.

Bravely, they climbed after their mother to the high bank and plunged in, one landing in the water, another on the sand and the

third on the pebbles.

Those who landed badly only shook their hurt noses, scratched their hurt feet and

quickly entered the water. There, in the river, they celebrated their birthday. Well, they couldn't very well cele-brate it in the fox hole, could they?

41

Senerated

YURI GAGARIN: "SET YOURSELF WORTHY GOAL"



The Earth's first spaceman, Yuri Gagarin, belonged to the whole world and will always remain every man's symbol of the struggle to reach the unreachable. He received many letters and was asked many questions during his short lifetime. Here is the cosmonaut's reply to a letter from Irving Lasar, a young Canadian.

Irving wrote:

What advice would you give a person at life's crossroads who was preparing to make a major personal decision? I would very much appreciate your answers to these questions, the answers of a man who is living in the new world.

My first question: Should one lie, in spite of one's principles, or tell the truth if compelling interests call for a lie (assuming that is the situation)?

Secondly, there seem to be more capable people than openings where they can demonstrate their abilities. Hence, one possible conclusion is that to be successful a person must "cut other people's throats." Do you think that is so, and if it is, is it right?

And, lastly, do you think a person can attain the goal he sets himself if he works hard, or must he have luck, too?

Excuse me for taking up so much of your time, but I would also like to know what you consider to be success.

Gagarin replied:

Gagarin replied:

I gave your letter much thought. I'm pleased to see you ask yourself such serious questions. It seems to me that your future will greatly depend on how you answer them yourself.

You, perhaps, know that in my country we address each other as Comrade, and from early childhood I've been surrounded by comrades and friends. At the age of eight I became a member of the Young Pioneers; in this organization we went in for sports, took our first hikes, slept in tents in the woods and learned to start a campfire with a single match. And one of the principal things I learned in those years, which I have held onto all my life, was the importance of comradeship.

In time I joined the Soviet Young Communist League, and later the Communist Party. The principle of comradeship is primary in these organizations, too.

I wrote this introduction, Irving, so that you would better understand my replies.

You ask if one should lie for the sake of one's personal interests. No, Irving. I think one should always be honest and say what he really thinks. You will then respect yourself and earn the respect of

I think that only a truthful person can be brave and strong, can be a real man. He who lies cannot be a true friend. He can never be trusted. If I'm ever destined to go into outer space in a rocket with another person, then my comrade will be one who never lied for the

sake of personal gain.

My answer to your second question is also No. It's not true that there are fewer places where a person can show his ability than there are capable people. At least in my country it's not so. In my country a person is valued for his initiative and the effort he puts into his work. The main thing in any kind of work, in my opinion, is the creative spirit, the ability to introduce something new, something

the creative spirit, the ability to introduce something new, something of your own.

Now, if one lives by the principle of "cutting other people's throats," then the victor will always be the one with the bigger fist and more money. But in that case, as you realize yourself, the good positions will be taken by those who are not at all worthy of them. The principle of "cutting other people's throats" is inhuman.

I believe in luck, Irving, just as I believe in sensible risk. Luck will attend him who works hard to achieve his goal.

But I would like to stress two things. The goal you set yourself should be worth achieving, and you should have comrades around you. They will come to your aid if you lose heart and want to give up. They will also share with you the joy of victory, for no success will make you happy if you're alone.

Courtesy of the Molodaya

Courtesy of the Molodaya Gvardiya Publishing House





Tyumen

The western border of Siberia, with deep snow in winter and swamp and gnat swarms in summer, is harsh country. The father of this lad worked here for some time before deciding to bring his family out and settle for good. He doesn't mind the landscape, has even begun to like it. Also the pay is very good. Here they are approaching the taiga settlement. Mother still has some reservations but not our young friend in the photo. Father has sold him on wilderness living and bear hunting.



Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

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The only way to get in an achines. But in bad snowstorms even a helicopter is often unable to get through mail, equipment and management and mail, equipment and mail and ma







A truck driver on any construction site is a man who commands respect. In this part of Siberia where a road is anything you can drive on, a truck driver has to be a hero, and he frequently is. Ask anyone who has tried to get a truck started on a frosty Siberian morning.

When the romance of pioneering wears off, you can tell the men from the boys. The work is the same as in other places, except that it's harder. Those for whom Siberia is not a first baptism take it in stride. They don't talk of the romance of pioneering. They leave that to the new arrivals.

In the old days they used to say, "The Russian is always running." He ran from poverty and oppression to Siberia where there was plenty of land and no landlords. There are different reasons for migrating now. Take these young men. They are skilled and could have gotten jobs close to home. But they are driven by the urge to see new places, the need to test their strength.



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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA





Against a taiga background the television installations above look strange. They are part of the landscape, and Moscow and regional TV programs are beamed to Tyumen and nearby areas for the settlers. Siberia has been attracting not only construction workers and scientists but talented actors and playwrights.

As important as housing for the young people who come to Siberia are clubs where they can get together. It's a bit crowded in this one, but there is a place to dance and see a new film. These are not the only local pastimes, as these energetic fellows bear witness. The idea is to push the other one off the log.











Having to put up with primitive living conditions is becoming a thing of the past. The blueprints for this modern town, which was built in the taiga in record time, were drawn in Moscow and Leningrad.

Not stacked lumber, this is steel pipe for drilling installations. Steel is becoming as common in Tyumen as timber. The big oil and gas fields in Siberia are keeping the country's metallurgists busy.



ANSWERING STUDENTS' QUESTIONS

(Continued from page 35)

ized to a considerable extent as dissimilarity of form in which a common content has been perserved. There is, therefore, no place here for rebellions and protests which bear an unconscious social character in the system of private enterprise.

But if there are no rebellions and protests, does it mean that the students lack political activity and that a sort of ideological lethargy, as they like to say in the West, has set in? Of course not. But the forms of political activity today cannot be the same as those of 50 or even 20 years ago, nor can they resemble those that exist under quite different social conditions.

Since the main contradiction of the system of private enterprisethe contradiction between labor and capital, expressed in one form or another in all the social movements of that system—has been done away with in the socialist countries, the political activity of the young people finds expression in perfecting the newly created social and economic structure of society, and primarily its material and technical basis. In this sphere, too, the character of the activity is very different. Only five or ten years ago participation in this activity took the form of work in two major areas of concentration: construction and the development of the nautral resources of the country. The most energetic and capable of our youth volunteered for work in these fields. The development of the gigantic resources of Siberia would never have been so rapid had it not been for the political activity of Soviet youth. At present the front of activity of our youth is being transferred to the field of science. This is quite understandable. Science is now becoming one of the most important productive forces of society.

In the old days young people used to have competitions to determine who was worthy of being sent to work on the construction of Siberia's power plants. Competition these days takes the form of getting accepted to colleges and graduate schools or finding jobs at scientific research institutes. You can already predict that this new front of political activity will result in an unprecedented development of science in about five to ten years.

One of the typical features of young people is their aversion to mere words. Our youth have become more exacting of both themselves and others, and perhaps that is why they are not so boisterous as they used to be. However boisterousness does not necessarily

imply political activity. It can also imply the opposite.

Young people are becoming more and more the masters of their institutes and universities. Student self-government, which has no precedent in our country's past, is trying to find its way today and manifests itself in various forms. At many institutes there are admissions committees consisting of students. Their duty is to discover among the applicants those who have the most potential in the chosen profession. These committees do not function during the entrance examinations only. Their members are connected with dozens of schools both in the city and in the countryside. They organize contests in different parts of the country with the purpose of discovering the most capable young people. The student population is increasing as a result of the efforts of the students themselves.

There are also student committees that help with the placement of graduates in suitable jobs. These committees try to provide every graduate with the job he feels best able to do. They get in touch with scientific research institutes and industrial enterprises, find out about the working conditions there and about the prospects for the young specialists. They see to it that the distribution of students is fair. Even the Presidium of the Academy of Sciences, for instance, takes into consideration the decisions adopted by the Moscow University Students' Committee on the Placement of Graduates.

Student councils interfere with the curriculum if they think it should be improved. No student can be dismissed from an institute or university or deprived of a stipend without the consent of the institute or university Student Council. The activities of all the student organizations are coordinated by the Student Council of the USSR, which is elected at regularly held congresses. Its representatives are members of the boards of the Ministries of Education of the USSR and the union republics, as well as of the Ministry of Specialized Secondary and Higher Education. The government in no way restricts students' self-government but rather encourages it in every possible

Quite recently, for instance, Vsevolod Stoletov, Minister of Higher and Specialized Secondary Education of the Russian Federation said in an interview given to a correspondent of Komsmolskaya Pravda: "We have no state laws or decrees whatsoever that restrict the self-government of students. This is completely a matter of the students' own initiative."

DEBATING CLUBS

By Ludmila Ivanova

or is it just inevitable? That was the subject of one discussion at the Under the Integral Sign Club in the Science Town (a town of scientists near Novosibirsk). It is summed up about like this: Having freed oneself from conformity (which the club members define as an exaggerated gregarious instinct), having accepted one's individuality and prizing it highly, man feels an even greater need for the exchange of ideas. The satisfaction of this need gives pleasure.

The conclusion these young Siberian scientists arrived at is illustrated by the number of debating clubs in the country. The press said recently there were 15,000; now the figure is almost certainly larger, because new ones are formed all the time.

Most of the clubs are comprised of stu-

Most of the clubs are comprised of students and the young technical-minded intelligentsia, the people who are most quickly fed up with the monotonous round of movies, dances, parties and aimless strolling. Working rural youth display less initiative and imagination in choosing leisure time activities, but they too are catching the

tive and imagination in choosing leisure time activities, but they too are catching the debating club fever.

One of our first youth clubs, by the way, was set up in Petrogradskaya Storona, a worker's district in Leningrad famous for its revolutionary traditions. The club began by organizing dances and outings. Then various sections took shape to meet special interests: international friendships, literature, film making. These sections eventually turned into small, independent clubs. The most popular was the debating club—I and the Times.

Talk is also the dominating activity at the

Talk is also the dominating activity at the Under the Integral Sign Club. While some people dance and drink cocktails on the second floor, called the Numerator, heated debates are in progress on the first floor—the Denominator. And often the whole of Numerator descends to Denominator—the debate turning out to be more interesting than

Exchange of views on vital issues is the prime activity of a growing number of clubs. "You ask how we operate?" says Saulyas



Budkas, repeating our question. He is president of the Sigma debating club in Vilnius, the Lithuanian capital. "We operate spontaneously. One of our boys—Rimus Kirvaitis—turned up with the following clever formula: The member who suggests an interesting idea doesn't have to do anything about developing it. Well, when you realize that working out your idea will be somebody else's problem, you let your imagination run wild; you fairly snow your friends under with fantastic ideas. And another thing, in the five years that our club has been in existence, young people have come to realize that their ideas count for something. Nobody now says: 'What's the point of all the talk? It's not going to change anything!' You don't hear that any more, because we've really become a force. We don't just talk; we put into practice the things we talk about. Most of the workers and engineers at our computing machinery plant are under 30 and their opinions carry weight. If young

about. Most of the workers and engineers at our computing machinery plant are under 30, and their opinions carry weight. If young people are intelligent, active and outspoken, they are listened to.

"Our most interesting debate, you ask?" Budkas continued. "I guess 'Society and the Individual,' the individual's responsibility for what's happening in the world. Our rule is, 'Hit the ball, not the player'. Our ball is, of course, not round; it's more a polyhedron with sharp edges that must not be smoothed

with sharp edges that must not be smoothed down. It's very important to thrash out all misunderstandings, otherwise doubts dig deep into a person's mind.

"We also had a debate on the subject 'Are people becoming better?' The answer we arrived at was, naturally, not a simple one: 'In some ways better, in some worse.' We began to seek a criterion for progress— We began to seek a criterion for progress—
to analyze society as a whole and our plant
in particular. 'People have become more
educated,' as one said; 'kinder, more broadminded,' said another. A great deal of machinery has been introduced, cutting down
on physical labor. There is more free time.
Man benefits from all this. We thus seemed
to arrive at the conclusion that since society had improved, each individual must be
improving. We talked of the roots of honesty: Formerly people did not steal, because
they were afraid of being punished, afraid
of God. Morals today are based on one's
respect for society and for oneself as an
individual, a full-fledged member of a free
fraternity of people. But it's not all that
smooth—there are still plenty of shortcomings. Old moral standards have disintegrated—new ones are being evolved gradually. We have a vacuum at some points
and that creates problems." The debate Saulyus spoke about ended very late—at 3:00 a.m. Vilnius calls Sigma the Night Bird Club to differentiate it from Yuventus which, some people think, is more like a night club.

like a night club.

An undeclared rivalry exists between Sigma and Yuventus, a club of young specialists. The Sigmians say the Yuventuses are interested only in having a good time and feel no responsibility for anybody else—for the young people who are left out.

True, Yuventus is to a certain degree a closed proposition. It's very difficult to get into that club: The applicant has to pass all sorts of tests. But as far as imagination and activities go, Yuventus outshines its rivals. We attended a session of its "Council of Ministers" (the club has a "Government" and a "President"—engineer Romus Tarvidas). The session took place at the Old Mill—one of Vilnius' exotic beer houses. Those present made plans for the club's fourth anniversary, invented all kinds of gay contests, discussed the forthcoming elections for a new president and the program for an evening party. They also absets the service of the club and the program for an evening party. contests, discussed the forthcoming elections for a new president and the program for an evening party. They also checked their treasury. Although they are not rolling in money (the club members contribute two rubles a month), Yuventus has no financial problems—maybe because its "Government" has no "Minister of Defense."

The club's members are artists, actors, writers and engineers. Subjects for debate come up by themselves: they don't have to

writers and engineers. Subjects for debate come up by themselves; they don't have to be searched for. What Yuventus does not have is a clubhouse of its own. The anniversary was celebrated at the Builders' Palace. There's a club there too, by the way; it's called Muras which means bricklaying. Debates are about on a par with dances for Muras. Little tables are set with the traditional coffee and light Lithuanian berry wine. Youth manages without strong beverages, music and good company do well enough. The club members have friends abroad; they correspond with young people in the United States, Germany, Poland and India.

Sigma, Yuventus and Muras are only three of Lithuania's 400 clubs for people three of Lithuania's 400 clubs for people with the most varied of interests. Some are popular music fans, and when they get together, many a resident in the neighborhood suffers from insomnia. Others like peace and quiet themselves and gather in the country, away from the city hubbub. There are clubs for anglers, Esperantidists, bridge players, floriculturists and animal fanciers. But a good half are debating clubs, busy thrashing out such perennial questions as the meaning of human existence.



The club celebrates its jubilee. Lithuanian custom says that the distinguished guest's hat must be hung high. Since each member is a distinguished guest, all the hats must obviously hang high.

Most of Lithuania's trades and professions are probably represented in the Yuventas Youth Club's membership. The young man is an engineer in a furniture plant; the young lady is a ballet dancer.

MODERN MINSTRELS

By Arnold Volyntsev

Y FRIEND Voldemar Panso, the Estonian stage director and author—he produced My Fair Lady in our country—had just come back from Britain. I asked him what the biggest box-office attraction there was. The Black and White Minstrel Show, he told me and asked what type of show was currently popular in Moscow. I said, "Minstrel shows."

"Minstrel shows."

"Not in blackface with circus tricks and jazz tunes?"

I laughed and told him that our minstrel shows are one-man affairs, and what we mean by minstrels are amateur musicians who compose their own music and lyrics and sing their own songs. I played a few for him on a tape recorder. He was much impressed

Minstrels (we also call them bards) began to blossom in the mid-fifties. At the time they sang their songs mostly on camping trips. Yuri Vizbor, a newspaperman, was a representative minstrel of the period. Then came Bulat Okudjava's songs (Bulat is a poet who joined the bards) in which modern city life is projected through the experiences of the "little man." To the same generation of minstrels belong poetess Novella Matveyeva whose songs portray a world as seen through the eyes of a sunny-tempered storyteller; playwright Mikhail Antempered storyteller; playwright Mikhail Ancharov, a former paratrooper and writer of trenchant antiwar songs; and Alexander Galich (also a playwright), an inveterate foe of Philistinism, with a literary technique strongly influenced by the theater of the

absurd.

I list these professional writers with the minstrels since they are amateur composers and performers, with the exception, perhaps, of Galich who is also a first-class pianist. At the recent minstrel festival in Novosibirsk I heard him play George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" and Michel Legrand's song from the film, "Les Parapluies de Cherbourg." However Galich's own songs have no great musical distinction: The songs have no great musical distinction: The

music here is an afterthought; the lyrics and dramatized performance are primary. They are kin to American songs written to exare kin to American songs written to express current attitudes on social topics. The lyrics written by Galich, a clever and sophisticated playwright, are always politically topical. They are usually pointed comments on people and personalities.

We might note that the popularity of our minstrels grew apace with the marked interest in the folk songs of America, Britain and France and, somewhat earlier, the neo-realism of Italian motion pictures. All of these

ism of Italian motion pictures. All of these phenomena came from the same source the surge of humanism which arose after World War II and the universal concern for the "man in the street."

Our minstrels are trying to reflect life as fully as possible. Hence their curious stanzas which are not the usual grammatically organized groups of words but a list of nouns.

A case in point is Yuri Kukin's "Chasing

Don't you see that they're so thrilling, oh so thrilling: the hills and pines, the sun and songs and rain.

The minstrels glorify the romantic—the reason the road theme appears so frequently. Our professional songwriters borrowed the theme from the minstrels. This is from Yuli Kim's "Fantasy-Romanticism":

The time has come, without remorse To board our yacht, and set our course For distant parts. The world to see, To sail our ship o'er the seas. A northeast blows, The sky is gray, And no stars can be seen, Come on, my friends, pull up the sail, And let her fly in the wind.

Most important, the minstrels' songs are sincere, and when this sincerity is flavored with talent, the songs stay around for a long

Though some of their esthetic principles

may be similar, each minstrel has his individual style when writing and performing.

The music of these writers-performers is poorer than their poetry, but it has its interesting points. Its metrical structure is always severe, and the stress is on the natural verbal accent throughout. As for the musical structure, the bards follow the Russian romance form and therefore accompany themselves for the most part on the Russian seven-string guitar, playing the thirds, fourths and fifths in the bass.

As always happens with city folklore, outside influence makes itself strongly felt. For instance, the intonations and rhythmic peculiarities of jazz have found their way into

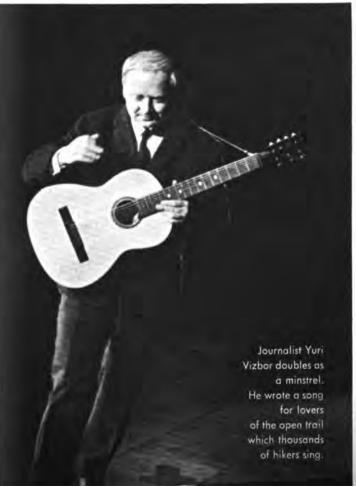
culiarities of jazz have found their way into the minstrel song.

More recently there has been more emphasis on musical quality in the compositions of such bards as Alexander Dulov, Anatoli Zagot, Sergei Nicht and others. This tendency was especially marked at the festival in Novosibirsk. Held last March, it was the first gathering of minstrels from all over the country. The sponsors were young scientists of Novosibirsk. The bards sang and talked at the famous youth club Under the Integral and lived at the Golden Valley Hotel, whose public rooms resounded from morn to night. Bards from dozens of cities performed.

There were the discoveries that come with a festival of this sort. The most significant was a minstrel from Sverdlovsk, an architect by the name of Alexander Dolsky. A professional player of the six-string guitar

A professional player of the six-string guitar, he charmed his listeners with his rich music and polished lyrics.

The festival gave large audiences an unusual opportunity to see, hear and compare minstrels. The good ones proved themselves real artists. Their songs have been getting around fast, mostly via tape recorder. Some of them have been performing over the radio and television, have made recordthe radio and television, have made recordings and are now appearing on the screen





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http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google Google-digitized Natash Kuchinskaya became the national gymnast queen at sixteen, before she was out of high school. The champs seem to be getting younger and younger these days, indicating, perhaps, that twentieth century youth is developing faster. In any event they keep stepping on the heels of their elders.

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Generated on 2025-04-16 06:26 GMT / https://hdl.h Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hath ADEKOE FASASI (Nigeria) third-year student, Highway Machinery Department:

"I really got down to business and mastered the Russian language. Now I can read poetry in the original. To know a people one must know their literature."





IBRAGHIM CAMARA BASHIR (Sierra Leone) fifth year, Motor Transport Department:

"I had an idea that
every Soviet
person thought the
same. The diversity
of opinion was
a real surprise
to me. Your
students are
inveterate debaters."

and you have Saviet in a page and universities h. David to recognistic and body. There are on state of the a Silvet Union. as I'm syntam of the Institute scile stunnels, bridges, and the mission of single dibuilding The cay. Come 15 filts be ats on the s - 3 and from , in surround of them in the Those who is a substitute of the required in the second of and the same of 80 to 90 rubles at white which is pold by the embassies of their recording conditions or, in the case of students transform wight ' part. & directoping coununce, by the Surfall Governor all, They enjoy the stroom its and privileges as their Three are fall oviews with several of the

The a productive as with several of the foreign place in a from the Mosonw's Highway-Employed agreement.



TOIDIKINGAR FOSTEN (Chad), first year, Road-Building Department:

"When I take a glass of wine at a student party, Russian young people ask, 'How come you, a Moslem, drink?' Actually I'm a Protestant, by birth anyway. I think I'm moving toward atheism. I started to ask questions about religion after reading some philosophy while still at home. I haven't made up my mind yet. It's not simple."

Ibraghim Camara Bashir, Sierra Leone, fifth-year student, Motor Transport Department.

Q. What strikes you as worth comment about our educational system?

A. Your institutes emphasize theory, sometimes to the detriment of practice. I did not think before I began my studies that theory was all that important. At home we believe that an engineer is

good if he gets enough practical training.

I always wanted to be an engineer. I have been interested in machinery since childhood. I could have gone anywhere to study, but the first response to my application was from a Soviet institute, and I must say I don't regret it. The instructors are well qualified, and conditions for study are good. The library is first rate, and the textbooks are well written. But the institute and hostel reading rooms are poorly equipped, noisy and crowded. One has to study in the dormitory, and that isn't always convenient.

Q. Is our system of mandatory attendance a problem?

A. It makes for a solidly packed day, and that isn't easy to take. On the other hand, it does force you to work by a timetable. You have obligatory attendance, but you also have a scholarship grant. Study is the student's job, and your students work hard.

In general they are nice fellows. I think I'm entitled to that opinion after having them as classmates for six years. I thought Soviet people were glum, unsociable, sour-faced, but the moment I came all my fears vanished. The fellows are full of pep and are a happy, friendly group. I don't find it at all boring to be with them.

a happy, friendly group. I don't find it at all boring to be with them.

Q. Do you often have Russians for company?

A. Of course I do. What I just said is all based on personal

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A. Of course I do. What I just said is all based on personal contact. But we are not as much involved in campus activities as we should be. I haven't participated in any of the many student subbotniks,* for example. I made up for it during vacation, however. I went to the international student camp at Igumenka where I not only rested up but also helped out on the collective farm. That was great.

Students sometimes give up their free time on Saturdays (Subbota) to do volunteer work.



By G 'ra B r and Via on Korotkov



SULEIMAN **IBRAGHIM** AKHMEN (Sudan), fourth year. Motor Transport Department:

"I like the feeling that students here can consult their teachers at any time. As far as I know, in Sudanese colleges this isn't true. I think the atmosphere is just fine."

KAROI LEDERER (Hungary), fourth year, Airport Construction Department:

"The first thing that struck me was that Soviet students read a great deal. I think that technical institute students have a broader outlook than students of the humanities. Another opinion I have is that there should be more places in Moscow where students can relax, more youth clubs and cafés."





IBRAGHIM EL FADDEL (Sudan), fourth year, Motor Transport Department:

"I like the student self-government at the institute. They themselves assign hostel rooms and hand out stipends. They have a voice in deciding whether a failing student should be expelled or be given another chance."

ABUGO SAMUEL CHIDI (Nigeria), first year, Road-Building Machinery Department:

"When I return, I shall tell all my friends, "Go to Russia to study. Aside from everything else, I never felt that my skin was another color, and I always was treated with direct and natural kindness."



Abugo Samuel Chidi, Nigeria, freshman, Road-Building Machinery Department.

Q. Why did you choose a Soviet institute?

A. My uncle went to college in Britain and told me all about it. At first I wanted to go there, but since I already knew something about Britain, I thought it would be better to go to the USSR, a country I was very much interested in and knew very little about. Father was against it and warned me that I would find it difficult. "Communists," he said, "were fanatics; they worked round the clock and were suspicious of foreigners. You'll never make friends with them."

Q. Was he right?

A. Not at all. They've always been glad to help me. I remember one day I was sitting in the reading room, feeling depressed because I couldn't understand the textbook. Without asking, one of your students walked up and volunteered his help. He explained everything, and we became good friends afterward.

Q. Do you like to go out with our students? Are they interesting to talk to? Do they show an interest in your country and its

culture?

A. My girl friend Nina often asks me about Nigeria, and I try to tell her as much as I can. Sometimes we get into an argument. I tell her that your papers are often wrong when they write about capitalism. After all different countries have different systems. I, for one, am better off than many of you are. Though my father, who works at a machinery sales office, has a large family, we have enough. My brothers and sisters all study. Now, is that bad, I ask you?

Q. And do you get her to see things your way?

A. No, I don't. She's well read, knows a lot and knows how to prove her point. But it's not a matter of differences. There are many things I like here. For instance, the consideration, the tact. You'll be offered help even if you're too shy to ask. You'll be helped with your studies and be shown the way, and everywhere you'll get a smile. That's nice. I like your friendly way of living.

But your climate is too cold for me. I got sick soon after I came.

But your climate is too cold for me. I got sick soon after I came, but students dropped in to keep me posted on what I was missing. Q. What do you think about our Russian cooking?

A. Frankly speaking, I don't like it. I'm used to my own.
Q. Any difficulties in your studies?
A. Yes, first because of the Russian. Then our schools don't teach drawing. The English also think an engineer doesn't need drawing, that it's enough if he gets the mathematics and physics. At the institute here we had to learn to draw first and that was hard for me. I want to become a road-building machinery

We have to study hard, and there is little time left over for recreation. On the other hand, we are taught to make good use of the time. During the winter recess, we go on free trips to other cities. We've been to Leningrad and Kiev and to the Crimea and the Caucasus. In summer we can go to our Igumenka camp. It's always fun there.

Ibraghim el Faddel, Sudan, fourth year, Motor Transport Department.

Q. Have you been to any other countries?
A. I have been to France, Britain and Holland. For some reason Amsterdam seemed an unfriendly place to me, but in Moscow I feel at home.

It is hard for students everywhere. One must study and at the same time have some amusement and make friends. The people here are kind and helpful. One day I forgot to carry my scholar-ship money. I ate in the cafeteria, but I had no money to pay. The attendant told me she would trust me for it. As for the students, most of them are good, friendly people. I get along very well with them.

Q. Are you making progress? Any problems?

A. I'm doing well, though it's hard because I'm taking so many courses. At first the obligatory attendance was a problem, now I like it; it helps me to study. But I don't think enough time is allowed for the practical training we need.

Q. Do you have facilities for recreation and sports?

A. Yes we do, but there's so little time to use them. I'm very fond of soccer and play on the institute team. I like the movies, especially comedies. Sometimes I dine out; my favorite is the Baku restaurant which serves Arab dishes.

BAD CHILDREN?

By Genrikh Minkovsky Master of Science (Law)

UVENILE CRIME has always and everywhere been a matter for serious concern. The problem worries our society, too, in spite of the fact that we have eradicated its basic causes—oppression, ignorance, poverty and unemployment.

The crime rate in the Soviet Union is dropping, among both adults and juveniles. We have far fewer teenage offenders than before the war or in the years immediately after it. Moreover, the crimes themselves are minor offenses, without aggravating circumstances, chiefly theft (in many cases simply "for kicks," to show off) and hooliganism. This often makes it possible to change attitudes by educating rather than punishing. Crime among girls (from two to five percent) and among persons under 16 (about 15 percent) is much less frequent than in Western Europe and America and shows no sign of increasing.

The teenager usually spends his free time with friends. Consequently, the larger part of juvenile crimes (from 70 to 75 per cent) is committed by groups. Even so, we have almost no organized crime by teenagers. We have no large gangs of adolescents with their rumbles, to say nothing of weapons, nor are there broad-scale acts of violence committed by gangs like the Hell's Angels. Juvenile offenses are usually committed by groups of two to five. These are not gangs organized for criminal purposes but young people from the same neighborhood who cannot resist temptation when they find the situation "convenient."

CRIME IN THE CITIES

The yards and streets of a big city are prime sources of misbehavior. It should not surprise us that the juvenile crime rate in cities (where more than half the Soviet population now lives) is 50 per cent higher than in rural localities. It is harder to control the teenager in a city, where nobody outside his immediate neighborhood knows him. There are innumerable temptations, and there are far more possibilities of falling in with bad company for the urban youngster who comes into contact with a much greater number of people than his country cousin. He also has more time on his hands, and he sees less of his parents.

Nevertheless, we have our doubts about the theory that urbanization inevitably brings a rise in juvenile crime. Leningrad refutes the assumption. This city has devoted a great deal of attention in recent years to character educa-

tion of children and adolescents. The result has been an almost 40 per cent drop in juvenile delinquency although the population of Leningrad has been growing.

Elsewhere, however, things are not going so smoothly. Many factors effect the juvenile crime rate, among them such negative factors as inexperience, overemotionalism and the desire to imitate, all characteristic of this age group. To a greater degree than adult crime, juvenile delinquency varies with such demographic factors as the size of corresponding age groups and population movement. Consequently, in some places in some years delinquency may stabilize itself temporarily, only to flare up again. In the Latvian Republic, for example, the juvenile convictions curve dropped in 1962-1963, rose in 1964 and dropped again between 1965 and 1967.

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY

Why do some adolescents commit crimes? Is it heredity? Hardly. Less than five per cent of juvenile offenders suffer from mental diseases. Most psychopathic or neuropathic disorders are acquired. The decisive element is not heredity but the example parents set their children.

Last year a People's Court in Moscow sentenced Svetlana K. to a term of imprisonment for theft. From the age of 15 Svetlana had been drawn into the drinking parties her parents gave regularly. Left completely without supervision at home, she got in with a crowd of young people who drank, led a casual sex life and disturbed the peace. Svetlana had to be placed in a special institution from which she wrote to say she had come to her senses and "wanted to forget the past and start all over again." After she was released, Svetlana did try to go straight, but home influence proved too strong. She was once again caught stealing, but since she was a minor, her sentence was suspended. A job was found for her at a big factory, and she was taught a trade. She developed an interest in the theater and began to enjoy reading. By chance Svetlana made the acquaintance of a woman alcoholic. After a drinking party at the home of her new friend, she committed another

What this example indicates is that the juvenile delinquent is a normal adolescent caught up in abnormal circumstances. The living situation of a juvenile delinquent is in most cases no different from that of other adolescents. Problems that arise from slums and urban "lower depths" have long since disappeared in our country. More than 10 million

people move into new housing every year, and priority is always given to large families.

There is no significant correlation beteen family income and juvenile offenders. In the first years after the war most thefts by children were caused by financial insecurity. Today that is the reason for only three per cent of thefts by minors, and these are often committed when the teenager runs away from home or because the parents drink. The basic causes of juvenile delinquency are bad upbringing, bad example and influence, or direct instigation. Therefore the juvenile delinquent runs to pattern usually. He has few interests and many bad habits (more than half the teenage crimes are committed after drinking). In school he is usually one to three years behind. He is weak-willed, with an underdeveloped sense of shame and respect for others. He either does not know or does not care what elementary social behavior standards require. He naturally chooses friends like himself, thereby laying the groundwork for future conflicts with society and the law.

A child's moral and social discipline derives primarily from the family. The home atmosphere has a decisive influence on the adolescent. About one third of the delinquents come from homes where there are constant scenes and quarrels, where the parents drink and moral standards are low. In such homes children are bound to be neglected: Half the juvenile crimes take place after 10 at night, proof that the minors responsible are not subject to parental control.

In this age of mass media and universal education the teenager is very knowledgeable. He may suffer great damage if his parents cannot bring him up properly because they are poorly educated themselves. It is no accident that the educational level of the parents of a delinquent is much lower, on the average, than the normal adult level.

ROLE OF THE SCHOOLS

When parents discover their son is an offender, they usually blame the school and the teachers. That is an admission of their own inadequancies. The child spends only five or six hours a day in school. The school is partly to blame, of course. Eighty per cent of all juvenile delinquents are dropouts or repeaters. The latter might just as well be dropouts because to repeat the same grade is dull, and the thoughts of such a teenager drift outside the classroom. And so we have another danger to compound the problem: Idleness and questionable pastimes redouble the likelihood of his coming under the influence of adult criminals. Drinking, gambling, listening to stories of criminal prowess create a false atmosphere of adventure that appeals to teenagers. About one third of the crimes committed by minors are instigated by adults.

MOVIES AND TV

There is much talk in the West these days about the pernicious influence on children of low-grade films and TV. In the Soviet Union we have no crime comics or horror films. Books and motion pictures that play up criminal activity have been banned for many years. But children are naïve enough to misinterpret even a film like the French comedy Fantomas. They make up their own minds about scenes dealing with sex or violence, regardless of the film



maker's intent. More dangerous, perhaps, are "respectable" motion pictures that make a case for such primitive Philistine notions as climbing on other people's backs to get to the top or leading a life of ease at everybody else's expense. They teach neither courage nor loftiness of mind and spirit; rather they insidiously instill a cynical attitude toward social ideals.

EMPHASIS ON PREVENTION

To sum up, many causes and conditions give rise to juvenile delinquency. They are being studied at research institutes for criminology and psychology. The conclusions form the basis for practical steps. Emphasis is on prevention rather than punishment. The number of all-day schools is being increased, for example. More than three million children now attend such schools. At school and neighborhood level we have people whose job it is to organize after-school activities for teenagers. Factories reserve a certain fraction of their jobs for teenage workers, who are given special dispensations and privileges.

The local Soviets now set aside two per cent of the money collected in rent for child-guidance activities, tailored to fit individual needs. Diverse as these activities are—they include sports, technical hobbies and amateur theatricals—they all have the same aim: to get the child interested and involved. Neighborhoods set up sports clubs and recreation centers, each with a small staff and a large group of volunteers. If there are factories or offices in the neighborhood, the volunteers are drawn from the peo-

the volunteers are drawn from the people who work there.

Those who deal with teenagers know that petty supervision of their every move will only drive them away. What adolescents needs is friendship, help, sympathy and understanding. The idea is to teach them how to distinguish between good and evil.

There are agencies in every district, city, region and republic to deal with especially difficult children. They are made up of members of Soviets, men and women active in community affairs, educators, doctors and militiamen. They keep an eye on problem families and, if necessary, recommend to the court that a child be taken out of a corrupting environment. Teenagers from such families cannot be fired from their jobs or expelled from school without the consent of the agency involved. In such cases the administration is required to follow the agency's recommendations. Especially difficult teenagers are individually supervised by volunteer educators appointed by the agencies. They function somewhat like probation officers.

somewhat like probation officers.

If a teenager refuses to go to school or to find a job and is a repeated offender, various steps are taken, ranging from persuasion to confinement in a special institutional school for a maximum three-year period. The agencies are empowered to take action against parents up to and including the imposition of fines.

Adults convicted of inducing minors to drink, use narcotics or become prostitutes may be sentenced to terms as long as five years.

These various methods of dealing with juvenile crime have brought a steady decline in infractions of the law. Behind the columns of optimistic figures is the hard work of great numbers of dedicated men and women.

NEXT ISSUE





uri Vasnetsov paints fantastically smug cats, terrifyingly aggressive wolves, fiddle-playing sheep. He illustrates fairy tales whose action is laid in forests as unreal as their inhabitants. But is it accurate to call this 67-year-old artist an illustrator? To this day no one has been able to satisfactorily decide whether it is Vasnetsov who illustrates the texts or the texts that illustrate Vasnetsov's pictures. A photo story in December about this interesting man and his work.





scetic . . . unpolished . . . Epithets that may have been true for Russians of the difficult times of revolution, wars and reconstruction no longer hold. The young Moscow miss of today is as style-conscious as her sisters in Paris, Rome, Montreal and New York. A photo story about Lyudmila Romanovskaya, of EXPO-67 fame, tells how she helped create fashions for the Celanese Corporation of America along with designers Vyacheslav Zaltsev, Lena Tenegina and Irina Krutikova.

Byelorussian President Sergei Pritytsky discusses education, longevity and a host of other interesting facts about life in this once backward country that has in Soviet times become one of the foremost in the world.

Despite the giant stations on the Voiga and Siberian rivers, the amount of electricity produced does not meet the country's needs. A leading specialist reviews the merits and shortcomings of hydroelectric stations.

Puritan or pioneer? Yuri Grigorovich, who made his debut 11 years ago, has been called both. A photo story highlights the career of the present Art Director of the Bolshoi Ballet, whose latest effort is Spartacus.

American professor's impressions of the life of old people in the Soviet Union. Esthetic education of children and the development of artistic talent. Amateur hockey champions. The mysterious pit near Leningrad.

COMING SOON

New Year's Eve in the Soviet Union.

History of diplomatic relations between the USSR and the USA.

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HANDSTAND ON THE EDGE OF DEATH

By Mikhail Vladimirov Photographs by Vladimir Musaelyan



Gennadi Popov is a variety actor. But his rehearsals look rather like those of an athlete in training. If he lets his muscles lose their strength, his show would fail. "I've got a plan of my own," Gennadi says. "To be fit, I have to be a little underfed and under-rested.'

> Muscovite guest makes a handstand on the rails of the Eiffel Tower. Popov's daring trick amazed all Parisians, and they began a real pilgrimage to him, which made him feel a bit rattled.



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ARIS is tough on performers, especially foreign performers. One flop and you are done for. But if you do make it, the city takes you to its fickle heart. Soviet tumbler Gennadi Popov made it big.

Monsieur Jacques of France-Soir was partly responsible. The reporter asked the acrobat whether he could do a hand-

stand on the Eiffel Tower.

"Probably," Gennadi replied politely. He wasn't interested in that kind of publicity. The reporter did not tell him that several acrobats had tried, unsuccessfully, to do this very dangerous stunt for publicity and money.

A few days later Jacques showed up again, this time with a camera

in hand.

"Come on," he said, "my car is downstairs. We can get some wonderful shots."

The Frenchman knew that Soviet performers don't go in for that kind of publicity. To prevent a refusal, he tried sarcasm.

"Perhaps," he said, flashing a charming smile, "the Russian Her-

cules is a hero only on stage?"

For Jacques, of course, there was no risk: If the Russian agreed to do a handstand on the guardrail of the top observation platform, the reporter would get some unusual pictures, and if, God forbid, the acrobat fell, the shots would be even more breath-taking. There might be a little trouble in that event but what a scoop! And if Popov refused, he could always do an article about frightened

Gennadi said, "Let's go."

Was it hard for Gennadi to do a handstand at a height of 919 feet on the narrow guardrail of the swaying tower? Of course!

But the hazard was mostly psychological. The top of the Eiffel Tower sways to and fro by several inches. Plus the wind. He had no time to work out how much to allow for that. All Gennadi did was make a try on the top platform.

The tower was swinging. Every muscle in his body registered the strain. The acrobat's skill did not fail him. He did the trick.

Was he frightened? No, but Jacques' girl friend fainted.

Headlines in the Paris papers named the man who did a handstand on the guardrail of the Eiffel Tower.

And now Gennadi Popov on himself.

Gennadi's performances treat the public to breath-taking spectacles as he performs unbelievable tricks.



In his free time Gennadi Popov often drops in at the home for juvenile delinquents. On his first visit the boys looked him over carefully. Gennadi could read the unspoken thought in their faces, "Ah, ah! Another lecture!"

Without more than a hello, he strung a thin wire between two poles near their clubhouse and placed five plastic reels nearby. "Now," he said, "let's introduce ourselves. I'm Gennadi Popov. Which one of you is interested in acrobatics?"

"Me!" yelled Tolya.

Gennadi felt Tolya's biceps and said, "Fine, you're my assistant." He started the show with a couple of his simpler tricks and by walking the wire. When he piled up the reels and did a handstand on them, the boys applauded like mad, especially when Gennadi made his assistant take a bow. But that was only the introduction. The rest of the program was a heart-to-heart talk. They listened.



My Life

By Gennadi Popov

WAS BORN in the Far East. My father and mother worked in a gold mine. When dad was killed in the war, I was only three. Mother had a hard time with four little ones to look after. We had to move from place to place. I became lost and was placed in a children's home, where I was brought up. We had enough to eat, more than most kids at home. And they looked after us well.

For years mother tried to locate me. First they were evacuated; then they were bombed, and then they had to move from one town to another. When we finally were reunited, years later, I was 18.

use#bd-googl http://www.hathitrust.org/access After seeing the movie Ivan Nikulin, Russian Sailor, my friend and I decided to go to sea. So we ran away. We changed from train to train, hid in a coal bin and, finally, on top of a boxcar. We got to Odessa. When I came to the docks, I asked for a job as cabin boy, but they put me in another children's home instead. I told myself, "I'll run away to sea anyway." So I started training for it. I learned to swim, dive and row.

Once they took us to the beach. I swam off to another beach.

Once they took us to the beach. I swam off to another beach. There I found a way of getting into the famous catacombs of Odessa. I roamed about inside them for a whole day and finally came out

on the other side of the city.

I made several trips by "riding the rails". I would spend the night in any odd place. Every time they asked me my name, I would give them a different one. I fell in with some thieves. They fed me (times were hard and food was scarce) and tried to bring me around to their way of thinking. They said: "Nothing to it, picking a pocket. We'll take care of you, see that you don't get caught!" And they did. I was beginning to look on these characters as heroes. I wanted to be like them. But the militia got me in the end.

"Where are your parents?" they wanted to know. "I have none."

"Where do you live?"

"No place."

I was put into a colony (reform school) for juvenile delinquents. I ran away. But I was in love with the circus at the time. Everywhere I went I tried to get into a circus. In Mogilev-Podolski I got up enough courage to ask a famous tumbler to help me become an

"Show me what you can do," he said.
I showed him the flip-flap and a few other tricks. I had decided: Since I couldn't become a sailor, I would become a tumbler and I trained every spare minute.

"You've got talent," he said. "Where do you live? Who are your parents?" I couldn't answer either of these questions, so the circus

was closed to me.

But that didn't stop me. I learned to give the right answers and finally began to work at the circus in Simferopol, cleaning cages for Ivan Ruban, the animal trainer. He was kind and taught me a lot. I would get carried away by the show, and Ivan would scold me when I forgot to clean the cages on time. I would sulk, tell myself and him, "I'll be a circus actor one day, you'll see."

But I had to leave the circus. I tramped from place to place. The

militia got me once or twice and hauled me into court.

Then I was drafted. The army took the hobo out of me. I met a lot of kind and intelligent people who advised me to go in for sports.

After demobilization I became a second-class gymnast; I entered the circus school, and now I'm a performer.

I recently ran into Ivan Ruban.

"Good boy!" he greeted me, "You said you'd become a circus artist, and you did."



"No matter what you tell me about the necessity for punishment," says Gennadi, "I feel pity for these boys at reformatories. Just kids, and already they are criminals. Probably it's our fault. I insist that most boys commit crimes because of the stupidity of adults."

FOLLOWING **FATHERS'**





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VER SUBDUED Red Square resound the words of the

"Here, under the sacred walls of the Kremlin, we, the grand-children of those who stormed the Winter Palace, the children of those who shattered the Reichstag, pledge allegiance, with all our hearts, on behalf of our generation, to the cause of Lenin, the cause of the Party, the cause of the October Revolution.

In the name of the workers' truth unbroken by chains and

convict labor,

Liberty, who fought on the barricades,

the blood shed by the commissars, we pledge that the flames of the Revolution will burn in our hearts forever.

In the name of the courage of the first trail blazers,

the pride of labor, the honor of the Young Communist League, we pledge to devote our energies to enhance the glory and might of our

In the name of the sanctity of the common graves, the gray hairs of our mothers,

the joy of victory, we pledge to be worthy of the immortality of our fathers."

The boys and girls who repeated these words were gathered in Red Square after having journeyed the length and breadth of the land. They were only a small part of those who had taken part in the countrywide march of youth to scenes of revolutionary, military and labor fame. There were 10 million altogether, and they crossed the whole country. They searched the fields of former battles, sought out their participants, learned the names of overlooked heroes. They opened 59,000 museums for the display of relics they found. They set up 15,000 monuments, obelisks, and memorial plates. And thus they commemorated those who had been lost to memory.

Though the countrywide march to memorial sites is a new tradition, young people are responding in large numbers. Hardly surprising, for the future they aspire to has its roots in the past. They want to add their own contribution to the country that was built by the revolutionary activity of preceding generations. It is to these young people gathered in Red Square that, as our poet Mikhail Svetlov put it, "the horseman sent by Robespierre delivered his message."

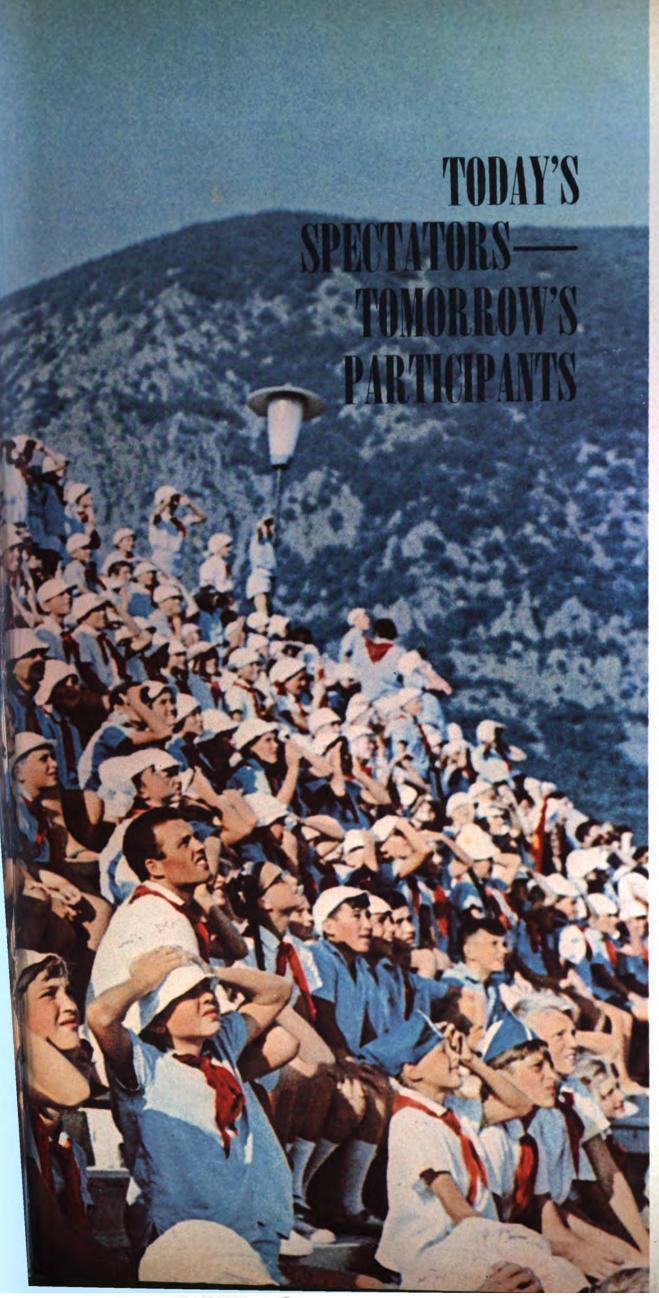


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It is the rare person in our country (except for the very old, of course) who did not wear a red tie as a child. The tie is the same color as the banner of the Revolution and is worn by the Young Pioneers, our childrens mass organization. Its motto is "Be Ready!" Be ready for everything—struggle, difficulties, great projects.

A Young Pioneer does more, of course, than just wear a red tie, march to the roll of a drum and go to a summer camp. He pledges to be honest, high principled, brave. He must help the weak, never abandon a comrade in trouble, never be lazy or arrogant.

The Young Pioneer organization builds future citizens. Its members help the old and the sick, take care of animals and birds, contribute to the community effort by collecting scrap metal, working on collective farms, planting trees, shrubs and flowers in city parks and gardens. In return the state provides the facilities for the education and recreation of 23 million children who wear red ties and, of course, for the relatively few who, for one reason or another do not.

The organization has its own periodicals, to which children contribute original articles and drawings. Sixty Pioneer newspapers and magazines are published in 19 of the languages spoken in the Soviet Union. In 3,500 palaces and children's clubs Young Pioneers attend dance, music, animal care, photography, plane-modeling and other hobby groups. Young Pioneer sports clubs and schools, stadiums and swimming pools are well patronized. The Young Pioneer camps accommodate five million vacationing children each summer.

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Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA Activities undertaken for the good of society attract our energetic youth, who take pride in the tangible results of their efforts.

In the years of the Revolution and the Civil War young people fought for freedom; for the right to work, secure in the knowledge that the values they produce will not be appropriated by any individual; for the equality of people, races and nations. They achieved these goals.

In the years of the five-year plan periods and after the war, Soviet youth worked tirelessly to build the strong economic foundation of socialism, essential for the country's victory over backwardness, devastation and illiteracy, for the development of an individual untroubled by worries over his daily bread. And they achieved this as well.

In the years of World War II our young men fought heroically at the fronts and harassed the enemy's rear positions. Along with all our people they defended their motherland and saved the life of Nazi-occupied Europe. The contribution of our youth to the victory over Germany was really enormous.

Then an epoch of reconstruction and further development began.

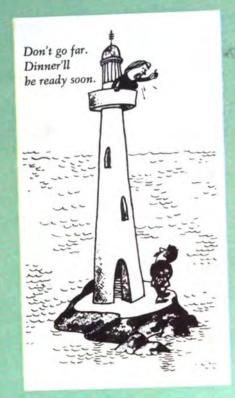
The fact that our country has now become one of the greatest powers in the world and today enjoys worldwide prestige is due to our own efforts. The Soviet people have done this with their labor, and their most energetic workers have always been the young.

Soviet youth today are active young people. Their critical minds seek out the imperfections in our life. Thanks to the possibilities offered them by our social system, they are able to find positive solutions to these problems.

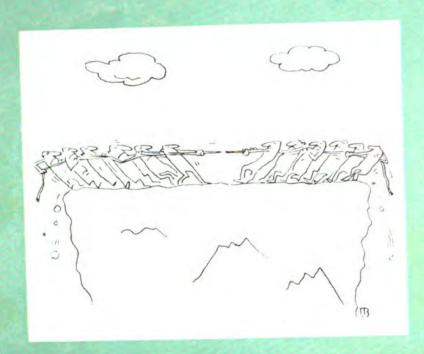






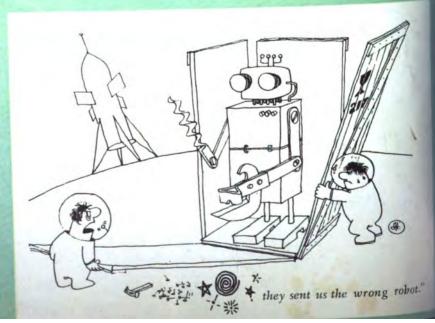














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AMERICAN REVOLUTION AND RUSSIA BYELORUSSIA TODAY DEITIES OF PERM

December 1968

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GRIGOROVICH'S SPARTACUS FLAME OF PASSION ANDPRECISION OF MOVEMENTS

See story on pages 42-47

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SOVIET LIFE

DECEMBER 1968 No. 12 (147)

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FRONT COVER: Spartacus, a ballet by Aram Khachaturian, is now known as a choregraphic miracle. The ballet master Yuri Grigorovich has given it a new interpretation.

See story on pages 42 to 47.

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MANAGEMENT—IT'S WORKERS' BUSINESS TOO

By Vyacheslav Kostikov

THE SOCIOLOGY DEPARTMENT of the Institute of Philosophy of the USSR Academy of Sciences recently completed an assessment of workers' life in our country. Thousands of people employed at enterprises in major industrial centers—Kiev, Moscow, Kharkov, Tallinn, Ivanovo, Ufa and others—were asked to answer some questions.

Most workers answered Yes to the question were they satisfied with their work. Naturally the investigators asked the workers to amplify their answers by appraising the various aspects of life in their plant: amount of work, wages, participation in policy-making decisions and opportunities for promotion.

Wages proved to be the predominant criterion of satisfaction with only a minority of workers. Many of them gave priority to working conditions, to opportunities for studying without discontinuing their work and to relations with management.

For instance workers at the Baku Wagon Repair Plant reasoned this way. They receive lower wages than do the workers at Baku's oil fields. However the repair workers are more satisfied with their work than are the higher-paid oil workers. And though the Bakuneft Oil Trust advertises this highly paid trade all over the city, very few workers leave the Wagon Repair Plant for the oil fields.

Here is how the plant's trade-union committee explain this: "People at our plant, obviously, are used to the working conditions here. And then the very atmosphere of cooperation between workers and management is an important factor, too. The tempting publicity of the oil trusts doesn't seem to have any effect on our workers, so far. Of course wages are important, but there are other and no less important factors, too. In our plant not a single complaint from workers or office employees in 12 years has been sent to higher organizations because of violations here.

"We have succeeded in getting rid of accidents. In recent years there have been no accidents and no serious industrial injuries in our plant. Many people continue their studies without giving up their work. All policy in this sphere is strictly adhered to: Those who take evening courses are granted additional paid leave for exams, and additional days off are not begrudged to students. Students attending evening classes are always put to work on the morning shift. When our workers graduate from a technical school or institute, they are immediately promoted to jobs in their new profession.

"The plant keeps a number of holiday resorts and a pioneer camp of its own. Moreover 80 per cent of the accommodations are arranged for either free of charge or with a rebate of 70 per cent."

The merits of the local trade-union organization are not limited to creating certain benefits for the workers. Mikhail Aliev, director of the plant, stressed another aspect in the life of the collective:

"I am firmly convinced that the plant's successes, the even tempo of its operation and the fast growth of labor productivity are the results of theworkers' own efforts. We succeed in including the workers in all plant affairs through the trade-union committee. The workers now realize that the success of the entire enterprise depends on their own efforts and intelligence."

The Baku Wagon Repair Plant is no exception. It reflects a new trend in the relations of production workers with management at our enterprises, which began with our economic reform. This tendency means the increasingly active participation of workers in management. This is both in the interests of the workers and of management, because well-coordinated work results in higher profits, a considerable part of which remains at the plant and is used for material stimuli for the entire collective and for each and every worker.

The past two years have seen a considerable rise in workers' activities. An investigation was carried out at a major plant of our country—the Rostselmash (Rostov Farm-Machinery Plant): The investigators wanted to know to what extent the workers participated in managerial affairs.

The results showed that within one year some 10,000 proposals for improving production and management, submitted by workers, had been made operational at the plant.

Alexander Merkulov, director of the Rostselmash Plant, once asked the local trade-union committee whether the workers would help him to find uses for savings funds. Soon 15,000 people were taking part in this work. Applying to workers with the request to help the administration, the plant's trade-union leaders did not engage, of course, in unsubstantiated promises—they just reminded the workers of the governmental decision which stipulates that from 15 to 50 per cent of the sums saved are to be paid out to the workers directly.

The result was that 1,200,000 rubles'* worth of materials and power were saved in the course of a year. By agreement with the trade-union committee the management paid 25 per cent of that sum out to the workers.

Looking for cost reductions, the Rostselmash workers paid attention not only to the production process but started talking about the inefficient work of the plant management. Their suggestions in this field were carefully studied. Indeed the management employed too large an office staff. The trade-union committee of the plant invited the director to attend its next meeting.

"Since we have decided to save, we must do it consistently," Merculov was told by the trade-union committee. "Look how many useless links there are in our offices."

This was followed by the formation of a joint commission of the trade-union and management, which was to prepare materials for the reorganization of the plant management. Several hundred workers worked in that commission jointly with specialists. They examined about a thousand proposals and revisions. The commission ultimately decided to carry out the reorganization in several stages. The first thing they did was to cut the administrative staff by 170 employees.

. The trade-union never expected these people to be dismissed, for this would be contrary to its direct function—the protection of its members. That is why reorganization followed this action. For instance, the shops had a shortage of technicians and engineers, while too many graduate specialists were employed in managerial jobs. So it was decided to transfer them to the shops.

It is impossible to follow a single, general principle in arranging such transfers. In every case the commission took into consideration the given employee's family conditions, age, service record and experience. This is quite logical: If a person is 40 or 50, such a change of work might be too much for him, and moreover he would then be of little use to production. That is why most of the transfers were carried out among young specialists whom the transfer would affect much less.

Some of them were dissatisfied, too. A number of people declared that they wanted to leave the plant and refused all help in finding new employment.

However 140 out of the 170 men and women remained at Rost-selmash and are working in its shops to this day. The others who could not find a suitable job on the spot were helped by the trade-union committee and management to get employment at other enterprises and organizations in Rostov. The reorganization of management resulted in the better utilization of competent personnel and yielded that plant an annual saving of 231,000 rubles.

A year has elapsed since the management asked the workers to find ways of economizing. Here are the results of this cooperative venture:

- 1) workers' incomes increased by 8 per cent that year;
- an additional million rubles were allocated for the construction of housing for plant personnel;
- 3) about 7,000 workers received bonuses of a month's salary at the end of the year;
- 4) the total of the bonuses given to workers from the material incentive fund added up to 3,400,000 rubles a year.

The economic reform of our enterprises creates increasingly favorable conditions for the fruitful cooperation of management and trade unions. This applies both to raising production efficiency and to boosting workers' wages and enlarging bonus funds.



^{* 1} ruble equals \$1.10.

RUSSIAN WINTER FANTASY

Whirling snowflakes each other chasing, Over the field a sleigh is racing.

Somebody's youth in that sleigh is riding. Where is my happiness? Where is it hiding?

All has gone by, to the past is banished, Just like that sleigh which in snow has vanished.

Sergei Yesenin

Photographs by Alexei Perevoshchikov



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The night glided by beneath a large, chaste moon. By dawn the first frost had struck. Everything was white. The puddles did not freeze over though. When the sun came to give warmth, the trees and grass were sprinkled with such heavy dew and the branches of the spruces gleamed from the dark woods in such glowing patterns that all the diamonds on earth would have never sufficed for this decoration.

Especially nice was the pine, a queen that glittered from head to foot. My joy frolicked like a puppy in my breast.

* * *

Last night the snow came down from a nothingness as if the flakes had dropped from the stars and were sparkling like stars below in the electric light. By morning there was a very light blanket of powdery snow, which lifted at the slightest breath. Still it was deep enough to take the fresh track of a hare. Off we went to raise the hares.

Today I arrived in Moscow and at once recognized the same starlike powdery snow on the pavements, so light that when a sparrow darted down and up again, its wings shrugged off a whole cloud of stars, and a dark splotch, observable from afar, remained on the pavement.

A powdery snow covers the ground. In the woods it is extremely quiet, and it is so warm that the snow is almost about to melt. The trees are wrapped in snow; the spruces sprout huge, heavy paws, and the birches lean over, some with tops touching the ground, resembling arches of lace. The trees act like people. Not a single pine bends beneath the weight, though it may break; meanwhile the birch bends at once. The pine reigns in its crown, the birch weeps. In the snowy quietness of the woods, the snowy effigies seem so expressive that one feels a queer sensation. Why, you think, don't they talk? Or perhaps, seeing me, they feel shy? But when the snow started, one seemed to hear the whisper of the snowflakes as a conversation between the odd figures.

The clear sky was flecked with streaky wisps of clouds, and the temperature rose to five degrees above zero. By nightfall the skies were blotted out. The tall pines swayed in the wind, losing in one swoop all their gifts. Meanwhile below, the snow-spangled baby pines, resembling harmless pensive beings, quivered.

The skies are clear. In the stillness the sunrise is marvelous. There is a frost of ten degrees above zero. Intuition alone guides the hunter along the white path. The entire day in the woods was sunny and golden. Toward evening the sunset glowed on the horizon. This was a Northern sunset, a gleaming crimson reminiscent of Christmas tree decorations and firecrackers of that peculiar transparent paper through which you look to see everything tinted cherry. In the pulsating sky, though, there was more than crimson; in the middle lay a band of intense blue, hovering above the scarlet like a dirigible, while at the fringes came sundry layers of subtle shades. The full sunset lasted but a quarter of an hour. The new moon confronted the red on the blue, as if seeing this in surprise for the first time.

Mikhail Prishvin



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BIRCH TREE

Underneath my window Stands a birch tree white, Snow adorns its shoulders, Pure as silver bright.

On the fluffy branches, In the morning chill, The disheveled clusters Form a snowy frill. And the birch is standing O'er the sleepy snow, And the snowflakes glitter In the golden glow.

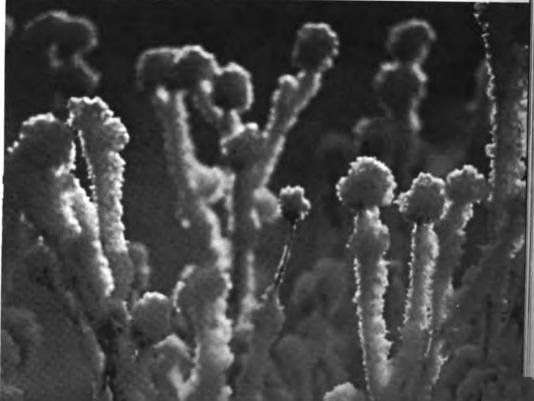
While the lazy morning, Slowly moving round, Further silver sprinkles Onto tree and ground.

Sergei Yesenin



A winter fantasy of exquisite shapes and crackling sounds awaits the forest explorer.

Reaching toward the sun, young seedlings poke their branches through the newly fallen snow.



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AMERICAN PROFESSOR COMMENTS ON CARE OF THE AGED

In the late spring of 1968 Dr. Walter C. McKain, 57, philosophy professor from the University of Connecticut, completed his second tour of the Soviet Union. He studied the organization of Soviet health services. particularly those for the aged.

In Baku, capital of Azerbaijan, Dr. McKain and his wife visited the open-air clinic set up by Professor Guseinov, a friend of the McKains, who has achieved sensational results in his Health Zone, using the so-called natural method of treating old age.

In Kiev, capital of the Ukraine, Dr. McKain took part in the congress of gerontologists. In Tbilisi, the capital of Georgia, he conducted a seminar at the Institute of Obstetrics and Gynecology. In the resort city of Pyatigorsk, the Northern Caucasus, the doctor familiarized himself with the work of the Institute of Resort Treatment and watched a mass hypnotherapy session.

The McKains spent more than three months in the Soviet Union as guests of the Ministry of Health. They had visited the Soviet Union before, in 1966. At that time, too, Dr. McKain met men and women whose longevity amazes everyone.

Dr. McKain told an APN correspondent that he had interviewed a dozen centenarians and that all of them were full of energy, alert and in apparently good health except a 130-year-old woman. A physician accompanied him on most of the visits and conducted physical examinations on the spot. Questions regarding the secret of their old age elicited a wide range of answers.

Dr. McKain pointed out that in the USSR there are twice as many people 100 years old and over as in the USA and that the survival rates at age 90 and at age 100 are much higher in the Soviet Union. "It would appear," Dr. McKain said, "that once a person living in the USSR attains the age of 90 or 95, his chances of living 15 or 20 years more are much better than they are in the United States." At the same time there are fewer men and women aged 70 and 80 in the USSR. This, in Dr. McKain's opinion, can be explained by the devastating wars which fell to the lot of several generations of Russians and which Americans feit to a much lesser degree.

Dr. McKain says he was greatly impressed by the concern for old people in the Soviet Union. He also said that, just as on his previous visit, he always felt the warmth and friendliness of his Soviet colleagues and all others he met. The American professor has a good knowledge of Russian and so the McKains were able to travel in the USSR without an interpreter.

EVIDENCES of a genuine concern for older people can be seen everywhere. Older persons almost always live with their children or with friends. They are encouraged to lead active and useful lives. Widespread health maintenance programs are provided for them. Their pensions are somether than the second what lower than the income they received

when they were working, but these are supplemented by a variety of fringe benefits.

It would seem that every young person in the Soviet Union looks on every old person as a blood relative. All older people are Grandmether or Grandfather, and core are Grandmother or Grandfather, and care is taken to see that they get seats on the bus or streetcar, that they are helped across the street, that they do not stand in line, and that they do not carry heavy packages.

Probably the most effective way of pro-

viding a good life for older people is by maintaining their usefulness in society. There are many ways in which older persons are able to render useful service.

Since both mothers and fathers usually Since both mothers and fathers usually hold down full-time jobs, the grandparents or some older person takes up the slack at home. This may include looking after the children before they are old enough to go to school or keeping track of the youngsters after school and on Sundays. Parks throughout the Soviet Union are filled with children and grandparents walking hand in hand.

Another service is more intangible. Older people are respected as individuals and their participation in family conversation and in family decision making is appreciated. The wisdom of years is highly regarded, and most families eagerly seek the advice and counsel of an older person. A grand-parent or other older person was in every one of the apartments I visited and in each case took an active part in the discussions.

The living arrangements of older people in the Soviet Union make it easy for them to keep in touch with life around them. Most move in with their children when it becomes move in with their children when it becomes difficult for them to manage by themselves. An elderly widow or widower seldom lives alone, and fairly often both elderly parents live with one of their children. Part of this can be traced to the housing shortage, but even if houses and apartments were plentiful, an older person would expect to live with his children, and his children would consider this a normal arrangement.

There are homes for elderly people in the Soviet Union, but almost none of those I visited was filled to capacity. In some of them people who were badly crippled or in other ways incapacitated were using the same facilities because the demand for rooms for the elderly was so low. Only a few people do not have children, neighbors or friends at whose homes they will be welcome. On some of the larger collective farms one house is set aside for elderly people who have become people who have become separated from their children, but only a handful of them

live in these houses.

The retirement age for men and women is low in the USSR—60 for men and 55 for women. However many persons remain at work many years after they are eligible to retire. Some like to work, some need the work, some enjoy the special benefits that work brings, such as friends, housing advantages and social programs. The pensioner does not receive in retirement as much as he earned on the job, but the dis-parity in income is quite low. He always receives at least one-half of his former income and may have a pension that is practically the same as his working wage.

The retirement ruble stretches somewhat

farther than the retirement dollar since many of the basic items in the pensioner's budget are either free or very reasonable in the Soviet Union. His medical bills are paid by the state, and this helps his budget in more ways than one. It means, of course, that he is relieved of the burden of his own medical and hospital expenses. He does not need to set aside any of his income for medical insurance. Moreover he knows that his children are similarly protected and will not be calling upon him to help meet their medical expenses.

The major emphasis in health seems to be on health maintenance and in the early diagnosis and treatment of disease. Regular health examinations are required and simple daily checks of temperature, pulse rate and

blood pressure are encouraged.

Another feature of the health program is the amount and kind of research that is conducted. The approach is very pragmatic. New ideas are tested clinically to see how they work out in practice. If they show that work out in practice, if they show they work out in practice. how they work out in practice. If they show promising results, an attempt is made to explain why they work. Some of these exexplain why they work. Some of these experiments were most unusual. Acupuncture, an old Chinese technique of inserting needles into the body, has been revived. Music therapy, work therapy and flower therapy are being tested. The latter treatment consists of having the patient smell flowers or plants for a few minutes every day. One plant is used for arthritis, another for high blood pressure, etc. The value of these methods is carefully tested before they are incorporated into the health program.

Of interest to older persons are two special health institutions which have grown up in the Soviet Union. The first is the system of health resorts, called kurorti, and a science of kurortology has been developed. The health resorts are attended

veloped. The health resorts are attended by persons of all ages. The patients stay for approximately four weeks and are given thorough medical examinations to determine thorough medical examinations to determine the kind of treatment that will be most effective. The therapy consists of a regular regimen and diet accompanied by electric treatments; baths in mineral water, mud, paraffin or oil; the drinking of mineral waters sun bathing; physical exercise and other so-called natural methods of treatment. Modern Soviet medical practice is combined with elements of folk medicine.

Older people are to be found at the health resorts, particularly if they are still working. The cost is very reasonable, approximately 100 dollars for four weeks, of which the trade union pays 70. The Social Security administration foots the bill for retired persons likewills alder the persons are regioned to sons. Usually older persons are assigned to a sanatorium for persons of all ages, although a few sanatoriums, such as the Avant Garde in Sochi, are specifically for older people. The sanatoriums serve both as convalescent hospitals and as health maintenance and the first sign of a shronic tenance centers. At the first sign of a chronic illness an older person is sent to a health resort to build up his resistance.

One of the most interesting medical institutions in the Soviet Union is the Health Zone. These are located in cities, and although the patients are of all ages, the bulk of the participants so far have been older persons. The Health Zone emphasizes physical exercise but includes most forms of treatment given at the health resorts. It resembles an outpatient clinic in that the older person lives at home but visits the center several times a week for treatment.

Older persons in the Soviet Union have experienced many of the sorrows and hardships of the twentieth century. They have had more than their share of war, occupation, famine, and disease. They have undergone the trauma of revolution. They live in a society that is future-directed, perhaps even more than our own. The adjustments that they have been able to make and the favorable features of their life can be traced

tavorable teatures of their life can be traced to the esteem with which age is regarded and the strong feeling of filial responsibility that exists in Soviet society.

Soviet citizens often say that children are the only privileged class in their society. I would like to suggest that older people are also the recipients of special favors and treatment in the Soviet Union.

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BEWARE OF CARS



BY NEYA ZORKAYA **Motion Picture Critic**

THIS FILM has something of a history. Playwright Emile Braginsky and director Eldar Ryazanov wrote the script; its contents disturbed many of the script editors. The characters and plot are different, to put it mildly. The subject is car theft, and the car thief is a very likable fellow. The editors may have entertained visions that the viewers might sympathize with Yuri Detochkin, the thief, and would start stealing Volga cars themselves.

Detochkin, the thief, and would start stealing Volga cars themselves.

An old Russian saying goes, "Where luck fails, bad fortune may help." After losing their battle for the script, Emile Braginsky and Eldar Ryazanov decided to write a story on the same theme. It might be more successful, they thought, and it is. The story appeared first in a magazine; then it was published as a separate book in a large edition. It is highly enjoyable and requires intelligent reading. And when, despite its popularity with readers, car-theft statistics did not soar nor was the public peace disturbed, the motion picture industry finally decided to do a screen version, Beware of the Automobile, directed by Eldar Ryazanov.

To a compelling musical theme a figure in a raincoat, with upturned collar, explodes across the dark screen. A man with a brief case climbs a spiral staircase. At this hour of night nobody is around. A brick wall and a door appear. Gloved hands with studied movements jimmy open the lock.

A quiet voice says, "You like detective films. You enjoy a movie more when you can figure out how it ends. It flatters you to think you can outwit the script writers."

The voice, shrouded in dark mystery, promises a parody. There is a mystery plot, too, and both parody and plot are unusual.

The thief seems so vulnerable that it should be easy to catch him, except for one circumstance. In keeping with detective-

story tradition, we will tell you what that circumstance is only in the right place and at the right time.

The parody is an unusual one. There is no all-seeing eye in the dressing room, no tape recorder squeezed into a false tooth, none of the obligatory trappings of the usual detective-film parody. The parody here iscunning; it does not force itself on the audience. It is revealed in a flashing frame: The interrogator's face reflecting titanic mental effort, or the burglar's face, professional enough for one of Cesare Lombroso's criminal types—protruding lower jaw, narrowed feverish eyes and the rest.

The plot of the film, though involved, is easy to follow. Just as the opening scene of a dark night, ideal for crime, mimics a detective thriller, so a drunken crowd of profiteering peddlers is reminiscent of the closing scenes in the film Sweet Life. The fleeing bandit in a new, light-colored car, chased by a militiaman on an old motorcycle, reminds you of the silent comedies of Buster Keaton and Harold Lloyd.

There is satire too, for here you see swindlers, grafters, a whole gallery of rogues. Take the beer-hall manager, for instance, who grows fat on the foam and buys a car with his profits. Or take the elegant Semitsvetovs, an enterprising young couple, who are very expert at dealing in merchandise in short supply and in offering bribes to officials when caught.

However, notice that the dominant element of the film is subtlety rather than exaggeration, which makes for good satire. The eccentricities and paradoxes are not really peripheral; they give the film character. The lack of "thrills" in this thriller, the subtle parody—all this is designed to bring out the paradox upon which the whole plot is built. The mysterious car thief is a completely unselfish man. He steals cars only from swindlers, sells them and sends the money to orphanages: This is his way of fighting lawbreakers, of administering justice, of discharging

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his sacred civic duty. That is why even the wise investigator Maxim Podberyozovikov is so perplexed, although he is a good psychologist and a Konstantin Stanislavsky enthusiast—he applies that famous theater director's "method" in his investigations. For a long time he is thoroughly muddled by this criminal whose ways are unusual and purpose mysterious.

In telling the story of Yuri Detochkin, the scenarists are obviously on their hero's side. The paradoxical situation sharpens the comedy angle. Car thief Detochkin is an insurance agent. In the daytime he insures the property of his prospective night victims. After stealing a car from one swindler, the poor man has to sell it to another one, because an honest man will not buy a hot car. In conducting his stealing and selling operations, the hero meticulously observes all the bureaucratic formalities. He keeps a card index on all suspicious cars. He deducts only his modest "traveling expenses" from his sales and signs a register he keeps for the record. Everything is shipshape. How do you deal with this Soviet Robin Hood, this Don Quixote armed with a skeleton key, this Prince Myshkin with the brief case of a state insurance agent?

The script was especially written for a very good comedian who, for some reason or other, could not take the part. It was then offered to Innokenti Smoktunovsky, a surprising choice, everyone thought. The meditative Smoktunovsky, who played Prince Hamlet in Grigori Kosintsev's film, playing a car thief in a comedy!

We don't know what the film would have been like with the first comedian. But we do know that Smoktunovsky gives it an

Prince Hamlet in Grigori Kosintsev's film, playing a car thief in a comedy!

We don't know what the film would have been like with the first comedian. But we do know that Smoktunovsky gives it an added dimension. He made this film a heart-rending story, provoking smiles, sympathy and gay laughter. Despite gaiety it has hidden grief, Smoktunovsky's interpretation.

A lot has been written about the depth of character Smoktunovsky achieves, his gift of revelation. Now place these qualities in a comic framework, weave them into the peculiar pattern of this film, Beware of the Automobile, and you will get the effect produced by Yuri Detochkin.

This simple-minded character, round-shouldered, wearing a jacket he seems to be growing out of, boyishly active though nearing 40, is one of the many dreamers depicted in classical literature. He was brought up by a loving mother who instilled in him a hatred of private ownership and a proud sense of personal responsibility for everything that happens around him. His skin is too thin and his heart too vulnerable. The Semitsvetovs and their world, in close proximity to his world, are a source of unbearable suffering to Detochkin. Like sores or wounds, they give him physical pain. One scene shows the windshield of a Volga car and a whole collection of grinning, winking, conceited faces of the Semitsvetov "elite." In contrast, from somewhere in the front seat, you see the bright, insanely desperate eyes of a man whose leg is caught in a bear trap: The Semitsvetovs had put it in the car to discourage thieves. Dragging his wounded leg, Yuri goes to his kind friend Lyuba for comfort. He complains about people "putting traps everywhere." But as soon as it gets dark he puts on his hat, black gloves and evil expression to search, with the persistence of a maniac, for new ways to steal the cars of the lawbreakers who give him no peace.

Is he a maniac? No, he is not; the doctors have certified that

maniac, for new ways to steal the cars of the lawbreakers who give him no peace.

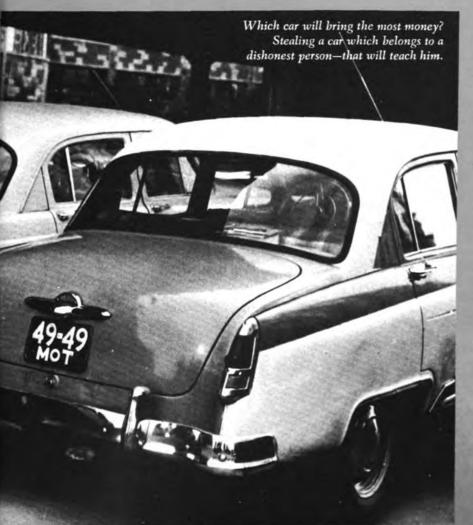
Is he a maniac? No, he is not; the doctors have certified that he is sane. But is he sane—this insurance agent who has taken the law into his own hands, who uses his own brand of terror against swindlers on behalf of truth and justice? At the same time, like a good insurance agent, he is ready for inspection at any time; his books are all in order.

Smoktunovsky is supported by a splendid cast. The hardest role went to Oleg Yefremov, art director of the Sovremennik Theater, who plays the detective Maxim Podberyozovikov. Indeed it was no easy job to play Yuri Detochkin's antagonist, the master investigator. With a criminal like Yuri, Maxim has to win at least half of the audience's sympathy. Yefremov has a natural charm which makes him irresitible on the screen, but he also has skill. Podberyozovikov is a complete contrast to Detochkin, a monolith with the springy gait of an athlete. He is never in a hurry; he takes his time pondering details. Maxim is the classic detective, slightly exaggerated for satire. The scene where Maxim and Yuri make friends over a beer mug and pledge mutual devotion, leaving the place arm in arm while singing, merits top marks. In the old days the critics used the word brio to describe that kind of superb acting.

Courtesy of Iskusstvo Kino







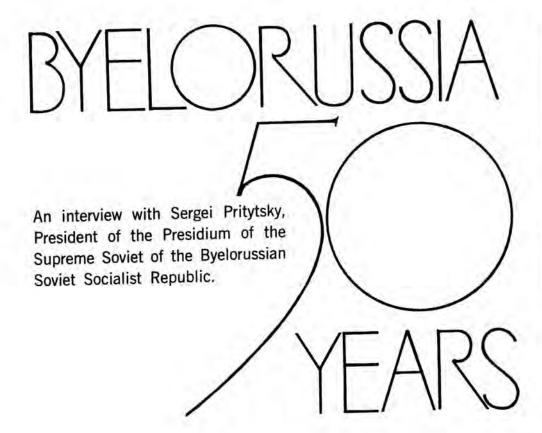


What can be done with such a man? Inspector Podberezovikov has a difficult decision to make after meeting our car thief.



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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA





SEVENTY YEARS AGO, in March 1898, a historic event took place in a small house on what was then the outskirts of Minsk, a five-minute ride by car from the spot where Government House now stands. Representatives of several underground Marxist organizations proclaimed the formation of the Russian Social-Democratic Labor Party, today the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

What was Byelorussia like then, at the turn of the century?

"There are many places in Russia where cold and hunger reign, but you will find few large regions as miserable and poverty-stricken as Byelorussia," wrote the Russian geographer and traveler Popov at the end of last century.

As this is probably too general a reply to the question, let me cite a few facts and figures. On the eve of World War I Vladimir Lenin wrote that Russia had one-fourth of Britain's modern means of production, one-fifth of Germany's and one-tenth of America's. Byelorussia had only one-fifth the average for the Russian Empire as a whole. There was not a single large industrial plant in Byelorussia at the turn of the century, but there were about 900 small, primitive factories where men worked from dawn to dusk, 12 and 13 hours a day, for literally pennies. Even the factory inspectors (there were such officials in old Russia) admitted that it was hell to work in the factories

Most village children had never tasted white bread or sugar. Many adults had no idea there were such things as railroads and automobiles. In remote villages a charcoal fire was kept burning in a clay pot for lack of matches. When matches were available, each of them was split into four parts to make them go farther.

The Byelorussian peasant suffered the most because he had so little land. What land he did have, he worked with wooden plows or sticks that turned the soil only on one side. The grain was cut with sickles and flailed. The peasant family wore homespun clothing and bast shoes

All this I know from my own experience. I put on my first factorymade suit and boots when I was 22. Until then I had worn bast shoes and a long homespun shirt.

The village was like a cruel stepmother. No wonder the poorer peasants fled from it the first chance they had. About one and a half million people emigrated from Byelorussia to the United States, Canada and Latin America in the 50 years before the 1917 Revolution.

The picture would be incomplete without some mention of the fact that the Byelorussians had no national or political rights whatso-ever. Czar Nicholas I even forbade the use of the word Byelorussia.

Divilizados Gougle

Teaching the Byelorussian language in the schools was prohibited; the language was actually outlawed. Our national poet Yanka Kupala says in a poem that the dream of the Byelorussians was "to be called people," simply people—they were not considered human.

This state of affairs could not last forever. A storm was brewing. Was it just that the Princess of Hohenlohe, who had never lived in Byelorussia, owned almost 2.5 million acres of its land while I, like millions of other Byelorussians who were born on that land, who cultivated it and loved it like a mother, lived in a hut with an earthen floor? Many peasants and factory workers knew nothing, of course, about Marxist theory and may not even have heard of Marx or Lenin. But they saw that the Bolsheviks who fought for their interests were men who could give them peace, bread and freedom. They therefore supported the Bolsheviks in 1917.

How was news of the October events in Petrograd received in Byelorussia? What happened there after October 1917?

When the October Revolution broke out in Petrograd, the Soviet of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies in Minsk voted to take power. The new government in the Byelorussian capital was proclaimed on the same day it was in Petrograd. It took only three weeks for the Revolution to sweep all of Byelorussia. That alone shows how ready the Byelorussian people were to accept the ideas of the Communist Party. Its program was supported by the absolute majority of our people.

Soon after the October Revolution fierce fighting broke out in Byelorussia. German and Polish troops and bands organized by the wealthy classes, hostile to the new system, tried to crush Soviet power and separate Byelorussia from Soviet Russia. On January 1, 1919, when a fierce struggle was raging against counterrevolution and foreign intervention, the Provisional Revolutionary Workers' and Peasants' Government of Byelorussia issued a manifesto establishing the Byelorussian Soviet Socialist Republic. Our national state was born that day.

The October Revolution, as we know, proclaimed the right of all nations to self-determination, including the right to secede. Why did Byelorussia decide to become part of the Soviet Union?

The question is not new. Abroad we are often asked why, after setting up an independent state, we chose to join the Soviet Union.

First, our republic remained a sovereign state within the Soviet Union. Second, we did not simply join the Soviet Union; we are one of its founders. Historical development dictated the step; it was in the national interests of the Byelorussian people.

PRESIDENT SERGEI PRITYTSKY OF BYELORUSSIA RECEIVED OUR CORRESPONDENT IN HIS OFFICE IN GOVERNMENT HOUSE IN MINSK. MOST OF BYELORUSSIA'S GOVERNMENT BODIES HAVE THEIR HEADQUARTERS IN THIS LARGE BUILDING WHOSE CUBIST-STYLE ARCHITECTURE SEEMS OLD-FASHIONED TODAY.

ON THE PRESIDENT'S TABLE WAS A DESK SET, A CLOCK, A PACK OF CIGARETTES AND A NEAT STACK OF FOLDERS.

PRESIDENT PRITYTSKY, NOW 55, WAS BORN AND BROUGHT UP IN WESTERN BYELORUSSIA, WHICH WAS UNDER THE RULE OF BOURGEOIS POLAND UNTIL 1939. THE SON OF A POOR PEASANT, HE LED THE HARD AND GRINDING LIFE OF A FARM LABORER FROM AN EARLY AGE. WHEN HE WAS 23, HE WAS SENTENCED TO DEATH BY A POLISH COURT FOR UNDERGROUND REVOLUTIONARY ACTIVITY. FOLLOWING A VIGOROUS CAMPAIGN IN HIS DEFENSE IN WESTERN BYELORUSSIA, WESTERN UKRAINE, POLAND, THE SOVIET UNION, FRANCE, THE UNITED STATES AND OTHER COUNTRIES, HIS SENTENCE WAS COMMUTED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT. HE WON HIS FREEDOM WHEN THE SOVIET ARMY LIBERATED WESTERN BYELORUSSIA IN 1939.

Byelorussia cannot do without the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Only with the help of the other Soviet republics has Byelorussia been able to stay independent politically, economically and nationally. History has shown that 50 years ago the Byelorussian people made the right choice. The continued existence of the Byelorussian nation would have been doubtful otherwise. According to Hitler's "Ost" plan one part of the Byelorussian population, the largest, was to have been wiped out as members of a non-Nordic race, another part was to have been sterilized, and the third part Germanized. The Byelorussians were able to preserve themselves as a nation only through their alliance with the great Russian people and the other peoples of the USSR.

Not many people know, incidentally, that in 1922 Byelorussia rejected a plan to join the Russian Federation, along with the Ukraine and the republics of Caucasus, as an autonomous unit. This would have restricted the independent rights of our republic. The plan was drawn up without Lenin's knowledge, and he criticized it sharply when he learned of it. Lenin proposed a union that was different in principle. He proposed that Russia and the non-Russian republics voluntarily form a new state, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, in which each member would have equal rights. The proposal was adopted. Each republic still has the right to leave the Union, but no republic has ever exercised that right. I do not believe that any of them ever will, for that would be contrary to its national interests.

The very idea of such a step seems strange to us. Take a husband and wife who love each other, who get along well and have set up a joint household. They have the right to divorce each other but no reason to. We take pride in being Byelorussians. We love things Byelorussian. But we are also proud of being Soviet cltizens. We have a real sense of belonging to this great country of ours. I, for one, like the feeling that everything in the Soviet Union, whether Yakut dlamonds, Caucasian wool, the inexhaustible natural resources of Siberia or the Molnia communication satellite, belongs to me, as one of the Soviet Union's 238 million citizens.

You took part in the guerrilla movement in Byelorussia during World War II. I think our readers would be interested in what you can tell them about this period in Byelorussian history.

The war swept across Byelorussia's towns and villages first from west to east, then from east to west. The war and the nazi invasion cost the Byelorussian people more than two million lives. One out of every four people was killed. Three million were left without shelter.

More than half our national wealth was destroyed. Byelorussia suffered tremendous devastation when the Nazis attacked and again when they retreated, leaving demolished cities and villages in their wake. More than 1,000 guerrilla detachments operated at the enemy rear; these detachments were comprised of some 440,000 guerrilla fighters, both men and women, and members of the underground resistance movement. Almost 400,000 local people were in the guerrilla reserve, and they took a direct part in the antifascist struggle. During the three years of this true people's war, the guerrillas put about half a million nazis out of action, derailed more than 11,000 troop trains, wrecked more than 1,300 tanks and blew up and destroyed about 19,000 motor vehicles.

Some Western historians claim that if Hitler had not been "excessively brutal," if he had used "more liberal methods of administration" in the occupied territories, there would have been no guerrilla movement. They forget or fail to understand, first, that fascism by its very nature is incapable of doing anything else than it did and, second, that in this sacred war our people were defending their way of life, the Soviet way of life. Soviet and party bodies were set up in those areas from which the Nazis had been forced out by the guerrillas. These areas comprised about 60 per cent of the republic's territory. Soviet newspapers were published there, and the collective farms functioned despite enemy reprisals.

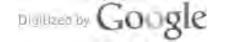
As Byelorussia celebrates its fiftieth anniversary, it naturally reviews the road it has traveled and sums up what it has accomplished. What are these achievements? How has Byelorussia changed in the past fifty years?

In literally every way, even geographically. Society itself and social relations have basically changed. The appearance of the country has changed, and so has the intellectual life of the people.

Take the economy. Industrial output in Byelorussia this year will be 80 times greater than in 1913. The value of the industrial goods the republic turned out last year equaled the value of the goods produced by all of Russia on the eve of World War I.

It is not merely quantity, though. We used to manufacture only the simplest farm implements. Today our manufactured goods include 27-, 45- and 65-ton dump trucks, tractors, combines, machine tools, computers and automatic lines.

Before the Revolution Byelorussia was known for its tar, turpentine, hemp and hog bristles. Today its big industry is chemicals. With industrial development at a high level, the annual industrial rate of growth is now more than 12 per cent.



Under the czars Byelorussians ate bread baked from flour mixed with goosefoot and chaff. Today they raise large quantities of meat, milk, potatoes, fruit and flax for the home market and for export.

Byelorussia did not have a single school for higher education. Today there are 29. We have more college students per 1,000 of the population than most Western countries. We have our own Academy of Sciences with a wide network of research institutes, some of which lead Soviet and world science. The republic has more than 16,000 researchers, 310 of whom hold doctoral degrees and more than 3,600 have master's degrees. We did not have our own professional musicians, painters, sculptors, theaters, or opera and ballet houses; we do today. Some of your readers were introduced to our arts on Byelorussia Day at the World's Fair in Montreal.

Finally a word about the rise in living and cultural standards, the chief goal of socialism. Education and culture have been brought within every citizen's reach, and an education is no longer a luxury. Byelorussia has more than 420,000 working men and women who have a college or university education or a specialized secondary education. I could cite you any number of figures on rising income, the quantitative and qualitative increase in the individual consumption. What did people buy before, and what do they buy today? I could speak of the five-day work week, old age pensions and free education and medical care. But perhaps these two figures will suffice. Before the Revolution the average life expectancy in Byelorussia was 37 years. Today, according to the latest statistics, it is 73, one of the highest in the Soviet Union and in the world.

It gives me a sense of well-being to know that an average Byelorussian still has almost another two decades ahead of him.

As one of Byelorussia's leaders will you tell us what problems arise from your rapid economic expansion.

There is probably no country in the world whose leaders can declare all their problems solved. Byelorussia has its problems and difficulties, most of them connected with rapid economic growth—chiefly the growth of the chemical industry. The Soviet government has allocated large sums from its budget to build chemical plants in Byelorussia that will equal the biggest in the world. We have enough money. The problem is how to invest it, to make the new plants operational as quickly as possible, to give the state a return on its money and satisfy the growing demands of the population. The pace of construction on big projects is not, unfortunately, always very fast.

In agriculture drainage is a major problem. The marshes that have been the Byelorussian farmer's greatest problem for centuries must be rapidly drained. With bitterness the farmer has looked at this type of land which might have fed his family, knowing it was a rotting, impassable peat bog, where danger stalked him constantly. One unwary step and he would be sucked into the quagmire in minutes, leaving no trace. The only witnesses to the disaster would be the snipes. How much suffering those innocent looking lowlands have caused the Byelorussians. No wonder so many peasants gave up in despair and emigrated to search for the "promised land."

Byelorussia has been reclaiming land on a big scale in recent years. Land reclamation was done before, of course, but never so intensively and on so well-planned and well-financed a scale. The republic now farms more than 12 million acres. When we get all the swamps drained, we will have 20 million acres of farmland. This substantial addition will produce fundamental changes. It will strengthen farming economically and will have an immediate and beneficial effect on living standards.

Housing still remains an urgent problem for us. The war left thousands of villages and dozens of towns in ruins. People lived in dugouts and in the cellars of wrecked houses. A great deal had to be done in a hurry. People had to be given roofs over their heads. This was done in the years immediately after the war. Now housing is going up on a very large scale, but much has to be built and rebuilt in the villages before every family has a proper home.

Then there is another problem—what we might call a customer problem. The shelves in our stores are not empty, but customers often walk out dissatisfied—the selection is poor. High-grade goods are in particularly great demand, a demand we are not always able to meet. That people have money is obvious from their savings accounts, and they want the very best for their money. We must give it to them, and we will. The five-year plan prescribes that.

What contribution is Byelorussia making to the country's total wealth? What does she give the other republics? What does she get from them?

Our republic, with less than four per cent of the country's popula-

tion and four per cent of its territory, accounts for the major share of the Soviet Union's production of heavy dump trucks and one-third of its output of potash fertilizer. Every fifth Soviet tractor, every eighth metal-cutting lathe, every sixth motorcycle, every tenth automatic line and every thirteenth TV set carries a Byelorussian trademark. We supply one-fifth of the country's flax and one-ninth of its linen fabrics, as well as many other things.

From the other Soviet republics we get what we do not make ourselves: ferrous and nonferrous metals, coal, natural gas, many types of machine tools, farm machinery and consumer goods.

Byelorussia was one of the founders of the United Nations. What role does she play in world politics and world trade?

At the Yalta conference in 1945, where the decision to set up the United Nations was made, the Soviet delegation proposed that the Ukraine and Byelorussia be founding members because of the contribution they made to defeat Germany. The proposal met with an understanding response from the United States and Britain.

In the United Nations Byelorussia has always supported world peace and businesslike cooperation among nations. She speaks out against aggression in any form and upholds the principles of equality, justice and noninterference in the internal affairs of other countries. She stands for the peaceful coexistence of countries with different social and economic systems.

Byelorussia considers trade to be one of the chief instruments of peace. Our republic helps fulfill the foreign trade commitments of the Soviet Union; Byelorussian goods are exported to 80 countries. At the present time the main items are machine tools, tractors and other industrial goods.

You must meet large numbers of people and receive hundreds of letters. What do you think the Byelorussian citizen is most concerned about?

The Byelorussian's day begins with his newspaper or radio. He wants to know what has happened overnight, whether world tension has increased. He does not want to see any more hotbeds of tension developing. He wants international conflicts resolved.

Byelorussians are courageous, but they are a peace-loving people. They know what war is; they will never forget the tragedy it brings. No people on earth would choose charred ruins to a blue sky, but even those who were born after World War II are disturbed about the fate of the world.

I recall Averell Harriman, who was the American Ambassador in Moscow during the war, saying that peace was more than a political slogan in the Soviet Union. It was a national concern, he said. These words refer to us, the Byelorussians, as well.

The Byelorussians are working their hardest to fulfill production plans. Not every American will perhaps believe me, but it is so. Why is the Byelorussian factory worker and farmer so interested in plan fulfillment? Because economic progress of the country as a whole affects his standard of living and that of his relatives and friends. Under the Soviet system personal interests cannot be separated from public interests.

The world has much to say about the younger generation. What do you think of Byelorussian young people and the conflict between generations?

I do not believe the generations problem the West is concerned about exists here at all. I do not see the social or political prerequisites for it in our society. The younger generation says frankly that it believes in the ideals of communism. Why, then, should it be in conflict with the older generation? Young people of the sixties are going ahead with the job of remaking the world their parents started. True each generation is stamped by the time in which it lives. That should be remembered.

It is not that the younger generation is wiser than we were at their age. But it is undoubtedly better educated and more widely read. The young people of today listen to Tchalkovsky and Bach, go to art shows and do a lot of discussing. Maybe they like dancing and good times more than we did. The youth of today are physically healthier than we were and, say statistics, taller. They are optimistic and love life. Those are fine qualities; they command my respect.

Shortcomings? Naturally there are shortcomings. Would you call your own generation ideal? It would be nice if young people were less arrogant and more considerate. And of course young people have a "blemish" they can do nothing about, they are young. Young people often cannot understand and properly evaluate events. They lack the experience. But experience is something that is acquired. Youth, they say, is the only "blemish" that goes away by itself.



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A turban, lending an oriental touch to a loose-fitting costume, provides a frame for the lovely face of Regina Zbarskaya. Designed by Zaitsev.

https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210023618893 http://www.hathitrust.org/access use#pd-google Generated on 2025-04-16 06:35 GMT Public Domain, Google-digitized A rich brocade, fashioned into a gown of great beauty and simplicity, recalls the splendor of the Italian Renaissance. Designed by Krutikova.



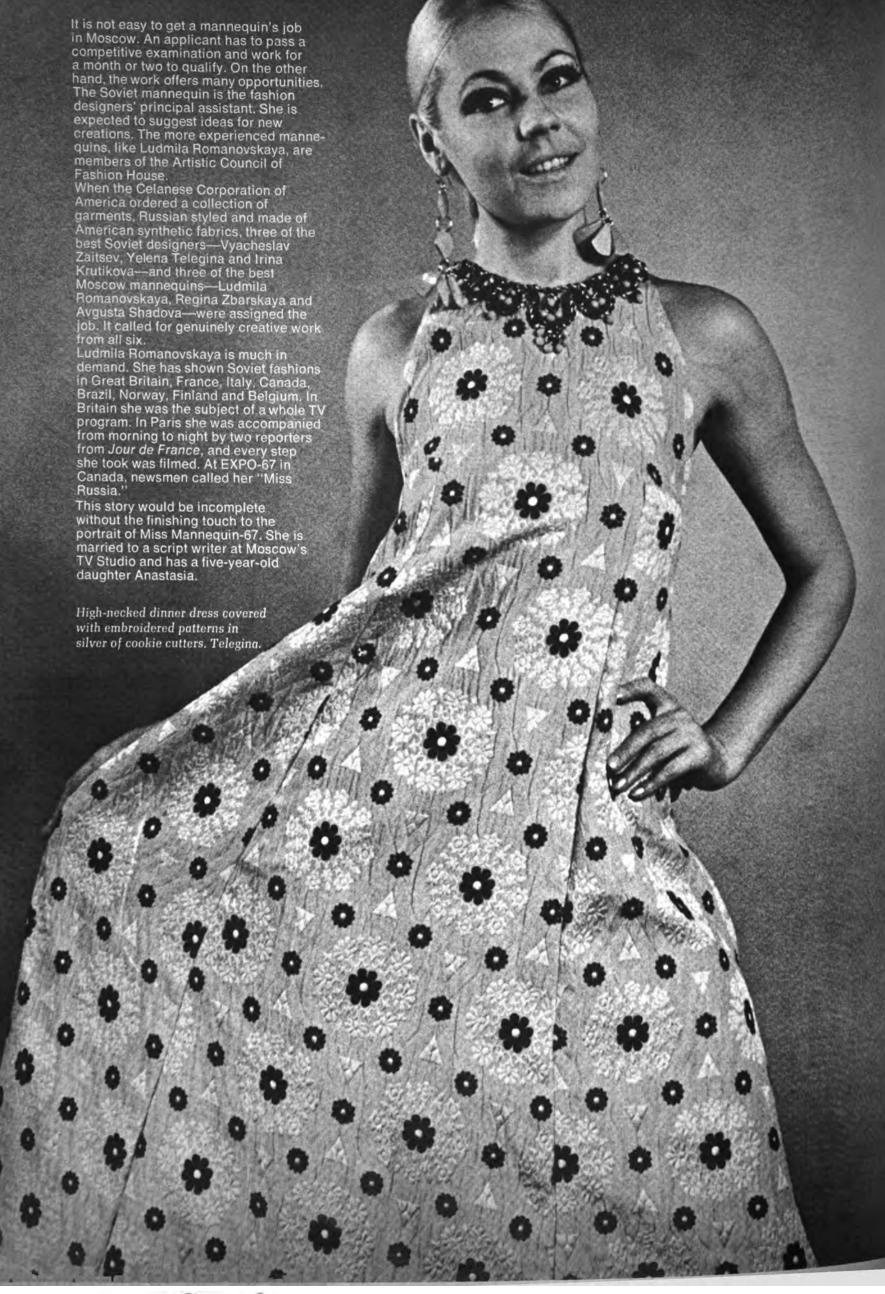
Russian fairy tales inspired this elfin dress. Ludmila Romanovskaya wears bast shoes to recall earlier times. Lina Telegina is the designer.

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WHICH PROFESSION will I select?" This question faces every school graduate. Students are not always able to find the answer on their own because certain vocations require special knowledge, training, physical health and, on occasion, a special type of nervous system. The vast majority of people have no idea of this last requirement, and those who have cannot often determine, without the assistance of a specialist, whether or not they are fit for the profession they hope to master. That is why psychologists of many countries are concerned with problems of vocational orientation.

Work in this field started late in the nineteenth century when the industrial development of many countries resulted in an acute shortage of skilled labor. The governments of Britain, France and Germany introduced universal compulsory education. An unexpected problem for public school teachers were the few mentally deficient children found in almost every class. There arose the question of how to distinguish the abnormal or retarded child from the normal. The French government sought the assistance of the noted psychologist Alfred Binet. In 1905 Binet began work on tests designed to measure intelligence. His tests proved worthwhile when used to identify the normal person.

Shortly afterward the American psychologist Lewis M. Terman evolved tests to scale intelligence. However these tests proved ineffective because they could not determine potential ability. It was possible only to determine the level of an individual's development at a given moment. Nevertheless the system of tests spread to many countries, including the United States. This method of gauging human abilities is no doubt advantageous for the "haves" who receive better educations as a rule along with having favorable environments.

However the inadequacy of such tests is today admitted by American psychologists. Thus Banesh Hoffmann writes in one of his papers that selection of workers based on results of IQ tests means that many talented people are being deprived of jobs they are suited for. A pointed saying is current among many psychologists who oppose this system of tests,: "Tests are a universal method of gauging individual ability by universal standards, making no allowances for individuality." This phrase aptly summarizes their attitude toward such tests.

Soviet psychologists began their investigations of the peculiarities of the nervous system of man and the demands made on the nervous system by one or another profession. It was suggested that professions be divided into two groups, the first group requiring perfect physical fitness, for example the profession of flying. Flying can naturally be entrusted only to a person who is capable of instant

SCIENTISTS HELP CHOOSE A PROFESSION

BY IGOR DUEL

reactions in complex situations. Most professions do not make such harsh demands upon man. Practically everyone can work as a fitter, economist or sales person. General ability is enough for these trades.

Operators are on duty day and night at the electric power stations of our country. Their daily duties consist of inspecting their stations and informing their supervisors when difficulties arise. The operator's actions are most important. When an accident takes place on the transmission line, if he acts properly, he can avert fires, explosions, deaths and the stoppage of industrial production.

Imagine the control room of a power station. The panel is hung with paper tags imitating an emergency. The shrieking of the siren fills the room. The leader of one of the power systems checks on the operators' reactions under the conditions of a simulated accident. Psychologists register every detail of the behavior of the operators: not only their replies to questions and actions but, one would think, insignificant details such as tone of voice, quick breathing, the winking of eyes and even the scratching of their heads. Then the actions of the operators are evaluated. Of the 26 operators who took part in the test, eight received high marks and six failed.

A few days later the operators who took part in the test were invited to the Institute of Psychology. The laboratory to which they came contained a duplicate of the control panel at their plant, the only difference being that signals registered on this panel were not sent from a distant section of the power system but by a scientist. Psychologists working in this laboratory obtain information about some of the vital reactions of man's nervous system. The value of this information, as compared with information received from written tests, consists of its assessment of immediate neurological reactions.

When the results of the laboratory examination of the operators were compared with the results of the simulated accident test, it showed that those operators who became lost in the complex conditions of "the accident" had weak neurological reactions.

Scientists do not like to make rash conclusions. So far only 26 men have been tested, and it is too early to draw the conclusion that this or that man cannot work in a particular situation. Nevertheless rather interesting results were obtained from these first experiments. The experiment confirmed the hypothesis that erroneous actions of people in complex and responsible situations are explained by differences in their nervous systems and, moreover, these differences cannot be divided into good and bad. A weak reaction is not necessarily a negative quality. Strong nerve cells, capable of standing intensive irritation, are less sensitive, and weak cells are more sensitive. This is an extremely important distinction. The strength of his nervous system determines man's endurance. Conversely its sensitivity determines the precision of his actions.

It is not always easy to say which of these qualities is more important. Some scientists have been known to have weak reactions. The strength of the nervous system in no way presupposes the division of people into superior and inferior categories.

Only people who know little of the production process assume that the work of all turners is alike. The fact is there are marked differences in the production process of turners with different specializations. On the whole the turner's trade makes a wide range of demands on him. For example those who operate high-speed, precision, transfer or single-purpose machine tools have many tasks to perform.

The choice of a specialization by an apprentice is frequently determined by the peculiarities of his nervous system. Alice Sukhareva, a postgraduate student of the psychology and physiology laboratory of the Institute of Psychology, of the USSR Academy of Sciences, chose this theme to defend her master's thesis. For two years she observed a group of young turners at a vocational school learning their trade. Frequently intuition was the deciding factor in helping a boy choose his particular type of work. Some approach the work slowly, gaining speed and confidence gradually. Rhythmical movements as they work are acquired as a result of constant application. Boys in this category gravitate toward standard assignments. A change of speed may well interrupt their rhythm and, in some cases, cause their dissatisfaction. In time these particular boys become skilled turners who work best on parts that are mass produced. Laboratory investigations revealed that retardation of the nervous system is frequently a characteristic of such turners. If a boy learns the ropes quickly, monotonous operations tire him quickly. In such cases operating a multipurpose lathe is indicated.

"I am happy because I have earned my bread by my favorite work," wrote Turkish poet Nazim Hikmet toward the end of his life. The work of scientists who study problems connected with labor psychology and vocational orientation hastens the day when this quote will be repeated by almost every man.



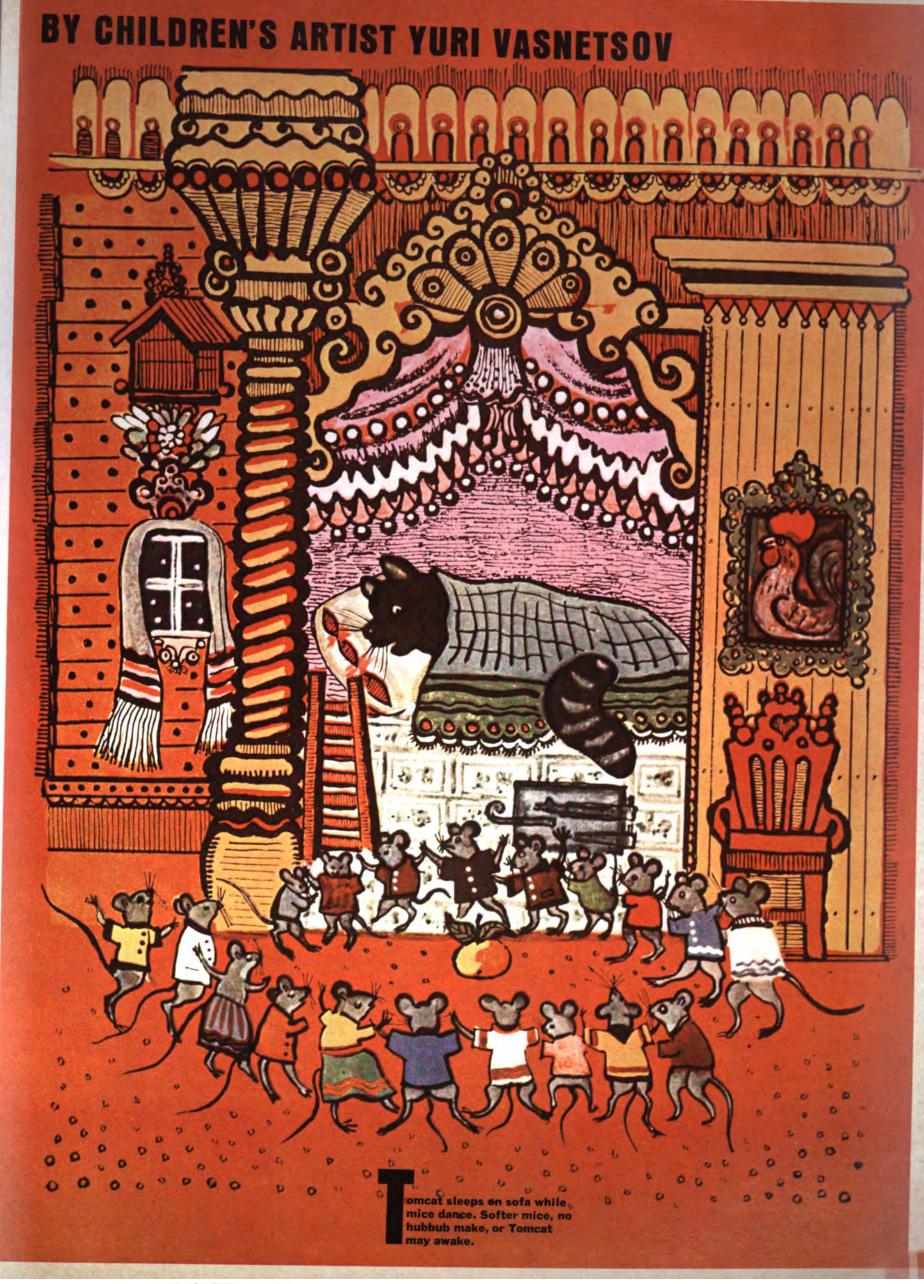
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THE INTERVIEW I DID NOT GET

BY YELENA KLEPIKOVA



crayon drawings, butterfly collections and the cubist paintings of his youth. All this is touchingly framed with a great many bouquets of long-faded flowers. As I sat down and produced my list of cleverly devised questions, my host's eyes registered alarm and then outright fear.

"Galochka!" he called his wife. "Come here, please, and help me."

His wife hastily recalled a few revelations Vasnetsoy had made to her concerning his

His wife hastily recalled a few revelations Vasnetsov had made to her concerning his work, but she hardly waxed eloquent.

Seeing my disappointment, Vasnetsov said mildly but meaningfully:

"The director of the Leningrad Publishing House came round to find out why I drew this way and not that. I told him that I don't know myself. Maybe it's due to the promptings of the Holy Spirit."

Since there was no earthly use hoping for a candid conversation, I looked over the illustrations for Vasnetsov's new book Rainbow.

Rainbow.

We have a proverb to the effect that "old age can't surprise." I recall so many people who were so very talented in youth and maturity and so very colorless and timid in old age. Far better when the artist can hold to his average level of performance in his advanced years. This thought crossed my mind while Yuri Vasnetsov was showing his illustrations. Of course he is not altogether senile, but 67 is a good age. In any case, I thought, Rainbow will turn out to be a variation of his famous Ladushki.

tion of his famous Ladushki.

I saw a painting of a huge cat in high boots, with a brown loaf of bread tucked under his arm, strolling down a snowy street lined with cozily lit provincial houses. The unexpected reality of the picture is enhanced by the fact that the cat is walking past a low hanging lantern with bowed glass—the typical artistic portrayal of winter in a provincial town. The landscape exists independently, a finished scene. Against this realistic background, the fantastic cat strolls so naturally that it seems to belong there and nowhere else.

I remembered that lately Yuri Vasnetsov had been carried away by oil painting and had done some still lifes and village scenes in this medium. This new passion had obviously touched his illustrations for Rainbow. The bright, festive, ringing colors of Ladushki are here replaced by subdued and realistic backgrounds. hanced by the fact that the cat is walking

Ladushki are here replaced by subdued and realistic backgrounds.

Almost every illustration shows a forest. No ordinary forests either, but dense and mysterious, a black wall of firs standing beyond the potato patches. They are not divided into trees, nor do they have any paths and sunny glades; they are children's forests, both thrilling and terrifying. I love forests, and I am always glad to discuss this favorite subject of mine with a connoisseur.

I thought Yuri Vasnetsov might recall a particularly poetic moment in one of his forest walks. Instead—"Oh, no, I'm actually afraid of forests!" He really meant it. "I've always been afraid of them!"

One is naturally surprised by such an admission. But later I understood why the black firs are so closely tangled in Vasnetsov's illustrations, why they are set off by an ominous sunset, and why his forests are so bewitchingly quiet and mysterious. The forest is not home to him, but the place where the more horrifying adventures of the

forest is not home to him, but the place where the more horrifying adventures of the fairy tales take place.

"You say you are afraid of forests and never venture into them. Where do you see your animals then? In the zoo?" I asked.

"Not at all. I never go to the zoo or to the circus either. If I saw a real animal, I probably wouldn't be able to draw one. When Vladimir Lebedev wants to draw a wolf, he goes straight to the zoological museum to copy a skull. I just can't do that"

wolf, he goes straight to the zoological museum to copy a skull. I just can't do that."

It is splendid, this sense of self-preservation in an artist who is afraid to frighten away his fantasy images with reality! All those smug cats, the elegant sheep playing fiddles and the black and gold dappled horses spring from his own fairy world.

When I asked Vasnetsov whether he made up his own fairy tales, he said, "No, of course not," with some pique. But the next moment he pointed to his illustrations for Rainbow and sighed with relief:

"I'm glad these aren't fairy tales, just short stories. They take up so little space."

A long fairy tale limits an artist's imagination and constrains his talents as an illustrator. But that's the rub—Vasnetsov is

nation and constrains his talents as an illustrator. But that's the rub—Vasnetsov is
no illustrator in the usual sense of the word
but is himself a storyteller. Examining his
vivid lithographs abounding in fairy story
details, each with only one line of text, it
seemed to me that it was not Vasnetsov
who illustrated the text, but that the text
illustrated his story

who illustrated the text, but that the text illustrated his story.

In his young days, when he began working at the Children's Publishing House, Vasnetsov, unaware of his potentialities, tried to imitate the drawings children made. But he really is one of the rare few who in maturity retain the lofty naïveté of a child. Vasnetsov does not deliver himself of axioms, nor will he ever write a treatise on painting. He expresses himself so fully and generously in his illustrations and lithographs that no commentaries are needed at all. Still, on taking my leave, I remembered my duty and said:

my duty and said:

"Tell me, please, do you think of children when illustrating a fairy tale?"

"What children are you talking about?" he asked a little angrily, as though he suspected me of some ruse.

I had to remind him that he is a children's artist and is working in the Children's Publishing House, after all. He accepted the title "children's artitst" with a bow to bureaucratic institutions. Of course he does not think of children in the abstract but remembers his own unforgettable childhood. remembers his own unforgettable childhood. Victor Golyavkin, the author, once wrote that he was so incapable of forgetting his childhood that he just had to be a children's writer. It seems to me that Vasnetsov became a children's artist for the same reason. When he draws a forest, he does not wonder whether children will be terrified because he is terrified himself. In other words, he is an artist who puts himself into children's books; he does not have to look back at his childhood. back at his childhood. Courtesy of the magazine Detskaya Literatura



Horse and Bird

Little Rams





Rubbit's Hut

Speckled Hes







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Yuri Vasnetsov in his studio.

By ARIADNA ZHUKOVA

VER HEARD OF Janusz Korczak? If not, I suggest you read something about this Polish doctor and teacher who had an infinite tenderness for children. He called them 'a folk without rights," wrote stories about a utopian world they ruled, treated and educated them and considered the adult's greatest crime the effort to make the child "adjust." He never tried to mold children into objects of convenience. He respected them. When the Nazis overran Poland and trainloads of children were cold-bloodedly dispatched to concentration camps and incinerators, Korczak, who could have gone on living and fighting had he wanted to, would not leave his children. He was with them to the bitter end-death in the flames of the crematorium.

Children have the right to be troublesome, awkward as it may be for us adults.

Children are more important than we are. And still adults, often obstinately, try to remake them. The method pursued in our country is different from the one I saw in yours. This is what I want to write about.

I come into the classroom. I am a drawing teacher. As I enter, thirty pairs of eyes, blue, black and brown, stare at me with curiosity, asking what their new teacher will be like. And meanwhile I am thinking: Here are thirty little pupils whom I must get to know and for whom I must devise thirty different approaches. Mine is a difficult subject. I envy the arithmetic instructor. In his class thirty children divide 48 by 4, and all thirty get one and the same answer-12. The teacher is satisfied; it's 12 for everyone. But I can't be pleased with the same solution for everyone. I put a flower on each desk, and the children draw. One transforms it into a kind of blot; another produces extremely elongated leaves. In all the 45-minute period Nina has drawn only a quarter of the corolla of an aster. Meanwhile Sergei has drawn ten different flowers on ten different sheets and is now sketching a walking excavator. Where is that wonderful, only correct answer of 12? The arithmetic teacher has the happy possibility of excluding the personality of the child, of singling out one faculty-the ability to count. Whether this black-eyed boy is brave or not is unimportant; whether this little girl prefers to read about travel or fairy tales is of no interest. He has thirty live little counting machines in front of him, and his job is to adjust them. Divide 48 by 4 and get 12. Only 12 and always 12. There can be no other answer.

But for me as drawing teacher everything is important. The brave boy's drawing is different from the little coward's; indeed they must draw differently. The prosaic person's view of the world is different from the poetic person's. Everything must be of concern to me. I must understand why Nina produces only a quarter of the corolla of one flower in

THE PERSONALITY OF

45 minutes, while Sergei draws 10 different flowers plus a walking excavator. Is that good or bad? As drawing instructor I can, if I want to, make my pupils easy to teach. I can split up drawing into a number of simple rules and problems, offer them to the children in a certain strict sequence and so obtain one and the same answer. Just like the arithmetic teacher. Today we draw a rectangle—"and, make sure, children, that the lines are parallel." Then I teach light and shadow in relation to the cube. All I can say is that if I teach the rules of drawing this way, my lessons will be as simple as arithmetic lessons. By giving my pupils one and the same problem to solve, I will naturally get 30 identical answers. But I would also be eliminating the child's personality. Whether this black-eyed boy is brave or not will be of no importance to me. Whether this little blonde prefers to read about travel or fairy tales will not interest me.

I know that some of my colleagues teach this way, and it is easier for them.

To my mind though, the simplest drawing lessons at school should incorporate elements of both art and craftsmanship. Craftsmanship-that is the rules and the language of realism, an instrument for expressing one's perception of the surrounding world. Artthat is self-expression, a person's own attitude to the world around him. represents that most complex world of the child in his relation to his parents, the automobiles in the streets and the planes in the skies, the familiar hedgehog and puppy, classmates, school, the entire country and the vastness of outer space as compressed into one amusing child's drawing. I want the child to be able in one way or another to put down on paper, in the form of a drawing, every impression and every emotional experience; I want the child to be able to describe in his drawing the beauty of an enormous airliner and the beauty of a tiny beetle.

How am I to do that?

feel as if I am balancing on a tightrope as I juggle with the two different values—drawing rules or the complex personality of the child. They are different.

Take ten-year-old Nina. She isn't pretty, rather like a little white mouse. She is shy and timid. But that's deceptive; she has an iron will. Every day, come hell or high water, she draws for exactly four hours-in addition to doing her homework. She has drawn all the crockery, vases and pots and pans there are at home. She can work on an ordinary teacup for 20 hours. The surface of the cup is round. The flash of light gleams like a baby moon. Shadows are quietly reflected; her stroke is tender, silky. She compresses her feminine, harmonious perception of the surrounding world into the depiction of the harmoniously round surface of an ordinary teacup. However the harmony she may feel is spread all over the wide world:

in the clouds, in the twigs and branches, in the rivers and streams. There is harmony in the human heart. How am I to lead little Nina out into the big wide world from that room with the teacup on the table? She is so timid.

Sergei, on the contrary, is so quick, so energetic! He is a black-eyed, rosycheeked prankster. His imagination races along as fast as a bird can fly. It can't be trapped. He hasn't the time to draw a proper tree, automobile or person. I remember his picture about apple picking. Here were trucks coming for red apples, and everyone was picking, climbing ladders and holding boxes to put them into. One fellow had climbed up a tree, suddenly fallen and been caught by the seat of his pants. Another was drinking water because it was so hot. Still another had torn off his shirt to bask in the sun. A fourth was sucking at a finger bitten by a bee. One can look at Sergei's picture for hours as if it were a Breughel. But it is also badly drawn. As I said, he has no time to pause, to be patient. How am I to lead Sergei, at least for a short while, out of that world where people only run around, climb ladders and mountains and fly planes and make him sit down to learn something of the rules, to pay a little more attention?

The better Sergei draws, the more easily will his energy, his boyish passion for adventure and his prankish disposition be expressed; the better will he come to know the world in which he has to live.

It is a very complex piece of dialectics to teach a child: now to ignore the fetters of craftsmanship and let his imagination run riot; now to restrain that same wild imagination and work with patience and accuracy. A kind of duel, this is, between craftsmanship and freedom. "Human happiness hovers somewhere between freedom and discipline. Neither freedom alone, without strict discipline, nor rules without feeling can create a human personality of full value." Ivan Pavlov, the great Russian physiologist, said that. Now you see why the drawing teacher has to balance on that tightrope between craftsmanship and freedom. That is her greatest difficulty. In art, as in science, there is no easy road.

I have never heard as much talk among educators about the child's personality as in the USA.

I spent one hundred and fourteen days with the "Education-USSR" exhibition that visited Boston, Buffalo and Columbus (See SOVIET LIFE, January, 1968, p. .3) I was with the children's art section. I displayed Picassolike cows drawn by five-year-old Russian girls. woodcuts, embroideries and a fantastic collection of cats—in pencil, paint, ceramics and even wrought iron. I chatted with children about drawing and pets, answered a host of questions from inquisitive school children about whether



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THE TEN-YEAR-OLD PAINTER

Russian schools are harder than American and generally had a fascinating time. But most important was that I argued about the personality of the tenyear-old painter and, in the process, taxed the angelic patience of the people who listened to my horrible English.

Now I want to pick up the thread of the argument again. I would first like to talk of three seemingly unrelated impressions of America which to me, though, appear to be very closely connected.

Impression No. 1. In Boston I visited Marion Frank's private painting school. found Mrs. Frank most appealing. I liked her work and the tenderness with which she spoke of her pupils, her teaching talent and her humanity. However the work done by her pupils does not reflect the whole world, it seems to me, and hence does not develop the personality of the child. The drawing her pupils do seems to me something like what children the world over do at arithmetic lessons. It's not that the pictures are identical; on the contrary, they are most varied. But in the same way as the arithmetic master seems to leave the personality of the child outside, letting into the classroom only the ability to count, so does Mrs. Frank-such was my impression—appeal only to a narrow set of abilities. This drawing shows a lovely feeling for color, this for rhythm, while this is an intricately balanced composition of splotches. But what about the surrounding world? The butterflies and the beetles? The child's parents? The stars and outer space? All that remains outside.

"They want to be free," Mrs. Frank says of her pupils. "Simple realistic drawing no longer satisfies them. I myself drew realistically. Then I felt I didn't want to draw the human being as such any longer, that all I wanted to see in him was rhythm."

"Schools are dangerous," Marion Frank told me.

The school is dangerous because it represents craftsmanship. Present in craftsmanship is the mechanical element. But in art, as in life itself, nothing can be mechanical.

Impression No. 2. There was a time when painters of all ages went outdoors to draw and paint—cows, goats, dawns, sunsets and human beings. Today, when nine out of every ten children's drawings I saw in the USA fail to evoke any realistic associations, children, I was surprised to learn, are still taken to the country. A group from the Mason-Rice School nursery in Boston visited a farm. I was shown a photograph of the farm and also the work the children did after they came back. I was puzzled as I looked at the excellent spatial compositions the children had glued together from packing material: Tiny sheets of thin colored paper decorated constructions made from cardboard boxes and plastic cups. I am a professional and, of course, understand that every fresh impression sharpens children's perception of the world, with its colors, forms and rhythms. Still all this was so remote from the farm itself.

"Do you explain anything to the children, help them by telling them what to look at?" I asked the tutor.

In reply I heard a proud: "Never!"

I can understand her pride; she finds enjoyment in the personality of every child, does not want to impose anything of her own on the child and respects his freedom.

If, then, we care so much about the child's freedom, perhaps we should give up the idea of teaching him to speak, not impose our own sounds on him, let him create them himself?

Impression No. 3. I fell in love with Shady Hill School in Cambridge, Massachusetts. And I also fell in love with Mrs. Sproul, the art teacher. Her nonfigurative compositions and stylized landscapes astounded me with their acute perception of the spontaneity of nature, their uninhibited sense of space. I learned much from her lessons. They were charming, and I am most grateful to her.

But I must admit that my strongest impression of Shady Hill School is of an egg-yellow lion on a fence.

This fence had been put up around the construction site of a new school building.

Mrs. Sproul divided the surface of the fence into sections and told each class to draw an animal. This was not to be a real animal or even one out of a fable. It was to be something animal-like, a kind of multilegged, multiheaded, multitailed composition on an animal theme. Some of the compositions were very pretty. I especially remember the very odd black-and-white striped animal with its many scarlet legs. But most of all I liked the lion.

There was only one lion. Among all the animal-like constructions it shook a quite realistic brown mane, stood on four clawed paws and tritely flapped a single trite tail.

I pointed happily at the yellow lion as if I had met a friend. Mrs. Sproul laughed:

"This class didn't want to draw a fantastic animal. They decided to draw an ordinary lion and insisted on it!"

I am sorry it didn't cross my mind to see this stubborn class. However, I think of the yellow lion as a friend left in America.

Yes, personality! I wonder how many times I heard that word in the one hundred and fourteen days spent there.

The teacher idolizes the pupil's personality.

Not to restrict the free development of the personality, the teacher "never" tells a five-year-old what to draw or what to look at!

The personality wants to be free: From both realistic art—"they want to be free," said Marion Frank—and from a positive philosophy—"one cannot con-

ceive of just one philosophy satisfying the requirements of many diverse personalities," said a philosophy professor in Columbus.

Da Vinci, drawing as an artist, analyzed his craft like a scientist. How is it that this harsh school, how is it that realistic art failed to mutilate, to cripple their personalities, to reduce them to a common level? Don't we have the reverse process here—the craft, the science enabling them to use all their faculties as artists, human beings, citizens and thinkers?

Why is the American child who draws given so little? Why must he play with splotches and lines and nonfigurative forms? Why isn't his interest, his love for the beautiful and for the compex in the very rich world around us stimulated and encouraged? It was not by accident that there was only one realistically painted lion on the Shady Hill School fence. In the cities and schools that I visited only one out of twenty, at best one out of ten, of the children's drawings was realistic. Realism was not encouraged, though at the same time it was not thwarted-in the same way as that gifted teacher Mrs. Sproul did not obstruct the drawing of the yellow lion on Shady Hill School's fence.

American landscapes are so lovely! So why should all the beauty bypass the child who draws? Why should the child be "free" of it?

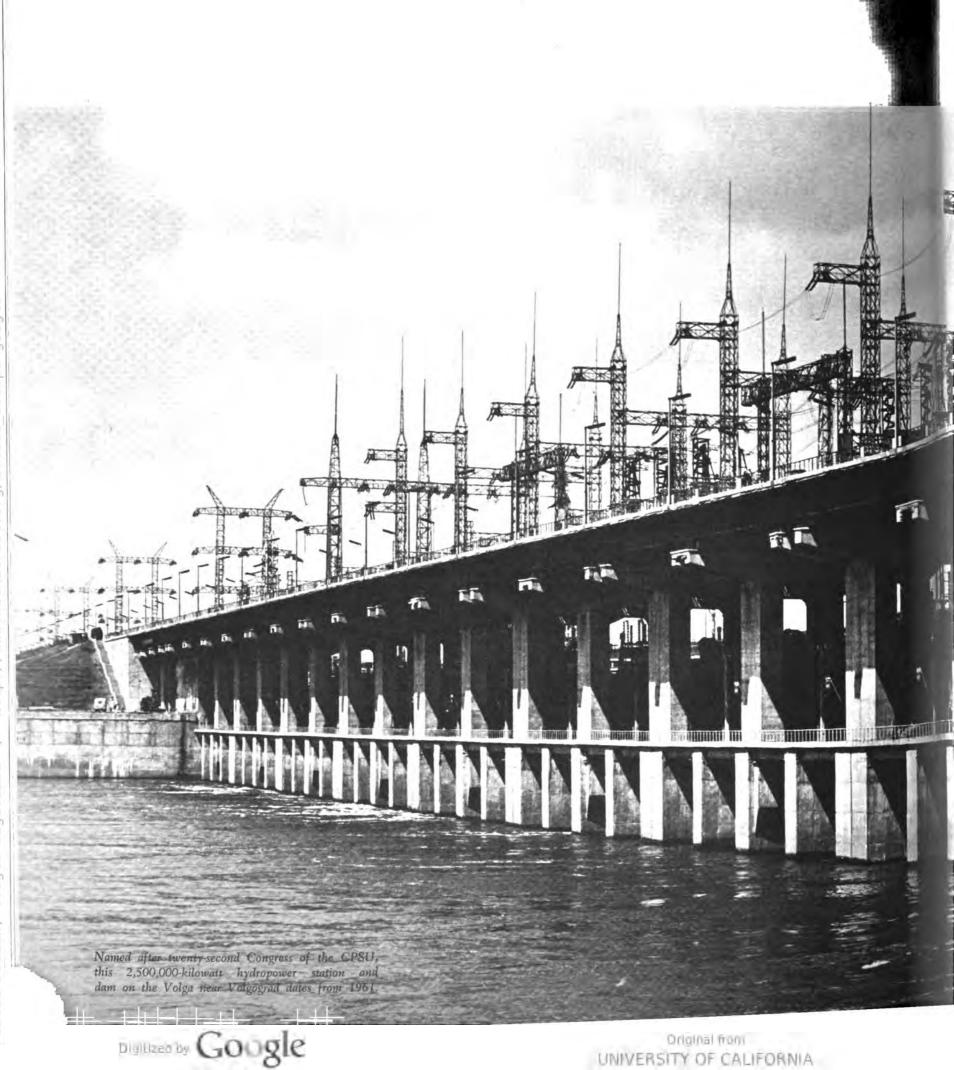
Frankly speaking, it is practical to see little painters free of the school of realistic drawing because, after all, this school is so difficult! Not only for pupil but still more for teacher.

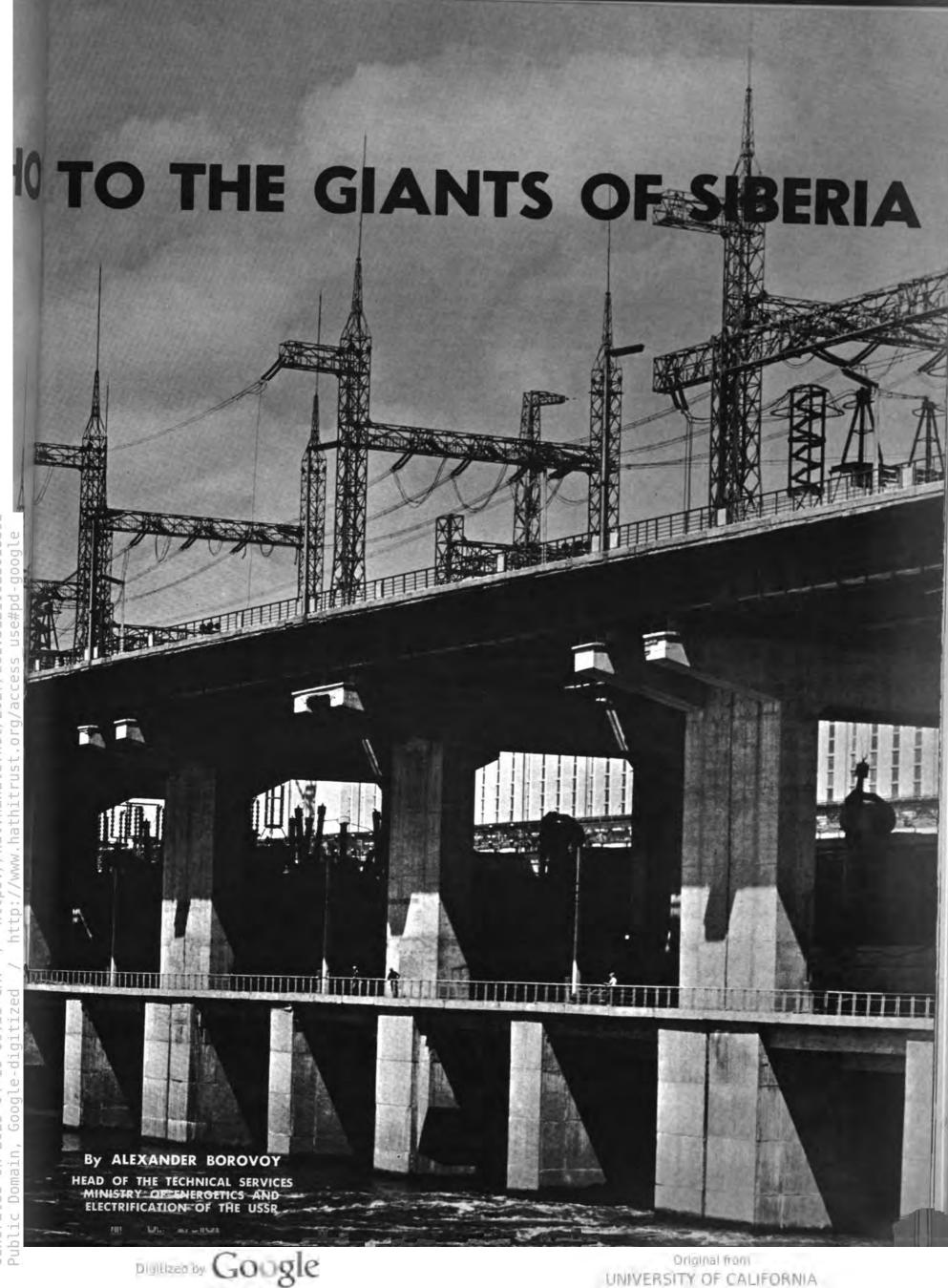
Whenever I see blonde Nina neatly drawing a teacup or black-eyed Sergei diving into a world of imaginary adventure, I am frightened by the vast quantity of knowledge I must communicate to them. However, this knowledge is the way to personality development. To realize and sense his world, the child must learn the complex and difficult language of realistic art. I do not dare to steal from the child a single crumb; I must furnish him with everything that the highest reaches of art have put into people's hands, those possibilties of expressing in painting and in drawing one's own understanding of color, play of light and shadow, rhythm and form, one's own understanding of scenery, human beauty, patriotism and political ideals.

The child is small. And the child's world is small, too. But this world keeps broadening. Little by little important issues enter the world of beetles and airliners, of hunters and animals, of games and family. We must teach the child how to express these problems in visual art.

We cannot and dare not keep the child in a laboratory. We cannot and dare not take passive pleasure from the self-development of child personality, however comfortable and interesting that may be for us.







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THE MAIN SOURCE of electricity in our country, and in most foreign countries as well, is the conventional thermal power station. Ours is the time when the nuclear power stations will grow in number and capacity. The trend, however, does not in any way affect the construction of new hydroelectric power stations. The Soviet Union has the world's most abundant water resources; 200 thousand rivers, large and small, drain our national territory, carrying annually over four trillion cubic feet of water into the seas and the oceans.

The water-power resources of the USSR are estimated at 3,300 billion kilowatt-hours, the average annual output. The potential exceeds the total volume of electricity actually produced in the world by new and conventional methods in 1967. The whole potential, naturally, cannot be fully used. The effective water-power resources that can successfully compete in terms of capital and operating costs with other electricity-generating means are estimated, approximately, at 1,100 billion kilowatt-hours of average annual output capacity, as against 640 billion kilowatt-hours and 220 billion kilowatt-hours in the United States and Canada respectively.

However the Soviet Union is still behind these countries in volume of hydroelectric generation. Most of the effective water-power resources are found in remote, thinly populated areas in the eastern part of the country.

Starting from Scratch

The output capacity of the hydroelectric power stations in old Russia by 1917 was only 16,000 kilowatts—a negligible amount. The creation of a power industry in a country devastated by World War I, by foreign military intervention and the Civil War which followed the Revolution, was a matter of the highest national priority. In 1920 at Vladimir Lenin's initiative, a state commission to map out and promote the electrification program was set up in Moscow. GOELRO is the acronym by which the plan is known in Russia.

To make the utilization of the potential water-power resources possible, the first GOELRO development program envisioned the construction of 10 hydroelectric power stations.

But even before the program was adopted and while the Civil War was still in progress, the construction of the Volkhov Hydroelectric Station began in the Leningrad region in the summer of 1918.

The economic and technical difficulties were enormous, but, obstacles notwithstanding, the Volkhov and Nizhne-Svir Hydroelectric Stations in the Leningrad region, Zemo-Auchala Station and Kutaisi Station (both in Georgia), Kondopoga Power Station in Karelia (in the north of Russia) and a chain of smaller stations went into operation, their construction having been completed as scheduled, within remarkably short time limits for that period.

In 1928 the volume of hydroelectricity produced in this country increased tenfold compared to the 1917 level.

The Dnieper Hydroelectric Station, with a total capacity of 558,000 kilowatts, the largest in Europe at the time, went into operation in 1932. This power project allowed us not only to tap the power potential of the Dnieper Rapids but, by drowning them, to make the middle Dnieper navigable.

A new town, Zaporozhye, was built on the site of former Alexandrovsk, and a large metallurgical complex went up in the vicinity of the station. The construction of large industrial complexes in conjunction with hydroelectric projects has become established practice in our country. The Volkhov and the Dnieper hydroelectric power stations were built in this way.

In the thirties we got on with the job of tapping the water power of the Volga—Europe's largest waterway.

The nazi invasion of 1941 held up the progress of our hydroelectric projects. Only small stations were built during this time to assist power-hungry industries that had been released from nazioccupied areas in the West. But even when the situation at the frontline was grave to the extreme, power engineers continued with their research and development programs. No sooner would an area be freed from the Nazis than rehabilitation work would start on the destroyed power plants. The Dnieper Hydroelectric Station, which had been blasted by the Nazis, was back in operation two years after the war ended.

New Sites-New Ways

A new development during the postwar period was the construction of a string of power stations, which were built in succession along the main rivers of the country instead of as individual construction jobs, as in the past, scattered at various locations along rivers.

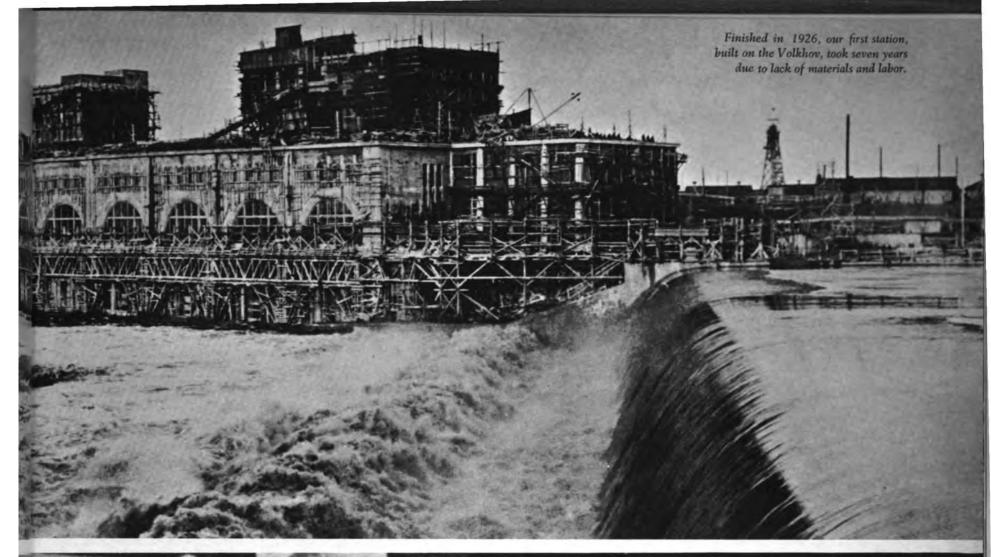
The most important series of such hydroelectric stations in the





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European part of the USSR are along the Volga and its tributary the Kama and along the Dnieper. The Volga-Kama series comprises 11 hydroelectric stations capable of generating 10 million kilowatts. Eight stations have already been built; the construction of the ninth is nearing completion close to Saratov on the Volga. The last two stations of the series—the Nizhne-Kamchatsk and Cheboksary—are in the initial construction stage. Five stations of the Dnieper series have already been built, the sixth and last station of the project near Kanev will be operational soon. The Dnieper water-power development complex will then have a total installed capacity exceeding 2 million kilowatts. The Sevan-Razdan series in Armenia and the Kovdinsky chain of hydroelectric stations in the North, on the Kola Peninsula, have been operational for some time now.

Whereas in the past we built hydroelectric stations almost exclusively on the soft ground of valley river beds, the emphasis has now shifted to mountainous locations, calling for the construction of high-pressure dams of various types up to 820 to 984 feet in height. An 889-foot arched dam is now under construction at the Ingursk Station in Transcaucasia. The arch-type dams of the Toktogul Station on the Naryn River in Central Asia and of the Chirkeisk Station on the Sulak River in the Caucasus both exceed 754 feet in height.

On the brawling Vakhsh River in Tajikistan, a 984-foot dam will be constructed for a powerful Nurek Station with a capacity of 2.5 million kilowatts.

The fifties marked the beginning of an era of intensive water-power development in Siberia. The Irkutsk Station was built on the Angara, and the Novosibirsk Station on the Ob River. But that was only the

The Bratsk Station's foundation was laid on the Angara River in 1955, in a remote region of Eastern Siberia. With a 4.5-millionkilowatt capacity, it was to be a giant producer of hydroelectricity. The station's first turbine was operational in 1961.

The first generator of the Krasnoyarsk Hydroelectric Station on the Yenisei River was commissioned in 1967. Its capacity is 6 million kilowatts. The station produces electricity more cheaply than any other station in the country-the cost of one kilowatt-hour there is

The harnessing of the Yenisei's enormous water-power resources goes on as scheduled. The construction of a mammoth enterprisethe Sayany power project—has begun in the upper reaches of the river, while the Ust-Ilim Hydroelectric Station is being built on the Angara.

Long-range plans provide for the construction of a giant station of 20-million-kilowatt capacity in the lower parts of the Lena River.

Have Hydroelectric Stations Any Future?

Thermal power stations burning gas, oil or coal generate almost 85 per cent of the total electric power sent out into the grids of our country.

The share of hydroelectric stations, both in the total power produced and in the installed capacity of all other sources, has been steadily declining here for some time now, a tendency to be found in most countries of the world. The decline is explained not only by the gradual depletion of the most effective water-power resources, but also by a number of other specific reasons.

The initial capital investment that goes into a hydroelectric station is twice that of a conventional thermal power station of the same capacity; the construction of a hydroelectric station involves, especially in the case of valley rivers, the flooding of large areas of good agricultural land. These factors, naturally, make us think twice before finally approving new hydroelectric constructions.

But the hydroelectric stations, disadvantages notwithstanding, have their place, and not only in the power industry as a whole; they are an important factor in the development of other branches of the national economy. They are likely, therefore, to continue to play an important part in the country's power industry in the predictable future. Our country faces a shortage of fuel resources in a number of regions in the foreseeable future (this is especially true of the European part of the country). The new hydroelectric stations will help, thus, to save substantial quantities of hard fuel, as well as the expenses involved in its long-distance hauling.

Besides the hydroelectric stations are the cheapest producers of electricity—the cost being 3 to 5 times less than that for thermal or atomic stations. The low cost thus makes the repayment of the investment relatively easy, and the station pays its own way, as a rule, within a reasonably short time.

Water-power stations play a key role in ensuring stable and troublefree operation of modern power systems that link into a single grid a number of various power supply sources and cover large areas of the country. They are highly maneuverable installations, capable of going into maximum operation within a short time after power is built up; they are thus much better for peak-load operation than the other sources in the grid and are unmatched as reserve potentials in a power system.

A relatively new development in power engineering is the pumped storage method by which electricity, generated in slack periods by thermal stations, is used by reversible turbine pumps to pump water to higher levels from which it descends to operate turbogenerators. The storage stations thus use power they themselves have helped to create.

The construction of hydroelectric stations, especially in the European part of the country and regions of Central Asia, helped to solve a number of related economic problems. The appearance of the deep navigable waterways, linked to form a single transportation system, ambitious irrigation schemes, industrial and drinking water supply projects-all these were made possible by hydroelectric developments.

With 80 per cent of the total discharge of our rivers emptying into the Polar seas uselessly, water shortages might hinder in the foreseeable future the development of our national economy. The discharge control of the large rivers is of key significance in ensuring an adequate water-supply system for the central regions of our country, the southern Ukraine and much of Central Asia. So hydroelectric development schemes are bonus factors in discharge and flood-control projects, and a partnership between them is only

It takes a large number of workers to tame a river; some of them pick up their building trades on the construction site. At the same time, to meet the demand for building materials that go with such major constructions, the manufacture of bricks, cement, concrete and the sawing of timber precedes and accompanies construction efforts. A labor force and the new building industries are necessary in a remote, sparsely populated area to ensure its effective development.

Chemical and other industrial developments followed in the wake of the giant power plants along the Volga. Iron and steel plants, chemical plants, sawmills, pulp and paper mills and modern towns, having all the necessary amenities, are being built by the same work teams that a few years ago brought the local hydroelectric project into being.

What Has the Next Century in Store for Us?

With the depletion of the Earth's resources of natural fuel, atomic energy comes to the fore as a limitless source of power supply.

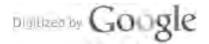
Even now the nuclear power stations can produce electricity as effectively as the best thermal stations burning the best fuel. That explains why almost all the economically advanced countries have announced programs for the construction of nuclear power stations for the next 15 to 20 years.

The main rivals of the hydroelectric stations—their conventional thermal colleagues—will inevitably become a thing of the past in just a few decades. They will be discarded as antiquated, uneconomical and altogether unsatisfactory. Water, without which life is impossible on earth, will gain in importance. No wasting of it will be tolerated; on the contrary, men will have to be frugal and calculating when using the water resources available to them. The provision of water supplies under those circumstances will make it necessary to undertake large-scale schemes to control the discharge of rivers, especially after spring thaws and during the rainy season, so that the supplies thus accumulated can be conserved to last the entire year.

Hydroelectric stations, forming an integral part of discharge control complexes, will call for only small additional capital investments. That will give hydroelectricity a new lease on life for a long time to

It is noteworthy that even now the labor productivity at today's hydroelectric stations is very close to what it will be generally in the distant future.

> Operating model of the Sayano-Shushenskaya station, being built on the Siberian Yenisei River, is displayed in Moscow. With other giant stations in the Angara-



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ecute their several innocent and useful employments without interruption or molestation, and nothing taken from them, even when wanted by an enemy, but on paying a fair price for the same."

On October 5, 1780, the Continental Congress of the United States passed a special resolution wholly endorsing Russia's Deciaration as founded "on the principles of justice, impartiality and moderation." The resolution provided that corresponding instructions to be sent the warships of the United States. American representatives abroad were authorized to accede to the principles proclaimed by Russia.

Britain rejected the Declaration, under the pressure of circumstances was compelled to restrict the operations of its warships engaged in privateering. Between July 1780 and February 1783 Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Prussia, Austria, Portugal and the kingdoms of the two Sicilies joined Russia's Declaration. Pacts between these countries stipulated mutual assistance and, in case of need, mutual defense.

The proclamation of armed neutrality was a natural result of the preceding events and at the same time was dictated by Russia's domestic interests, which coincided at that time with the general principles of the Declaration of 1780. These principles were not altogether new; many of them had been enunciated earlier in treaties between various countries, in diplomatic correspondence and in the writings of lawyers. In particular the Russian Declaration upheld essentially the same principles which the Continental Congress had approved in 1776 on a motion by John Adams, namely, "free ships, free trade," that is, the right of neutral countries freely to carry on in wartime commerce in any goods, except direct military contraband.4 Later this principle was reflected in a trade agreement concluded between France and the United States In 1778. As the Soviet historian Nikolai Bolchovitinov correctly noted, ". . . objectively it turned out that in proclaiming the Declaration on Armed Neutrality the Russian government was upholding (in its own interests, of course) one of the principles for which the rebellious colonists in America were fighting." 5

Many years later, in 1814, President James Madison, emphasizing that the Declaration was an "epoch in the history of maritime law," called armed neutrality an American doctrine and noted that the United States was "especially interested" in its maintenance.6

it would be absolutely incorrect, of course, to call armed neutrality an American or Russian doctrine (some of its points were incorporated, for instance, in a trade agreement concluded between Russia and

The Works of Benjamin Franklin. Edited by

J. Sparks in 10 vol. (Boston: 1840), Vol. 8,

A History of the American People. The

American Revolution, 1763-1783, by H. Aptheker (Moscow: 1962), Vol. 2, pp. 229-230,

⁵ The Beginnings of Russian-American Rela-

tions 1775-1815, by N. N. Bolchovitinov (Moscow: 1966) p. 68. (In Russian).

Writings of James Madison. Edited by G.

Hunt in 9 vols. (New York, London: 1910),

Britain in 1766, that is, before the American War of Independence began.) The groundwork for its principles had been laid by preceding events, by the development of the theory of maritime law and the practice of commercial navigation. The fact that the honor of proclaiming the principles of armed neutrality fell to Russia was wholly bound up, as noted above, with her national interests, above all, with her desire to throw off excessive dependence on Britain in maritime commerce and to encourage the expansion of her own and neutral navigation.

A letter from Dmitri Golitsyn, the Russian Minister in Holland, to Nikita Panin, written on February 7, 1780 and received a day before the signing of the famous Declaration, illustrates how necessary armed neutrality was for Russia. In this letter Golitsvn presented detailed arguments in favor of the draft of a treaty of alliance between Russia and Holland, with the participation of Denmark and Sweden, "solely for the purpose of defending the commerce of the contracting powers and supporting neutrality and freedom of navigation." The draft was proposed by Holland.

"As for the advantages of this treaty," Golitsyn wrote to Panin, "Your Excellency understands them better than i do. By seizing all the ships of the Republic (Holland-A.T.) the British and the Germans are hampering her commerce so greatly that the Dutch are compelled to give it up, with the result that the sale of our goods suffers, inasmuch as since the beginning of the war between America and Britain, Russia alone, actually, is the one who can supply the belligerent powers with hemp, sails and building timber. However, these are just the goods which the British most zealously seize from the Dutch. I must also inform Your Excellency that I know from a reliable source that the court at Versailles would not object to the formation of an alliance between the Republic and our court, and, or even among all the northern powers, and that at the present time it desires peace, if concluded on reasonable terms, chief among which is freedom of commerce and navigation for all European nations."

While he was the Russian Minister to the Hague, Dmitri Golitsyn had regular contact with John Adams and corresponded with Franklin. He was heartily in favor of the establishment of diplomatic relations between Russia and America as soon as possible, and he did as much as he could to bring this about. Incidentally his son, also named Dmitri, is known in America. Dmitri Golitsyn Jr. arrived in Baltimore in 1792 under the name of Augustine Smith. He had renounced a big fortune and the title of prince to become a Catholic missionary. As Father Augustine he founded the settlement of Loretto in Pennsylvania, where a monument to him was erected, approximately 200 miles from Philadelphia.

It follows from Golitsyn's letter that ever since the beginning of the war between America and Britain, Russia had often sold strategic goods (hemp, sail canvas and building timber) to America indirectly; these goods were delivered to America in the ships of countries friendly to her.

Not long ago Bolchovitinov found some hitherto unknown source material about voyages by Russian ships from Bordeaux to America during the War of Independence. Before this it had been thought that the first commercial contacts between Russia and America took place at the end of the War of Independence, in 1783, when at least two ships flying the American flag arrived in St. Petersburg. The first Russian merchant ships were thought to have reached America not earlier than the first decade of the nineteenth century, when the Russian trader Ksenofont Anfilatov sent two big ships to America from St. Petersburg and Arkhangeisk. There was indirect evidence, however, that Russian-American commercial ties existed during the War of Independence. For instance a confidential report from the Collegium of Foreign Affairs to Empress Catherine II, in June 1782, spoke about the successes of "the system of marine neutrality," adding that "this is illustrated by the appearance of the Russian merchant fleet even in America."

A book by Grigori Nebolsin, Statistical Notes on Russian Foreign Commerce, published in St. Petersburg in 1835, also noted that "during the American war Russian ships salled from Bordeaux to America" (Part 2. p. 104). But there had not been any documentary evidence to confirm that. Nikolai Bolchovitinov has discovered such evidence in the archives, in reports to the Commercial Collegium from A. Vitfot, Russian Consul in Bordeaux. At that time Bordeaux was one of the main centers from which European goods were supplied to the rebellious colonists. in a report of May 12, 1778, entitled "The Advantages to Russia of Establishing Commerce with the United States," Vitfot spoke about his contacts with the American Consul in Bordeaux and about the sending of Russian goods, mainly sail canvas, to America. With the aim of expanding mutually advantageous trade, he asked for permission to sell goods abroad on a commission basis.8

Even more interesting is a report by Vittot dated July 30, 1782, which directly confirmed that Russian ships sailed to America during the War of Independence. "There are now many Russian ships here," he wrote, "some of which are to sail to America. Owing to the present circumstances the Russian flag is much more advantageous than the flags of other nations. . . . Although Skipper Brand, who arrived here from St. Petersburg and set sail from here to America, was captured by a British privateer, we have heard that he was released, with the payment of 1,500 pounds sterling in damages. All the ship's papers, which I certified before the departure, were in proper order; therefore I trust that if this happens to Russian ships in future, they will be treated with the same justice in Britain."

Britain, then the ruler of the seas, was compelled to reckon with the head of a league of neutral countries. Russian ships obtained, in Vitfot's words, "most advantageous cargoes," including cargoes from Americans, who were particularly in need of safe deliveries of essential European goods.

Thus Russia's foreign policy in that period played no small part in the successful completion of the American revolution.



p. 467.

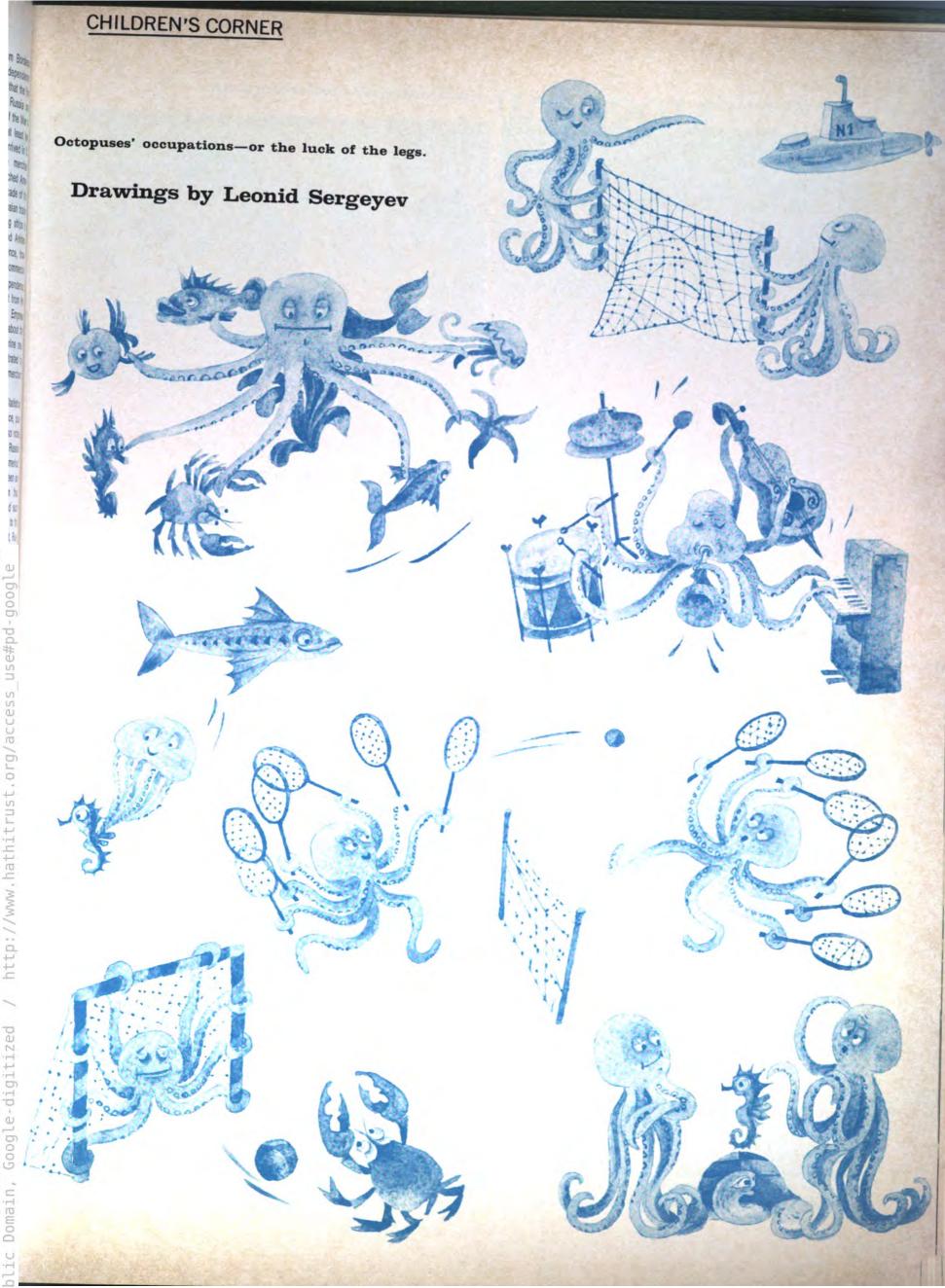
235, 243. (in Russian).

Vol. 8, pp. 282-286.

⁷N. N. Boichovitinov. Ibid. pp. 72-73.

⁸ Ibid. pp. 183-184.

⁹lbid. pp. 185-186.



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MOSCOW CONSERVATORY:



CORYPHAEI AND NOVICES

HE MOSCOW CONSERVATORY, named for Tchaikovsky, which celebrated its centenary two years ago, cherishes many traditions and preserves and renews the principles of the Russian school of music from generation to generation. Perhaps this is why conservatory students and graduates win so many prizes at international contests. Providing instruction here are such world-famous musicians as Mstislav Rostropovich (1) and David Oistrakh (5), also such experienced, sensitive teachers as Boris Belenky (3) and Lev Oborin (4). The students are talented; some are already famous, such as Marina Tchaikovskaya (9), a pupil of Rostropovich and prize winner of the International Tchaikovsky contests but who is no relation of Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky. Others like Nomik Sultanov (2), Vasili Lobanov (8), Tamara Gabarashvili (6) and Igor Chernyavsky (7) are already viewed as rising stars by friends and teachers. Incidentally the Tchaikovsky Conservatory has no "star" cult to foster envy among the students. This is a united family, perhaps a bit uninhibited and eccentric at times, but relationships both between students and teachers and between the different nationalities are genuine. Ngyuen Din Tan of Vietnam (10) and other young foreigners who have come to study at the conservatory have discovered this camaraderie which fosters their successful learning experiences.



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AROUND the COUNTRY



A NEW CITY

Ageneral plan has been approved for reconstructing Kiev, capital of the Ukraine, to be completed by 1980. The city's housing resources will be doubled during this period. Construction work is being carried out on both banks of the Dnieper, and the river will divide the reconstructed city into almost two equal parts. At present Kiev's inhabitants reside mostly on the right bank. By 1970 the length of its populated embankments will be 16 miles.

Kiev is also growing upward. Until recently most of the buildings were five stories high. This type of house will represent 20 per cent of construction in 1966-1970. Most buildings now under construction are from nine to 16 stories high. The city will also have 24- and 32-story buildings. Old streets are being widened, and scaffolds are already being erected in many parts of the city. The Kiev subway will be expanded considerably.



CHESS TAUGHT IN SCHOOL

Aschool in Voronezh, a regional center in the central part of Russia, teaches children how to play chess. This subject is taught once a week to nine- and ten-year-old pupils in the third grade by the city's top chess players.

ICE DAM

A huge dam, 525 feet long, 131 feet wide and 26 feet high is built every winter near the Yakut settlement of Zyryanka, Eastern Siberia, on the Yasachnaya River, from bluish blocks of ice. A temperature of -67° F. gives the local workers an excellent opportunity to utilize this free construction material. The ice dam protects dozens of river vessels from the dangers of spring floes.

SUBMARINE BUILT BY STUDENTS

he work of Moscow students The work of models is displayed at the USSR Exhibition of Economic Achievements. A submarine, built jointly by students of the Moscow Aviation Institute and members of the Volna Naval Club, has attracted special interest. It is useful for carrying out studies of underwater fauna and flora.



BANDORE ENSEMBLE

The bandore, an ancient Ukrainian musical instrument, has become very popular in our concert halls. Especially famous is the Ukrainian Bandore Ensemble, both at home and abroad. It has given 8,000 concerts during the 50 years of its existence. The repertoire of its 80 singers and bandore players consists of folk songs, Ukrainian and others, and classical and modern songs by Soviet composers.

SIBERIAN DISCOVERIES

Scientists have discovered 300 rare manuscripts and incunabula during the past few years in remote settlements of Siberia. One manuscript, dating back to the fourteenth century, contains references to the Kiev princes Vladimir, Gleb and Boris of the tenth and eleventh centuries. Among the finds are books published in the sixteenth century by the first Russian printer-Ivan Fyodorov-and arithmetic and grammar textbooks of the seventeenth century.

STAGE DIRECTOR ASSISTS ARCHITECTS

entral House for Actors (a club and a theater) will be built in Yerevan, the capital of Armenia. The architects will be assisted by Nikolai Akimov, well-known stage director of the Leningrad Comedy Theater. He has proposed an original solution for the stage and lighting effects. All stage scenery will be arranged beforehand above the foyer of the theater and, during the performance, will be brought to the stage by a circular transporter.



NEW BUS

he small, swift autobus manu-The small, swill account factured by the Riga Automobile Factory is very popular in our cities. It is irreplaceable on busy highways and is used where speed is most essential—for taxis, ambulances and other services. Two new models have arrived in Moscow. The capital's engineers and designers will have to decide which of them will be put into production. They are equipped with 75 to 98 horsepower engines and can accommodate 11 passen-

SLAVIC BAZAAR

Slavic Bazaar is the name of a restaurant in the mining town of Propkopyevsk, located in southwestern Siberia. Its rooms bear the exotic names of Russian Log Cabin, Fishermen's Bonfire and Siberian Morn. Food is served only on wooden or ceramic plates, in accordance with the traditions of Russian cuisine. Instead of the customary jazz, folk music is played.



1918 MEDALS

edals struck in 1918 are now highly valued by numismatists. They were put out during the brief period the Leningrad mint was partly dismantled, and when there was a big shortage of metal in the country. So far only eight sets of the 1918 medals are known to exist. Some of them bear the portraits of Karl Marx and Vladimir Lenin, while four have the imprints of stars and were designed to be awarded to Red Army men.

PHEASANT FARM

About 15,000 pheasants have been released in the past few years into North Caucasian forests, as well as in the southern and middle regions of Russia. This rare game bird is raised by specialists of the Maikop forest and hunting preserve in the Northern Caucasus. The first 25 pheasants were brought to a small farm only several years ago. It maintains about 4,000 birds now and is the biggest pheasant-breeding farm in the country. Modern incubators for hatching pheasant eggs have been purchased by Soviet organizations from the Victoria Farm in Italy. The farm will be able to set free another several thousand birds this year.



FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH

While searching for underground fresh-water sources, Armenian hydrologists accidentally hit upon a location for a future health resort for this republic. A fountain of hot mineral water was found at a depth of 328 feet, and it aushed to the height of a 15-story building. An analysis showed that this thermal water possesses high medicinal qualities.

MAGADAN SOUVENIRS

A factory for the production of souvenirs was opened in Magadan, in the Far East. It will produce various articles made of vory, wood and stone which are in great demand throughout the country and are also exported to Japan, Canada, France and other



WEATHER SHIP

rdinarily when a ship is warned about an approaching storm, it seeks shelter in the nearest port, but this vessel goes to sea in search of storms, Its name is Geofizik (Geophysics), and it is, the flagship of the meteorologists research fleet in the Rolling Sea. On board is a group of scientists, conducting extensive oceanographic research. One of its main tasks is to study turbulence in the Baltic Sea and its bays.

DRY ROADS

Moisture is the main enemy of paved roads and highways Scientists have established that surplus dampness of roadbeds is caused by electrostatic charges concentrated on the earth's surface which attract water mole cules. When the road becomes saturated with moisture, it swells and is ruined. Taking the above into consideration, scientists of the Rostov Engineering and Building Institute proposed an original pavement drier. Electrodes are placed and grounded in the earth. Natural currents create on electromagnetic field in which ions move continuously, attracting the water molecules and carrying them to the earth's surface. Thus moisture is prevented from accumulating in the pavement, and the pavement does not buckle. Foreign specialists were interested in the work carried out by the Rostov scientists, and inquiries about the research results were made by road associations of the United States, England and Con-

UNDERWATER COMBINE

egetable sea products enjoy V ever-increasing popularity here —especially sea kale. To lighten the work of those engaged in supplying the population with this product, designers of the for East have built an original combine which will harvest an underwater crop up to a depth of 26



GIANT SEINE

t took half a month to knit this giant 2,362-foot long and 18-ton seine, which will permit fishing at a 656-foot depth. Several trucks were required to deliver it to the ship. It was prepared at the Murmansk Fishing Equipment Factory, where seines, nets and trawls are produced for the entire transpolar fishing fleet. Never before had this factory manufactured a seine of such size. It will be used by the Murmansk trawler fleet.

GLASS EXHIBITION

An exhibition, held in the Len-

icated to the history of thirty cen-

turies of glass. As many as 2,000

specimens of rare works by Vene-

tian, Spanish, Silesian, Bohemian,

English and Russian masters were

displayed. The Hermitage has an

excellent collection of Russian

glassware and the very best were

selected for the exhibition. Most

interesting among them were

specimens from the Petersburg

glass factory, founded in the

eighteenth century: Monumental

tripods, candelabra and ves-

sels made from transparent crys-

tal are all considered to be rari-

ingrad Hermitage, was ded-



NEOLITHIC SPECIMEN

Archaeologists found a frag-ment of a saw made from a thin slice of flint on the bank of the Kama River. This instrument was used by people of the neolithic period who lived in this region, we believe, some 5,000 years ago.

TOMSK REACTOR

A research atomic reactor was constructed early this year at the Tomsk Institute of Nuclear Physics in Western Siberia. This is the first nuclear installation of this type to be built in the eastern region of the country. It is useful to the students and graduates of Siberian higher educational institutions, as well as to geologists, chemists and physicists, of Krasnoyarsk, Irkutsk, Chita and other cities.



POLLUTION PROBLEM SOLVED

A group of buildings, now being erected near the city of Mogilev in Byelorussia, will be supplied with equipment for purifying up to 196,000 cubic yards of industrial liquid waste materials in 24 hours. The waste from the local synthetic fiber plant will no longer pollute the river.

ABOUT MEDICINE

During the past 50 years, several medical encyclopedias with editions of 1,500,000 copies have been published in our country. They were compiled by famous scientists and highly qualified specialists. Hundreds of thousands of doctors, doctors' assistants and nurses are using these universal reference books daily. Preparations are under way for the publication of a new three volume Concise Medical Encyclopedia. Beginning with 1968, year books will be published; they will contain the latest information on vital questions of theoretical, prophylactic and clinical medicine, also the latest discoveries of research and various reference materials.



UNEARTHED TREASURES

onstruction workers in the city of Zubtsov, which is near the center of the European part of the country, were busy digging a pit when, suddenly, a spade clanked against metal. stopped and pulled out a large cast-iron pot filled with more than 300 gold coins, weighing over four pounds, and about eight pounds of silver coins. Oldtimers say that a rich inn proprietor once lived on that spot. Evidently something must have prevented him from using his savings, which now have reverted to the government.



IRRADIATED SEEDS

Before sowing their grain crops this spring, a number of farms in Moldavia, which is south of the European part of the country, irradiated seeds with a gamma unit to boost harvest yields. This is the first time that such an experiment has been done in the world. The name of the portable gamma unit is Kolos. It is mounted on a truck, and the grain is fed into its bunker; a conveyer then carries it to a highly effective irradiator which uses the cesium isotope. Moving past the irradiator, the grain receives the needed dose of radioactive radiation. An original method of radiation control ensures the exact determination of the absorbed doses. Then the conveyer carries the grain onto an automatic loader and into bags. Finally the irradiated grain is ready for plant-

The Kolos unit is absolutely safe for its operators; it is self-contained and does not require special concrete buildings and water basins. The treated seeds do not hold the radiation. Thus a new agricultural technique has been developed.

MAMMOTH IN THE UKRAINE

Miners in one of the Donetsk Basin coal quarries in the Ukraine have made an extraordinary find. An excavator uncovered a skeleton of a huge animal, later established by scientists to be the skeleton of a mammoth, This marks the third find of its kind in the territory of the Donetsk Region.



BIOLOGY STUDENTS

school for young biologists A functions under the Biochemistry Faculty of the Kuibyshev Pedagogical Institute, on the Volga. High school pupils, who dream of becoming biologists, come here during their free time to obtain a deeper knowledge of this subject. This gives the teachers of the institute an opportunity to recognize the most talented pupils and later recommend them to higher institutions of learning.

SUBTERRANEAN EYE

Siberian scientists have developed a subterranean television device which can locate objects less than one inch in size at a depth of 328 feet in a prospecting shaft. The visual angle on a horizontal plane is all of 360 degrees and 80 degrees on a vertical plane. Clearness of the object's image is the same as on a TV screen. The device works with compact semiconductor elements. It will lighten the work of geologists considerably.





MOSKVICH RACERS

oreign auto racers often give preference to our small Moskcars—especially the 412 model, equipped with a 75-horsepower engine. Four foreigners chose the Moskvich for the Tourists' Race held last winter in Austria. They all crossed the finish line without penalties and captured prizes. This year the Finnish Konela Company ordered four Moskviches for their drivers. The cars will face a difficult trial in the Thousand Lakes Relay to be held over difficult terrain in Scandinavia.



TU-154

A new TU-154 airliner, designed by the aircraft bureau headed by Andrei Tupoley, will soon appear on the country's air routes. The plane accommodates 100 to 150 passengers, flies at a speed of 559 miles an hour and has a range of more than 3.500 miles

CROSS-COUNTRY VEHICLE

Output of small Volyn crosscountry vehicles, built specially for use in rural areas, has been started at the Lutsk Auto Plant, in the Ukraine. Its 30-horsepower engine develops a speed of 47 miles an hour. The Volyn carries two passengers and a 220-pound load. Its fuel tank holds 9 gallons of gasoline—sufficient for covering 248 miles. The high-set body and its own weight only 1,675 pounds—guarantee excellent performance over rural



AROUND the COUNTRY

A CHOREOGRAPHER WHO TAKES AFTER ...HIMSELF

His artistic principles do not allow him to make compromises. "I won't stand dancer fails to reproduce the adancer fails to reproduce the improvisation from a dancer. If a dancer fails to reproduce the for any improvisation from a by the ballet master exactly, then why try for any improvisation from a small but integral piece of a mosaic." choreographic text assigned to him by the ballet master exactly, then why try choreographic text assigned to him by the ballet master exactly, then why try choreographic text assigned to him by the ballet master exactly, then why try choreographic text assigned to him by the ballet master exactly, then why try choreographic text assigned to him by the ballet master exactly, then why try choreographic text assigned to him by the ballet master exactly, then why try choreographic text assigned to him by the ballet master exactly.

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Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LEVEN YEARS AGO our ballet theater faced a happening whose significance, as subsequent years have shown, proved far greater than the rise of just one more

brilliant choreographer.

With his production at the Kirov Opera and Ballet Theater of Leningrad of the ballet The Stone Flower to Sergei Prokofiev's music, Yuri Grigorovich, then known as a character dancer, immediately soared to the pinnacle of fame. Lacking the timidity of the novice and meeting no hindrances from the very beginning of his career, he entered the world of the classical ballet to shape it as he would.

No current observations on the development of the ballet are made without references to his work. Obtaining seats to his latest production Spartacus is a real prob-

Russian and Soviet classical ballet has always been distinguished for its penchant toward multiact productions of great dramatic content, with great vitality and reality. But this tendency became too marked, and the ballet then inclined toward a mere illus-tration of the dramatic plot. Ostentatious effects and enormous mass scenes became

a practice.

Yuri Grigorovich wanted to return the ballet to its original language. He wanted to return to this mute art its capacity to inter-

pret every idea and every feeling.

While remaining an advocate of productions of deep dramatic content, Yuri Grigorovich began to purge the ballet of everything that had led it into the realms of other arts. As he said:

"The drama of a ballet production is the blending of dance and music, in which the dance does not illustrate the dramatic plot but impels it as the only form of its manifestation."

However simple and precise his theory may be, this choreographer possesses a secret of his own.

He quickly acquired followers and, of course, imitators. But nobody has so far been able to repeat him. Though translucently simple, his productions reveal discoveries which both thrill and vex his colleagues. "Why couldn't I arrive at so simple a solution?" they seem to ask themselves.

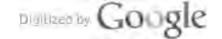
Those who see nothing but the fanciful and intricate patterns of the roles and the unusual supports in his ballets and who later try to copy all this in their own productions, often find to their surprise that what looks natural in Grigorovich's ballets appear as mannerisms and demonstrations of technique for the format for technique fo nique for technique's sake in their own, that what amazed and moved them about his choreography becomes pure mechanics in their own.

Yekaterina Maximova and Vladimir Vasilyev, leading dancers of the Bolshoi Ballet. Yuri Grigorovich's interpretations have enabled them to give skillful, graceful performances.

To a ballet master a stage is paper upon which he must write the poetry of the dance. A minute of tranquillity before the move-ments of the dancers give life to his ideas.

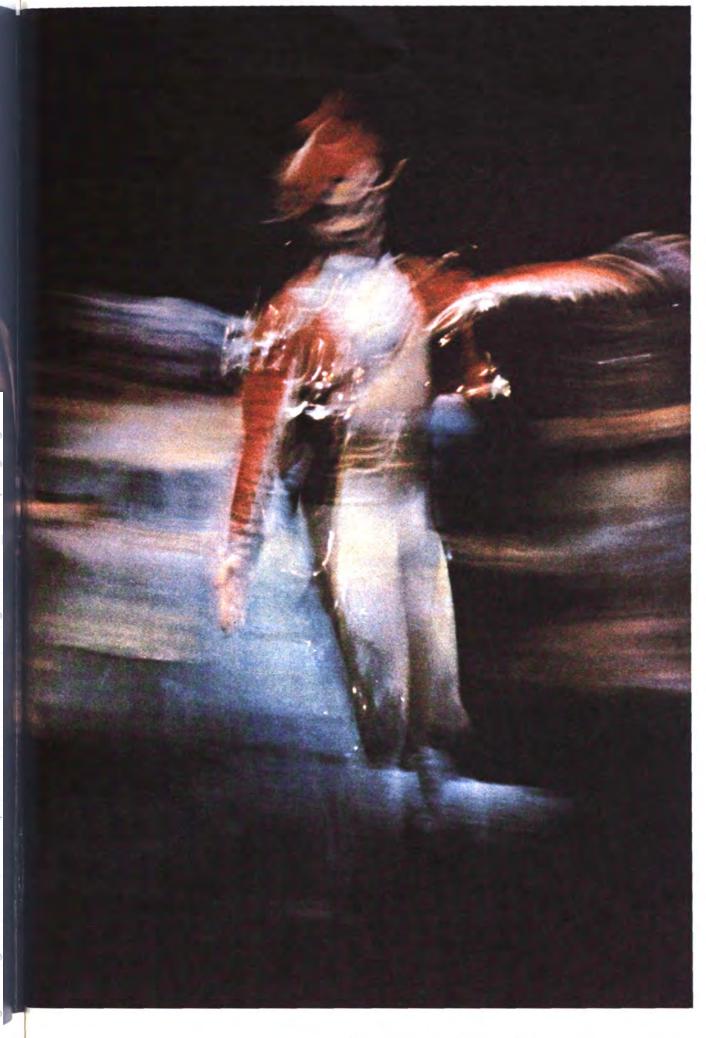
Photographs by Alexander Makarov











Yuri Grigorovich's style is noted for its vividness, expressiveness, brightness. His dancers are noted for their unexpected movements, and the photographer attempts to capture these artistic inspirations.



Meanwhile Grigorovich does not tire of growing. He keeps springing new surprises every time, following, as it were, the principle of never drinking from the same source twice.

The Stone Flower is a poem of the Russian land and the Russian soul; it is expansive in its sufferings and joys. National Russian motifs enhance the austere traditional classicism in the most amazing way; unbridled Russian daredeviltry and gentle lyrics are interwoven into a ballet pattern

of great ingenuity.

Yuri Grigorovich's next production Legend of Love, set to the music of the Azerbaijan composer Arif Melikov, displays the somber mysterious world of the ancient East, where passions rage strong: Love, jealousy, suffering and duty are tied into a single knot, and each hero's emotions are given full expression. On finishing Legend of Love Grigorovich turned, quite unexpectedly, to Tchaikovsky's Nutcracker, a ballet whose splendid music remained unmatched for long decades. This music and Hoffmann's fantasy inspired Yuri Grigorovich to create an ingenious choreographic interpretation. He gave the fairy-tale plot a realtistic treatment, mixing fiction with fact, infusing his production—so touching, refined and poetic—with the festiveness and enchantment of a Christmas eve.

The ballet master's third production was something different again. His resolution to produce a new version of Aram Khachaturian's Spartacus, which had been staged twice before at the Bolshoi and had met with little success during its American showing, was a great challenge. But the year of preparation and rehearsals was completely justified. The enthusiasm of the spectators at the première knew no bounds.

The theme of rebellion by the Roman slaves and of ancient Rome, demanding the lavish pompousness of a Hollywood production, was resolved by Grigorovich as the tragedy of the human quest for freedom, as a clash between two powers—the power of freedom and the power of despotism. Nor are the philosophical concepts abstractly expressed. They are represented in the clash between vivid personalities, each of whom defends that which he holds sacred—freedom for one and power for the other.

The critics all claim that Soviet ballet has never known another production which, based on choreographic means alone, could reach such heights of philosophical and

emotional generalizations.

In this ballet Grigorovich performed miracles in his work with the dancers. What Vladimir Vasilyev, Yekaterina Maximova, Maris Liepa, Natalia Bessmertnova, Mikhail Lavrovsky and Nina Timofeyeva do on the stage seems impossible to repeat. The technical virtuosity achieved surpasses everything seen before. Each role has a definite idea, couched in the language of the dance. The ability to infuse the dance with an idea—that is what has made Yuri Grigorovich the unique artist he is. He does not bother with trivial ideas and platitudes that turn the ballet into a mediocre art, a show to display the perfection of the human body. That is

The success of Spartacus has no precedent in ballet history. But Grigorovich found it so trying he rested a month after first night.

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why he waxes ironic with regard to everything that reeks of fashions and the innovations of the times. The problem of form does not exist for him: He pours his ideas and emotions into the dance where they are

He says: "I am alarmed when people say I am a reformer, a discoverer. I do not want to be new. I simply want to be a decent ballet master."

For four years he has headed the Bolshoi Ballet, replacing the late Leonid Lavrovsky. His authority as an artistic director is incontestable, and, at the same time he cannot be accused of being a dictator. During the past few seasons, the Bolshoi held several premières: Oleg Vinogradov staged the modern ballet Asel; Alberto Alonso of Cuba produced A chiefe produced A chiefe produced Asel; Alberto Carmen to Bizet's music; Maris Liepa, a solo dancer, revived the old production of Specter of a Rose; Natalya Kasatkina and Vladimir Vasilyev created a one-act ballet to music by Bach. I cannot say with any certainty that all of these productions satisfy Grigorovich, but he did not intrude his views upon his colleagues, considering that in art each must express his own beliefs. This acknowledgment of the right to the existence of different trends is proof of the artist's broadmindedness. However in his own work he is entirely consistent.

That he refuses to bow to the authority of this or that master has made him uncomfortable more than once, for he had joined a company with its own authorities and achievements and its own hiearchy built up through the years. He himself admits with bitterness that there is nothing plausible in combining the functions of choreographer and manager.

"There is no theater where everybody is satisfied," he says. "Though things may be

hard, there is no way out."

His criterion of the ballet artist's value is mastery and not titles, and he may give a responsible role in a new production to a newly-graduated ballet dancer. At the same time he may assign a seemingly insignificant part to a dancer who has starred in première performances. He does this because he believes that there are no minor roles in ballet, that the ballet is a collective art. He works as eagerly and selflessly with the corps de ballet as with the soloists. In Spartacus this is especially obvious. As one of the critics said, "Spartacus is a symphony for the corps de ballet, with the soloists

participating."
The world of Yuri Grigorovich's ballets includes everything of interest to the man of our day, and the trend begun by this 40year-old man has been termed intellectual. So far he does not feel the burden of glory, nor will this threaten him in the near future. He is quick, impulsive and energetic, laying aside nothing for a rainy day, always sure of his power to cope. While Spartacus was reaping its harvest of applause, he conceived his next production—also sensational in a way. The Bolshoi Theater is revising the choreography of Swan Lake, a ballet that opens almost all the performances in foreign tours and which has been running for decades, becoming associated with certain traditions in the minds of several generations of ballet enthusiasts.

During his work on Spartacus, I had asked him whether it was true that he was going to

give Swan Lake a new reading.

"I'm considering it," he replied. "There are two points of view: That the old ought not to be changed if it is good, and that the theater is a developing art, the old becoming obsolete. I'm still weighing the pros and

Now, six months later, his decision has become known.

EARTHLY SUN

HE PROBLEM of controlled thermonuclear synthesis is a convincing illustration of the validity of Friedrich Engels' idea that if a technical necessity appeared in society, then it would make science progress faster than could a dozen universities. The necessity of constructing a thermonuclear power station actually gave rise to a whole science—plasma physics. It was probably only after thermonuclear research began that scientists fully realized that plasma is the most widespread state of matter in the universe: Our sun and stars consist of plasma.

In the past 15 years man has learned more about this state of matter than he did during all previous history. Thermonuclear research must be given great credit for this. But no matter how important the achievements of plasma physics may be, society is naturally interested, first and foremost, in what progress is being made in attaining the chief end-creating a thermonuclear

power-generating station.

If we examine the process of the evolution of thermonuclear research, we shall see that all the present trends evolve from a single source—the idea of utilizing the magnetic field for the thermoinsulation of plasma. Back at the dawn of attempts, the suggestion was made to use the magnetic field for tearing plasma away from the installation walls, suspending it in a good vacuum and thus providing for the possibility of heating it up to the many hundred million degrees essential for thermonuclear reactions. The entire variety of installations used today are designed for the purpose of creating the magnetic fields used for confining the plasma.

It is toroidal magnetic traps, in which the plasma is confined by the magnetic field whose lines of force are closed, that seem to be most attractive for the thermonuclear reactor of the future. At the international conference on plasma physics and thermonuclear synthesis held in Novosibirsk last summer, our Academician Lev Artsimovich spoke of Soviet experimental research on the Tokamak installations of this type. There the advantage lies in the simple method of creating a magnetic field stable against external perturbations. Work along this line is conducted in our country at the Kurchatov Institute of Atomic Energy. Plasma with the ion temperature of five million degrees and a lifetime on the order of hundredths of a second has already been produced. Compared to a human lifetime, this is a very short time, of course, but for hot plasma it is a long time.

Many reports at the conference dealt with stellarator type installations, which means star installations. The extensive interest for these is explained by the fact that in the Tokamak installations the plasma itself participates in the creation of a magnetic field and remains an object not fully cognized, whereas here the field is created by external windings. That is why the form of the stellarators' magnetic fields can be accurately computed and the confinement of the plasma even simulated on an electronic com-

Victor Tolok from the Kharkov Physics and Technical Institute told us about the development of the new Uragan (Hurricane) stellarator in the USSR. It is a large machine weighing about 200 tons. The magnetic field of a complex pattern is created by 30 coils, each weighing two tons. The chamber which the plasma column lives in consists of an elongated "doughnut," with an axial line adding up to 32 feet. The development of this big installation involved the solution of many difficult engineering problems. The Uragan is an important contribution to the development of the stellarator trend, which is also considered quite promising for practical uses.

Though the features of the thermonuclear reactor of the future still look vague, attempts at certain economic appraisals are already being undertaken. Calculations show that large installations with magnetic plasma thermoinsulation of several million kilowatt capacity will be able to compete with conventional power-

generating plants.

Walt Whitman wrote in his time that the laws of nature never begged pardon. Alas, that's how it was, is and will be. If nature could, it would long have begged pardon of earthly physicists for having put such an immense number of difficulties in the way of mastering thermonuclear synthesis, which nature performs so easily on all the stars of the universe. We must hope that there is a limit to these difficulties and that the time will come when the earthly suns start serving man.

Courtesy of Izvestia

ERRATUM

The editors wish to correct an error in the caption to the picture on page 20 of the October issue of SOVIET LIFE. The name is Lev Yashin. We hope that both Mr. Yashin, a very well-known Soviet athlete, and our readers will forgive the oversight.



Grant Matevosyan is just beginning to be read outside Armenia. This story, one of his first to be published in Russian, appeared in the nationally circulated magazine Druzhba Narodov (Friendship of Peoples). Matevosyan is 31 years old. He has written three short novels and twenty or so short stories. His favorite scene is the highlands; his favorite characters are herdsmen, milkmaids, farmers in general. He loves the Armenian village, knows its customs and ways of life and its people. His descriptions of the countryside are masterful. He makes the reader see the beauty of the mountains and the rich pastures on the slopes, hear the murmur of springs, flowing from snow-capped peaks. But although his nature is generous, the life of the highland village he depicts is not always easy; it has its measure of troubles. Grant Matevosyan has all the makings of a writer of staturehe has something to say, and he knows how to say it.

FIRE MARE

By GRANT MATEVOSYAN

N 1945 OUR VILLAGE got seven thoroughbred mares and one wild chestnut-roan stallion to replenish stock badly depleted by the war.

I don't remember what happened to these horses, but I do recall that later only one mare of a curious orange shade remained, also a stallion of the same color. It was thought that the stallion was the mare's colt. When the mare did not foal, that settled it. In 1946 Mesrop returned from exile.

"What is exile?" I asked my eldest uncle.

"Exile is when they put you behind bars," he said.

"In prison?"

"Yes."

"Why did they do that to him?"

"You'll know when you grow up."

I was only ten then; I'm thirty now. Mesrop's father had been killed by the Azerbaljanians in 1918. Twenty-five years later Mesrop fired at somebody to revenge his father . . . Levon, the party branch secretary, brought the militia to Mesrop's house and had him arrested. When Mesrop came back in 1946, the first thing he did was to go into the office where Levon worked. He grabbed Levon by the shirt and yelled: "You turned an innocent man over to Levon by the shirt and yelled: "You turned an innocent man over to the militia. You broke into my home in the middle of the night! You're a disgrace!" But that didn't frighten Levon. He grabbed You're a disgrace!" But that didn't frighten Levon. He grabbed You're a disgrace!" But that didn't frighten Levon. He grabbed You're a disgrace!" But that didn't frighten Levon. He grabbed You're a disgrace!" But that didn't frighten Levon. He grabbed You're a disgrace!" But that didn't frighten Levon. He grabbed You're a disgrace!" But that didn't frighten Levon. He grabbed You're a hero, don't you?"

Soviet times. You think you're a hero, don't you?"

Soviet times. You think you're a hero, don't you?"

Soviet times. You think you're a hero, don't you?"

Soviet times. You think you're a hero, don't you?"

Soviet times. You think you're a hero, don't you?"

angry.
"Shut your traps," he said. "Levon, you will manage the dairy,
"Shut your traps," he said. "Levon, you will manage the dairy,
and you better do a good job of it. As for you, Mesrop, we need
and you better do a good job of it. As for you, Mesrop, we need
you badly. We're glad to have you back. Last year they gave us
you badly. We're glad to have you will take care of
seven mares. There's only one left now. You will take care of
the horses."

you badly. We're glad to nave you back. Last year they gave us seven mares. There's only one left now. You will take care of the horses."

An hour after he was appointed stableman, Mesrop was ready to bet that the stallion was the mare's colt, that unless they got to bet that the stallion was the mare's colt, that unless they got to bet that the stallion was the mare's colt, that unless they got to bet that the stallion was the mare's colt, that unless they got to bet that the stallion was the mare would not foal. The village split into two another stallion he other against him. Levon, of groups: one sided with Mesrop, the other against him. Levon, of groups: one stallion led the herd, no other stallion dared even come near the mares. Itching for a fight, he would dash while the orange stallion led the herd, no other stallion dared even come near the mares. Itching for a fight, he would fall five while gate the would five many leaves loads. He would fly like a straddle-gaited from pulling heavy loads. He would fly like a straddle-gaited from pulling heavy loads. He would fly like a straddle-gaited from pulling heavy loads. He would fly like a straddle-gaited from pulling heavy loads. He would fly like a straddle-gaited from pulling heavy loads. He would fly like a straddle-gaited from pulling heavy loads. He would fly like a straddle-gaited from pulling straddle-gaited from the wind, the white forelegs flashing, his fine mane streaming in the wind, the white forelegs flashing, his fine mane streaming in the wind, the would his spine crack into a thousand pieces under his skin. White forelegs flashing, his fine mane streaming in the wind collapse, were the owner of the other end of the wall trip and collapse, were the owner of the housand pieces under his skin. He wind fall the green of the broad plain. Their lazy mothers fiery chestnut foals who would rush downhill, making orange hearing his spine crack into a thousand pieces under his skin. Their lazy mothers for year later our dark red-skinned her was brighte

quantities of oats. The price for a horse dropped until it brought no more than a sheep, and the farm was in a hurry to get rid of them. The orange mare was bought by a dentist. That was a bad year; the crops had failed. But the dentist knew his business and went to the highlands where he capped the teeth of the herdsmen and milkmaids. They would flash coy smiles to show off their gold teeth. In a month he had made a heap of money. He paid twelve hundred rubles for the mare in old currency.

"Plus a free crown for your tooth, if you need one," he told Mesrop.

Mesrop.

The mare had been ridden before and had learned to cherish her freedom. We all went after her, twenty of us. The mare knew what we were after—so many people wouldn't be wasting their time on a common horse. We tried to drive her into the herd, and this frightened her. You could tell by the way she shivered. We wanted to force her against the solid wall of the fat horses. But the mare circled round the herd. If she had to trample some of them down to break free, she would. Her sides were drawn in, and her neck was arched; she neighed piteously as she circled round. Mesrop. them down to break free, she would. Her sides were drawn in, and her neck was arched; she neighed piteously as she circled round, brushing against the other horses. Her copper tail flowed down her hind legs, and her mane fluttered against her neck. Her sensitive ears were cocked; they responded to our every move. Her forelegs pawed at the ground sideways, her hooves hurling lumps of the green turf every which way. She kicked up a circular track some distance from the drove and followed it relentlessly, the circle turning blacker and blacker.

This went on for ten, twenty, thirty minutes. We closed in on her. She pulled away. We came in closer. She huddled up, her muscles taut. She broke away and galloped off. We chased after her, all excited. We were going to catch her no matter what; we had worked ourselves up to a state of mind where we were hunting down a treacherous runaway.

had worked ourselves up to a state of mind where we were hunting down a treacherous runaway.

Suddenly the herd followed her, and there she was, caught in the middle; the drove of heavy horses had turned into an enemy. But the mare bit her way out and trotted off. The herd followed after her. She ran harder, looking as if her legs had multiplied, increasing until they disappeared altogether in a blur. It was nothing less than pure motion. It seemed as if a yellow ball of fire was skimming over the ground. A pity she did not float in the air but followed the side of the ravines, the hills and the road.

Mesrop bet all he had that the mare would not be caught.

Mesrop bet all he had that the mare would not be caught. "Stake my head on it," he declared.
"I wouldn't do that," the dentist said. He pulled out a wallet

from an inside pocket.

counting his money, he took out a certain sum and handed it to Mesrop. "Now let's settle this between ourselves, as one man to another. This money is yours if you catch the mare for me." "All right," Mesrop replied, "but no money, please." He crumpled the notes uncomfortably in his hand and gave them back.

The dentist left for town in mid-Sentember, After that the others

the notes uncomfortably in his hand and gave them back.

The dentist left for town in mid-September. After that the others left the mountains, too. But Mesrop and his herd stayed on for another three weeks. The mare roamed about the vicinity, and Mesrop's heart missed a beat every time he saw her. The mountain slopes were still green under the warm autumn sun. No more smoke rose from the tents in the mountains. The sun crept along its path in the heavens in absolute silence. Mesrop yearned for the voices of summer.

"Come to me," he would call out to the mare standing in the distance. "What are you afraid of? Everybody is gone, only the two of us are here. . . ."

two of us are here. . . ."

Mesrop desperately wanted a dark dot on the horizon to turn

into an approaching horseman.

He would address the dark dot, "You're a horseman; you're fixing your pack, and you need help, don't you?"

Drawing by Leonid Sergeyev

But several minutes would pass, and the dot would remain a dark dot on the horizon. Evening would come. Mesrop would sit in the dusk, rocking back and forth.

"You're only a stone," he would say to the dot. "I'll be going down to the village in the valley, and you will go on lying here. Poor stone."

"Just hear me out," Mesrop would address the mare standing on the crest of the hill, her head thrown back. At that moment she did indeed look like the picture of a horse in a school textbook. "The dentist is gone. D'you hear? He's gone," and Mesrop would clap his hands and wave them to show that there was no one around.

would clap his hands and wave them to show that there was no one around.

"Summer's gone," Mesrop would add, and his shoulders would droop. "You're only a horse, you can't understand this; you can't understand all of it, I mean. You have more than any of the other animals, that's a fact. But man is different. . ."

The mare would not leave the herd; she circled round it. Early in October she followed the horses down to the village but grazed some distance off. In December the snow fell, and the horses were put in the stables and fed hay and oats. But the mare kept circling the village. She let no one come near her. She fed off the bushes. On the seventeenth of December the wolves left nothing but the horns and hooves of Levon's cow at the river. On the night of the eighteenth they broke into Artyom's shed. They were frightened off by a couple of shots. On the twentieth they kept away from the village, though you could hear them running around all night not far off, howling. Mesrop got up in the middle of the night and looked out of the window. He saw the mare standing flat against the wall; the poor animal was shivering. When he approached her, she ran away.

the wall; the poor animal was shivering. When ne approached her, she ran away.

Four days later he left the office at about one o'clock in the morning. The beam of his flashlight caught the orange mare for a moment. That same night the dog vanished. There was a noise, something brushed against the door. When Mesrop came out, the dog had disappeared. He saw neither the wolves nor the dog; all he heard was a muffled, distant crunching. On the night of the twenty-eighth Mesrop was in the stables when he heard a horse neighing outside. It was the mare. Without waiting for an invitation, she nudged him aside and went to her own stall. She was terribly thin. It was warm inside, and there was plenty of oats. The other horses snorted their welcome.

About five years ago I took my children to the circus. There I thought I saw our orange mare. She had a whole number on the program. They had trimmed her mane and tail and groomed her well. She had put on weight, but no farm horse could come anywhere near her for grace. She danced a waltz, and every bit of her well-fed body—legs, ears, head, tail, back—obeyed her. All through her number I was afraid that something might happen. But no. She waltzed perfectly and was applauded. She repeated the dance, then stood in the middle of the ring and bowed to the audience on all sides. The applause was hearty, but the mare refused to dance any more. She paid us no more attention, bowed to the orchestra, and the orchestra returned the greeting. The master of ceremonies motioned her to leave the ring and showed her out with a smile. He too was well groomed, and I had an excruciating desire to see the mare kick his smooth face with her hoof.

her hoof.

"Narinj!" I cried, "Narinj, Narinj!" I called to the mare—this was the name we had given her in the village; it means orange. The whole audience was waiting for the next number in silence. I was the only one to break it by calling out, "Narinj!" Everybody heard me and looked my way. I got up from my seat and yelled out, "Narinj!"

"Narinj!"

"Stop it!" my wife said, tugging at my coat. "You're making an exhibition of yourself."

"Stop it," I said, "I've had enough."

And squeezing by the seats of other people, I left the hall. I was alone behind the ring. A warm wave of laughter came from the audience on the other side of the curtain.

Masks were lying around. The hundred-watt bulbs shed a dim light. I looked behind every door, one by one, until I saw her. "Narinj? No, you're not Narinj. . . ."

She didn't even glance in my direction. The bronze stripe on her back was painted; her legs had been dyed white, and her trimmed mane had a greenish hue.

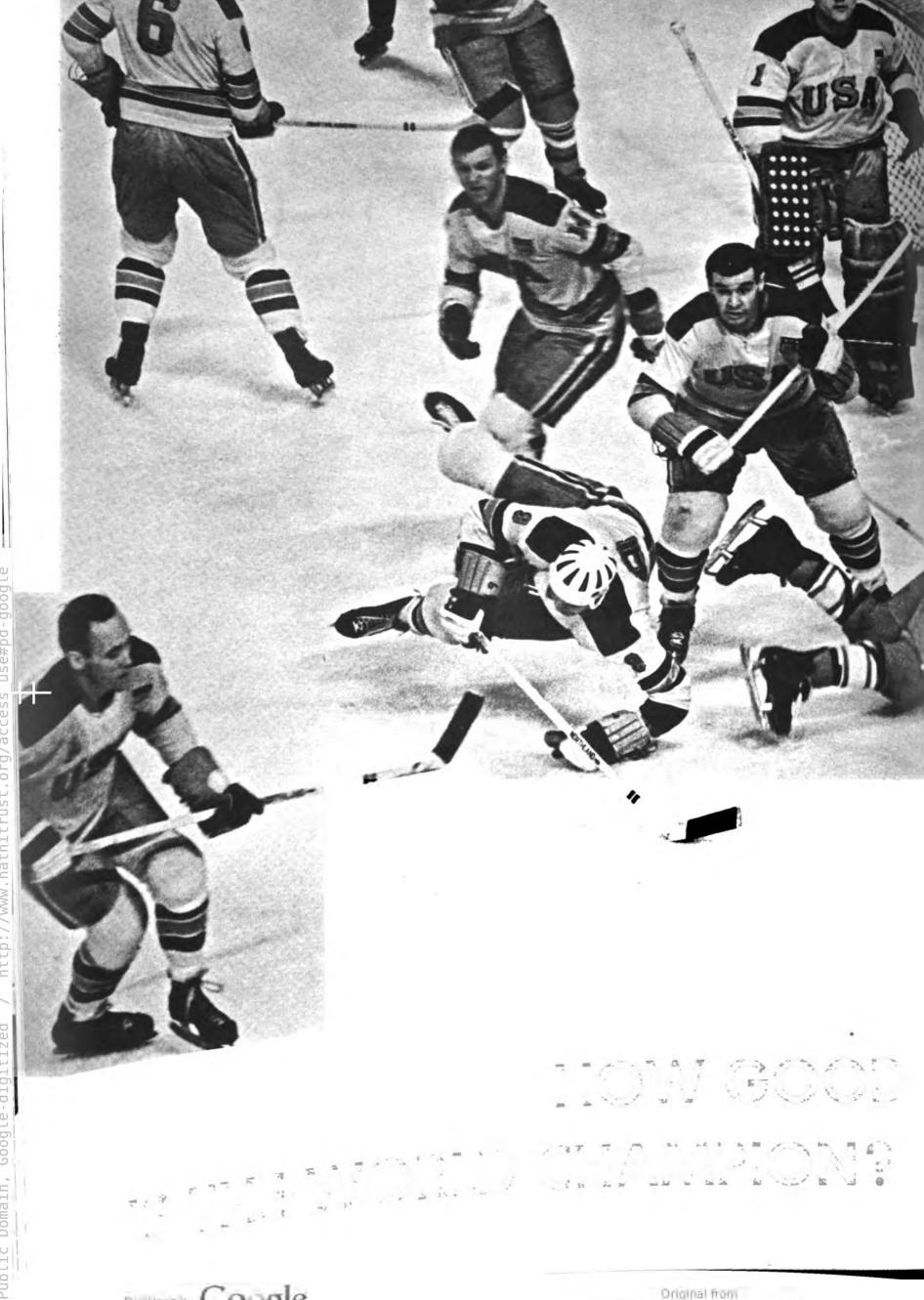
"Isn't your name Narinj?" I asked, offering her a sweet. She

rism't your name Narinj?" I asked, offering her a sweet. She wouldn't take it, not even smell it. For a minute it seemed to me that she wouldn't accept my gift because it was not chocolate all through; in the inside was a sweet paste. I put the sweet away so she wouldn't see it. The granddad of my granddad, perhaps, treated his feudal master the same way, offering him a bowl of spas, a pottage cooked in sour milk, boiled bindweed or some other inedible stuff. At this point I felt a surge of resentment against this fat mare. Looking at her smooth groomed body, I realized that I hated her. Quite another kind of horse—the one everybody knows as a gelding—was dear to me, the horse that the bumblebees stung, the kids tormented and the grownups nagged, the horse that all the stallions in the herd looked down on. All it got in the manger was a scanty wisp of straw.

"You're trash, that's what you are," I said kicking at her fat belly. "You've never foaled, nor carried any packs nor groaned under a load. You're trash."

A clown was performing in the ring now. He was turning somersaults and doing all sorts of tricks. When he took off his hat, his beard came loose and when he tried to put the beard on his chin, it stuck to his behind.

it stuck to his behind.
"I'm sorry," I said to my wife when I got back to my seat. It wasn't Narinj."



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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Exciting moment in the sport of ice hockey. A game between USA-USSR explodes in violent action.

HE SOVIET UNION holds the current Olympic, European and World ice hockey championships. In a few months it will have to defend its titles. And again we will hear the coaches saying: It's easier to win the title than to retain it.

In Grenoble a Soviet national won the title for the sixth year in succession. The optimists are jubilant. But the pessimists croak-this is only the amateur championships. How will we make out against the professionals?

Coaches and officials ask that the Soviet Hockey Federation appeal again to international figures in the sports' world for a meeting with the professionals to settle this question once and for all: "How good is the world champion?"

There seems to be no indication that a meeting will be forthcoming in the foreseeable future. Consequently speculation is prevalent, and one man's guess is as good as another's.

Arkadi Chernyshev, top national coach, had fans on the American continent clamoring for his scalp: He predicted that in a series against a National Hockey League club the Soviet team would lose, say, the first three, then tie that many, then go ahead to win.

Of course the professionals are the heavy favorites. When it comes to individual techniques, the professional player has the edge, definitely. But when it comes to speed and teamwork, it is a moot question who is better.

Soviet coaches believe that developing a versatile player might be the answer. They want every forward to be able to fill all gaps like a born defense man. And they want the back line to be able to score, not only sweep the ice clear of pucks in front of their own goal.

The Canadians claim that the nonprofessional game is doomed. The professionals are grabbing all the players who show promise and denuding the nonprofessional leagues.

This is not true for the European continent where the nonprofessional teams are growing stronger. The approaching world championship in Prague will provide ample evidence.

Soviet officials kept this new build-up of force in mind when they planned this year's national tournament. In the big league 12 clubs compete for the crown. Only the six best qualify for the final round. The idea is to ensure keener competition between teams more or less evenly matched.

Moscow's Army Club has won the national title 14 times already and most of its games have been walkovers. Now the situation has changed although Army still is the strongest club in the league. The Army boys meet with more resistance. This boosts standards generally. The players selected for the national side will be packing more dynamite. That

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is essential, say coaches, since competition at the world championship will be razor-keen.

With the present setup the national coaches get their boys from the different clubs in August. After a warm-upsession the players return to their own clubs, where they combine playing with a special training program worked out by the national coaches for each player individually.

In December and January the national teams (levels A and B) tour Canada, the United States and Europe. On the basis of that showing the coaches will name the final lineup for the world championship in Czechoslovakia.

This year the fans are worried. Czechoslovakia has a reputation for knocking out the strongest teams-and with Czechoslovakia playing at home, we can expect many a surprise.



The USSR national icehockey team is a winner at winter Olympics.

Victor Konovalenko is the goalie of USSR team.



International sports figures have decided to rule out some of the element of chance this year. The championship tournament is not to be played in one round as in past years but in two. This will make it more difficult; psychology will be a larger factor. It will take iron nerves to win the title this time; playing ability won't be enough.

Boris Mayorov, captain of the national team, predicts that the coaches will have a tough time of it this season to steer the national to the laurels again. On the one hand, competition will be sharper than ever before and, on the other, the playing schedule will be very tight. Ten games in a short interval is a hectic experience, but since in these tours of Canada and the United States the Soviet national team plays a dozen games inside of three weeks, the boys will be prepared.

As we see it-the big problems will be replacing the outgoing veterans. Another problem will be the playing levels of the different trios. The coaches have tried to pick the lineup in trios from different clubs. Naturally the stronger the club, the stronger the particular trio.

This has led to much controversysuppose a club has only one or two crack players, does that mean they won't get to the national? And, in general, wouldn't it be better to build up the national around one club, say, Army, which has won the national title 14 times?

The coaches still lean toward a picked team that would be an all-USSR team in the real sense of the word. Some sports writers suggest that the coaches of this all-USSR team should take it on as a full-time job. At present the national team is coached by Arkadi Chernyshev, who coaches Moscow Dynamo, a club that just can't get off the ground, and Anatoli Tarasov, who coaches the Moscow Army Club, easily the strongest team in the country. The supporters of this scheme argue that if the two men weren't bound to their clubs, they would have more time to spot fresh talent.

And so the argument goes on. All sides want team strength built up in the most efficient way. But what is the most efficient way?

Much attention is paid to junior team activities, and the sports figures were frankly disturbed that this year the Soviet junior team placed second in Czechoslovakia. Is the handwriting already on the wall? Czechoslovakia has high hopes for the senior world title. It has improved its team greatly; we have been improving ours in stages. How long can our veterans last? If we knew the answer to that, we'd risk a forecast for the coming championships.

In a word the situation is this: We have the man-power, and we have the coaching know-how. What we lack is . . ice. There still is a chronic shortage of indoor ice arenas, and this is what holds down the spread and development of the game. We have been building facilities on a large scale, but the pace is not fast enough to meet the demand. The sport is booming.

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HERO FACES ALTERNATIVE

By Nikolai Anastasyev Literary Critic

ET ME BEGIN this note on the Soviet theater today with a brief reference to two plays. One had a large and generally favorable press, a hit of the season; the other was a success with student audiences.

The latter play was staged by the Student Theater of the Moscow University. It was adapted from Vladimir Voinovich's story "I Want to Be Honest" and acted by a student company. The plot is completely prosaic: an incident at a construction site. Director Mark Zakharov and the actors laid the emphasis on simplicity, reserve, terseness. The staging is pointedly commonplace: It is life devoid of any dramatic effects. The theme is also unsophisticated: Samokhin, a foreman, well on in years and not too successful, wants to be honest. He refuses to comply with his supervisor's order to sign for the delivery of a house not yet completed, thereby jeopardizing his career. The conflict is hardly original: ethical duty versus career. What makes the play vital is that it is not being performed by professionals but by students (some of them students by correspondence who work as engineers and foremen)—the same kind of people that make up the audiences. This bridges the gap between actor and audience, and the conflict on the stage comes through in more

It is with a purpose that I began my note by mentioning this play. In a blunt, frank and undramatic form the performance reveals the main stream of the modern Soviet theater: ethical exploration. The play presents the leading character with an ethical choice, a choice that determines, in the final analysis, the value of human personality. The following statement, made ten years ago by Andrei Averin, a young character from Victor Rozov's play A Happy Journey, is to be taken for granted. "Surely it doesn't matter what I will be; what really matters is what sort of man I will be." It is assumed that a young man shapes his own ethical standards. As it happens, life gives him no respite. At every step, no matter what his age, life poses the same problem: What sort of man he should be?

Artistic forms of the search for the answer are many and varied, of course. The performance by the Student Theater represented only the simplest way of solving the conflict. Yuri Lybimov's production of Brecht's *Life of Galileo* at the Moscow Drama and Comedy Theater (located in Taganka Square and known as Taganka Theater) resolves the problem on an esthetical and philosophical plane. Truth versus life is the dilemma which faces Galileo. The great scientist renounces science; the great scientist cannot be a great man. Lyubimov's production steers clear of moralizing: He judges the hero if not leniently then with wisdom and tolerance. In this respect, perhaps, he even departs from the author's purpose.

That which in Brecht's play is simply guilt and betrayal is guilt and tragedy in Lyubimov's interpretation. I would not ascribe this shift of emphasis to the director's arbitrary judgment. His interpretation seems to me more harmonius with our time: Man does not have an absolutely free choice. A variety of circumstances press upon him, and his ethical decisions often involve sacrifices. However he has to make the decision, for nothing can exempt man from his personal responsibilty for what happens in the world.

I would not like to idealize Lyubimov's production: Some of his

effects and techniques are impressive, but they at times detract from the pivotal tragic theme of the play. Nevertheless we are given a sublime drama of man's courage. Especially so since the medieval setting does not diminish the modern meaning of the play; its conflicts are our conflicts of today.

It would be interesting to compare the Soviet theater of today with the theater of the absurd, gaining popularity in Western Europe and America. The philosophical basis of the theater of the absurd is existentialism, dealing with the same problem of the ethical choice. However Samuel Beckett's antihero has traveled a long way from his classic existentialist predecessor, as outlined by Jean-Paul Sartre. For Beckett's characters there is no choice at all. There can be no choice if life is "waiting for Godot" or for nothing or for death. I agree with our drama critic Boris Zingerman that "without Sartre's hero there would be no Beckett antihero; without existentialism there would be no Brecht." Actually Beckett has logically culminated the existentialist idea of fear, instilled by the sinister forces of society. Man is doomed to fear and suffering, and yet he is also doomed to freedom, according to existentialism. Beckett very simply resolves this contradition by omitting the second component.

It is beyond the scope of this note to discusse the theater of the absurd. I would simply like to draw a line separating the Soviet theater's search for ethics from that of the theatre of the absurd. Some directors' interpretations may coincide, and some playwrights' techniques may overlap, but an idealogical separation remains. In contrast to Beckett's hero and his followers who are doomed to suffering and death, the hero of the Soviet stage is the master of his destiny; he does not evade the choice but meets the challenge.

I do not mean to say that the hero always rises to the occasion and is always brave enough to make the humanist's choice.

In Making a Film by the young playwright Edward Radzinsky, staged at the Lenin Komsomol Theater, the scene is a studio where a young director, Nechayev, is making a new film, obviously a stimulating, bold and highly original effort. However having viewed the film as it nears completion, an important film-production man suggests that the director cut some scenes. Nechayev protests vehemently but then is assailed by doubts: Suppose the film is not released? The situation is made more dramatic by the fact that this is the young director's first film, and its success is therefore critical. Thus the hero again is confronted by a choice: Should he compromise or remain loyal to art as he understands it. The play does not dot all the i's and when the curtain falls, the leading character is still in doubt. This does not mean, however, that the hero is absolved from making his choice. Rather it invites everyone in the audience to enter the conflict and find his personal solution. Without imposing its solution on the audience, the play's viewpoint is expressed unambiguously and unexpectedly: In one of the final scenes a bugler plays a tune, and its pure, silvery sound fills the hall, suggesting a promise of loyalty to art, the only right choice.

I did not intend to survey the latest plays. My purpose is merely to point to what seems an important trend and to underline this conclusion: For all its esthetic variations Soviet theater remains true to type.



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RUSSIAN **CUISINE**

By Fyodor Mosin

LEMON CAKE

Cake	
6 eggs	

2 cups of flour lemon peel (2 lemons)

Syrup

l cup of water l cup of sugar

2 cups of sugar

2 tbsp. cognac or rum vanilla to taste

1 cup of sugar ½ cup of water

1/2 lb. of sweet butter 1 tbsp. cognac vanilla to taste

Jelly

1 cup of water ½ cup of sugar 1 tbsp. of gelatine citric acid to taste

1½ cups jam (any flavor 1½ cups apricot preserve

2 lemons

Mix eggs with sugar, whip until thick and smooth. Add lemon peel. Mix all this with sifted flour. Pour into a special form, or into a low pan or a deep frying pan. Put wax paper on the bottom. Place in oven (300°-350°) and allow to remain there for 25-30 minutes. Remove from oven. Turn cake out of form and allow to cool.

Then cut cake into three layers and moisten each layer with syrup.Spread jam on top of the first layer, cream on the second and apricot preserve on the top layer stack layers and fruit jelly over the top layer. Cover entire surface with cut lemon slices.

Mix a cup of sugar with a cup of water. Boil. When cool, add cognac or rum and some vanilla. Divide into three portions. Soak each piece of cake evenly.

Mix 1 cup of sugar and ½ cup of water. Boil for 10-15 min. When the syrup is cool, add gradually softened butter and whip until thick. Add vanilla and one thsp. of cognac.

Mix 1 cup of water and 1/2 cup of sugar, add citric acid to taste. Boil. Add 2 tablespoons of water to a tablespoon of gelatine and let it stand for 15 minutes. Then warm it in hot water. Put the ingredients together and mix.

FILLET OF FISH (for 1 person)

1 fillet of fish 6 mushrooms 1 small onion ⅓ hard boiled egg l boiled potato 6 thsp. of butter l tbsp. of flour

1/2 cup of fish bouillon 1 tsp. of grated 1 tsp. of cut fennel and parsley salt to taste

2 thep of sour cream

Roll salted fish in flour. Fry in frying pan. Cut mushrooms and partially fry them. Cut onion and fry it only lightly. Place 1/3 of the sauce in the frying pan. Place fish in sauce. Then stew this mixture with the mushrooms. Distribute onion evenly on the surface of the pan. Cut potato into round pieces and place around the fish (on side of frying pan). Place hard boiled egg on fish. Pour rest of sauce over the top of fish. Sprinkle with grated cheese and place softened butter on top. Put frying pan into a hot oven (500°). Bake until fish is brown. Remove from oven and sprinkle with fennel and parsley.

Melt 1 tbsp. of flour. Stir in 2 tbsp. of butter in frying pan. Don't allow flour to become brown. Add bouillon and salt to taste. Add 2 tbsp. of sour cream. Warm but do not boil.

A MILLION SPUTNIKS BY 1990

BY VICTOR BAZYKIN

Member, USSR Academy of Sciences' **Astronomical and Geodetic Society**

THANKS to hundreds of earth satellites and dozens of automatic stations, wonderful discoveries—many of them impossible from the Earth alone—have been made in the past 11 years of this space age. Simultaneously man-made heavenly bodies have increasingly diversified applications—communication and weather applications—communication. sputniks for example.

sputniks for example.

There is no doubt that the number of satellite and automatic station launchings will continue to increase, as will the number of countries directly involved in space research and application.

In addition to the Soviet Union and the USA, France began satellite launchings in 1965. American rockets were used to launch British, Canadian, Italian, French and Australian sputniks. Preparations are being made for launchings by Japan, the Federal Republic of Germany and other countries. All told about 670 successful space launchings were made by the middle of March 1968. The annual number keeps increasing—there were eight launchings in 1958, 55 in 1963 and 127 in 1967.

Several sputniks have been orbited at one launching. For instance

in 1963 and 127 in 1967.

Several sputniks have been orbited at one launching. For instance twice two Soviet Elektron sputniks were placed in essentially different orbits by one rocket. In the USA as many as eight small communication satellites have been launched by one rocket. Prior to launching Soviet stations to Venus, Mars and in some cases to the Moon, a heavy sputnik was first placed in orbit and then the stations were released, the sputnik remaining in orbit for a period. Finally in nearly every launching the last stage of the rocket carrier, such elements as the cones and containers, which protect the sputniks when the rocket picks up speed through the dense layers of the atmosphere, and parts that are fastened to the sputnik until the last stage, as well as other debris, go into orbit with the spunik.

When the last stage of a rocket fires, hundreds of pieces of debris stretch out along the orbit. Each particle is accounted for by observers, its orbit known.

ers, its orbit known.

The number of such space vehicles and related debris is now about 3,300; the figure includes some 800 sputniks, automatic stations and manned spaceships. Will the cosmos become so crowded that after a while the sputniks will collide?

that after a while the sputniks will collide?

Let us begin our answer by considering the automatic stations. The first of them was the space rocket Luna 1; it was also the first to become an artificial planet in January 1959. Circling the Sun, it will never come closer to the Earth than several million miles. The same holds for Venus 1, Venus 2, Mars 1, several Zonds launched in the USSR and for the American Pioneers and Mariners. Other Soviet and American moon stations were of the landing variant—they reached the Moon and remained on its surface. The Soviet and American moon sputniks are also a long way from the Earth. Moreover four of the American moon satellites were "dropped" on the Moon after fulfilling their programs. The Soviet Venus 3 and Venus 4 stations reached the planet Venus and remained on its surface. Several American communication satellites orbit at a compara-

tively great distance from the Earth (about 22,000 miles). Other sputniks are even farther off. The greater the volume of space, the smaller the probability of one vehicle meeting another.

Dozens of Soviet and American manned and experimental spaceships and other satellites, by which problems of reentry into the atmosphere are being studied, have returned to Earth.

As for sputniks revolving close to the Earth, like the first artificial earth satellites and many of the Cosmos series, they are not moving in vacuums, although the density of the atmosphere at the height of their orbits is many billion billions less than the density of the air their orbits is many billion billions less than the density of the air we are accustomed to. However even these insignificant traces of atmosphere exert a braking effect and gradually reduce the height of the orbits. A sputnik can make only one or two revolutions at a height of 90-100 miles, after which it ceases to exist due to the effect of aerodynamic braking. Rocket carriers and other elements, because of their relatively small specific weight and far from streamlined shapes, brake more quickly. The first Soviet sputnik lasted 94 days, its rocket carrier only 57; Cosmos 197 lasted 35 days, its rocket only 13.

To plan an experiment it is most important that we know the exact length of life of a satellite, especially in manned space flights. One of the values of the first Soviet sputnik was that it permitted us to determine the density of the upper atmosphere. We later found that the density also depends on the condition of the sun's activity. It is especially dense during the period of maximum activity (1968 is such a year). During such periods, satellites, all other factors being equal,

a year). During such periods, satellites, all other factors being equal, do not last as long.

Massive satellites last the longest. However very light ones, if sufficiently large, have a relatively long life because of the luminous pressure of the Sun. The solar rays "press" with a force of 0.56 grams on the American Echo I satellite (100 feet in diameter, weighing over 136 pounds). As a result, instead of the calculated time (up to one year), the sputnik has had nearly an eight-year life span.

Thus the majority of space vehicles near the Earth have a comparatively short life. Allowing for those which have fallen and returned to Earth, we estimate that more than 300 sputniks and 800 rockets and pieces of debris (excluding sputniks of the Moon and

turned to Earth, we estimate that more than 300 sputniks and 800 rockets and pieces of debris (excluding sputniks of the Moon and Sun) are now moving around the Earth.

We can therefore conclude that at present there is still sufficient room for sputniks in space near the Earth: Each object has a cube of several thousand miles to move around in. But the space "population" is growing rapidly. On December 31, 1958, only five sputniks and two rockets moved around the Earth. On December 31, 1963, the number had grown to 84 and 370 respectively and in March 1968, as we noted above, there were more than 300 sputniks, 800 rockets and debris moving about in space. At this rate there will be more than a million by 1990.

An ever more striking space-research characteristic is the total weight of all launched vehicles—now approaching 2,300 tons. More than half of this weight was burned upon reentry into the Earth's atmosphere. And not all of it was simply metal; highly complicated, compact and informative measuring and radio-transmitting devices also burned.

also burned.

An important task for scientists in the near future is to devise a method of recovering vehicles which have outlived their period of service and returning them to Earth for overhaul and new launchings.



What has been written about the past serves, strange as it may seem, only one purpose to enable us to look into the future. Does history provide us with a valid, objective idea of a definite direction (a vector) and of a rising curve in the rate of human progress? I believe it does.

BY PROFESSOR BORIS PORSHNEV Doctor of Science (History)

No matter what criteria the historian follows in periodizing history, he finds that the periods are growing shorter. The Neolithic period was much shorter than the Paleolithic, medieval history shorter than ancient history and so on. This points to a steadily accelerating process at work. The materialist concept of progress sees several threads running through this process.

The rising productivity of human labor, for example, indicates absolute progress. This can be seen clearly, of course, only when whole eras are compared.

There are two aspects to the rise in productivity: improvement in the imple-No matter what criteria the historian

productivity: improvement in the implements of labor and, with it, a change in the mentality and behavior of man in the process of work. The connection must not be oversimplified, of course, but a more complex technology implies a more intelligent approach by the work-

In the primitive communal epoch one generation succeeded another without any apparent changes in the productive forces. The rise of slavery noticeably changed the routine of production. Torn away from their tribes and families, forcibly deprived of the need to feed their incapacitated kinsmen, cut off from their tribal cults and rites, the barbarians who had built dolmens and cromlechs developed into the builders of pyramids and temples, circuses and aqueducts, towns and roads. Still, the slave was more interested in breaking the implements of labor than in improving

Next, in medieval society the peasants and artisans, despite coercion and lack of independence, were stimulated enough by the interest of their own small properties to make infinitesimal improvements in their implements and work methods. Over the centuries these accumulated improvements resulted in slow technical progress. In the capitalist era hired workers, spurred by the desire to earn as much as possible for themselves and their families, improve their skills and the machinery they operate, thereby turning out more and better goods. As these improvements accumulate and are incorporated, they often become the basis for totally new machines and processes. In the socialist countries the working people have infinitely greater material, ideological and psychological

incentives for rapidly raising labor pro-

ductivity.

The historian whose focus of attention is the working masses arrives at the conclusion that history emancipates this section of the population at a constantly increasing rate.

MAKERS OF HISTORY

Here the historian discovers another thread running through the history of progress, one inseparably interlaced with the first. The elements of emancipation were not bestowed on the working people from above, by the powers that be, but were attained through struggle. Each new level of progress provided opportunities for a slightly more active and more effective future struggle. The social influence of these working masses struggling for emancipation grew with

We can measure the progress of freedom by the effectiveness of the struggle for emancipation. In primitive societies the rebel against the invincible forces of custom was doomed to exile and death. It was practically impossible for the slave to wage a daily struggle against back-breaking exploitation. But history also tells us that the masters feared their slaves. The feudal vassal arranged his relations with his lord by contract, obtained a definition of his obligations by threatening to leave, relied on the legal rights of the commune for support and resorted to arson, murder and revolt. The hired laborer carries on a much more effective struggle against the capitalist-in the wage market and through strikes, emigration and participation in mass revolutionary movements.

Under the primitive communal system the "rebel," if he did emerge, could find an outlet for his dissatisfaction only by going off to live by himself. In the societies of antiquity oppression was countered by communes of the indigenous population, by some rudimentary forms of mutual assistance and even by united groups of imported slaves. The feudal world had a variety of communes and organizations of the rural and urban oppressed for self-defense and for attack. Finally, the workers in the capitalist world unite in trade unions and political parties.

There has also been a corresponding increase in the political influence of the working masses. More and more this is evolving from a struggle against power to a struggle for power. The ability of the working people to create elements of an

working people to create elements of an emancipation ideology and culture of their own to oppose the ideology of the ruling classes has also grown.

The increased pressure from below did not mean that the working masses were becoming the masters of the situation. Actually, their influence on history was indirect. The pressure forced the ruling classes to change their policies ruling classes to change their policies constantly. The pressure from below changed, as did all the institutions and ideas that were used to restrain it. Thus the history of the restless bottom layers forced the history of the top layers to stir. As Hegel said, and Marx ironically repeated, the restlessness of this "ugly side" of society, that is, the mass of uneducated common people, created a movement without which there would

have been no history at all.

The most powerful pressure of the working people and exploited masses in history was the expropriation of exploiter classes in a number of European and Asian countries between 1917 and 1945, making possible a colossal acceleration in the rate of historical development.

WILDE'S PARADOX

Oscar Wilde said that to anyone who knows history, insubordination is man's great virtue, that insubordination and revolt have made progress possible. The paradox that Wilde tossed off has a certain amount of truth.

Some bourgeois psychologists have tried to find the quintessence of all social and psychological phenomena in two of the deepest and most basic drives coercion and imitation. Émile Durkheim, for example, perceived the social aspect of the mind in coercion, Gabriel Tarde in imitation, and others in both.

We do not dismiss the study of these important and deep-rooted mechanisms. But Marxist researchers try to establish the universality of a drive that is even more important to the historian—the psychological act of insubordination, of disobedience. This is the psychological spring which actuates the objective laws of the progressive development of huof the progressive development of hu-



man society. In each successive social structure this drive has had more scope

For many thousands of years human society was nonantagonistic, that is, there was no economic foundation for exploitation, for one class, the possessors of the means of production, to exploit another class, the toilers. The division of society into opposing classes came with the rise of slavery.

In this sense the existence of a classless structure in the past emphasizes the historically transient nature of an antagonistic class structure. This is an argument of dialectical logic in favor of the theory of scientific communism.

It follows from the scientific theory of progress that in some respects, primarily the social and psychological, primitive society was worse off, less free, than slave society. There are no facts to support the assertion that man was freer and more independent in preclass society.

Under the primitive communal system man was independent and freedom-loving only with regard to outside enemies. Subordination and imitation operated within the tribe and family; there was no insubordination. While Friedrich Engels appreciated the enthusiasm for the primitive state, he described man's condition at that time in the following words:

'Man was bounded by his tribe, both in relation to strangers from outside the tribe and to himself; the tribe, the gens, and their institutions were sacred and inviolable, a higher power established by nature, to which the individual subjected himself unconditionally in thought, feeling and action. However impressive the people of this epoch appear to us, they are completely undifferentiated from one another; as Marx says, they are still attached to the navel string of the primitive community."

Yes, the roots of what we call slavish obedience arose much earlier than slavery itself. It was not coercion but voluntary submission, in which there is not the faintest glimmer of the idea or feel-

ing of protest.

Many thoughtful observers of primitive tribes have described man's inner enslavement long before the rise of slavery. Theodore Georg Heinrich Strehlow, who lived with the Aranda tribe of Australia for many years, studying their rites and myths, finally became convinced that the religious tradition and the "tyranny" of its guardians, the tribal elders, completely fettered the creativity and imagination of the tribesmen, producing mental stagnation and general apathy. The sacred myths are handed down word by word from generation to generation for many centuries. New myths are not created, and rites do not change. Nothing new is allowed to be added to the spiritual baggage of the tribe.2

BREAKING DOWN SUBMISSION

Many people maintain that fear of those above is the sign of a slave psychology. But it would be more accurate to say that still deeper lies "voluntary slavery," as a nineteenth century French writer put it, the submission that is accepted as perfectly natural and is there-

Friedrich Engels, The Origin of the Family, Private Property, and the State (New York: International Publishers, 1942), p. 88.

fore not felt. This was the starting point of world historical progress as an emancipation process. That was rock bottom, so to say. It lasted a fantastically long

When slavery appeared from fear, that is, the suppressed desire to resist (whether fear of the whip or fear of a supernatural retributive spirit), this was a step forward. But until then voluntary nonfreedom had dominated the life of the communes, tribes and peoples from the beginning to the disintegration of the primitive, preclass system. This is something that puts a brake on the struggle against colonialism and imperialism by peoples that still preserve survivals of the patriarchal order. All colonialists rely on this inner habit of submission.

if the history of mankind was retarded by all those who had power and supremacy, it was also retarded by all the spiritual slaves of the commune, the prisoners of their own submission.

One might say that submission to the tyranny of custom and its repositories arises in man as an expression of the most primitive "we" and then, transformed into servile devotion or slavish fear, proves to be its own opposite, the renunciation of any "we" and submission to the strength and power of someone else. This process can be seen in the development of such a phenomenon as the alienation of material goods.
Within the primitive tribal or territorial group people voluntarily surrendered their property, and tradition turned this into a consecrated and inexorable act of 'giving." More and more the members of the commune became slaves of the ritual of gifts, the payment of tribute, and the provision of free food and drink. There was neither slavery nor exploitation as yet, but there was already the actual forced alienation of the product. It was far from always a mutual affair and often highly one-sided.3 The campaigns of plunder and the forcible col-lection of tribute, like slavery itself, entered history when men began to realize that they did not want to give away the fruits of their labor, or their labor, without compensation. Then fear and the law forced them to.

This opens a somewhat new aspect of the rise, in antiquity, of slave-owning states, the "fall from Eden" of world history. The first slaves, from the psychological viewpoint, were those who first began to resist the familiar voluntary slavery. They were the only ones who had to be placed in the special legal position of slaves—shackled and forced to work with ships and weapons. It sounds paradoxical, but they were the first recalcitrants, the first rebels. Slavery arose when and where men tried to straighten

Viewed in this light, historical progress becomes more comprehensible from the viewpoint of the psychology of the toiling masses. A psychological analysis of progress does not amount, as we can see, to a repetition of the truths of political economy, although it does not contradict them. In Engels' The Origin of the Family, Private Property, and the State we find the expression "three forms

of enslavement." Engels meant ancient slavery, medieval serfdom and capitalist wage labor. These "three forms of en-slavement" were three progressive steps in the struggle against slavery. They marked not only changes in the mode of production and the other objective conditions of social life but also man's inner

awakening and growth.
We live at a time when man, with particular speed and turbulence, has become aware of the survivals of a slavery he was not fully conscious of, did not feel and therefore voluntarily endured, obeying the command of a mentality inherited from the primitive state. Coercion grows weaker and weaker and staggers back before the strength of man as he rises to his feet. That is why history is moving faster and faster.

Here we break off to return to what we said at the beginning—that any study of world history serves only to predict the future. How can the curve we described

above be extrapolated?

According to I. Robert Oppenheimer, one of the great scientists of our century, the chief purpose of ritual, religion and culture in the more primitive societies was to prevent change, if we are to believe the anthropologists. That means, says Oppenheimer, supplying the social body with what life itself magically supplies living organisms—a kind of homeostasis that reacts only slightly to the upheavals and changes that take place in the environment. But in our day culture and tradition have quite a different intellectual and social role. Today the main function of the most important and stable traditions is to be an instrument for rapid change. Changes in man's life are determined by a combination of many factors, the most decisive of them probably being science.

To translate this into the language of social psychology: The movement of history will not slow down but will speed up. All means of coercion will fall away one after another. More and more there will remain only one way of forcing another person to do something, by scientific proof. Against that nothing can be done. As time passes, more and more exact and complete proof will be required.

HISTORY AND HISTORIES

There is still another form of community that we have not as yet touched on all of mankind.

That is the maximum concept of sociological thinking. The contours of social psychology will remain incomplete until this largest of all communities is involved. In a number of cases people imagine their "we" as a component part of a much broader whole, the entire familia. ily of man, an aggregate of all the people on earth.

"Worldwide" is a notion that has existed in political thought since ancient times. In reality, no attempt to establish a world power has ever succeeded; a great number of tribes and peoples remained beyond the field of vision of even such "world conquerers" as Alexander the Great. But in the philosophy of the Stoics there already existed a theory of the potential unity, or unification, of the human race, to say nothing of the the-ories advanced by politicians, ideologists and dreamers of the Middle Ages and



² T. G. H. Strehlow, *Aranda Traditions* (Melbourne: Melbourne University Press, 1947), pp. 5-6.

Marcel Mauss, "Essai sur le Don; Forme et raison de l'échange dans les sociétés archaïques," Année, Sociologique, nouvelle série, t, 1 (1923-1924), Paris: 1925 (English translation, "The Gift: Forms Functions of Exchange in Archaic Societies, 1954) 1954).

^{&#}x27;J. Robert Oppenheimer, "Science and Culture," in the collection Nauka u Chelovechestvo (Science and Mankind), (Moscow: 1964), p. 52.

modern times advocating such a course,

In ethics, as part of philosophy, "man in general" has always been invisibly present, not as a member of some concrete "we" opposed to some sort of "they," but as man outside these divisions. It may be said that the philosophical notion of "ethics" exists only to the idearge that the notion of "mankind" exdegree that the notion of "mankind" exists. Otherwise it is merely a convention.

The idea of mankind exists to the strongest degree in the reality of science, of any proof, of any act of logic. At the bottom of the movement of scientific thought lies the truth—obvious since the time of Descartes—that the conclusiveness of anything, the recognition of logical necessity, implies "any man," that is, a human being who may be freely exchanged for any other human being except a small child or an insane person. Science that does not recognize the single neture of recognize the single neturn of recognize the single n gle nature of reason in all peoples and individuals, no matter how much they differ in other cultural or historical ways, is not science. Not only is the existence of mankind as a whole a remote premise that science may exist, but the existence of science necessarily demands the concept of mankind.

On the other hand, while we attribute some important part of our being to that community, that "super-we," we do not know with sufficient clarity whether it actually exists, since all of history is only an aggregate of histories of countries, peoples and civilizations. The word "history" is used only in the singular but is thought of as plural. The world histories published abroad and in our country are not one history but a large number of histories that are either interlaced, like

threads, or coexistent.

It is generally accepted that the task of the historian is to study and write the history of a country. Histories of more detailed objects are written, of course, up to and including histories of individuals, but in these cases we are all agreed that the environment determines the object of study. Yet a separate country is taken as an "elementary particle" of the historical process. By the word "country" we understand either an economic community or a people, a nation, that is, an ethnic community, but most often, in the spirit of the German school of state history, a state and the territory surrounded by state borders. What is more, the idea of the contemporary ter-ritory of a state is projected into remote historical ages when the given state did not exist. That is the method by which the "history of the country" is mechanically constructed. But the fact is that there were feudal principalities which did not necessarily coincide with that territory, ancient tribes inhabiting both that territory and other land, and hordes that migrated across it.

"WE" AND "THEY"

Thus the problem of world history takes us back to the relations between "we" and "they," out of which world

history is woven.

In different periods various manifestations of man's relations with the rest of the world have played a dominant role. Only the age of capitalism has developed direct worldwide relations. A world market, world economic relations and dependencies, and worldwide means of

transportation, information and communication have arisen. However, they also engender world antagonisms. From the very beginning the capitalist era has been marked by the antagonism between a few bourgeois countries and the rest of the world, a considerable part of which was turned into colonies. At the same time, capitalism gives rise to a struggle not only for the partition of the world but also for its repartition. Out of the depths of capitalism, as a result of an explosion of its contradictions, arises the world antagonism of two different socioeconomic systems.

Although the precapitalist epochs had nothing like the contradictory relations between countries that capitalism produced, the concept of world history can be applied to them, although in an essentially different way. Ancient and medieval history were characterized by a chain relationship, that is, the immediate interdependence of the history of one country with only a few neighbors which, in turn, were interconnected with other

neighbors.
Finally, in the more remote past, world relationships meant, for the most part, not positive interpenetration and interaction with neighbors, whether economic, demographic, political or cultural, but negative interaction in the form of repulsion and isolation from one another. In all probability, however, the chain did not exclude a single tribe either, even the most primitive.

Thus, mankind as a whole was originally like a fine net whose threads, that is, boundaries and contacts, carried primarily a negative charge (which does not, of course, exclude some forms of diffusion and merging). Later, open interaction began to play a more prominent role, but in the final analysis, the general interconnection that was established remained imperceptible to contemporaries. Here isolation continued to play a tremendous role. But now it was political isolation and hence assumed the character of a military threat to neighbors or military defense against neighbors. In modern and contemporary times, relationships on a world scale have a positive charge, breaking down all isolation and stagnation, and are making history, visible world history. At the same time, however, contradictions develop into worldwide antagonisms.

"We" and "they" is a formula that re-flects the real dialectics of mankind's development. History has not yet become the history of a single "we" whom no one opposes and within which the "they" phenomenon has been reduced to simple competition reflecting mutual assistance rather than isolation or hostility. That is what we believe the future of mankind under communism will be

LOOKING AHEAD

Historical science will become more scientific when it comes to understand more fully and precisely the laws governing the action of the masses in history, including the law of the "revolt of the masses" that has been the pivot of all history and that sociologists like Ortega y Gasset damn. History will also become more of a science to the degree that it can rise above the boundaries that divide mankind into parts opposing one

another. In this search there are many unknown difficulties and undiscovered laws. But historical science will in the end become a genuine science about the masses and a genuine science about mankind.

To this day historical science has never been able to get along without the concept "enemy" and "enemies." It runs through all of history. The concept has, of course, undergone transformation over the centuries and will continue to be transformed. There was a time when the "enemy" was the stranger, alien blood, a member of an alien tribe; in a class society the "enemy" has been the oppressor, enslaver, "foreigner," conqueror, men of other tongues and alien cliticals in the disconter the citizenship, finally, the dissenter, the heretic, the heathen.

A process which is, in a certain sense, antagonistic to hostility is the unity of larger and larger numbers of people to carry out the basic tasks history puts before us. The tasks are such that we can no longer get along with small communities or even communities that seemed large to us not so long ago. In the future it will be even more difficult. Unity, and the number of people in these big historical "we" units, will continue to grow. This will be a great challenge to social psychology. It must penetrate deper and deeper into the mechanisms, laws and rules governing the formation of vast human communities. How is one gigantic single will to be created out of a great number of wills? How is one great creative mind to be created out of a large number of minds without debilitating contradictions, without paralyzing dis-

In the final analysis, the task is to turn a drop into a stream, and a stream into a broad torrent, to turn hundreds and thousands of people into millions and tens of millions of people moving in the same direction, that is, people charged with energy projected in the same direction. Such is the scale of "we" and "they" for our age, and the scale will be infinitely greater for future ages. "The minds of tens of millions of people will create something immeasurably greater than the greatest and most brilliant work." 5

cord?

In Lenin's eyes the criterion of the size and unity of the masses was the highest criterion in solving world-scale problems.

Our future, communism, is not a quiet harbor, as many once naïvely thought, but a way of achieving an absolute acceleration of development. Communism is not a stopping place but a dynamic concept. It signifies the first possibility we have achieved of moving and growing with increasing speed without social obstacles or obstructions. All of human history, looked at from the viewpoint of speed, has developed along an exponential curve, in geometric progression. The past few centuries have been marked by a sharp acceleration of development. This has brought mankind up to communism, the part of the curve where acceleration will not be hampered in any way and will continuously increase. If we approach forecasts in social psychology from this standpoint, we know for certain that the swiftness of historical dynamics will make new demands on the psyche.



⁵ Lenin, Collected Works, Russian edition, Vol. XXXV, p. 281.

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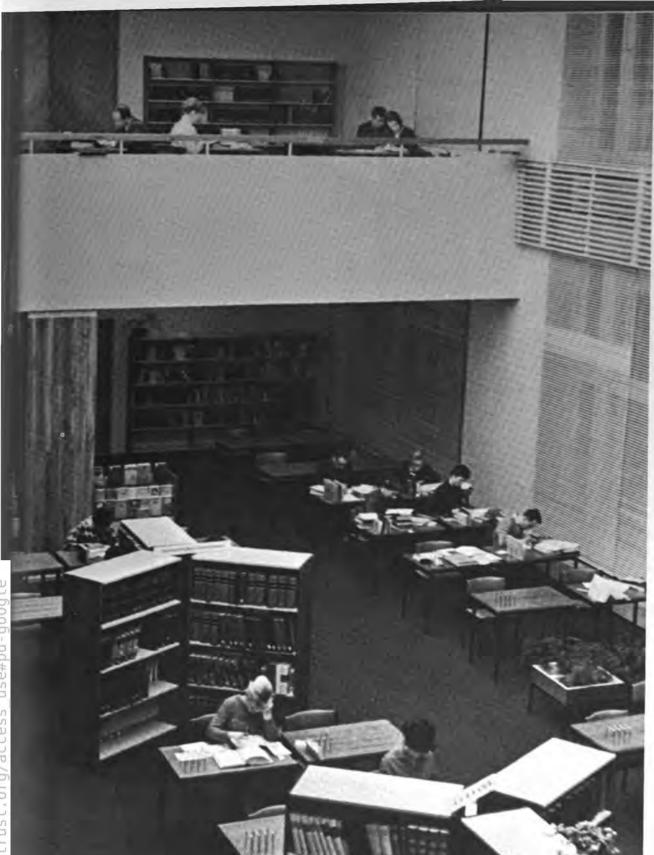






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BY VICTOR DEMIDOV

The Molodaya Gvardia Publishing House has put out Demidov's book, We Leave Last. The excerpt given here relates to a strange event.

HE PHONE RANG, and thirty minutes later I stood before Major Mikhail Pyatayev of the fire department.

He handed me a radiogram.

"Strange crater formed on lake shore. Experts and divers needed."

"Got that?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, then, get yourself packed. We leave tomorrow at 6 A,M.

We tried to reach the lake on a powerful timber trailer, but a little more than a mile from the village the trailer floundered in the flooding river. Nothing to do but get out and

Vasili Brodsky, our guide, had been to the lake twice, the first time at about nine on the evening of April 27; returning the next morning at 8, he was overwhelmed and dazed by what he saw.

Finally we arrived. We stood on the edge of a huge hole and took stock of our surroundings. The shore of the small, narrow lake was steep. On our side were a few old gray buildings, sheds or deserted houses; on the other side was the silent forest. Directly opposite one of the houses was this crater. Its length along the shore was some 88 feet; it was more than 50 feet wide and 10 feet deep. There was a big patch of unfrozen water off the shore, with a few ragged lumps of ice here and there. Farther on lay smooth, unbroken ice.

I climbed down into the hole. There were no springs or ground water at the bottom. Nothing to attract one's attenion at all. Near the water's edge the bottom of the hole tapered sharply. There was a trace of something heavy at the very edge. The turf was scattered around, and the bottom was slightly evened out. The ice on the lake was smooth. There were no cracks in it nor any traces of fallen earth on the surface. Hmm —fallen earth. . . . Perhaps we ought to begin from there? A hole this big could have been made by an explosion, but where were the telltale clods of earth?

While the divers prepared to go to the bottom, I literally crawled around the hole, looking for lumps of earth thrown up by an explosion or at least a scorched bit of last year's grass. There was nothing! Obviously the answer to the riddle was on the bottom. Diver Tikhonov walked into the water until it covered his hips, his chest, and then, throwing up his legs, he began to swim.

There were gray patches of foam at my feet, and tiny black balls that looked like scorched grains of millet or hemp, only smaller. That was all.

Tikhonov also found nothing. "The bottom near the hole," he said, "is covered with lumps of frozen turf. That's why there are so few ice floes in the patch of unfrozen water. The ice is pinned to the bottom. The speed of the catastrophe gave the ice floes no chance to float up to the surface. The entire mass of fallen earth lies on a narrow and elongated section. To the right and left the lake bottom is clean and undisturbed."

Finishing probing the hole, the instrument man joined the divers. He lowered a metal detecting device into the water; the pointers on the dials moved lazily several times, but the signals were far too weak to tell us anything.

"Nothing doing," he muttered in disappointment, flushing as though he were to blame for our failure to find the "thing" or at least a few particles. It couldn't have vanished without a trace.

The needle did register more sharply in the hole, next to it and under the water than in the area around. But no matter how much we scraped and dug, we found no bits of metal anywhere.

As the diver came up, he turned up an ice floe. Ah, here was something new! We ran over to the water. Imagine a lump of ice about a foot thick. The whole of its bottom, which had been in the water, was tinted a bright emerald green! No, tinted is not the word, half the floe seemed to have absorbed this unusual color. We turned over another floe and still another, with the same results. But when we broke a lump off the ice, it was of the usual color.

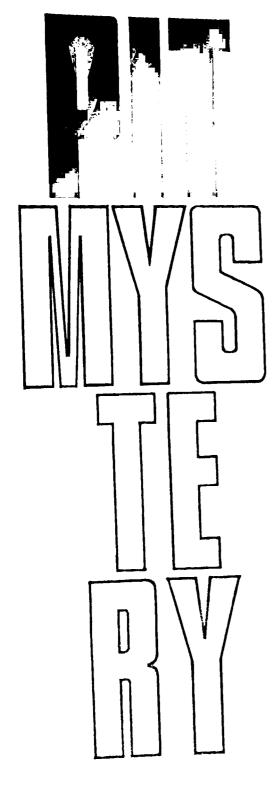
Something did fall into the water, then But what? That was the rub. All we could establish was that some kind of process had taken place in the water, and that it had tinted the ice with a chemical dye or changed the color of the subaqueous ice The process had been localized and rapid, for the monolithic ice on the lake was unchanged, as was the part that had sunk and lay pinned down by soil.

We took samples of the ice, the water and the soil and fished out a handful of scorched grains, just in case. Then we sat down around the campfire to rest and have a bite.

"Well, any ideas?" inquired Pyatayev, after giving us time to light up and think.

'The devil knows,'' began Tikhonov uncertainly. "There doesn't seem to be anything under the water. Maybe it's a rocket of some kind?'

"We checked that out," said Pyatayev. "In Leningrad the chiefs did some checking



and they said no. There would have been something left over."

"What about an explosion?"

"I don't think so," I said, summing up my observations. "Is there a lot of metal?"

The instrument man spread his arms.

"The needle registers ever so slightly at the very end of the scale. No matter how much we dig, we can't find a single grain of metal. I don't know; maybe the fluctuations are caused by the background. Maybe it was a fireball?"

"Could be, but it's not likely."

"Hummm . . ." drawled Pyatayev. "Anything else?"

"A meteorite," offered Tikhonov with a smile.

"Why not? Maybe it is a meteorite."

In short we came to the conclusion that we were on the site of a fallen heavenly body of large dimensions. We all knew what fallen planes do to the ground, and what bomb and shell craters are like. As for a meteorite—that was still an unknown.

We sat around the evening campfire. The old and young divers arguing about what they had seen underwater. Suddenly I was struck by the words:

"I walked along the hollow and came to a little mound."

"Hey, wait a moment! What hollow and mound are you talking about?"

"The ones down on the bottom. It's a very narrow hollow."

Tikhonov started up. "We've got to check that!"

Donning a rubber suit, he dived into the water almost on the run. Soon he popped up at the edge of the ice and asked for a probe. I got into a boat, handed him the instrument and marked time until he emerged on the shore and came out of the water. I ran after him.

"You see," he said excitedly, unfastening his suit on the way, "there's a track that ends at the spot where I got the probe from you. It's covered over by silt, but it's there, all right. Looks like a huge pipe had lain there. Then there's a little swell about one and a half feet high. It's as if 'it' had pushed the ground up in front and came to a stop. Farther on there is nothing at all. I covered about 330 feet under the ice. The bottom's absolutely smooth. The swell contains nothing. I probed the track too. Where can 'it' be? It couldn't have flown back, could it?"

But what if it had? We assumed that the thing had hit the ground with enormous speed, torn up some thousand cubic feet of frozen earth, slid over the bottom for a matter of 65 feet, cut through 16 feet of water and soared back into the sky again. . . . That was the only possibility. Otherwise "it" would have broken the ice over a lake area and left some traces of earth, say. But the

edge of the ice was absolutely clean! I had checked that myself. Was it a case of aerobatics? With inordinate loads and head-on blows against the ground? No, it was all wrong.

Later we got some interesting information from some lumberjacks. At our request they had been questioned by a man from the district militia department. He was told that in the early hours of April 27 none of the villagers had seen or heard anything. But many—especially the women—said that two days after the event, somewhere between two and four in the morning, they had heard a powerful noise coming from the lake, similar to the sound of aviation engines being tested. "It would roar a bit and stop, then begin again," said the mistress of the house we staved in.

Back in Leningrad we began working like mad. We had to develop and print film, make arrangements with laboratories and consult scientists.

Luckily for us, one of the best analytical chemistry laboratories at the Leningrad Technological Institute agreed to look over our samples. Meanwhile I decided to check out the meteorite hypothesis which, to our way of thinking, was the least vulnerable explanation.

I was given the phone number of Professor Vsevolod Sharonov of Leningrad University.

He was not impressed with the theory. "It's all very interesting," he said, "but I don't think it could have been a meteorite. The hole is too big. Meteorites make holes no bigger than five times their own size."

"I see. Thanks," I said sadly.

Nor did the hypothesis about flying devices stand up. As for the idea of a device which might have landed and taken off again, experienced engineers strongly doubted the possibility of a contraption capable of withstanding so colossal a blow against frozen ground without losing all of its parts to the last screw.

One institute found nothing unusual in the samples of earth. Another declared categorically that the radioactivity of the samples was not higher than that of the usual terrestrial earth. At Leningrad University we were convinced that our hole had nothing to do with any karstic phenomena, and a doctor specializing in rockslide mechanics completely buried our landslide idea.

Also the fireball hypothesis fell apart. People in the high energies department of the Polytechnic Institute doubted, to put it mildly, our notion that forked or ball-lightning might have done the job.

A complete fiasco. We must have slipped up somewhere.

I was in a gloomy mood when I waited at the chemical lab for the test results. A young girl approached me. "I hope you will forgive me," she said guiltily, "but we simply cannot explain or even confirm the green color of the ice. The elements we found in the samples don't become green in any of the known combinations. Of course we'll check again, but it will be the fourth time."

That certainly was baffling. I might suddenly have become color blind, except that I wasn't the only one. Seven of us had examined the ice! True I had not forgotten the peculiarity noted by glaciologists—that ice sometimes turns blue under great pressures. But then all the ice should have turned blue! Half the ice could not possibly have been subjected to a greater pressure, leaving the other half intact!

Nevertheless the lab attendant ruthlessly jotted down on her sheet, "Elements found in the thawed ice give no explanation of the green color noted by the members of the expedition."

Nor did the other samples offer anything definite.

"Look here!" I pleaded. "There are the grains! The seeds! Test them too, please!"

The chemists shrugged their shoulders. They had put the grains aside, thinking there was nothing interesting about them. But when they were placed under the microscope, they glinted like metal. Grains never shine like that! And an hour later came their conclusion:

"In the infrared spectrum of the powder obtained by grinding the grains, there is no absorption band corresponding to the fluctuation of the C-H group, characteristic of all organic compounds within the range of 3 to 4 mu."

The grains were very stable. Their particles did not decompose either in concentrated sulphuric acid or in its mixture with hydrofluoric acid. The powder obtained from them did not dissolve in hydrochloric acid either. These nondescript tiny grains and the silent hole on the shore of the remote lake turned out to be the only eloquent traces.

Later I found that grains of this kind can occur during high-temperature processes—welding, for instance. Yes, they could originate. . . . The chemical content of our grains gave no evidence that they were from a natural formation. Nature produces no complex conglomerates of this kind and in no such grouping. The thing they had originated from was created artificially!

And yet this incident was gradually forgotten, once we knew that the phenomenon held no danger for human beings. Sometimes, however, I take the photographs, notes and lab reports out of my desk and roll the little black balls in my fingers. And once again I ponder on the statement: "... these grains are of inorganic origin and are evidently not natural formations. ..."





ANDREI VOZNESENSKY (1933-

"A straight line is shorter, a parabola steeper," Andrei Voznesensky declared in one of his earlier verses. The same poem, "Parabolic Ballad," has this line: "Fate—the—rocket described a parabola." That is exactly the road taken by this poet, about whose complex and contradictory work eminent critics have been arguing for many years. The most apt description of his work was made by his colleague Bella Akhmadulina: There is something about him—whether you praise him or not—a bit of the prophet and a bit of the clown. . . ." It is true that his verses are a mixture of grave seriousness and outright buffoonery and that the accents are often strangely misplaced. This gives some ground for criticism.

But one thing is unquestionable: Andrei Voznesensky is a past master at versification. He has no casual rhythms, no chance words. Even the seeming chaos of his poem "antiworlds" or of the poems in his book, The Triangular Pear, 1962, is really carefully studied composition.

By education Voznesensky is an architect, and though he recalls his student years with irony, as in his notorious poem "The Architectural's on Fire" in which he waxes highly caustic about that institute, his erstwhile passion for architecture has given his poetry an acute sense of form, space and color. It has a clear perception, depth and monumentality.

Voznesensky's poems are finely polished with regard to sound, rhythm and imagery. But this is no demonstration of formal mastery; it is simply a natural expression of the author's high emotionalism. Voznesensky's temperament lies in his responsiveness, his sharpened reaction to the sufferings and joys of the world. No matter what or whom he writes about, whether it is about Vladimir Lenin in "Longjumeau" or the American Negroes in The Triangular Pear, fantastic antiworlds or very real terrestrial landscapes as in "Autumn in Sigulda," at all times Andrei Voznesensky follows the finest traditions of patriotic Russian literature.

АНТИМИРЫ

Живёт у нас сосед Букашкин, Бухгалтер цвета промокашки, Но, как воздушные шары, Над ним горят антимиры!

И в них, магический, как демон,

Вселенной правит, возлежит Антибукашкин, академик, И щупает Лоллобриджид.

Но грезятся Антибукашкину Виденья цвета промокашки.

Да здравствуют Антимиры! Фантасты — посреди муры.

Без глупых не было бы умных. Оазисов — без Каракумов.

Нет женщин — есть антимужчины. В лесах ревут антимашины. Есть сор земли.

Но сохнет сокол без змеи.

Люблю я критиков моих. На шее одного из них Благоуханна и гола, Сияет антиголова!

...Я сплю с окошками

открытыми,

А где-то свищет звездопад. И небоскрёбы сталактитами На брюхе глобуса висят.

И подо мной вниз головой Вонзившись вилкой в шар земной,

Беспечный милый мотылёк, Живёшь ты, мой антимирок!

Зачем среди ночной поры Встречаются антимиры?

Зачем они вдвоём сидят И в телевизоры глядят?

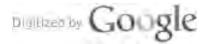
Им не понять и пары фраз. Их первый раз — последний раз.

Сидят, забывши про бонтон. Ведь будут мучиться потом.

И ушки красные горят, Как будто бабочки сидят...

...Знакомый лектор мне вчера Сказал: «Антимиры? — Мура!..» Я сплю, ворочаюсь спросонок. Наверно, прав учёный хмырь.

Мой кот как радиоприёмник Зелёным глазом ловит мир.



ANTIWORLDS

Next door there lives our neighbor Bukashkin, A bookkeeper the color of blotting paper. But like balloons, Antiworlds burn above him!

There, magical, demonlike, Reigning over the universe, lies Anti-Bukashkin, academician, And paws all the Lollobrigidas.

Yet anti-Bukashkin is haunted By visions the color of blotting paper.

Long live antiworlds! Fantasists surrounded by bull.

Without fools there would be no sages. No oases without Kara-Kums.

There are no women—only antimen. Antimachines roar in the forests. Salt of the earth. Sewage of the earth. But without the snake, the hawk pines away.

I love my critics.
On the neck of one of them
There shines a fragrant,
Bald antihead!

... I sleep by open windows.
Stars fall, somewhere hissing.
And skyscrapers hang like stalactites
On the globe's belly.

And beneath me, upside down, Jabbed into the Earth forklike, A carefree cute butterfly, You live, my antiworld!

Why in the night Do antiworlds meet?

Why do they sit together And watch TV?

They can't understand a single sentence. Their first time is their last time.

They sit, forgetting about good manners. But they'll regret it later.

Their ears glow red, Like perching butterflies. . . .

... Yesterday a lecturer I know told me: "Antiworlds? Baloney!..."
I sleep, tossing, half-awake.
Probably that scientific slob is right.

My cat, like a radio set, Tunes his green eye in on the world.





he people of Norilsk, a Soviet city within the Arctic Circle, don't like going out of doors because cruel, icy blizzards can sweep them off their feet. This is a permafrost region, nothing extraordinary for Siberia. Norilsk, also stands next to many metal deposits, and this was why it was built. While Norilsk's metallurgical plants process extracted ore, geologists continue to prospect here in the tundra. The world's most northern hydroelectric station is being built on the Khantaika River to supply increasing industrial needs. To shield machinery and equipment from this most rigorous climate, a mammoth cave is being cut into rock to house them. Meanwhile the town where the maintenance personnel live will be built under a glass dome. Life on the sixty-ninth parallel and further north is described in a picture story in January.





Iso in this issue is an illustrated account of how Soviet people welcome the New Year, complete with fascinating details on traditional celebrations, down to recipes that make a New Year's party a smashing success. Throughout the vast territory of the USSR, the New Year is greeted eleven times—once for every time zone.

Mikhail Romm, a leading Soviet film director, airs his views about movies and developments made by the younger producers, drawing the line of demarcation between modern and modernistic. Among the many popular films Mikhail Romm has produced is *Nine Days of One Year*, which has been shown abroad, and the sensational documentary *Ordinary Fascism*, revealing the roots of Fascism in Germany and its many traits.

The history of the establishment in 1932 of diplomatic relations between the USSR and the USA is described at length. Instrumental in this event was Maxim Litvinov, then People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs of the USSR. In this issue which carries the first of four stories about Litvinov that we plan to publish, we describe the events leading up to Litvinov's Washington visit and his meeting with President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Tatyana Mavrina is termed a typically Russian artist. While profoundly individual in manner, her work is indeed typically Russian—as can be glimpsed from her landscapes, fairy tales and urban and rustic scenes.

Is contact with extraterrestrial civilization dangerous? Academician Gustav Naan of Estonia says it's not easy to answer this question. He presents several arguments against the idea but after weighing the pros and cons, concludes that it is necessary to attempt such contact.

The KVN Quiz and Fun Club is a televised show in which teams from various colleges, research establishments and factories participate.

A U.S. television producer is in the Soviet Union shooting films about the country which he plans to show over American television.

COMING SOON

The new law on marriage and family.

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THE DEITIES OF PERM

Text and photographs by Vladimir Desyatnikov, Art Critic PROBABLY NO OTHER MUSEUM has so rich a collection of wooden folk sculpture—more than 600 items—as the gallery in Perm, a Russian town in the Urals.

The history of Perm wooden sculpture goes back many centuries to the time before the Russians came to the Urals, when the native people worshipped idols carved of wood. Christianity was brought to the Perm country early in the fifteenth century by Stefan, pupil of the famous religious leader Sergei of Radonezh, who came to be called Sergei of Perm The Permyaks, the people who lived in that area, accepted Christianity, but they held on to many of their old customs, including sacrifices to idols. The first churches were built on the sites of pagan temples. Here the people worshipped the Christian god in the same way they had worshipped their old gods. It is noteworthy that the Permyaks revered statues, not icons. There was one in almost every large Permyak village and in many Russian villages, where assimilation had been going on for several centuries. Wooden church sculpture did not begin to spread immediately after the native population became Christian.

As a matter of fact, in the first Christian decades images were destroyed. Russian missionaries introduced church sculpture in the Perm area only after it was in general use in Russia's central and northern regions.
Almost all the Perm sculptures are carved of pine or linden. The older images, made of hard pine, are usually severe and monumental. In the eighteenth century when baroque became the style in Russia, the turn was made to soft linden that allowed the artist to carve intricate folds of clothing and decorate the iconostases with delicate carvings. The early sculptures were discerning character studies, the later ones were distinguished for their elaborate ornamentation. The most widespread sculptures in the Perm country were crucifixes, often with saints. The carved crucifix is the oldest subject in Russian sculpture. Two of the finest are the Vilgort bas-relief and the great, 6.7-foot Tatar Christ—with something of Michelangelo about it-from the town of Usolye. The Crucifixion from Vilgort village is a typical example of early Perm carving. Its closest affinity is with the bronze crosses of the seventeenth



Paraskeva of Friday (fragment). Seventeenth century.

Mater Dolorosa. Eighteenth century.

The Lord (fragment). Eighteenth century.





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and massive head, typical of icons in the North, enabled the carver to make the face the focus of all the emotions, and this he did with remarkable plasticity and expressiveness. The Tatar Christ is the most memorable of the Perm crucifixes. The head of Christ is beautifully executed. The face is calmly spiritual, without a trace of naturalism, everything is generalized. Only second after the crucifix for popularity in the Perm area is the Seated Saviour. The statue represents Christ, beaten and bound, wearing a crown of thorns, in a dungeon awaiting crucifixion. The popularity of the seated saviour theme is probably explained by the fact that the pagan Permyaks worshiped a seated Golden Woman. The statue was not, of course, resurrected in its original form in the eighteenth century, but some of its characteristics were reflected in the Seated Saviour. Nikolai the Wonder Worker, a saint long revered in Russia as the defender of towns and fortresses,

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century, and it is evidently a unique reproduction in wood of such a

cross. The conventionally narrow body

has a special place in the Perm collection. He is shown most often with a sword in his right hand; in his left hand he holds the symbolic image of the town he protects in the form of a church. The phrase "deities of Perm" does not signify that the Permyaks were the only people who made deities. Many of the nationalities in that area carved wooden images: the Russians, Permyaks, Zyryans, Voguls, Tatars and other peoples. Perm's wooden sculpture reflects the social history of this once backward region. Art developed at a slower pace here than in the central parts of Russia, but it went through all the stages and had its flowering in the eighteenth century. Like all Russian church carving, Perm sculpture was twice officially interdicted by the Synod. With the first interdict of 1722 prohibiting wooden sculpture in large towns, image carving ceased. The Perm area, however, was far from the seat of church authority and was hardly touched by the interdict. The second Synod prohibition was in 1832. Both interdicts were part of the church's struggle against Roman Catholicism.

When the second interdict reached Perm, overzealous diocesan officials stripped the churches and chapels of wooden images and carted them off to various repositories. That accounts for the chance collections found in several Northern Russian towns. The high point of Perm sculpture is the period marked by realism and a departure from conventionalized interpretation, a move toward a more democratic art. It did not stay at that high level longer than a century, however, for a number of reasons, one being that the old wood carving did not conform to the demands of the new classicism, sculptural carving lost its original significance. It turned to purely decorative purposes and away from majestic monumental sculpture. By the middle of the nineteenth century it was reduced to a craft. In recent years there have been well-attended exhibitions of old wood sculpture in Moscow, Leningrad, Archangelsk, Rostov and Veliki. It is gratifying that the movement to study and popularize old Russian art has been initiated by young artists, who want their own work to reflect deep-rooted national traditions.





Fragment of crucifixion from Vilgort. Eighteenth century.

The Seated Saviour. Eighteenth century. https://hdl.handle.net/2027/ucl.31210023618893 Generated on 2025-04-16 06;39 GMT

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SOVIET LIFE

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

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Is it possible to buy Soviet planes or helicopters? Q	6/1	(1)	.95
New Car Model, AC Air France Flies an IL-62, AC Flowers in Porcelain, AC	6(1	41)	:26
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Operating M-J-L	7(1	42)	:22
River AC	7/1	40)	.00
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Stadium Under a Roof AC	7(1	42)	.23
Stadium Under a Roof, AC - Norwegian Blue Foxes in			
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New University Campus, AC	7(1	42)	:23
Troffe Pegulater AC	7(1	42)	:23
Traffic Regulator, AC New Electric	7(1	42)	:23
Locomotive AC	7/1	42)	.00
Locomotive, AC Hot Underground Lake, AC	7(1	42)	:23
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output? Q Have you any tidal stations? Q	7(1	42)	:24
Have you any tidal			0.4
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towns in the near			
future? Q	7(1	42)	:24
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formation on Soviet weil			
roads figures on tonnage			
compared to American railroads. Do you have automatic couplings, air			
railroads. Do you have			
automatic couplings, air			
brakes and centralized traffic control? Q	0/1	200	0.0
Would you place tall us	8(1	43)	:37
Would you please tell us about housing cooperatives? Q			
cooperatives? Q	010	43)	
m 1 0 10	8(1		:37
Tula Samovars, AC	8(1	43)	:37 :52
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Tula Samovars, AC Moving Derricks, AC Jet-Driven Rail Car, AC Nautical Thanks, AC New Factory in Smolensk, AC Trout Farm, AC Bus for Sub-Zero Weather, AC Another Volga "Sea," AC	8(1 8(1 8(1 8(1 8(1 8(1 8(1 8(1	43) 43) 43) 43) 43) 43) 43)	:37 :52 :52 :52 :52 :52 :52 :53 :53
Tula Samovars, AC Moving Derricks, AC Jet-Driven Rail Car, AC Nautical Thanks, AC New Factory in Smolensk, AC Trout Farm, AC Bus for Sub-Zero Weather, AC Another Volga "Sea," AC Watches for Every	8(1 8(1 8(1 8(1 8(1 8(1 8(1 8(1	43) 43) 43) 43) 43) 43) 43)	:37 :52 :52 :52 :52 :52 :52 :53 :53
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men in history, specifically								
of such apostles of de- mocracy as George								
Washington and Thomas	-	/ 7		0.1		4	4	
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The scientific method is to	Ð	(1	4	U)) :	2	26	
select and analyze facts. The scientist must in-								
vestigate every fact,								
refutes his hypothesis. If								
the latter is true, he must								
a new one. Why did not								
hold to this principle? Q	5 (1	41))		3	6	
When and how will the state				1				
The scientist must investigate every fact, whether it supports or refutes his hypothesis. If the latter is true, he must scrap his old hypothesis for a new one. Why did not Marx and his followers hold to this principle? Q When and how will the state wither away in the USSR? Q 'Ignorance Never Helped Anybody".	5 (1	40))	:	5	0	
'Ignorance Never Helped Anybody''	5 (1	40))		5	0	
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The Fight Against Infant					
The Fight Against Infant Paralysis A Russian Doctor in Mali, AC	2(
Transistor Probe for Animals, AC Doctor Vitali Popov: pre-	2(
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venting heart disease Can the magnetic field be used for treating dis- eases? If so, which? Q New Cancer Center, AC Plant Hunters, AC Incubator-Hatched Vipers, AC Spare Parts for the	1/	10	.,		1.1
eases? If so, which? Q New Cancer Center, AC	4(4(4(13 13	9)	::	25 44
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