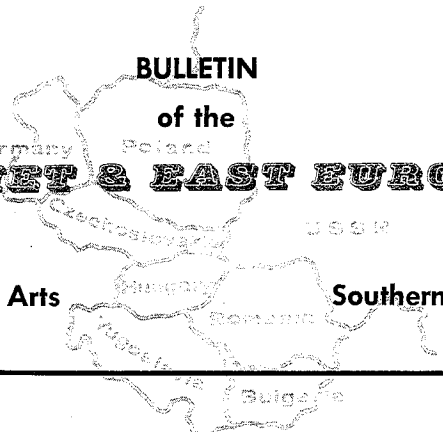


BULLETIN
of the
CENTER FOR SOVIET & EAST EUROPEAN STUDIES



College of Communications and Fine Arts
Carbondale, Illinois 62901, U.S.A.

Southern Illinois University at Carbondale
Tel.: 453-5174, Area Code 618

SPRING 1976

NO. 17

Soviet Cultural Events at SIU for the Month of April under the auspices of the College of Communications and Fine Arts and the Center as a Southern Illinois University contribution to the Helsinki Agreement.

The President of SIU, Dr. Warren Brandt, had extended an invitation to the distinguished Soviet composer Mr. Georgi Sviridov, People's Artist of the U.S.S.R. and Laureate of Lenin & State Prizes, and to Anatole Dobrynin, Ambassador of the U.S.S.R., to be present at this Soviet Cultural Event, with performances of musical works by Mr. Sviridov, including the *Mayakovsky Oratorio Pathetique* and *Poem in Memory of Yessenin*, which would have been world premieres of the English versions, in authorized translations by Herbert Marshall.

However, though in principle the Ministry of Culture of the U.S.S.R. and Union of Soviet Composers had given their blessing to this proposed visit, it was unfortunately not found possible to obtain the full orchestral and choral parts of these works from Moscow in time for the scheduled performance, and regretfully the visit had to be postponed.

Below is a schedule of events:

Schedule of Events

I. **FILMS**—Four Soviet Films with introductions and discussions led by Herbert Marshall and Michael Glenny of the Center, Associate Professor Peter Bukalski, Chairman of Cinema and Photography Department, and Assistant Professor Steve Fagin. The film showings are as follows:

Date	Film	Director	Speaker	Time-Place
April 8	Uncle Vanya	(Konchalovsky)	Bukalski	7:30 Student Center Aud.
April 15	My Name Is Ivan	(Tarkovsky)	Glenny	6:00 Student Center Aud.
April 22	Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors	(Paradjanov)	Marshall	7:30 Student Center Aud.
April 29	The Black Bird With White Spots	(Ilyenko)	Fagin	7:30 Student Center Aud.

II. **Soviet Art Exhibition**—To run one week, April 12–April 16, featuring works from the collection of Herbert Marshall and Fredda Brilliant. The exhibition will include oil paintings, gouache, linocuts, moncuts, and lithographs of contemporary Soviet artists. Communications Lounge, 10–4 P.M.
Monday, April 12th—lecture by Professor John Bowl, University of Texas, “A Survey of 19th and 20th Cen-

tury Russian Art,” focusing on the differences in Pre and Post Revolutionary Art. Lawson Hall, Room 141, SIU Campus, 7 P.M.

III. **Soviet Poetry Reading**—Introduction by Michael Glenny. Poetry reading of translations by Herbert Marshall from his anthology *Fifty Years of Soviet Poetry*. Wednesday, April 14, Morris Library Auditorium, 7:30 P.M.

IV. **Soviet Music Concert I**—Works by the distinguished Soviet composer Georgi Sviridov with solos sung by Assistant Professor Dan Pressley accompanied by Nancy Gamble Pressley. Piano solos by Nancy Gamble Pressley. Shryock Auditorium, 8:00 P.M.

V. **Soviet Music Concert II**—Shostakovich Symphony No. 9 (Allegro, Moderato, Presto, Lento, Allegro Moderato). The SIU Symphony under the direction of Dr. Robert Bergt, Shryock Auditorium, 8:00 P.M.

FREDDA BRILLIANT SCULPTURE EXHIBITION

Southern Illinois University—Carbondale, through the University Museum and Art Galleries, will present in its new South Exhibit Gallery in Faner Hall a “Forty Years Retrospective Exhibition” of the internationally famous sculptress, Fredda Brilliant. Ms. Brilliant is the wife of University Research Professor, Herbert Marshall, and has been living in Carbondale since 1966. During this time she has done many commissions throughout the world, both for governments and noted personalities, including: the official Mahatma Gandhi memorial, now in Tavistock Square in London; the official bust of Sir Isaac Hayward for the Hayward Gallery, South Bank London; Sir Maurice Bowra, former Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University; and the Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, Carl Albert, for Oxford University, England; portraits of the previous Prime Minister of India, Pandit Nehru and his daughter, the present Prime Minister, which are now in art galleries and public institutions in India. Her Monumental portraits of the great Soviet poet, Mayakovsky, and the Ukrainian national bard, Taras Shevchenko, and the great Russian film director, Sergei Eisenstein, have all been acquired by the Soviet government through its Ministry of Culture, and placed in appropriate museums.

There was a public reception opening the exhibition on Saturday, March 6, 1976, under the chairmanship of Dr. Warren Brandt, President of Southern Illinois University—Carbondale. The present Indian Ambassador to the United States, the Honorable T. K. Kaul, who has known Fredda Brilliant's work for over twenty-five years, made a brief honorary address. The artist was present.

The exhibition will close March 24, 1976. Visiting Hours are 10:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. Monday through Friday.

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P1



Paul Robeson brings culture to darkest London

OBITUARY: PAUL ROBESON (1898-1976)

I first saw Paul Robeson in 1926, from the gallery of the Ambassador Theatre in the West End of London. The hypnotic power of the play—O'Neill's *The Emperor Jones*—was a shattering experience, and the giant negro with a superb figure and a wonderful voice played the doomed hero perfectly. I never dreamed in those days when I waited for hours for a shilling gallery seat that I should actually gain the friendship of this wonderful man, and produce him on stage and screen.

Then four years later I met him personally, backstage, when he acted Othello in Maurice Browne's production, with Sybil Thorndike as Emilia and Peggy Ashcroft as Desdemona.

Though Shakespeare wrote the role of the Moor, Othello, with a black in mind, the idea of one actually playing the part opposite a white heroine was something daring, even for England, at that time.

The production, however, was not an artistic success, and years later, when I was directing Paul, he admitted to me, with that utter frankness of his nature that it was the first time he had been 'directed.' He said: "You know, Bert, I didn't know what I was doing then. I was praised to the skies as a 'natural genius,' and every director took it for granted that he didn't have to direct me. Acting was suppose to come 'naturally' to me! I had more false pride than today, and wouldn't admit I was like a child stumbling in the dark. So that was why I determined to act Othello properly and make up for weakness in that production. Later, that day did come."

The day came when he played Othello on Broadway, in 1943, with Jose Ferrer as Iago, and created the longest run of that play in American theatre history.

The next time I met Paul was in Russia, in 1934, at Belorussky Station, when the great film director Eisenstein, his cameraman Tisse, Afinogenev and his wife and myself greeted the Robesons as they first set foot in Moscow. He had come at the invitation of Eisenstein to discuss starring in a film about the Negro genius Toussaint L'Ouverture, leader of the first successful slave revolt in modern history, the liberator of Haiti. Paul came to the All-Union Institute of Cinematography at which I was studying under Eisenstein and it was from that time that we became firm friends. He was full of enthusiasm and of plans for the future. He wanted to create a theatre and cinema company, where, in complete equality, plays and films would be produced, with black and

CENTER FOR SOVIET AND EAST EUROPEAN STUDIES

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Michael Glenny, Research Associate

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white actors playing both their own roles and each other's. He wanted to present blacks as they really are, not as "the noble savage," "the devoted servant," or "the gibbering idiot," but as normal citizens carrying on their jobs and lives in the same manner as white people. Paul Robeson was never satisfied with the fact that he, a black, had become a world star, and was therefore treated with special respect. He wanted all men to be treated equally, irrespective of race.

Paul said that three fundamental events in his life in England had changed his course. One was his meeting with the Jewish refugees from Hitler, in aid of whom he gave special concerts. He suddenly realized the parallel with his own people in their ghettos, and this was the starting point of his political awareness.

The next was that on his way to Russia in 1934, he and Essie stayed in Berlin for a couple of days and were threatened by Hitler's stormtroopers at the Railway station. He said to Essie that it felt like a lynching party.

It can be imagined therefore how much greater an impression was made on him leaving Hitler's Berlin to arrive in Soviet Moscow and be treated, as he said to Eisenstein 'not as a Negro, but a human being.' In those days there was still some genuine internationalism in Russia which was later wiped out by Stalinism and the purges.

And the third was in 1937 when we organized concerts to help the Spanish Republic, where he sang songs of the International Brigade, some of which I translated. I also produced at the Unity Theatre the first Bertold Brecht play in England, 'Senora Carreras Rifles,' specially written for Spain, and made films for the Republic. Here Paul publicly stated that every artist and scientist must make his mind up where he stands.

More and more, Paul's concert performance became a platform for his democratic ideas expressed in song. He began to study the folk songs of the world and discovered their essential unity. He studied many languages, and was delighted when he found, for example, a similarity between Georgian and Bantu folk songs. Gradually his repertoire became more international than any other singer's in history and I co-operated with him, translating songs from Russian, German, Spanish, Hebrew, Yiddish and other languages.

Paul wanted to play Othello in Russian with a Soviet company, and to sing Boris Godounov, Moussorgsky's opera based on the great drama of Pushkin (who was also of black origin). However he had concert engagements in Europe and the U.S.A. which he had to fulfill, and these ambitious projects came to nought, as Nazism grew in Germany and the Soviet Union was cut off more and more from the outside world.

Three years later I met Paul in London. We lived near each other on the edge of Hampstead Heath. He would stroll across to pose for my wife, who made a sculpture of him. We continued to discuss together more concretely the plans we had talked over. Though he was offered fabulous salaries to star in Hollywood films and West End roles, he preferred to play in my production at the Unity Theatre (which I helped to found), where a selfless band of actors worked for nothing to put on plays of social significance.

I was happy, at last, to direct him in *Plant in the Sun*, which dealt with a sit-down strike in America. Though there was no black part written in it, Paul played the leading role without the altering of a word. Instead of occupying the star's dressing room at the famed Drury Lane Theatre, Paul shared one room with the whole company, in an abandoned chapel that we had converted and built into a theatre.

The production caused a sensation, both artistically and because Paul had publicly renounced the commercial theatre of the day. Everyone came to see this play—and it was at

this production that the future Prime Minister of India, Mr. Nehru, first met Paul Robeson. He came with Krishna Menon to our little Theatre in 1938, and there the two great men became friends. For Paul had always been in the forefront of the struggle for the liberation of subjugated peoples, whatever their color.

Later in the States Paul wrote: "I gave up two years of my time then—way back in 1936/7—to help build workers' theatres in Great Britain, to help develop working class culture in the full meaning of the term."* That included helping me financially so that instead of earning my living elsewhere I could dedicate my full time to Unity Theatres all over the country.

At this time Paul was also dissatisfied with the film scripts he was offered and we discussed the problem of finding a suitable screen story. Eventually my wife and I started writing one ourselves, called *The Proud Valley*, and it was made into the most important film Paul has ever played in. It was a landmark in the cinematic representation of the racial problem to show a black man's whole-hearted acceptance by the Welsh mining community, particularly when they hear him sing. When an adverse comment is made about his color, a friend retorts, "Aren't Dad and brother Emlyn black too when they come up from the pit?" However, in the middle of the production of *The Proud Valley* war broke out, altering the plans Paul and I had for future films and plays. He returned to the States to fulfill other contracts, and then could not come back for the the duration of the war.

He made a triumphant second trip in 1947, singing to the high-priced seats in the Albert Hall (the largest in London, 10,000 seats), on the condition that his impresario also organize concerts to satisfy the mass audiences who wanted to hear him. The impresario protested there was no hall big enough to hold such audiences. "Then hire a football stadium," said Paul. They did! He sang to hundreds of thousands of people similarly throughout the country. His modesty and his sincerity won the hearts of all, even those who opposed his views.

In the midst of those preparations for concerts, plays and films, Paul went back to the U.S.A. to give evidence at the Un-American Trials of the Hollywood Ten, as those McCarthy victims have been called. His passport was taken away. He was not allowed out! So all our plans crashed, a second time! Soon Paul found that all the usual halls and theatres banned him, that his records were withdrawn and no more issued, and that he could not appear in any theatre, cinema or film studio.

His only outlet was in black centres and churches, or some odd labour hall. His source of income dried up, and he was now forced to sell his home! His life was threatened, and eventually he went to stay with his brother, a minister in Harlem.

Despite protests from all over the world, from all classes and groups of every political color and none, and despite invitations from numerous countries, both official and unofficial, the U.S. would not give him his passport. But public opinion, climaxed by the celebration of his 60th birthday in India, forced the day.

At that time my wife and I were in India, guests of Prime Minister Nehru whom, of course, we had first met in the thirties with Paul. We enlisted his support for the growing volume of protest for giving Paul his passport.

At the same time I urged my professional colleagues Anthony Quayle, and Glen Byam-Shaw, then heads of the Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, to invite

*"Freedom" New York, Vol. 1, No. 4, April 1951.

Paul to star in *Othello*, which it was intended I was to direct. They did so. Suddenly Paul was given his passport and left immediately for England, ready for *Othello*. Alas, I was busy on film contracts in India and unable to return to direct Paul, which was a double pity because I learned later that he was not satisfied with the direction he received.

However, in the late fifties I finally returned from India to work exclusively with Paul. We planned a series on TV 'Meet Paul Robeson'; to produce him again in a new *Othello*; to produce scenes from the Moussorgsky opera *Boris Godounov*, which Paul would sing in Russian; to commission a play on the great black leader of Haiti, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who led the black revolt that defeated Napoleon, and finally, to produce a play and film on the life of Ira Aldridge, the Black Tragedian. My wife and I prepared a film treatment, which however was not produced and finally emerged as a book.*

Eventually this book was translated into Ukrainian with a preface by Paul, probably the last thing he ever wrote. In a letter to me at the time he said.

Dear Herb,

Thanks for sending me your book on Ira Aldridge. He has always, of course, been a hero of mine—one to emulate and treasure. Even though I knew his daughter and studied with her here in London, I had no idea of Aldridge's tremendous stature and contribution. And what a wonderful story of the theatre in New York . . . I would certainly say that this work is 'definitive' in the highest sense. Thanks for another most important contribution to our cultural heritage. More power to you—hope to get together with you soon.

All the best,

(signed) Paul.

Such were our plans and at that time Paul gave me a recommendation I happened to need and this is what he wrote:

"To Whom It May Concern:

I have worked with Mr. Marshall on many occasions and have found him to be a person of the highest integrity. He will be working with me, as my adviser and director in the near future. He is a friend of whom I can speak in the highest terms.

(signed) Paul Robeson."

Among other things he was a great linguist. He knew and studied up to twenty languages. He loved to sing international songs in the original as well as in translation. I contributed with my translations. One of them was a famous *Kaddish* of Levi Itskhok Ben Sarah from Berdichev (written in Yiddish and Hebrew). This town is of course one of the famous *shtetls* in old Russia. Paul chose it as one of the few songs (at that time) where the Jew strikes back, even at Jehovah!

After over 23 years my wife and I were invited to the Soviet Union (after the death of Stalin, of course) and we met our dearest and most faithful friend, Eisenstein's widow, Pera Attasheva. She adored Paul and the first one she asked about was him. I told her he had not yet recovered from a mental breakdown. She commiserated and said 'But I understand why. It nearly happened to all of us.' (She meant under the Stalinist terror, of course.) And then she gave us some information that indicated what had happened to Paul, but about which he had said nothing publicly. It seems that when

he came back after the war to Moscow, as a highly honoured guest of the Soviet Government, he naturally asked to meet many of his old friends (who were by and large old friends of ours). But he could meet hardly anybody. Eisenstein had died of heart-failure after the Party attack on his *Ivan the Terrible* part II. Many of the others were in Gulag or already dead, but not a word was said. There was a total cover-up. Then he insisted on meeting Itzik Pfeffer, the Yiddish poet, who had always been an ardent Party-man. They made excuses that he was away on tour, reading his poetry, etc. But finally, when the insistence of such an honoured guest became embarrassing he was informed that happily, Pfeffer would be passing through Moscow to another assignment and could meet him briefly at the Hotel National. They brought Pfeffer to Paul's suite in the Hotel, where the two chatted together for a couple of hours. Pfeffer behaved apparently quite normally and left, embracing Paul in the Russian manner.

Pera also said that when Paul was there a celebration in honour of Sholom Aleikhem, the great Russian-Jewish writer, was to be held. Somehow this Yiddish writer is the one most tolerated by the Soviet authorities. Pera and her other Jewish friends went. Paul offered to contribute, to sing Yiddish songs, Israeli folk-songs (Palestinian as they were then!) and above all the *Kaddish* of Ben Sarah of Berdichev, which he sang both in Yiddish and Hebrew, and in my English translation. However, the authorities refused to let him sing some of these songs and the *Kadish*, and he was profoundly mortified.

Later, when Paul came during the Khrushchev era, in the days when everyone was talking more freely and telling about the terrible things that had happened, he learned the truth about what had happened to so many of our old comrades and friends, who had been imprisoned in Gulag, murdered or had died from privation and torture. And in particular he learned of the cruel deceit that the KGB had practiced on him with Itzik Pfeffer, who had actually been brought from the Lubyanka prison. Pfeffer had been specially groomed and dressed and warned to behave properly, to pretend that everything was normal. He had, and then he was taken back to the KGB prison. Some time later he was executed, as one of a host of Yiddish intellectuals who were liquidated at the same time. Now of course there is the inevitable attempt of the Communist Party to cover this up. Indeed, on an East German Communist Symposium on Paul held in 1971, an American communist said: "The many forms of repression took toll of Paul's health. He is now recuperating from the efforts made to destroy him by ideologists of racism and their government."* Norbert Kraja, a leading East German Communist official, said: "It is therefore no co-incidence that Paul R. whose health was greatly impaired by imperialist tyranny and persecution, sought treatment in the USSR and GDR, for he could find the security and shelter he urgently needed only in the socialist countries."**

This, as usual is only the half-truth, he found throughout the years such security and shelter in England and it was in a mental hospital in London that I last saw Paul. There is, of course, no doubt that his treatment in his own homeland did help to impair his health. His life was threatened over many years, and the reality of such threats can no longer be denied. But that happened in the late forties and early fifties; his breakdown came in 1961, in Moscow. I know that the final and overwhelming cause of his mental breakdown was the incredible revelations of the 20th Party Congress of the CPSU and of the General Secretary of the CPSU, Nikita Khrushchev and de-Stalinisation. Paul was like *Othello* in life;

**Ira Aldridge* by Herbert Marshall and Mildred Stock, paperback, Southern Illinois University Press, Carbondale, Illinois. 1968—

**Arbeitshefte*, published Germana Academy of Art, Berlin, 192, p. 17.
***Ibid.* P. 52.

he was a man profoundly trusting in the cause he had given his life to, and in particular his faith in the CPSU. That trust, like Othello's, he found was profoundly and tragically violated, on a scale that made Iago's actions look like child's play.

When Paul learned all that had happened to so many old Soviet friends and comrades, all his Jewish friends, and foreign comrades residing in the Soviet Union, including an emigre black—all innocent people—the truth of their imprisonment, torture and murder and the scale of it was too much for him. Like Othello he collapsed into a state from which, alas, he never recovered. Naturally Essie took him to every possible place in Moscow, East Berlin and London for treatment.

So, again all our plans collapsed. My life was profoundly affected by his break-down and I too did what I could to help his recovery.

In his retreat from the world, Paul wasn't running away from 'imperialist tyranny or repression.' Paul was fearless, as he showed above all during the Peekskill riots, when his life was directly threatened and he went on singing. No, Paul retreated from another world that had betrayed him, the world of the CPSU. That is why he didn't want to meet those who would remind him of that tragic period.

His son, Paulie, admitted this when I first met him in the States after some fourteen years. Then we discussed in depth the situation of Paul and what, if anything, I could do. He agreed it was Paul's reaction to de-Stalinisation and all of that terrible Soviet tragedy that had caused his father's breakdown. But later it seems that everyone around Paul tried to cover up this fact.

Since Paul's illness anything that allegedly came from him is suspect. And the way that I have been kept from seeing Paul adds to my suspicion. I was one of the very few close friends whom Essie permitted to visit him in the mental home and at their own home in London. Paul had retreated into himself. It seemed a case of 'depressive melancholia.' He didn't want to talk about anything connected with our past history. Essie asked me to try and interest him in doing *Boris Godunov*, and *Ivan the Terrible* by Prokofiev which I was then working on. Paul seemed to recover. Then his son Paulie married a Jewish girl in New York and Essie decided they should go back and join the family, despite the feelings they both had about the way they had been treated in the U.S.A.

Since then Paul was kept in total seclusion. None of his closest friends, including myself, have been allowed to see him. I was told that Paul didn't want to see anyone connected with that period which had turned to dust and ashes.

When the celebration of his 75th birthday took place, his son Paulie got in touch with me about borrowing Paul's last film, *The Proud Valley*. But, eventually they refused to let me participate even in that ceremony (which took place also without Paul), although I had been his closest friend and professional colleague. Everyone else was there from Harry Belafonte to Angela Davis. But not me.

I wrote to Paulie only two months before Paul died, begging him to let me see him before that happened. He refused.

My wife and I mourn him deeply. As was said on the death of G. Bernard Shaw, one could say of Paul Robeson, he was one of the first really human beings.

Walter Duranty, the famous columnist, once told me about a meeting he had had with a group of ladies from the U.S. deep south touring Europe. The conversation drifted to the subject: Who was the most outstanding typical American? The group decided that such a person must have been: (1)

born in the U.S.A.; (2) a top notch student and honoured for his scholarship, with the revered Phi-Beta-Kappa; (3) a champion sportsman; (4) skilled in his profession; (5) a scholar and (6) a gentleman; (7) a linguist; (8) a musician; (9) an artist; and (10) must be known to the whole world. By this time the patriotic Southerners admitted that these requirements were too exacting and such a paragon did not exist in reality. But Walter Duranty replied: "Yes, he does. His name is Paul Robeson."

MARK CHAGALL

The famous artist Mark Chagall in his ninetieth year decided to visit his birthplace before he died. It was Vitebsk, BeloRussia. The Ministry of Culture having not exhibited him for over twenty-five years now put on a special show in his honor. His famous frescoes specially designed for the Moscow State Yiddish Theatre had disappeared in all these years and the Theatre and its ensemble had been wiped out in the late Stalin purges. Now the frescoes were produced intact and the artist was asked to inscribe them!

The poet Andrey Voznesensky wrote this poem in honor of Chagall.

THE CORNFLOWERS OF CHAGALL a poem by Andrey Voznesensky from D'EN POEZII 1973 Translated by Herbert Marshall

Of halberd-silver your countenance.
Light gestures reveal your powers.
In your hotel of sprawling clumsiness
a crammed-full jar of cornflowers.

Dear Friend!

So *that's* what you really love and need!
from Vitebsk¹ they wounded and loved you.
Wild-growing stemmy weeds
of deviously crammed-in blue!

Orphaned flowers from the stock of burdocks,
but its blue knows no rivals at all.
The mark of Chagall,
the riddle of Chagall—
At Savyolovsky Station² cost a few kopeks.
They flourished long ago with Boris and Gleb³
midst cheburek⁴ guzzling and NEP's⁵ deafening tone.
In a field of grain—
a bit of blue heaven.
Man doth live but by heaven alone.⁶

In them serrated stained-glass blue
like Gothic's arches heavenward thrown.
Beloved field,
but more beloved heaven's hue.
Man doth live but by heaven alone.

¹From where Chagall came and was educated.

²A railway station in Moscow where collective-farmers sell fruits and flowers from their private holdings.

³Two Russian Saints.

⁴An Eastern spicy pie.

⁵New Economic Policy period when Lenin allowed a temporary reversion to private enterprise.

⁶Here the poet creates a phrase like Church Slavonic, paraphrasing the biblical line: 'Man doth not live by bread alone.'

Cows and mermaids hover in the skyway.
Open your umbrella, entering the highway.
The earth is diverse—
 heaven is one.
Man doth live but by heaven alone.

No heaven exists for mass-consumption people.
The lot of the artist
 is worse than a cripple.
To pay them pieces of silver
 will never atone—
Man doth live but by heaven alone.

How were seeds of cornflower flown
to those far-off fields Elysian?⁷
How did you weave a wreath on the dome
of L'Opera Nationale-Parisian!⁸
Your canvases from fascist nightmares salvaged
were carried over the Pyrenees snow.
Rolled-up in cartons,
 a forbidden heaven,
but man doth live only by heaven alone.

The trumpets of the Lord didn't resound
over the catastrophe of the world—
but through the tubes
 of canvases wound
the Archangel's trumpet
 howled!

Who caressed your cornflowers, Russia,
till cornflowers blossom
 and seed?

For here these weeds are of beauty universal
even though you export them,
 as weeds.

You alight from the train—how they hail you!
Through the grainfield waving quivers run.
The field is spurred on by cornflowers blue,
However you leave—you can't leave everyone . . .

⁷Champs Elysees.

⁸Chagall was invited by Andre Malraux to paint the dome of the Paris Opera with Frescoes.

If you venture out evenings—
 not up to the mark,
Fields gleam with pupils in the evening air.
Ah Mark Zakharovich,
 Ah Zakharovich Mark,
cornflowers everywhere, cornflowers everywhere . . .⁹
Neither Jehovah nor Jesus you drew,
Ah, Marc Zakharovich, paint in your finest tones
that invincible
 testament of blue—
MAN DOTH LIVE BUT BY HEAVEN ALONE.

January 13, 1975
Warm Mineral Springs,
Florida
With some advice from
Professor Vera Karpovich
of Vassar College

PUBLICATIONS

Michael Glenny's translation of a David Markish novel will be published in England as *The Beginning* by Hodder and Stoughton, London, on April 22, 1976, and in the United States as *A New World for Simon Ashkenazy* by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. on May 20, 1976.

James Horner

A modern American composer, Mr. James Horner, has scored a composition called "Conversations", setting to music poetry of the leading Soviet poet Andrey Voznesensky in the authorized translation by Herbert Marshall. The music is for a chamber orchestra and two soloists, and is being submitted to the Broadcast Music Inc. Composition Contest. Professor Marshall's book of translations, *Voznesensky Poems* is published in paperback by Hill & Wang, New York.

⁹A refrain from a poem by Alexei Apukhtin (1840-1893) *Sumaschedshiy Stikhotvoreniye*

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