

**BULLETIN**  
of the  
Center for Soviet & East European Studies

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NO. 21

**SERGEI PARADJANOV LIBERATED!**

This is to inform all the friends and admirers of Paradjanov throughout the world that he has at last been released from his Gulag Prison camp. He was sentenced to five years on alleged "homosexuality," of which he served four years. My staunch aide in the campaign for his release, Peter Broderick, and myself, wish to thank all of those who supported our campaign and signed the petition to the Supreme Soviet for his release.

We suggest that everyone of you should send a message of congratulations to him addressed c/o The Paradjanov family, 9 Basigi Street, Tbilisi, Georgian S.S. Republic, USSR. I have sent my own telegram, as follows, and understand it has been safely delivered:

INT LT SERGEI PARADJANOV

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR FREEDOM AND THANKS TO THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT FOR THIS HUMANITARIAN GESTURE THE WHOLE WORLD IS INTERESTED IN YOU AND YOUR WORK AND HAPPY TO HELP YOU REHABILITATE YOURSELF AND CONTINUE YOUR ARTISTIC WORK LET US KNOW YOU RECEIVED THIS CABLE HAPPY NEW YEAR

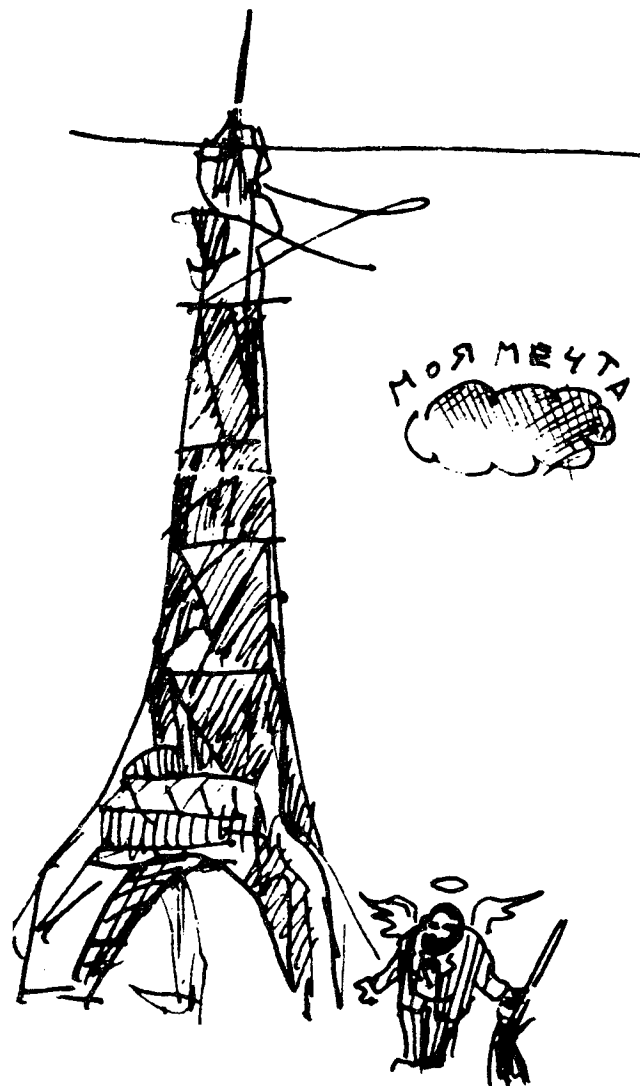
HERBERT MARSHALL

**THANKS TO CARLO RIPA di MEANA AND LA BIENNALE di VENEZIA**

Particular thanks must be paid to that staunch fighter for human rights, the Director of Venice's La Biennale International Festival, Mr. Carlo Ripa di Meana, who despite opposition organized the 1977 Festival on CULTURAL DISSENT in the Soviet and Eastern European Countries. Then with the support of Professor Anthony Liehm set aside a day for an International Seminar on Paradjanov, with Herbert Marshall as Chairman.

The Festival had Seminars on HISTORY, VISUAL ARTS, CINEMA, RELIGION, LITERATURE, THEATRE and SCIENCE, with EXHIBITIONS of NEW SOVIET ART, a non-official perspective; Czechoslovak Graphic Art; SAMIZDAT Books, posters, photos, tapes; film shows of controversial films; Concerts of poets, singers, musicians.

Herbert Marshall was also invited to give papers on Cinema, Theatre and Poetry. The participants included experts from all over the world, but delegates invited from the Soviet Union and other so-called Socialist countries were not allowed to attend. Practically all the famous emigrants attended including Natalia Gorbanevskaya, the poet and Leonid Plusch the scientist, both who had been imprisoned in psychiatric institutions; Henry Gabay, film director; Andrey Sinyavsky, writer; Victor Nekrassov, writer; Alexander Galich, poet and singer; Prof. Efim Etkind, linguist; Oleg Tselkov, the artist; Joseph Brodsky, poet; Alex Khvostenko, poet; Andrej Volkonsky, composer, and many others.



**A DRAWING BY SERGEI PARADJANOV  
MADE IN PRISON:**

(Over the clouds is written in Russian  
My Dream)

*Handwritten signature or scribble at the bottom right of the page.*

**IN MEMORIAM—ALEXANDER GALICH  
(1918—1978)**

Destiny is still an inexplicable phenomenon! It was only a few weeks ago that Alexander Galich (Sasha) and I were together, at Venice, where we were both talking on the nature of dissent in the Soviet Union. I was at the very last concert of his life (given in the beautiful baroque hall—Atenao Vieneto)—where once more I heard those incredible songs of that troubadour of human rights.

Alas, on his return to Paris, by one of those stupid accidents, he electrocuted himself while linking up his guitar and tape recorder.

The significance of the work of Alexander Galich was that his songs were sung and repeated by millions, yet they were never officially published. I think we agreed on one fundamental point of view, that a Communist Party, totalitarian society inevitably forces anyone who tells the truth to be a dissident. In fact, one might say that a dissident in the Soviet Union is one who tries to tell the truth.

Historically the treatment of Galich repeated that of so many other great Soviet writers like Pasternak or Akhmatova and many others who were expelled from the Union of Soviet Writers, from the Literary Fund and from my old Trade Union of Cinematographers, all of course unanimously. It is heartbreaking that to this day these so-called trade unions of writers and cinema workers don't lift a finger to help their fellow members in distress—who years later will probably be declared innocent victims, as after the Stalin terror. They said nothing about Paradjanov in Gulag prison, so all they could say about Galich was that he was "subversive and a danger to Soviet power" and that accusation was true. What Alexander Solzhenitsyn did in monumental prose, Galich did in ballads and song. He was indeed the poet of the Gulag Archipeligo.

Yes, all those members of these Soviet institutions kept silent and Sasha wrote a blistering satiric song, *Silence is Golden!* Not pieces of silver but pieces of gold do these members of the Union of Writers and Cinematographers get for keeping silent about what they know to be inherent injustice, inherent destruction of human rights. Their silence is still golden. Though Sasha as a person is, alas, no longer with us—his songs go on singing their protest.

For this obituary I have specially translated one of the most telling of Galich's songs—THE TRAINS—in which he links the extermination camps of the Nazis with Gulag prison camps of the Stalinists. It is dedicated to Solomon Mikhoels, the great Jewish theatre director and actor, who was murdered on the personal orders of Stalin, as attested by his own daughter, Svetlana Alleyueva.

Herbert Marshall

**SOVIET DISSIDENT ART SIU**

Prof. George Mavigliano of The School of Art, and Prof. Herbert Marshall of the Center for Soviet and East European Studies are organizing a special exhibit of the works of Gregory Perkel, one of the most talented of the younger Soviet artists, who has been forced to emigrate because he is of Jewish extraction. The exhibit will open on April 2nd at the Allyn Gallery on campus. It will comprise lithographs and oil paintings, and the artist himself will give a talk on his experiences as a former member of the official UNION OF SOVIET ARTISTS. Open week days—entrance free.

**THE TRAINS (In Memory of S. M. Mikhoels)  
by Alexander Galich**

—Translated by Herbert Marshall

No longer with rage or indignation  
do we battle or rattle swords now,  
but with villains exchange conversation  
and to informers politely bow.

We don't challenge now or fight our way,  
we're all soul, now, all piety.  
But remember—the trains are still departing!  
D'you hear? The trains are still departing,  
today, today and everyday.

At playing the fool we never fail,  
over foes pour flattery like water from a well.  
But somewhere over rails, over rails, over rails—  
clatter wheels, clatter wheels, clatter wheels, clatter wheels . . .

Such placid good manners have now been implanted,  
the minimum effort is now employed,  
for it seems to us the devious path now  
is the shortest between two points.

Our insurance policy we've paid for,  
feasts fit for kings we display,  
but remember—the trains are still departing.  
Don't you hear them? The trains are departing  
today, today and everyday.

We nit-pick the floors, hang blinds to conceal,  
so our Eden won't be beyond the pale.  
But somewhere over rails, over rails, over rails—  
clatter wheels, clatter wheels, clatter wheels, clatter wheels . . .

As the era speeds on into somnolence  
we live, but aren't alive in any sense,  
and non-resistance to conscience—  
is the most convenient extravagance!

Nevertheless at times beneath the heart  
we are stabbed with depression and angry dismay—  
for our trains to Oswiencim\* are departing,  
to Oswiencim our trains are departing,  
today, today and everyday!

And our fates are as if together linked—  
we together slither slopes or climb up hills!  
For eternally over rails, over hearts, over skins,  
clatter wheels, clatter wheels, clatter wheels, clatter wheels!

\* One of the Nazi's death camps.

**CENTER FOR SOVIET AND EAST EUROPEAN  
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## PUBLICATIONS

THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN THEATRE by Herbert Marshall is now published by Crown Publishers, N.Y. It is the only book of its kind in the world covering the whole history of the Russian theatre from the XVI century until 1976 with over 540 illustrations, many rare and unique. It is copiously annotated with a historical review by the author of all the outstanding theatres, dramatists, directors, designers, and actors. The veteran theatre director and drama critic, Harold Clurman has written an introduction and the well-known translator of Solzhenitsyn, Michael Glenny has written a postscript. Price \$14.95.

Here is a sample of many reviews on this book: From the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*: "An exceptional volume without precedent in its field among works in English, Marshall's fine book and exhaustive research and study should serve readers of a wide range of interests. It is not easy, these days, to produce a basic book, but Mr. Marshall has done it, in a highly engrossing manner, as well."—Joseph O. Fischer, Staff Member Missouri State Council on the Arts.

### PAUL ROBESON: (Aftermath V) James Earl Jones as PAUL ROBESON Lynn-Fontanne Theatre, N.Y.

We recommend all our readers to go and see this valiant effort of James Earl Jones and Philip Dean to present the life of Paul on the stage in a monodrama. Because they tried to show Paul more objectively, they inevitably found themselves in conflict (as I was) with Paul Robeson Jr. and his political supporters, of whom I have written about in previous bulletins.

See the show and judge for yourself—it is a magnificent presentation, although I myself feel that a good deal of controversial material has been left out (including Eisenstein; Unity Theatre and myself; Paul's last film *The Proud Valley*, his confrontation with de-Stalinization, his breakdown and finally being held incommunicado for practically the last ten years of his life).

The leading drama critic Walter Kerr of the *New York Times* Jan. 29th writes, inter alia: "James Earl Jones seems to me, on the evidence of this and earlier performances, close to a great actor. He may come closer than that. As he begins to shape the figure who will become internationally celebrated and then internationally controversial . . ."

Go and see it!

### NIKOLAI ASEYEV and EUGENE YEVTUSHENKO —POEMS

Among my dearest friends in Russia were the leading Soviet poet Nikolai Aseyev and his wonderful wife, Oksana. He had been the closest friend of Vladimir Mayakovsky and was deeply depressed when he committed suicide.<sup>1</sup> Like many other Soviet poets, Nikolai Aseyev wrote poems to 'put in the drawer,' which he knew not only would never pass the Stalinist censorship, but probably, if discovered, would have put him in a Gulag Prison camp, if not worse. Yevtushenko has written on FEAR after de-Stalinization but Nikolai did this during the period of 'the cult of the personality' expressing the profound fear that pervaded all Soviet society in that tragic era. Kolya personally gave me this and other unpublished poems only a year before he died.

I print also my translation of Yevtushenko's poem on the same perennial subject in the USSR—written some thirty years later; but about which the last word hasn't been said—except that now there are more fearless souls than ever.

<sup>1</sup> see Mayakovsky, Herbert Marshall, Hill and Wang, 1965; Dobson UK 1977

## FEAR by Nikolai Aseyev\*

### Authorized Translation by Herbert Marshall

My main enemy is fear. Fear that conceals events in a fog.  
Fear that dogs my every footstep and destroys.  
I am defenceless and naked before it.  
I not only fear a pilot ripping the sky,  
I fear even the flight of a butterfly,  
when an apparition from the forest green  
it suddenly bursts before me.  
Sweetly, sweetly the nightingale sings  
trilling the passion of Spring,  
But just see what comes to pass  
when power is put into its grasp:  
its voice swells to a horse-like neigh  
through the whole world bellowing its way,  
till the moon in the sky turns a somersault  
shuddering the starry crystals in heaven's vault.  
Fear became sole master of this earth.  
fear invaded its valleys and hills,  
fear squat on poems, novels, hearts,  
on studios, pictures, works of art.  
In the old days heretics were burned alive,  
heads from the block fell severed,  
but such fear those old days never knew  
fear existed, but *this* kind—never!

\* 'FEAR' unpublished poem by Nikolai Aseyev. m/ss in Herbert Marshall's Archives at Center.

## FEARS by Eugene Yevtushenko\*

### Authorized Translation by Herbert Marshall

Fears are dying in our Russian land,  
like ghosts of years now dead,  
only in churchways, crone-like, they stand,  
here and there still begging for bread.

I remember them in their power and pride  
in the courtyard of triumphant lies.  
Everywhere, like shadows, fears would glide.  
Up to every floor they'd climb.

People were very quietly tamed.  
and on everything a seal was set.  
When they should have been silent—to shout they were  
trained,  
when they should have shouted—silent they were kept.

Today it's become remote and abnormal,  
strange even to remember it any more—  
those secret fears about someone informing  
or that fear at a knock at the door.

And to talk to foreigners one was afraid!  
To foreigners—that's nothing! To one's wife one was scared.  
And what about that infinity of fear—to remain  
a pair with the silence—after the brass band's blare?

But this wasn't cowardice at all.  
With conviction brave and clean,  
the Chklovs soared high over the Pole,<sup>1</sup>  
the Stakhanovs burrowed deep through the seams.<sup>2</sup>

To build in blizzards we'd no fear or dread,  
to advance under fire in war's own hell,  
yet were often frightened to death  
to talk to one's very own self.

Fears are dying in our Russian land,  
and, you can imagine, it's better without them,  
now buildings are rising on every hand  
not for poster-figures—but living men.

We weren't corrupted nor crushed in those years,  
and not for nothing in our foes,  
seeing Russia overcoming her fears,  
their own still greater grow.

I now see fresh fears appear:  
fear of being insincere to our land,  
fear of untruth debasing ideas  
on which truth itself must stand.

Fear of fanfaring till stupefaction inflates,  
fear of repeating words alien to oneself,  
fear of belittling others with lack of faith  
and of overweening faith in oneself.

And when, involuntarily hurrying along,  
these very lines I write,  
then I write them with one fear alone,  
that I write not with all my might . . .

<sup>1</sup> Chkalov was the first Soviet airman to fly over the North Pole to the U.S.

<sup>2</sup> Stakhanov was the champion coal miner of the period.

\* see "Yevtushenko Poems" translated by Herbert Marshall, Duttons, N.Y., 1965.

### GRADUATE RESEARCH ASSISTANT REQUIRED

A new Graduate Research Assistant is required for the new educational year commencing August 21, 1978. Must be highly proficient in modern Russian language and interested in Soviet Art and Culture, to work on translations and research in the areas of Soviet Cinema and Theatre. Can be a candi-

date for MA, MFA, or Ph.D. in Theatre Department or interdisciplinary. All tuition fees waived plus \$325 to \$375 per month for 50% of time.

### OBITUARY IVY LITVINOV (1897-1977)

I knew Ivy Litvinov since the early thirties when we worked together on Basic English and had meetings with her both in the sixties in Moscow and in the seventies in Brighton, England. I will be writing about her for a future *Bulletin*.

When we last met I especially urged her to write about her unique experiences as wife of Stalin's Foreign Minister, Maxim Litvinov.

She said she was doing so—but was reticent to talk about it. I only hope her executors will publish whatever she did write. She would have had a lot to tell of that extraordinary period, in which she and her husband escaped the purges and the terror and GULAG by the skin of their teeth, as she once told me.

### FESTSCHRIFT

A FESTSCHRIFT in honour of Marshall's 50 YEARS' RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION is now being collated under the editorship of Professor Byron Raizis, English Department, Southern Illinois University. He welcomes any contributions from those who worked with or knew Marshall at any period of his life.

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