

FREE SERGO PARADJANOV CAMPAIGN AGAIN

Our readers will know we conducted a world-wide campaign for the liberation of the great Soviet film director Sergo Paradjanov from a Soviet Gulag prison camp. As a result of this campaign, which culminated in the Dissident Exhibition at the Venice Biannale, Paradjanov was freed. Having served 4 of his 5 years hard labour. After this everyone hoped he would now be able to continue his film productions, but alas he is not allowed to. An Armenian Mr. H. Annassian of Paris was recently able to see Paradjanov at his home in Tbilisi and give a first-hand report on his condition, which is tragic. We reprint this interview from Le Monde of Jan. 27th 1980. As a result we are re-constituting our campaign asking the Soviet Government to let Sergo Paradjanov accept an invitation to the Cannes Film Festival and work abroad if he so desires. We would ask all who previously supported us to sign this new petition:

We have already received support from the famous French film director Jean Vidal on behalf of the French Committee for Sergo Paradjanov and the Societe des Realisateurs of France.

ARTICLE IN LE MONDE 27 JAN 1980

By H. Anassian

"Serge Paradjanov the Undesirable Filmmaker"

The Armenian filmmaker Paradjanov has undergone four years of imprisonment with hard labor. He discovers now that it is not in prison that an artist is the least free.

The Armenian film maker Sergo Paradjanov, author of Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors and The Color of Pomegranates spent four years in prison with hard labor from 1974–1977. He was condemned to five years for homosexuality—in reality, for non-conformity—after having been accused, without proof, of illegal traffic in art objects he had been freed following an international campaign organized in his favor.

We met him in Tbilisi.

After a winding journey across a maze of tangled houses, there we were at the bottom of a curious balcony. At the top of a narrow iron stairway, Paradjanov is seated, motionless. A great hearty smile welcomes us! "Ah, you come from France? You have come to take me back with you!"

We enter a small bedroom, dark and uncomfortable. On the walls some etchings, some paintings, some photographs, some needlework. Paradjanov lives there; he is worried that he is receiving us rather badly.

Paradjanov understands Armenian but speaks it very little. He asks us several times if we are "true" Armenians. He goes from one subject to another, talks to us about his neighbor (a woman) who could have had a great career in the theatre. His look is lively and his face very mobile. The anxieties that

we had about his health quickly disappeared. He has the appearance of good physical health.

At the end of several minutes he gets up to take us along on the balcony.

"They won't let me work; so I do some foolish things." The "foolish thing" is a fresco, very brightly colored, made of scraps of cloth, papers and various objects. He calls it *Dance of Zankezour*. It represents a man and a woman in traditional costume.

"Do you know why you were arrested?"

"I do not know. I am an undesirable. I bother everyone. They had already arrested me once in Ukraine. They had accused me of being a Ukrainian nationalist because I had refused to dub a Ukrainian film in Russian. This dubbing would have disgraced and vulgarized the sense of the words, detracted from the strength of the images. Besides, on this occasion, the Ukrainians tried to exploit me. They pretended that I had defended their ethnography and their language. They acclaimed me because my son attended a Ukrainian school. All my problems began at that time. The former Ukrainian president was my friend. When he was dismissed from his post all his friends were apprehensive.*

After the production of *The Color of Pomegranates*, I returned to Kiev near my son who was ill. They took advantage of this to arrest me. They overwhelmed me with an exemplary harshness. They know that I am not a dissident and I consider myself clean.

They accuse me of being a criminal, a thief, anti-Soviet. They even searched for gold in my body openings. Then they accused me of homosexuality and judged me on this offense. They mobilized six attorneys to find me guilty.

"One year in prison," they said, "is too little for you and you will be locked up for five years and that will be enough to exterminate you."

Paradjanov speaks with spirit. Very animatedly, he manages some humour and speaks with confidence and without any bitterness. His story is told without whining and his animated behaviour reflects rather a great determination. He opens his photo album and shows us his mother, his wife, his son. Turning a page, he shows us a photo of a group taken at The Gulag Prison camp—one sees Paradjanov there among the criminals.

"They condemned me to detention in the camp with hard labor. After my being sentenced they took me from prison to prison, for no one wanted a 'criminal' of my kind.

They put me into a group of assassins and outlaws of all kinds. See on the photo: this one has killed and eaten his mother—or there—a group of homosexuals, dressed as transvestites for the pleasure of the officials of the prison, in hope of obtaining some cigarettes in exchange for this deportment.

The years at camp are the most important I have lived to this day. Isolation is an extraordinary phenomenon. I could write today a treatise on the psychological problems to which

^{*} Actually it was Shelest, the General Secretary of the Communist Party of the Ukraine. HM

it gives birth. My life without this experience would have been only a mirage. A person who is not creative, not a writer, or an artist, would be able to get nothing out of this isolation from which all human sensations are excluded. It would be necessary to study deeply in order to recount the fear, the jealousy of these men who will never be able to leave prison. In this world I was a stranger, suspect. The prisoners were able to remain for hours seated on their heels without budging. As for me, I cannot remain immobile one moment! They tried to exterminate me for this difference. They believed I was making fun of them. However, they finally accepted me and adopted me. I did not hold a grudge against them for having beaten me, bashed me on the head: but I am grateful to them for having made me discover a world.

All great films remain impoverished along side life in the prison camp. If one is a poet, one can create even in these conditions. The prisoners procured some paper for me; I wrote a hundred short stories, and six scenarios. I became their confessor. They recounted their crimes to me, their loves, their sexual relations. They came to speak to the "philosopher." I noticed that in certain conditions, that confession invented by religions was beautiful and indeed a function and a virtue. I definitely would be able to make a film from this experience, a film on man-animal. I remember a prisoner who on the announcement of my liberation said to me, "You will miss us.'

I have painted eight hundred pictures with charcoal, with anything whatever, and I have worked with scraps of cloth, with pieces of burlap sacking. These pictures are precious to me. It is possible that I am wrong, but I believe they are of great value. I would like them to be seen. I taught the prisoners how to paint, to draw, to make collages. Since my liberation, I receive these letters from them; they wonder if I had not fooled them by teaching them the value of beauty.

I would like my paintings to be protected. I do not wish to sell them. I would like, rather, to give them away, to offer to those who have defended me, to the friends that I have in France-or to those who have written "Free Paradjanov" in the Metro in Paris.

Fear

They made me dig, carry heavy loads. They made us dig as though we were digging for gold. I deliberately broke a drain-pipe; the odor was unbearable; we couldn't dig any longer. Î almost choked a brigade leader. I was insufferable. One day, they had pity and gave me some easier work. I washed sheets; I could write a novel on the fate of sheets. Then I was a street-sweeper. One day they announced to me that the whole Soviet Union had to work with ardor and passion; then, I put a bulb on my broom. I had an illuminated broom. I was harshly punished. It was then that I made this drawing which has reached Paris where I am sweeping under the Eiffel Tower. (Published in my Bulletin No. 21 HM)

I left the camp one year before having finished my sentence. I believe that I owe it to Lily Brik* and to the friends that I have in France.** Lily fought ceaselessly to get me out of prison. During my absence, she watched over my son.

She died soon after my liberation, leaving a touching letter asking not be buried by the side of Mayakovsky, 'In order,' she said 'that the old hags won't be able to say that I was his

little chienne'*. She wanted to be cremated. I was present at the ceremony with all of her friends. I made her up as she like to be and we covered her beautiful white dress with hundreds of roses. I would have liked her ashes to be placed by the side of the remains of Elsa Triolet, her sister.1

A little before my liberation they had informed me that they would keep me five years more because I had not paid an honorable penalty, that I had made some dubious friends, that I was aggressive and that I continued to wear the provocative mustache of a Caucasian.

Now I am free, but I do not feel secure. I live in fear, the fear of going out of my house, fear that some one will see me and will burn the pictures I made in camp. Here everyone must be registered and registered where he works. Now all employment is refused to me. I have proposed some film scenarios; Armenfilm** has wanted to produce them, but the officials are opposed to this. They can arrest me at any moment for not being registered. I do not have the right to exist; I am outside the law. Every morning I leave to look for work with other outcasts. When the people see my diplomas, they are afraid. Certainly, I could sell flowers, but that is not my profession. Why would I do it?

This word is adapted into Russian, meaning puppy.

¹ Wife of the French Poet Louis Aragon. Lily Brik wrote one little booklet about Mayakovsky called 'Schenok' and Maya kovsky signed his letters to her with a drawing of himself as her faithful puppy. See the frontispiece to my book MAYA-KOVSKY op cit.

** The state Armenian Film Studios, in Yerevan, the capital

of the Armenian Soviet Socialist Republic.

Worse than Death

I live in this house which belongs to my family. There is no water and I am embarrassed not to be able to receive guests more worthily. To survive I am selling little by little, all that I possess, all that comes to me from my family; the silver plate of my mother, the pictures which are on the walls, the carpets, and the needlework which I still possess, are going to be sold very soon. The day when I no longer have anything to sell, I shall go begging. I have already done it once, and I picked up four rubles-with that, I can live four days. The neighbors are very generous; they aid me a great deal.

People have the impression that I am preparing to die because I am getting rid of everything. But I am already a dead man! I can no longer live without creating. I still have a great many things to do. I would like to produce a film on Ara Keghetsig1 or on David of Sassoun.2 In prison my life had a direction; there was a reality to surmount. My present life has no worth. I do not fear death, but this life is worse than death.

I have knocked on all the doors. In Armenia, a great many people are ready to help me, but when I have a meeting with a Minister, he is obliged to take a month's holiday. Certainly I know well Catholicos,3 but he can do nothing other than propose three meters of cloth to me to make myself a Cassock. The Armenians have injured themselves too much by not daring enough. It is time for them to come out of fear.

Today I no longer have any choice. Rest is unendurable to me; I cannot live without working. Here they forbid me to create. It is necessary for me to leave as quickly as possible.

** Alas it seems he still does not know of all the friends he has throughout the world! HM.

² David of Sassoun: An Amenian folk hero. A legendary Robin Hood

³ Patriarch of the Armenian Church in Soviet Armenia

The famous beauty to whom Vladimir Mayakovsky dedicated all his lyric poems. Lily helped me with my translations and work on my major book VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, published Hill & Wang, NY and Dobsons London. Lily died in 1978 at the ripe age of ninety. HM.

¹ Ara Keghetsig: A legendary Prince of Armenia beloved of Semiramis Queen of Assyria. However he eventually rejected her advances, saying he would rather be a Prince of Armenia than a King of Assyria.

I would like to go to France—my adopted fatherland. The French—(to whom I already owe a great deal) can help me. I count on them for I do not wish to leave by dishonest means.

I know the difficulties that await me. I am not sure of finding immediately any inspiration in the West, and I would not want the French to imagine that on my arrival I am going to produce a film which will be sensational. My roots are here, but I have no choice—I must leave.

I have in my head a film on Gregory de Marek;¹ one would find there the asceticism of the poet, the atmosphere of the Armenian Middle Age. The life of Komitas² impresses me. If I were to make a film on him, it would be a very short film, a sort of ballad on a destiny. His life is a passion whose music is the accomplishment.

But in order that the Soviet cinema permits such works, it would be necessary to wait decades. As for my projects on Ara Keghetsig and David de Sassoun, they will no doubt remain in the realm of dreams. They pretend that the historic representations would cost a great deal, but in order to make a great film one does not need faked and costly 'bouffonnades,' which serve only to mask the emptiness of the characters. See War and Peace.³ It lacks the voice of the people.

Snobbism

When I think of the actual misery and the affectation of official art, whether in music, in the dance, in architecture, in painting, in cinema, I want to weep. For I know the grandeur of this former Armenian nation and its astonishing strength. All that is reduced to day to a form of politics which is against creativity, against all that is esthetic. One no longer sees anything except a bourgeois snobbishness which inspires pity in me.

However, some great names have removed themselves from this. They produce some masterpieces, but the public does not know them. These artists are loners, beacons, special trees in the forest of mediocrity. The price to pay for being able to create is very heavy. Buffoons stuff themselves; the artists die in general indifference.

Years will be necessary before something will appear which can resemble a movement. There can be only isolated attempts. For the moment, one is delighted with the Museum of Modern Art of Yerevan where all is already classic for Europe. Future generations risk being still more indifferent toward great and courageous men; they will probably be also more cynical.

¹ Gregory De Marek: Armenia's greatest religious poet, also a monk, circa 5th century BC.

² Komitas: Armenian poet and composer, who collected all the folk songs of Armenia and modernised them.

³ The 4 hour Film of Tolstoy's Epic produced by Bandarchuk in Moscow.

PLEASE COPY, SIGN & RETURN THIS PETITION ON BEHALF OF SERGEI PARADJANOV

To the Government of the U.S.S.R. and the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R.:

SERGEI PARADJANOV, a citizen of Tbilis, Georgian SSSR is considered one of the world's greatest film directors. His film Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors won prizes at sixteen International Film Festivals while his last film The Colour of Pomegranates (Sayat Nova) is considered by both Soviet and foreign critics to be a work of genius.

In 1974 Paradjanov was convicted and sentenced to five years imprisonment in a hard-labour correctional camp. A world campaign for his release was organized, numbering among its supporters, Members of Governments, leading stars of the performing arts, cinema, theatre and television; leading film directors, writers, artists, professors and universities around the world.

After four years Paradjanov was released. All had hopes that an artist of his talent would then be able to continue his creative work in Soviet cinematography and win more laurels for his native land. But, alas, despite various film projects he proposed, his efforts have been in vain, and he is condemned not to work.

Consequently it seems the only way this great artist can continue his work is by emigrating, much as he does not wish to.

He has been officially invited to the Cannes International Film Festival by the French Societe des Realisateurs in May 1980 and we, the petitioners, therefore request the Government of the U.S.S.R. and its Supreme Soviet to grant him an exit visa to participate in the Colloquiem at this Festival and continue his creative work in other lands according to his choosing. Genius belongs to all mankind. Art belongs to all the inhabitants of planet earth.

Signed; Profession: Institution:

Send petitions and contributions to the USA Sergo Paradjanov Committee.

Director: Herbert Marshall. Secretary: Gene Walsh. Treasurer: Fredda Brilliant.

c/o Center for Soviet and East European Studies

Southern Illinois University, Carbondale, Illinois 62901

AVAILABILITY OF THE FAMOUS BANNED FILM OF PARADJANOV: THE COLOUR OF POMEGRANATES or SAYAT NOVA.

We shall shortly be in a position to arrange for the showing of this cinematic work of genius (with English subtitles) together with a lecture by Herbert Marshall on the life and work of Paradjanov. Please write for details to above.

PAUL ROBESON (AFTERMATH NO. V)

Despite all the attempts of Paul Robeson Junior and his Communist Party backers to cover up the true history of Paul's self-imposed seclusion from the world for the last ten years of his life, new evidence emerges to support my rebuttal of their story. Readers of my previous Bulletins (No.'s 17/23) will remember their attempt to explain Paul's breakdown as having physical causes only and not mental, and that from America and not Russia.

However I recently was a consultant and participant in a BBC film documentary dedicated to the *Life and Death of Paul Robeson* and the Producer Baines told me of an interview he had obtained with the Doctor who last treated Paul in England, before he left for USA. Paul was in a *Mental Hospital* in Roehampton near London—and I know because it was there Essie allowed me to visit Paul and see if I could help him. This Doctor confirmed his diagnosis that Paul was suffering from "depressive melancholia", which is the conclusion Essie and I had arrived at.

Remember this breakdown started in Moscow not USA, in fact three years after leaving the States, and Paul declared (in a letter to the Indian PAUL ROBESON COMMITTEE—of which I was organizor and member) that he was once again healthy and well.

The breakdown was due to his learning, in the Kruschev

days of de-Stalinization, the real truth about the Stalin Terror. And one terrifying detail was the KGB's subterfuge in bringing Paul's old friend the Soviet Jewish Colonel & Poet Itzik Feffer to meet him, apparently free and well, when he had already been in prison for some time. (See Bulletin No. 17.)

I had previously quoted the evidence of Solomon Mikhoel's daughter (Natalya see Bulletin No. 18) and now another witness is Esther Markish, widow of the great Soviet Jewish Poet Peretz Markish, who was also arrested, tortured and murdered by the CPSU, alongside of Feffer and the other leading members of the Jewish intelligentsia. Here is what

she writes in her book THE LONG JOURNEY*

"In connection with the dissolution of the Jewish Antifascist Committee, only Feffer's wife was taken, shortly after the arrest of her husband. What exactly were the MGB's** motives for that, it is difficult to say. But Itzik Feffer's fate is most revealing. In 1950, his daughter, who was still free and only later was sent into exile, at the same time we were, was ordered to deliver a parcel for her father: a pin-striped suit, a checkered tie, and a few delicatessan items. When the news became known it was interpreted as a favourable sign, and caused a considerable stir among the wives whose husbands had been arrested. It meant that Feffer was alive at least, since no one but himself could have been so specific in requesting a particular suit, a particular tie, and the Jewish Salami he had such a fondness for.

It was only a few years later, after my return from exile, (Aug. 1954) that I learned the story behind this parcel. The information came from an entirely reliable informant, whose name I cannot reveal. In 1950, the famous American black singer, whom Feffer had met in the United States on his wartime tour there, came to Moscow for a series of concerts. By that time, rumours had already begun reaching the West about the fate of Jewish writers in the Soviet Union, and Robeson was anxious to verify them. (my italics HM) He asked his hosts to arrange a meeting with Feffer, who was then brought from prison to Robeson's hotel. It can be safely assumed that Feffer said nothing to his American friend about prison; he dutifully performed the role that the MGB had given him. This did not, however, alter his fate: he, too. was shot, a victim of the postwar Stalinist purges."

Paulie denies this story saying "Your descriptions of events that supposedly occured during two of Paul Robeson's visits to the USSR are wholly false according to my father's personal recounting of these visits to me. Many published statements prove that your hearsay stories are pure fiction."

Now I have given 'published statements' by third parties, first as told by the widow of Eisenstein to me, then written by the daughter of the great Jewish actor Solomon Mikhoels whom Paul loved and admired (in Bulletin No. 18) and now the widow of the great Jewish poet Peretz Markish, whom Paul so much admired. And finally as I go to press comes a confirmation by none other than the great Soviet composer Dmitri Shostakovich in his recently published posthumous MEMOIRS.*** He says: "Just then in 1949, the Jewish poet Itzik Feffer was arrested on Stalin's orders. Paul Robeson was in Moscow and in the midst of all the banquets and balls, he remembered that he had a friend called Itzik . . . Where's Itzik. 'You'll have your Itzik,' Stalin decided, and pulled his usual base trick.

Itzik Feffer invited Paul Robeson to dine with him in Moscow's most chic restaurant. Robeson arrived and was led to a private chamber in the restaurant, where the table was set with drinks and lavish zakuski (hor d'oeuvres.) Feffer was

Paper back Ballantine Books, N.Y. 1978. Pages 171-172.

Now KGB, the Soviet Secret Police.

really sitting at the table, with several unknown men. Feffer was thin and pale and said little. But Robeson ate and drank well and saw his old friend.

After their friendly dinner, the men Robeson didn't know returned Feffer to prison, where he soon died. Robeson went back to America, where he told everyone that the rumours about Feffer's arrest and death were nonsense and slander. He had been drinking with Feffer personally.

"And really it's a lot easier living that way, it's more convenient to think that your friend is a rich and free man who can treat you to a luxurious dinner. Thinking that your friend is in prison is not pleasant. You have to get involved, you have to write letters and protests. And if you write a protest you won't be invited the next time, and they'll ruin your good name. The radio and papers will smear you with dirt, they'll call you a reactionary.

No it's much easier to believe what you see. And you always see what you want to see . . . Stalin understood this chicken mentality better than anyone, he knew how to deal with chickens. And they all ate out of his hand. As I understand it, they don't like to remember this in the West . . .

Once I was tormented by the question: why? why? Why were these people lying to the entire world? Why don't these famous humanists give a damn about us, our lives, honour, and dignity?"

And reading this bitter outcry of a composer Paul admired I can imagine what terrible bitter feelings went through his whole being when the whole terrible truth began to dawn on him.

And the outcry of Howard Fast in his turn who wrote: "Joseph Clark, the foreign editor of the Daily Worker, sat in my living room in January 1957 and cried out to me, in a tortured voice that only diguised his own heartsickness and guilt: "If you and Paul Robeson had raised your voices in 1949, Itzik Feffer would be alive today!"*

Alas our heartsick Communist was still being naive about Stalin and the Party. Even if Paul had raised his voice, it would not have affected the fate of Stalin's victims. But would have affected the fate of Paul.

As the author of THE AMERICAN OTHELLO, Edwin P. Hoyt wrote:

"He had thrown away his American prestige by adopting the Soviet line, and so much must have been apparent to him in 1958. In London, when he was interviewed by friendly reporters, they asked him to comment on international affairs and particular positions of the Soviet Union, and Paul refused. (This is the first time, which heralded his eventual retreat HM,) The events of the last few years had affected him deeply, The de-Stalinization of the USSR had affected himwhat man would not be affected suddenly, to discover that all he had believed in was suddenly in jeopardy? De-Stalinization and discovery that the USSR had followed a planned policy of anti-Semitism so affected Howard Fast that he broke with the American Communist Party. Paul's position was not quite the same but the experience was sobering none the less. The perfect nation had turned out to be less than perfect." ... He sought oblivion in America ... because American was his home."**

OBITUARY: ROBERT ARDREY (1907-1980)

I was deeply shocked to learn of the death of a dear friend and professional colleague, who was involved intimately in

From TESTIMONY—the Memoirs of Dmitri Shostakovich, Harper & Rowe, N.Y. pp. 188-189.

The Naked God, The Writer and the Communist Party by Howard Fast. Bodley Head. London, 1958. P. 106.

THE AMERICAN OTHELLO By Edwin P. Hoyt, World Publishing Co. Cleveland 1967. p. 223.

a high point of the career of myself and my wife, Fredda Brilliant.

This was my production of Ardrey's play THUNDER ROCK in London in 1940 after it had been a failure in the Group Theatre's production in New York in 1937. Remember at that time even USA was not fighting with us against Hitler. We literally had our backs against the wall. There was Hitler standing where Napoleon once stood, on the shores of Normandy, looking at our little island only 25 miles across the Channel. It was indeed a terrifying moment in the history of Europeon civilization. We had little with which to defend ourselves. Night bombings were persistent, and we were on the eve of the classic encounter later known as the Battle of Britain, David against Goliath.

It was at that time I founded my own NEIGHBOUR-HOOD THEATRE in London's South Kensington. It was a gesture of defiance that seemed absurd, for all the theatres were closing because of the blitzes. By whatever fluke of fate I found Robert Ardrey's play THUNDER ROCK. Its theme was the lone liberal journalist who had written the truth about Hitler's plans and warned the West. His warnings were not only ignored but not published. In despair he retreats to a lonely lighthouse giving up on the world. But there in communion with himself and the previous generation and history, he realizes there is no escape from reality. One must fight to the end.

I invited the star actor Michael Redgrave (now Sir Michael) to play the part. He was then earning 150 per week I offered him 3 per week "Off Broadway". He sensed the challenge of the play and the times and accepted. My wife Fredda Brilliant was the leading lady with Bernard Miles (now Sir Bernard) and Frederik Falk in the cast.

As the first night approached, leading theatre critics got on to me, asking if I had gone mad. There were no more premieres, the theatres were closing, the blitzes were at their highest and yet, their editors had said—if there is a premiere the press must cover it.

The show went on. My little theatre held about 190 people. When the curtain came down on the first night, I was back-stage with the cast. We all awaited the applause. There was none. There was dead silence. I rushed to the stage-manager's peep-hole and saw my critical drama theatre critics in tears.

Then came a volcanic eruption of applause. The next day, as the saying goes, I woke up to find myself famous. The leading critics cried 'If ever there was a play for the times, this is the time!'" In my audience was Ed Morrow and Eric Severeid and other American journalists. Robert Ardrey, then in Hollywood, heard with amazement that his play was the sensation of London. The dramatist John Van Druten told Ardrey later that he saw this sensational production and it 'was on a stage about two grand pianos wide.'

The Prime Minister Winston Churchill as soon as he read of this event, sent his Minister of Information, Sir Duff Cooper, Mrs. Churchill and Lord Lindeman (his scientific advisor) to see the play. As it was a private theatre we had to make them members first. Then came their report and the response of Winston Churchill, who told his Cabinet—this play is the greatest contribution to Britain's morale there has yet been. It must be transferred to a big theatre in West England, and played everywhere throughout the country.

Then came an ironic twist. The entrepreneurs of private enterprise, headed by the doyen of the West End Theatre Binky Beaumont, said they would not risk their capital putting on a new production in the West End with the bombs falling! Churchill replied—they were risking the end of Western Civilization, the show must go on! Following this, negotiations, sworn to secrecy, were conducted with His Majesty's Treasury and for the first time since King Charles' Golden Days His Majesty's treasury financed a drama in the theatre!

We were transferred to the Globe Theatre, Shaftsbury Avenue (London's Broadway) and at last our "names were up in lights". The blacked out at night. The show and the war still went on.

But this West End transfer coincided with the worst bombing of the war. With German punctuality the air-raids would begin each night about the same time and soon the whole cast were involved in a gamble: at which precise time tonight would the air-raid sirens sound? 7.55. 7.58. 8 p.m. etc? However, the Government's instructions were—the show must go on. We had to keep people off the streets, only those on duty were to leave the audience. So when the wailing siren sounded, the anti-aircraft guns started firing, the light would go up in the orchestra pit with the sign 'AIR-RAID ALERT' and from various parts of the audience figures would move to the exits, the air-raid wardens, Red-Cross workers, policemen, anti-aircraft personel and others would go on special duty.

Then when the play ended we were still told to keep the audience in the theatre. So we organized charades, recitations, songs, expromptu skits until the ALL-CLEAR sounded and the 'ALERT' sign went off. Michael Redgrave recited Shakespeare, Fredda Brilliant sang songs, Bernard Miles did his music-hall take-offs—the whole cast and staff did their bit—all trying to get the audience to participate. Sometimes the theatre would quiver from some nearby bomb, but no one panicked. We showed that Londoners could take it, despite all the prognostications of many in the Government and such pessimists as the elder Kennedy then US Ambassador.

Then settling down for a long run we were to be transferred to the most classic theatre in London, the 18th century HAYMARKET Theatre. But then the Queens Theatre next door to our Globe received a direct hit and followed the famous Browns Hotel next to the Haymarket was also bombed, killing many of its occupants. The Government then decided to close London Theatres temporarily and we all went on tour. The Company was the same except Redgrave's part was taken over by Alec Guiness.

We toured the major provincial cities of Britain and at times it seemed as if Hitler was following us with bombers. We would arrive at a city in the black-out, have the greatest difficulty in finding our way to our lodgings and hotels—exascerbated by the fact that the now security-minded citizens of England wouldn't even tell us the time of the day or night, let alone street directions. And even street signs had been altered to fool any possible enemy spies or parachutists!

Later a second tour was to go out and now the Nazis started mass-bombing of cities, coventrating, as we coined a word from the total destruction of that ancient city Coventry—with its ancient Gothic cathedral. At that time I had been offered the Directorship of the Old Vic-Sadlers Wells Theatre (now our National Theatre) by Tyrone Guthrie and was producing The BEGGARS OPERA. However, the Old Vic itself received a direct hit through the stage flies and we were evacuated to Burnley in Lancashire. Meanwhile, Fredda was on her way to perform in THUNDER ROCK at Bristol Theatre Royal with a new cast including Walter Hudd and Cyril Cusack (of the Abbey Theatre).

That night Bristol was "coventrated." Its famous Theatre Royal had been completed gutted. I could learn nothing of the fate of my touring company and my wife. Everything was cut off—telegraph, telephone, communications . . it was five days before I heard they were safe.

It seems they were in a train that had been halted a mile outside Bristol station and were terrified witnesses of the mass-bombing of the city. They arrived next morning with fires still burning, the streets flowing with blood and saw their Theatre Royal a smoking ruin, with its signs blasted but still visible: "PREMIERE OF THE GREAT LONDON SUCCESS: HERBERT MARSHALL'S PRODUCTION OF

THUNDER ROCK, By Robert Ardrey, starring Walter Hudd and Fredda Brilliant."

But the show did not go on that week in Bristol, there was literally no place to perform it, or an audience in a mood to see it. Mass bombing was a new phenomenon introduced by the Nazis—and it was bloody.

Years later I obtained the New York press write-ups of correspondents from battle-scarred London, among which was a quote that is amongst the proudest of my press reports from, I think, The New York Herald Tribune. "It was headed "FROM THE FRONT LINE . . . in August came the battle (of Britain HM) London prepared to die and went to see Thunder Rock."

You can imagine how Robert Ardrey in Hollywood felt when he received all these news of his previous failure. He cabled me his amazement. We did not meet until some twenty years later when he visited me in a London hospital. Later Fredda and I were his guests in Rome where we met his talented wife, who illustrates his books. There we also met Eric Severeid and talked about those incredible days in London.

An interesting final note is that I altered the ending of the play to suit those fatal times, and without bothering about permission of the author. Death and disaster were too near to worry about copyright conventions. And later Ardrey wrote me, not only approving of my ammendments, but saying it was what he wanted to do in 1937, when the politicians of appeasement pressured him and the Goup Theatre. So he rewrote the end which was then published.

When I last saw Bob in Rome, I regretted to see that he chain-smoked without end, choking and coughing every now and then, and it was that which led to his premature death. For he was at the height of his powers as a propagator of new outlooks on anthropology and the emergence of home sapiens, and one book, named THE TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE became a catchword of the times.

When I last spoke to him on the phone, he was leaving his beloved Rome because of its terrorism, for South Africa, despite its racism, from whence his forbears came and where his anthropological interests lay. He was excited about preparing to work on a long TV series THE EVOLUTION OF MAN. And he could say with pride that he had contributed his bit as part of that unique and strange phemonen in the universe.

HERBERT MARSHALL AWARDED WOODROW WILSON FELLOWSHIP

Professor Herbert Marshall has been awarded a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship at the Kennan Institute for Advanced Russian Studies at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington D.C. His research will concern the American influence on Soviet cinematography, and in particular the influence of the great American film director D.W. Griffiths on the great Russian film director S.M. Eisenstein.

Marshall will be at the Kennan Institute from July 1st, 1980 and will be happy to hear from anyone who may have researched or touched on this topic.

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