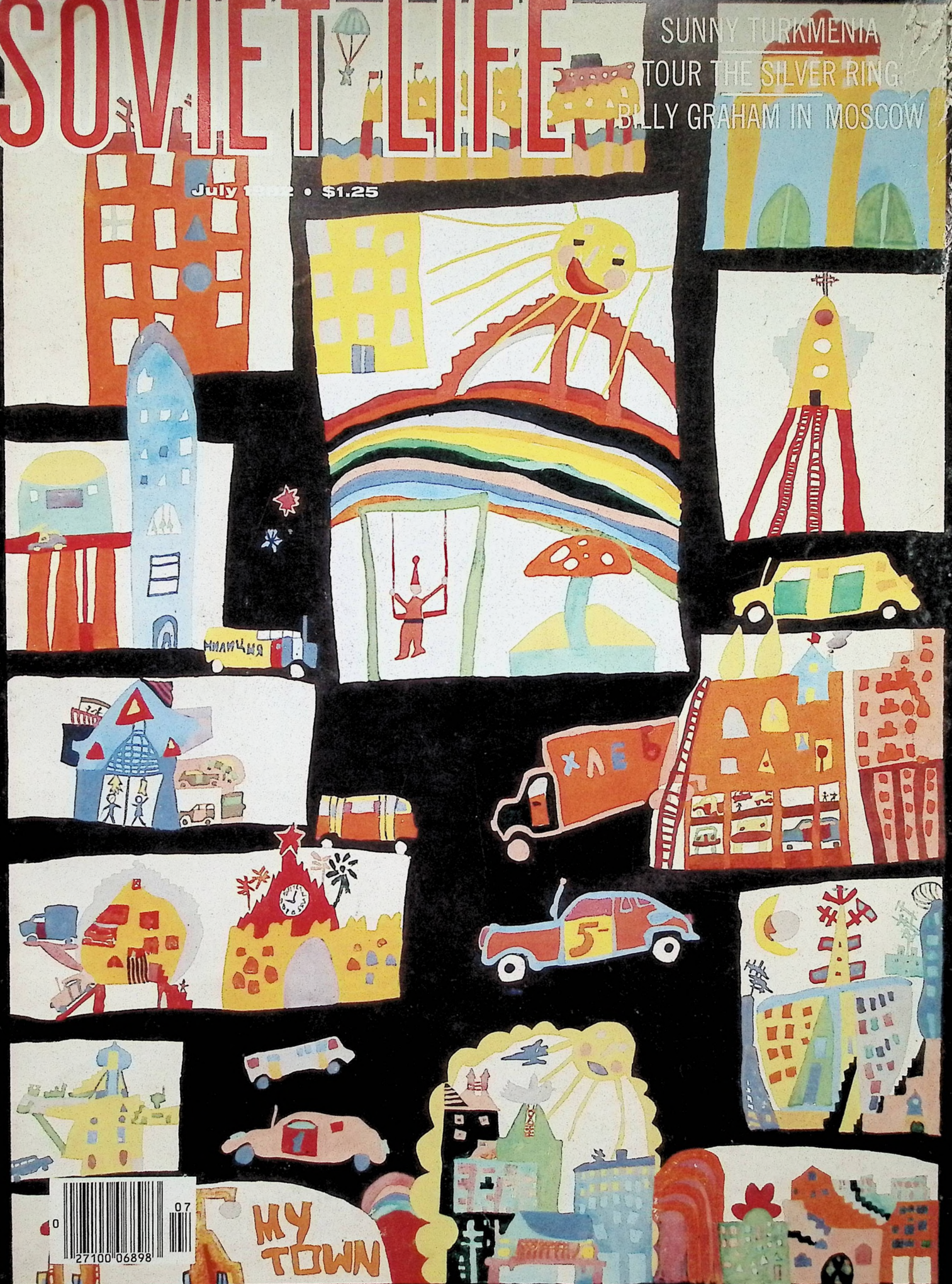
SOVIET LIFE

SUNNY TURKMENIA

TOUR THE SILVER RING

BILLY GRAHAM IN MOSCOW

July 1982 • $1.25



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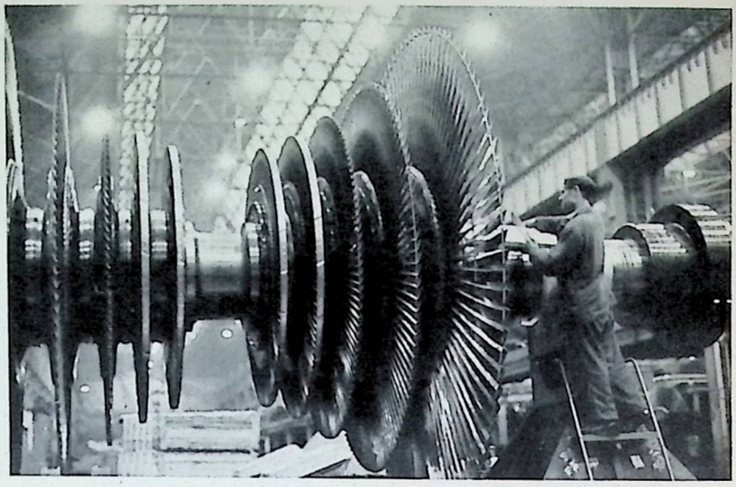
The Leningrad Metalworks started out making frying pans 125 years ago. Today it manufactures most of the water and steam turbines produced in the country. Yuri Shnitnikov traces the plant's history in the first of a series of articles in this issue. **12**



Dr. Billy Graham addressed a world conference of religious workers in Moscow in May. Igor Troyanovsky reports on the meeting. **33**

July 1982, No. 7 (310)

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Front Cover: Six-year-old Ilya Simakov calls his picture *Rainbow in the City*. See page 35 for our story on an architecture studio for kids. *Photo by Vladimir Vorontsov.*

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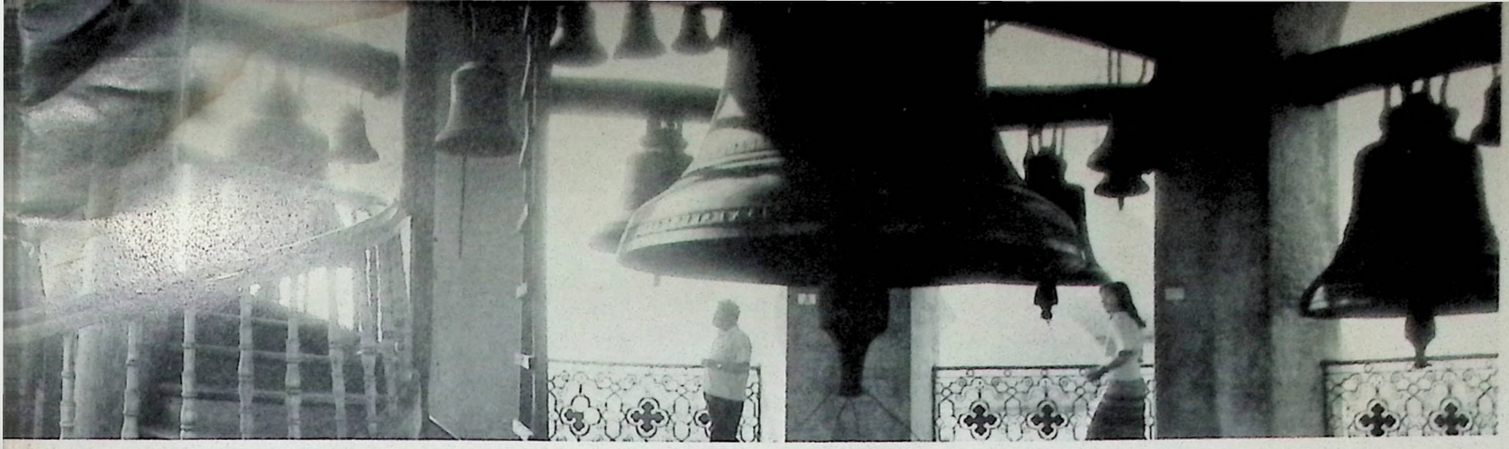


EDITOR'S NOTES

"IT'S not true. A friend doesn't die, he's simply no longer at your side." How right these words of a poet are. Grigori Moiseyev, one of the most esteemed veterans of the SOVIET LIFE staff, has passed away. For more than 20 years he wrote and edited some of the most complicated and most needed stories. He had already had considerable experience in work and life when he joined our staff, having been among the first builders of the Moscow subway system and then a journalist in Paris.

Grigori Moiseyev died at the age of 68. He loved everything in life that was good. He himself was a most kindhearted and compassionate person. Sixty-eight years—is that a long time or not? Grisha, as he was affectionately called, was a poet. One of his poems conveys the thought that if a person has lived a long, but barren life, he is like a pitiful sterile flower.

I remember walking along a Moscow street with him one evening. Grisha was pensive. "Do you know what I want more than anything?" he asked and then answered himself. "I want people to be confident of the future, to be assured that the world won't suddenly fall into oblivion."

It is my deep conviction that a man who has made even a modest contribution to the establishment of better understanding between our two great nations deserves to be revered by everyone of good will. Grigori Moiseyev, our Grisha, worked tirelessly and selflessly for the achievement of this noble goal.

Oleg P. Benyukh

Turkmenia: the Sunshine Republic

By Chary Karryiev
Chairman of the
Council of Ministers
of Turkmenia

TURKMENIA is the southernmost of all the Soviet republics in Central Asia. On a geographical map of the Soviet Union almost the entire territory of the republic is yellow—the color of the Kara-Kum, one of the largest deserts in the world.

The Turkmen people settled in this bleak, dry land many centuries ago. They inhabited the few oases, grew cotton and grapes and raised sheep.

But only a small number of people—the *bais*, the local rich—partook of this wealth. The overwhelming majority of Turkmens lived in poverty, without any social rights. They suffered from numerous diseases. Their lot was a slow dying out under the yoke of exhausting forced labor. Later the colonial policy of the Russian czars also supported this ruthless exploitation.

The Great October Socialist Revolution of 1917 abolished these inequities. The Communist Party backed the desire of formerly oppressed national minorities to have their own statehood and to develop a national economy and culture. In the past 65 years, the Turkmens, like all the other nationalities in Central Asia, have made the leap from feudalism to socialism.

It was a hard road since most of the people were illiterate and the economy consisted of unsophisticated farming and cottage industries. Without assistance from other republics in the country, Turkmenia would have had a bad time coping with all of its problems.

Industrialization began with the textile industry. While the first textile factory was being built in the republic's capital of Ashkhabad in the late twenties, textile workers in the town of Reutovo, near Moscow, offered to train Turkmen personnel at their own mills.

When the groundwork was being laid for developing the oil and natural gas industries, the Russian Federation, the Ukraine and Azerbaijan sent specialists and equipment to Turkmenia.

Other Soviet republics as well helped Turkmenia to build up its agriculture. Hundreds of workers from industrial centers journeyed to Turkmenia's villages to teach the local people how to operate and repair tractors and other farm machinery.

In the early fifties construction began on the Kara-Kum Canal, which is named after Lenin. It was a major hydrotechnical project that demanded a tremendous amount of machinery, equipment and building materials. Everything was supplied by other Soviet republics. Thousands of workers and specialists from all over the country came to the desert to build the canal. The federal budget allocated millions of rubles for this project.

In 1948, only three years after the end of World War II, a devastating earthquake totally destroyed Ashkhabad. The disaster struck at a difficult time for the whole country. The Soviet Union had just started to rehabilitate the war-ravaged economy. There were shortages of everything. In spite of it all, many republics sent the Turkmenian capital building materials, machinery, equipment, medicine, and the like.

During these past 65 years, Turkmenia's economic profile has changed dramatically. The vast deposits of oil, natural gas and minerals have been developed. The gas, petrochemical and chemical industries are beginning to play a key role in the republic's economy. Power engineering, machine building, the building materials industry, the light industries, which include the processing of cotton, and the food industry are showing high growth rates.

Turkmenia now generates more than 17 million kilowatt-hours of electricity each day. This figure is equal to the republic's yearly output before the Revolution. Turkmenia's largest thermal power plant is located at Mary. Run on local natural gas, the station has a capacity of 1.2 million kilowatts. The republic's annual production of electric power is targeted at 12 billion kilowatt-hours by the year 1985.

The transfer of water from the full-flowing Central Aslan Amu Darya River along the Kara-Kum Canal gave a new lease on life to thousands of hectares of wastelands. New oases have sprung up at Khauzkhansky, near Turkmenia's largest water reservoir, and Gyaursky, outside Ashkhabad. These former desert places now boast gardens, vineyards, new communities and state and collective farms.

The republic has become a leading producer of raw cotton—over one million tons a year, including fine-fiber cotton. Turkmenia ranks second after Uzbekistan in cotton production in the Soviet Union. Before the Revolution the local farmers grew cotton on small pieces of land using primitive implements such as the wooden plow, and the *ketmen.* Today cotton farming, like the other branches of agriculture, is done on a socialized basis. The republic's state and collective farms have 46,000 tractors, 9,000 cotton harvesters and 11,000 trucks. Collective, highly mechanized farming yields good harvests.

The felt yurta and mud huts in which the Turkmens lived in prerevolutionary times have become things of the past. Today the Turkmen people live in comfortable homes with gas, electricity and running water. The state and collective farm communities have schools, kindergartens, day-care centers, hospitals, shops and theaters.

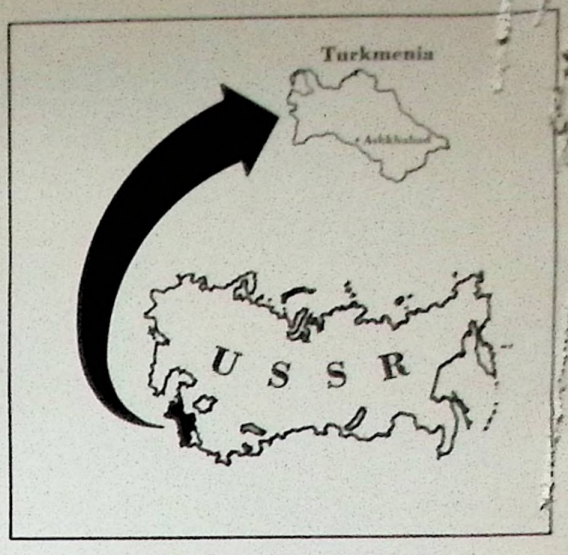
The republic's cities have changed beyond recognition, and many new ones have appeared. The Kara-Kum Canal is responsible for making them blossom. Now they have all the modern conveniences of life.

The social changes are also obvious. Before the Revolution only the children of the wealthy went to school, and they were only taught to read. Today 10 years of schooling is required for everyone. During the twenties and the thirties the cultural revolution in Turkmenia started with teaching both adults and children to read and write. Today in this republic of close to three million people, 800 out of every 1,000 employed in the national economy have a higher or specialized secondary education. Turkmenia boasts a university, seven institutes, plus dozens of technical colleges and vocational schools. By 1990 the annual enrollment of the republic's educational institutions should reach 10,000 students. The Turkmen Academy of Sciences has close to 1,000 researchers. The old Turkmens can still remember the days when Turkmenia had no doctors, teachers or specialists of its own.

Before the Revolution the Turkmen people didn't even have a written language. Today Turkmenian poetry and prose are translated into many languages. The Turkmen people have created their own national theater and drama. There are numerous well-known Turkmen painters, opera soloists and musicians. Turkmenian literature and art, which are built on national forms, have been enriched thanks to the creative association with the culture of all the Soviet peoples.

In the alliance of Soviet republics, the Turkmen Soviet Socialist Republic is an equal among equals and a sovereign socialist state. The friendship with the peoples inhabiting the Soviet Union can be likened to an unfailing source that forms full-flowing rivers. This source gives strength to all the people of our multinational country. There were times when Turkmenia received assistance and support from the more developed republics. Today Turkmenia sends centrifugal pumps, solar heaters, cable items, gas ranges, cotton fibers, raw silk, vegetables, and more all over the Soviet Union. In exchange the republic receives items that it doesn't produce yet—tractors, ditching machines, cars, cotton-picking machines, radios and television sets. Turkmenia is active in international trade. Forty products are exported to 50 countries.

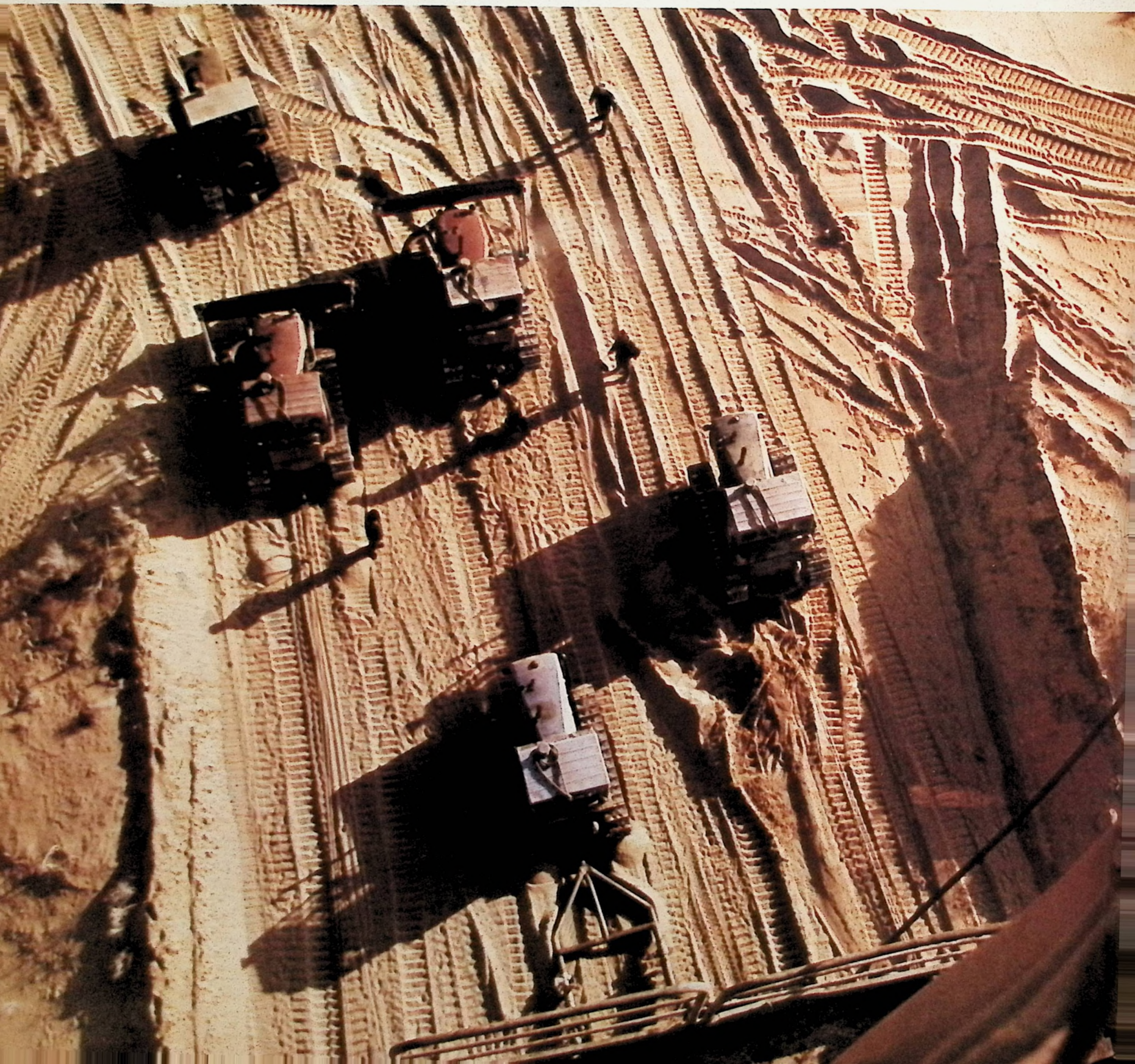
The history of the Turkmen Republic is an example of how friendship and assistance can have a great impact on the development of a once backward outlying area. ▶

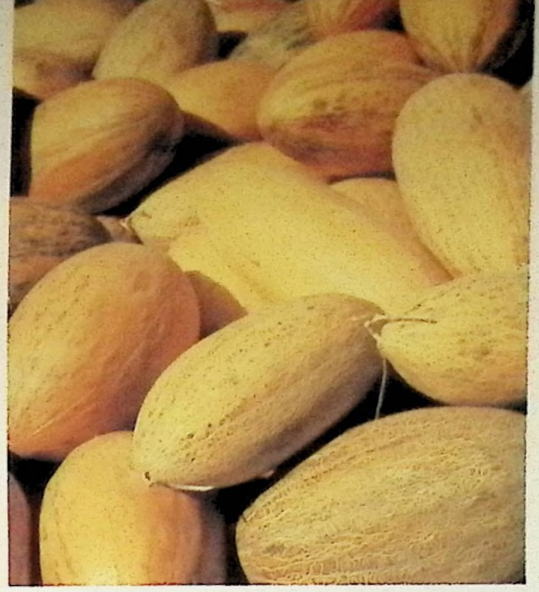


Krasnovodsk
Cheleken
Nebit-Dag
Caspian Sea
Kizyl-Arvat
Gasan-Kuli
Besmein
Darvaza
Tashauz
Amu Darya River
Ashkhabad
Tedzhen
Karakum Canal
Chardzhou
Bairam-Ali
Murgab River
Kushka

In prerevolutionary Turkmenia a woman was bought and sold like a slave. Today women have equal rights with men in every area of life. The old irrigation systems have been modernized, and giant reservoirs have been built to irrigate the farms that grow fine-fiber cotton. Developing solar energy is the next project.

Bulldozers transport an oil derrick to a gas field. Above, from left to right: An offshore oil derrick rises out of the Caspian. Hand in hand with all the Soviet people the Turkmens fought against the fascist invaders during World War II. This is a memorial complex honoring the war dead at the Khalturin Collective Farm in Chardzhou. Spring comes to the desert.





This radiotelescope was designed by the Solar Energy Institute of the Turkmen Academy of Sciences. Above, from left to right: A floodgate of the Kara-Kum Canal. Astrakhan coats command high prices on the world market. Sweet melons are grown in the oases. Ghazel Yessenova, an associate researcher at Ashkhabad's solar energy complex.

The beautiful rugs and carpets made in Turkmenia are known all over the world. Below, left to right: Fifteen years ago the areas that are now water reservoirs were nothing but sandy desert. Today they abound in fish. The Kara-Kum Canal is navigable for 600 kilometers. Grapes—a traditional agricultural crop.

Where the Caravans Roamed

By Eleanora Yakovleva

"COME TO TURKMENIA in the fall," my friends from the city of Ashkhabad begged. "There's no better time to see our republic."

But I wasn't sorry that I went in early spring. I was there when the Kara-Kum (Black Sand) Desert blossomed with clusters of pink tamarisks, lilac balls of wild onions, bright red rhubarb and white haloxylon. I breathed in the fresh air that came in from the steep, snowy summits of the Kopet-Dag Mountains. I strolled through the high grass on the foothills and picked yellow tulips and scarlet poppies. I delighted in the little green shoots of the cotton plants. When I think back, Turkmenia's spring smelled like roses, which grow in every village square and town park.

The Desert

The Kara-Kum has many faces. The first is one of desolation—black tufts of haloxylon and no shade whatsoever. It's skewbald with saline land and caravan paths.

The second face is one of water—water running down irrigation canals, sparkling on artificial lakes and moving through the 1,100-kilometer-long Kara-Kum Canal. The canal has given life to the once barren sands. It crosses the desert from the Amu Darya River to the Kazandzik Steppes and is being extended to the Caspian Sea.

The third face is one of cotton fields, flocks of astrakhan sheep, melon farms, orchards and wheat fields.

The fourth face is a jungle of derricks at the Shatlyk gas fields, the Central Asia—Center gas pipeline, the Nebit-Dag oil refinery, the stacks of the giant Chardzhou Chemical Plant and the transmission lines of the Mary Hydroelectric Power Station.

The fifth face is the new towns that. . . Wait a minute. Let's stop enumerating the angles from which we can look at the Kara-Kum today because each is only a part of the whole—a once lifeless area that is now alive and growing.

"Before," Agadjan Babayev, President of the Turkmen Academy of Sciences, wrote, "the desert scared everybody away by lack of water and extreme heat. Now it attracts everybody with its reserves of raw material and fuel."

Valley Gold

Deep purple clouds hang over the Amu Darya. The birds are hushed in anticipation of an approaching thunderstorm. Only the swallows with their shrill cries cut the air over the brown waters. Everyone is anxiously watching the sky. No one wants rain now. It will only flood the fields; the cotton will have to be replanted.

Fine-fiber cotton has taken root in the Amu Darya Valley. It came here from the valley of another Turkmenian river—the Murgab.

Centuries ago a fabulously wealthy town called Merv sat at the mouth of this river (today the town is called Mary). Merv's gold was cotton. In the nineteenth century the white gold was taken to Russia in caravans by way of Ashkhabad. On July 18, 1885, the *Turkmenskie Vedomosti* newspaper reported: "The first shipment of cotton grown from both local and American seeds has arrived in Ashkhabad from Merv. The quality of both varieties leaves nothing to be desired."

In the course of time the criteria for quality changed. During the twenties, a better grade of cotton was tried in the Murgab Oasis. For several years scientists at the Jolotan Selection Station attempted to adapt the capricious Egyptian variety called *maarad* to Murgab soil. It was here in 1932 that the first Soviet fine-fiber cotton known as "2-1-3" was grown, which suited the Central Asian conditions much better than "the Egyptian." Today the Research Institute of Selection is continuing the work of the old station. It has developed 12 other high-yield, early varieties not only for Turkmenia, but also for other Central Asian republics.

The Crossroads

Chardzhou is the largest city in the Middle Amu Darya Oasis. It is the second largest city in Turkmenia after Ashkhabad, the capital of the republic. In Russian "Chardzhou" means "four streams" or "four riverbeds."

Ancient Chardzhou, the fortress of the Bukhara khanate, rested at the crossroads of many trade routes. It was famous far and wide for its covered market, which sat at the northern fortress gates. That's where the caravans from Khorezm, Bukhara, Merv and the towns in Iran came.

Ages passed, and waterways and railways were added to the caravan trails. The first steamer, named *Samarkand*, docked at Chardzhou in 1877. The first train came through in 1886.

Today Chardzhou is the center of the Amu Darya Steamship Line. From the Amu Darya, ships go to the Kara-Kum Canal and through the locks.

Chardzhou is also a large railroad junction. The city is the crossroads along which all goods necessary for Central Asia are transported, and it is an air terminal. In short, Chardzhou is a giant crossroads.

Industry

Men and women are hurrying to work. Trucks are hauling concrete blocks to a building site. From the ruins of the old fortress, the view of the town is clearly visible, and I notice that cranes are a basic part of Chardzhou's skyline. To understand more fully what the city is all about, I met with Kalndar Satymov, chairman of the Regional Planning Commission.

Modern Chardzhou, he told me, is the center of a large agro-industrial region. As many as four branches of agriculture dominate the area: cotton growing, livestock, astrakhan sheep and silkworm breeding.

Agricultural production is constantly growing, and more agricultural products are being processed at the city's enterprises. A new cotton mill and a silk mill have been built.

Chardzhou will soon become the center of the first territorial production complex in the republic.

Mecca for the Botanist and Geographer

I took a step and stopped suddenly. On the sand, just in front of me, was a monster that stretched for half a meter.

"It's only a gray lizard," Vladimir Kurmenko, my companion, said quietly, "a varan."

The lizard raised itself up and disappeared with lightning speed into the black haloxylon thickets.

The Sun beat down mercilessly. Perspiration covered my brow. I climbed from one sand dune to the next dragging my feet.

"In a few more minutes you'll be able to take a dip in our pool," Vladimir promised.

This young, blue-eyed and blond-haired man, who was born in Central Russia, appeared not to be daunted by the heat. Vladimir is a graduate of the Geography Department of Moscow State University. He has been living and working at the Repetek Desert Preserve, which is 70 kilometers southwest of Chardzhou, for more than a year.

"Here's the pool," he said, "make yourself comfortable."

In the heart of the Kara-Kum Desert, on the "pole of heat" (in summer the mercury hits 50 degrees centigrade in the shade, and the sands scorch as hot as 77 degrees), I plunged into the cool water. The twittering of birds was especially lovely in the stillness. Dragonflies came down to the water. I closed my eyes and forgot the trek here.

The Repetek Desert Preserve was set up in 1928 to study and protect the flora and fauna of the sands.

"Our preserve is a natural model of typical desert landscape and a natural laboratory for the Turkmen Academy of Sciences' Institute of Deserts," explained Marat Ishankuliyev, deputy director of the station. When you consider that arid zones occupy more than one-fifth of the world's dry land and that their economic potential is very high, you will understand the need for the scientific elaboration of directions and methods to develop these areas."

Ashkhabad

The wind laughed through the plane trees and the acacias. In the midst of all this greenery sits the large industrial city of Ashkhabad. The capital's spacious squares, green parks and shady streets form a natural tent that protects the city from the heat.

Ashkhabad stands on the border between the desert and the mountains. It's a very young city. Only 100 years ago the first houses were built next to the nomads' tents.

When the Turkmen Republic was formed on October 27, 1924, Ashkhabad became the capital. It grew fast. But then on October 6, 1948, a natural disaster struck. Deep within the Kopet-Dag the Earth shifted. An earthquake of force nine, which was higher than anything a seismological station in the Soviet Union had ever registered before, destroyed every building in a matter of seconds.

The life of the city didn't stop that night. Help came at once. Thousands of people from all over the country hurried to rescue the residents of Ashkhabad. In a matter of weeks bakeries, plants and schools were open again.

Today Ashkhabad is the center of large-scale industry (with 57 industrial enterprises), culture (there are four theaters, a philharmonic society, several museums and about 20 movie theaters) and science (the Turkmen Academy of Sciences and 30 research institutes). There are five higher educational institutions in the city, including a university, an agricultural institute and 13 technical schools.

the southernmost republic

Territory: Turkmenia covers 488,100 square kilometers.

The shape of the republic on a map looks remarkably like the pelt of an astrakhan sheep stretched for drying. In the south Turkmenia is bordered by the Kopet-Dag spurs, in the east it is washed by the Amu Darya River. On a map the "pelt" even has a small tail—the Krasnovodsk Peninsula, which juts into the Caspian Sea.

Population: Turkmenia is a multinational republic with the Turkmens constituting the largest national group. Other nationalities living there include Russians, Uzbeks, Kazakhs, Tatars, Ukrainians and Azerbaijanians. As of mid-1981, the republic's population was 2,936,600.

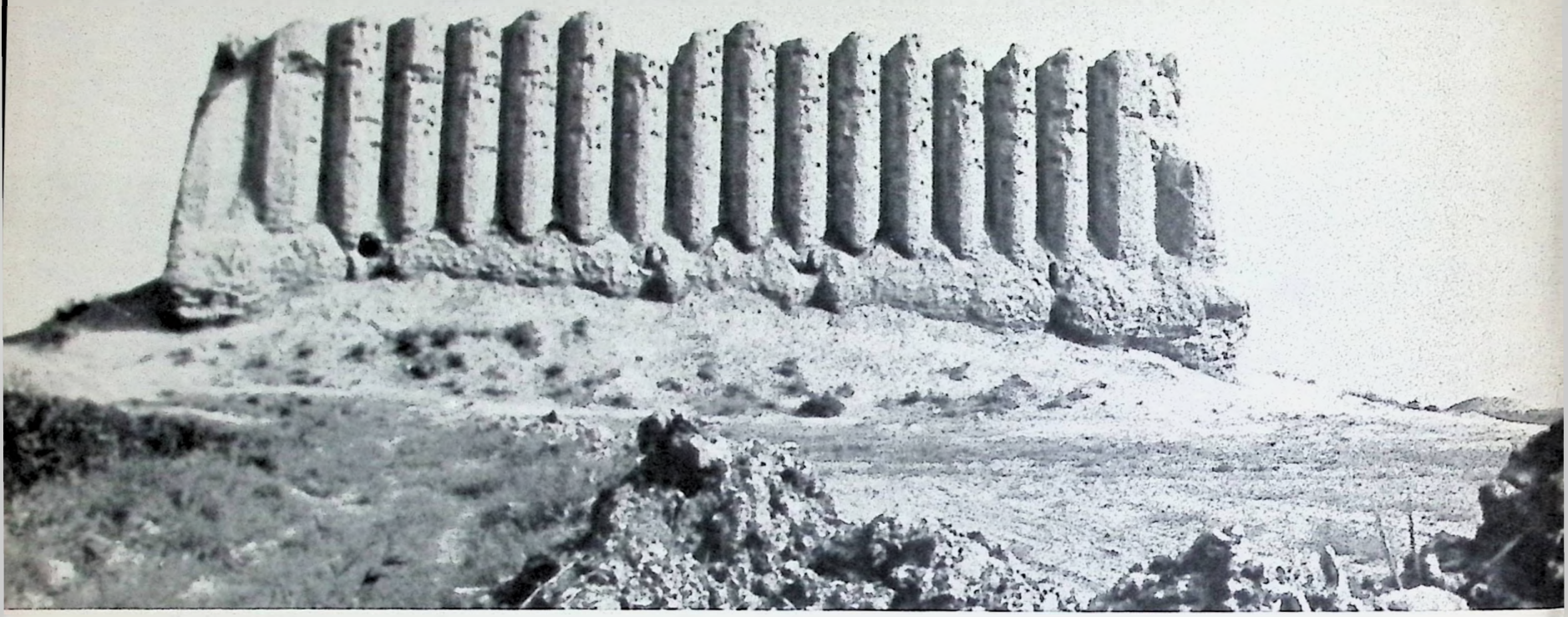
Geography: Four-fifths of the republic's territory is occupied by the Kara-Kum Desert. This land also has three-kilometer-high mountains, humid forest thickets in river valleys, luxuriant subtropical vegetation in mountain gorges, many-kilometer-long reaches of the Amu Darya and the world's largest lake—the Caspian Sea—which washes nearly 800 kilometers of Turkmenia.

Climate: Turkmenia is the hottest of all the Central Asian republics and has more days of sunshine. The annual average temperature is plus 15 degrees centigrade. In the summer the mercury is seldom below 35 and occasionally reaches 50.

Economy: The Great Soviet Encyclopedia of 1931 described the republic as "a crop-growing and cattle-breeding land with highly developed home industries." Today Turkmenia has modern industry and large-scale, mechanized agriculture.

The republic is rapidly developing its oil industry (from 1976 to 1980 it extracted 55 million tons of oil), gas industry (during the same period it extracted 343 billion cubic meters of natural gas) and petrochemical industry. The machine-building and building materials industries and the carpet industry all record high growth rates.

The chief agricultural products are cotton, especially fine-fiber cotton, vegetables, grain, melons, grapes and other fruit, plus astrakhan sheep and raw silk.



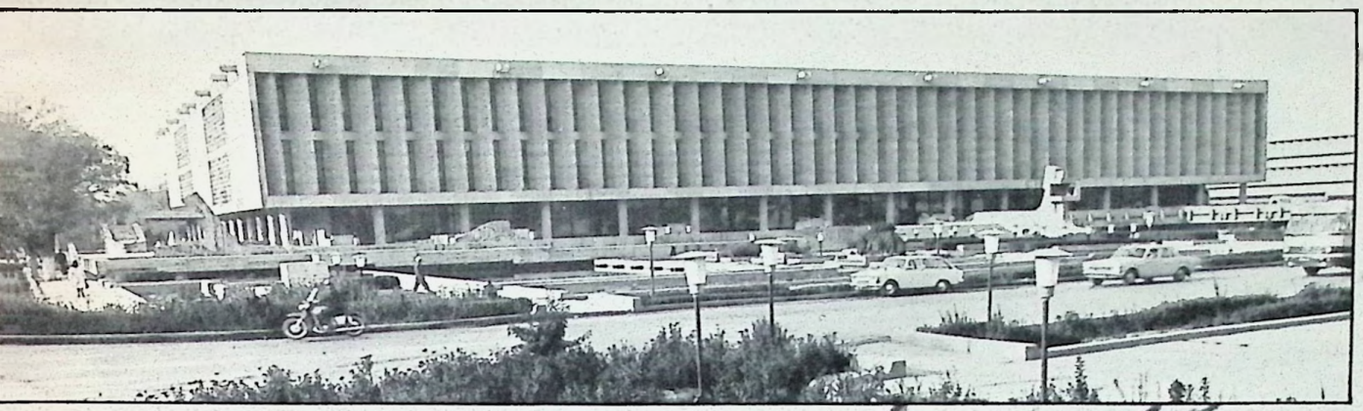
Construction of the Kara-Kum Canal is an ongoing project. It is [illegible] for 1,100 kilometers. Upon completion [illegible] with 1,400 kilometers, the canal means not only 400,000 hectares of irrigated land and five million hectares of watered territory, but also 226 hydrotechnical projects, eight pumping stations and three water reservoirs. In addition, the canal supplies water for Ashkhabad, Turkmenia's capital, as well as many other communities.

Solar energy will soon be added to the transformed energy of oil and gas that feeds the Mary Thermal Electric Power Station.

Culture: Eight hundred out of every 1,000 people employed in the Turkmen national economy have a higher or specialized secondary education.

The Turkmens developed their own fine arts and drama only after the 1917 October Revolution. Today the names of Turkmen painters, actors, opera and ballet soloists and composers are well known everywhere. Turkmenian films are quite popular in the Soviet Union, and the national literature features a variety of genres and boasts many talented writers.

The republic's research centers, led by the Turkmen Academy of Sciences, are involved in solving complex theoretical problems. They also make practical recommendations for industry and agriculture. ■



Water Comes to the Desert

By Seyitniyaz Atayev
A Turkmen Novelist

ANCIENT LEGEND HAS IT that when Allah distributed land among the different nationalities, the Turkmen people were out of luck. They received the sultry, harsh, arid sands of the Kara-Kum. To keep the land alive, Allah placed small rivers across Turkmenia. But in the summer these rivers ran dry. Crops died for lack of moisture. The Turkmen people had to roam from place to place in search of water. And that is why they say, "Water is worth more than gold."

For many centuries water was the cause of discord among the Turkmen tribes, as well as the means of enrichment and exploitation. Bloody skirmishes broke out because of water. Those who had water had power and could impose their will. After the 1917 October Revolution the water in Turkmenia became national property. But it was still as scarce as it was before.

The water problem was solved with the building of the Kara-Kum Canal. The project was begun more than a quarter of a century ago. The bed of the canal was filled with the waters of the only deep river in Turkmenia—the Amu Darya. It is called *jaikhun*, or the fierce, because of its fast current and capriciousness.

From the beginning the plan was to build the canal in several stages. Today it stretches for 1,100 kilometers, only 300 kilometers short of its end. The "Big Water," as the Turkmen people call it, transformed the republic. Not only agriculture but industry too started to develop rapidly. Old towns grew, and new towns appeared. Cotton fields, orchards and melon plantations cover the old caravan trails where the nomads used to roam. Modern communities have sprung up. The Turkmens have given up their nomadic life. Today where there is water, there is life.

Ata Charyev's Plans

Builders and engineers in Turkmenia often use the expression "lands attached to the canal." The lands they are talking about are "attached" by a special state institution—the Karakumstroi Agency, which is located in Ashkhabad. Karakumstroi supervises the building of irrigation extensions to undeveloped lands as well as the creation of new state farms.

I know Ata Charyev, the man in charge of Karakumstroi, quite well, and I like this businesslike gentleman. He's a tall, smart and elegant Turkmen. Charyev is an engineer by education. He has worked on the construction of the Kara-Kum Canal for 20 years. He has acquired both great experience and authority. We had a chat in his office. On one wall was a large map of the republic with a blue ribbon—the Kara-Kum Canal—running across it from east to west. Blue and orange striped squares, rectangles and polygons hung from this ribbon. They indicated the lands to which the artificial river has already returned life or will return in the near future. More than half of all the raw cotton produced in Turkmenia is picked in that area.

"We are planning to go forward with the work," Charyev told me. On the map he pointed to the northern part of the republic. "Another 1.3 million hectares of fallow fertile lands can be put to use here. And here, in the northeast, where Turkmenia borders Uzbekistan, we're completing the construction of another large reservoir—the Tyuya-Muyunsky. It too will be filled with water from the Amu Darya River. A canal will extend from the reservoir to the northern part of the republic."

Building large canals, reservoirs and irrigation systems in arid regions is costly. Each artificially irrigated hectare in Turkmenia yields 1,000 rubles of net profit. Economists say the cost of constructing the Kara-Kum Canal has not only been recouped, but the investment has already yielded a net profit of two billion rubles.

What "Big Water" Can Do

"I'm going to the canal. Let's go together," Charyev offered.

We went to Mary Region, where the first 400-kilometer section of the Kara-Kum Canal was started in 1959. The canal here has been widened by suction dredges and is navigable. Several large state farms that raise cotton have grown up in this area. One of them is called the Kara-Kum Canal State Farm.

Had I not seen, years ago, the construction workers pound in the first stakes at the site where the state farm now stands, I would find it hard to believe that the place came to life only after the arrival of the "Big Water." The community is surrounded by green trees and shrubs. State farm workers and specialists live in one- and two-story houses on individual lots. The streets and lots are carefully laid out. There is a palace of culture, which has its own movie theater, five elementary and secondary schools, a hospital and numerous shops.

During the first year the state farm was in operation, only 200 hectares were planted with cotton. Today 5,700 hectares are under cotton. About 70 per cent of all the cultivating work is mechanized. The state farm has more than 300 tractors. (The whole republic didn't have that many tractors during the early years of collectivization.)

The Secrets of Success

Representatives of more than 30 different nationalities inhabiting the Soviet Union helped to build the Kara-Kum Canal. Construction workers and engineers as well as machinery poured into the giant construction site from all over the country.

An old DT-54 tractor, a model no longer in use, rests on a pedestal in the main square of the Kara-Kum Canal State Farm Township. This is the tractor that 23 years ago pulled the first trench digger to the wasteland, which was overgrown with camel thorn and rare desert vegetation. And so the building of the first irrigation canal began.

I remember the scene well. Five men in dusty clothes gathered in heated discussion over a map on the hood of a car. One was a Georgian, one was an Armenian, one was a Ukrainian and two were Turkmens—Ata Charyev and Mohammed Amangeldyev. Four of them were hydraulic engineers and the fifth, Mohammed Amangeldyev, was secretary of the district party committee. The new farm that was about to be born needed workers and machines. Where could they get them? That is what the conversation was about.

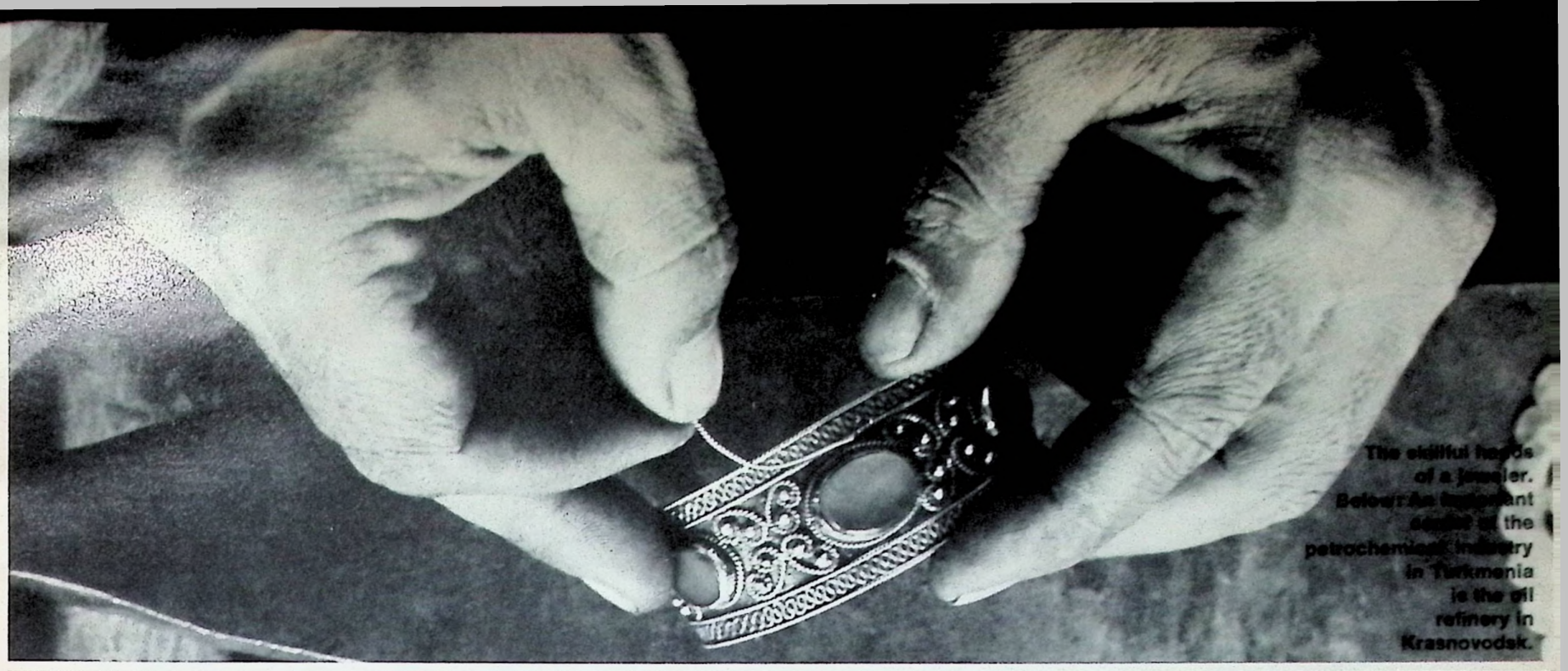
Amangeldyev was appointed director of the Kara-Kum Canal State Farm four years after its foundation and has held the position ever since then. This farm and other farms in the republic, too, have had to deal with a number of complicated problems. In the beginning the land yielded good cotton crops. But before long the irrigation drew salty underground waters to the fertile topsoil, and the salt surfaced. The habitable desert was in danger of becoming uninhabitable once again.

Scientists suggested building a drainage system. The Turkmen Research Institute of Hydraulic Engineering and Land Reclamation took up research in this field and has since developed several kinds of drainage systems. The institute has come up with efficient ways to prevent salinization from occurring in irrigated areas as well as ways to protect fields from drifting sand. The Turkmen Academy of Sciences' Institute of Deserts is continuing to work on the problem of keeping the sands in place. Advances in science have contributed to all spheres of Turkmenia's agricultural production. The Turkmen Research Institute of Farming is elaborating methods for cultivating different agricultural crops. The Turkmen Academy of Sciences' Institute of Botany is acclimatizing new kinds of plants, and the Research Institute of Selection and Cotton Growing is engaged in selection work. The Turkmen Agricultural Institute trains specialists, and technical colleges and vocational schools train workers and technicians.

Water—Still a Problem

I returned to Ashkhabad by plane. Below me, through the yellow sands and green oases, sparkled the blue ribbon of the Kara-Kum Canal, which stretches as far as Ashkhabad. From the capital the canal will continue west to the shore of the Caspian Sea. Nevertheless, there are still thousands of hectares of fertile land waiting for water in this part of the republic. Towns and small communities of gasworkers and oilworkers, factories, plants and cattle-breeding farms need additional water.

Water is also expected in the subtropics, which are in the western part of the republic. Citrus crops and date palms can be grown here once water is plentiful, and viniculture can be developed far and wide.



The skillful hands of a jeweler. Behind the brilliant facade of the petrochemical industry in Turkmenia is the oil refinery in Krasnovodsk.

Turkmenia in Brief

"Soft Gold"

The breeding of astrakhan sheep is one of the major branches of Turkmenia's economy. The curly fur is always in great demand at the international fur auction held in Leningrad each year.

The pelts seem to reflect the generous sunshine of the republic. Colors range from the darkest black of the Asian summer night, the silver-gray of spring clouds over the Kara-Kum Desert, to a warm golden brown.

The Finest Carpets in the World

There is an old Turkmenian proverb that goes something like this: The horse is a Turkmen's wings, and the carpet is his soul. The color schemes of Turkmenian carpets are inimitable, and their designs and methods of weaving are unique. No other carpets can equal them in durability and number of knots per square meter. At the same time, they are the thinnest carpets in the world. Among the different types you will find Akhal Tekke, Tekke, Pendi, Iomud, Kizyl-Ayak and Beshyr. The Akhal Tekke carpets are the most popular at home and on the international market for the beauty of their design. They make up half of the pile carpets handmade in Turkmenia.

Today carpet weavers work at state-owned factories. The job of the weavers has been greatly facilitated since they no longer have to dye, wash and spin the wool. Carpet weaving has gone from a cottage industry to a profession.

Racehorses

An Akhal Tekke steed is faster than the wind, according to Turkmen jockeys.

The reputation of the breed originated with the ancient tribes of Akhal and Tekke. Ancient travelers and military leaders alike have left records stating that these horses are worthy of kings. "These are steeds that take gold awards" is what people say and write about them today. Akhal Tekke horses are valued for their beauty, endurance and obedience.

Horse breeding is a long-standing tradition in Turkmenia. The Komsomol Stud Farm near Ashkhabad is the center for breeding and raising purebred Akhal Tekke racehorses.

Altyn-Tepe—The Riddle of the Century

Altyn-Tepe, or the Golden Hill, is an architectural ruin in Turkmenia that was once a large urban-type settlement. Why and how the town went to ruin and what its real name was are still mysteries. However, Soviet archeologists have established that Altyn-Tepe, which is a folk name, is the oldest settlement on Soviet territory and dates back to the Bronze Age. Excavation work has been going on for 15 years. If we go by the number of finds, Altyn-Tepe truly is a hill of gold. Hundreds of artifacts that reveal the day-to-day life and culture of ancient man have been found. The settlement is being restored with the help of the remains of existing structures.

The Gem of the Republic

In the old days it was the minarets, towers and mausoleums of the rulers that made the cities of Turkmenia imposing. Today it's buildings like the Karl Marx Library in Ashkhabad that are the pride of the cities. The library houses more than four million books.

The building is a gem not only because of its tremendous collection of books, but also because of its unique style and design. Turkmen architects and builders have proved that plain old concrete has artistic possibilities. It was used for reliefs that ornament the inner courtyards, which are summer reading rooms. The entire building is made of concrete and boasts Oriental motifs. Numerous fountains cool the air in the summertime.

FROM FRYING PANS TO TURBINES

THE STORY OF THE LENINGRAD METALWORKS

By Yuri Shnitnikov
Photographs by Alexei Varfolomeyev, Valeri Lozovsky and Rudolf Kucherov

The first water turbine produced by the Leningrad Metalworks back in 1924 was moved from shop to shop by a horse. Today specially built cranes load the plant's 500-ton turbines onto ships at the Port of Leningrad. From there giant rotors like the one below are transported to almost every continent.

THE HANDLE of this deep, copper frying pan bears a distinctive trademark—the winged staff of Mercury, the god of commerce—with the date below, 1857. The frying pan is a sample of the products that used to be made by the Leningrad Metalworks. It's exhibited in a glass case at the plant's museum.

The Leningrad Metalworks has come a long way in its 125-year history. Today a whole train is required to transport just one of the plant's products. Platform cars are loaded with parts and generators for a steam turbine that has a capacity of 1.2 million kilowatts. The turbine was manufactured for a power station in Central Russia.

At the beginning and for quite some time thereafter, the new plant did not specialize in any one product. It manufactured anything that could be made from metal.

As time went on, the plant began making steam and water heating equipment of its own design. Later it pioneered the production of various hoisting machines and equipment. The next stage was the production of bridge spans. Soon the plant was manufacturing all of the components needed to build a bridge.

In 1893 for the first time the enterprise exhibited its products abroad at the Chicago World's Fair. There the plant displayed corrugated iron, open-work dome construction, steam boilers, engines, pumps and gun carriages. Two bronze medals and an honorary diploma were the result.

At the Paris World's Fair in 1900 the metalworks took three gold medals and four silver ones. The plant's engineers also won several international competitions for technical design.

In 1922 the Leningrad Metalworks manufactured the parts for the first electric plow built in the Soviet Union. Vladimir Lenin attended the tests for the plow and followed them with great interest. Left: The plant produced the first Soviet turbine in 1924. President Mikhail Kalinin went to Leningrad to offer his congratulations. Kalinin is in the second row from the top. He is the man with the beard. Below: During the Revolution the workers of the plant joined the Bolsheviks.

In the early part of this century two significant events took place at the plant though their importance wasn't recognized until some time later. In 1904 the plant's engineers designed Russia's first gas turbine. Unfortunately, it remained on paper. In 1907 the plant manufactured the first steam turbine in Russia. It had a capacity of 120 kilowatts. The steam turbine operated smoothly at the plant's power station until 1964.

The plant's experience in turbine engineering proved to be highly valuable after the Great October Socialist Revolution in 1917, when the Soviet Government started to get the national economy going with a large-scale plan for the electrification of the country.

The metalworks was entrusted with turbine production, which it managed to set up in a short time. In the photograph on the facing page, which was taken in 1924, the horse is pulling the rotor of the first Soviet water turbine from shop to shop. The turbine had a capacity of 2,000 kilowatts.

However, the components that followed were far too heavy for any horse. In 1930 the plant produced a turbine with a capacity of 22,000 kilowatts, in 1931 the capacity of a turbine jumped to 50,000 kilowatts and by 1937 it was up to 100,000 kilowatts, which made it the most powerful in Europe.

When World War II was over, the enterprise kept increasing the capacity of its generators until they reached 1.2 million kilowatts. Today all the major hydroelectric power stations on the Volga and on the rivers in Siberia are equipped with these turbines.

In 1972 the plant took part in its first international auction. It bid on supplying generators for hydroelectric power stations in Canada and was awarded the contract. Several Leningrad turbines of various designs have been operating on North American rivers for some years now.

At present the Leningrad Metalworks exports its products to almost 30 countries. It manufactures the majority of water and steam turbines produced in the country. ■

PROTECTING WORKERS' INTERESTS

An interview with Vasili Sevastyanov, Chairman of the Trade Union Committee at the Leningrad Metalworks

by Yuri Shnitnikov

For the past seven years Vasili Sevastyanov (left and chairing the meeting above) has lead the several thousand member union organization at the Leningrad Metalworks. He started out as a boring-machine operator and rose to become a leading expert on turbine assembly and testing.

Team member Alexander Smirnov (center, above) was born with a speech and hearing handicap. That doesn't prevent him, though, from sharing his love for reading and wrestling with coworkers Vladimir Gushchin (left) and Sergei Novikov. Left: Sergei Pugachyov, 18, has been invited to join Chicherov's team after graduation.

monthly assignment is filled before schedule and if standards of quality are met.

While stimulating collective effort, this pay system does not exactly add up the contribution made by each member of the team. "That's the reason for introducing performance efficiency in our system," remarked fitter Vladimir Yerema. His comment reflects the opinion of Chicherov's whole team about the work done by each member. "We have different kinds of people," he continued, "some have inventive minds, while others do only what they're told. Some put their whole heart and soul into their work, while others are the first out to lunch and the last to return. Some were offended when they were told about this, but several months after PE went into effect, everyone realized that it was a fair system."

An unbiased assessment of the work accomplished is ensured by the collective decision of the team council. Five of the 14 members of Chicherov's team, the men with the most authority, are on the council: fitters Mikhail Mirkin, 50; Sergei Novikov, 34; Vladimir Yerema, 35; lathe operator Vyacheslav Danilishin, 24; and team leader Vladimir Chicherov, 48, chairman of the council. Normal work is used as the standard, from which deductions are made for major faults, like being late for work, whereas steps meriting approval, like helping younger workers or turning in a time-saving or labor-saving idea, for instance, mean a higher PE mark and more money in the pay envelope. Not long ago one of Chicherov's fellows failed to report for work several days straight. His PE sank to zero—meaning no 40 per cent bonus for him.

The council's decision is approved by the general meeting of the team, where everyone has the right to take the floor. Once in a while the meeting will make a change, but there hasn't been one instance yet of major disagreements in the assessment of a team member's work.

Executives of the Leningrad Metalworks have concluded that this arrangement has great potential for improving the management of production.

Senior foreman Yuri Kolesnikov explained: "It's much easier to work with teams like Chicherov's. The management actually doesn't have to deal with matters of work or technological discipline. The team copes with them well and demands only one thing, that is, that they provide the work. When I'm summoned to Chicherov's team, I know it's a technical problem, not a conflict in relations among the members."

Talking about the efficiency of the organization of work in Chicherov's team in general, I can report that its labor productivity went up by one-half in the Tenth Five-Year Plan period (1976-1980). As for the increase in pay, in the course of a year's work it added up to another 15 per cent.

Gennadi Shishov, director-general of the Leningrad Metalworks, concluded: "We now have 203 such teams, and we plan to go on developing and improving forms of collective work in order to enhance the workers' role in the management of production."

THE MAN IN CHARGE

By Alexander Turundayevsky

Gennadi Shishov, 50, spent his days in machine halls and his nights in classrooms working his way up to the post of director-general of the Leningrad Metalworks. The plant's project for the next few years is the serial production of one-million-kilowatt turbines for nuclear power stations.

TURBINES with the LMZ (Leningradsky Metalichesky Zavod) trademark can be found on every continent except perhaps Antarctica and Australia.

The Leningrad Metalworks' products are recognized for their quality, reliability, convenience in handling and economy. The firm is confidently steering its way through the turbulent sea of international competition.

Although the reputation of a giant enterprise like this depends on the efforts of many able people, one involuntarily thinks of the person in charge. Who is that? A tough technocrat and dictator with subordinates who try to avoid him unless absolutely necessary? Or an easy-going, accessible manager?

Gennadi Shishov, who has headed up the plant for seven years now, is both a strong-willed and a kind man. Shishov is 50 years old. He was born in a village near Saransk, the capital of the Mordovian Autonomous Republic. After finishing high school, he enrolled at the Machine-Building *Technicum* in Saransk. In 1950 he graduated as a locomotive mechanic and then got a job in Leningrad. He started out as a supervisor at the Neva Engineering Plant. At the same time he went to night school to study turbine production. One of his classes visited the Leningrad Metalworks to see how turbines of different designs and classes are manufactured.

Shishov regards his 15 years at the Neva Engineering Plant as excellent production training. The plant built power equipment for the ferrous metals industry, and it was the young supervisor's job to oversee the assembly, adjustment and startup of turbines at the factories where they would be used.

In 1956 Shishov moved to Dneprodzerzhinsk, a major metallurgical center in the Ukraine. For three years he supervised the assembly of new equipment at the power and heating plant of an iron and steel works. "It's the same plant where General Secretary Brezhnev worked as an engineer in the mid-thirties," he remarked.

During the daytime Shishov worked in the machine halls of the plant, in the evenings he attended lectures at the Dneprodzerzhinsk Polytechnic Institute. He studied that way for three years before he returned to Leningrad and completed his education at the polytechnic institute there. In 1962 Shishov got a mechanical engineering diploma in turbine building.

Soon he had been on every rung on the production ladder —senior supervisor, section chief, deputy shop superintendent, deputy chief and chief of the technical control department, chief engineer and finally—director of the Neva Engineering Plant.

In 1973 he was offered the post of director of the Leningrad Metalworks. A year later another plant was joined to the metalworks, and Shishov was appointed director-general of the association.

His workday begins with a visit to the shops. "An hour in the shops charges me with enough energy to last until evening," he commented. "The opinions and ideas of the workers and the supervisors, the reports from the shop superintendents, the noise of the machine tools, the smell of the machine oil—that's the life, and that's what I enjoy."

He's methodical and persistent in achieving a goal and believes that the right principles of organization in the hands of ordinary people are more effective than unsystematic and sporadic attempts even by outstanding individuals. And it's ordinary people from the research, design and technological departments that develop original machines, introduce them into production and oversee control along the three principal lines: steam, water and gas turbines. In general, Shishov is convinced that the successful operation of the entire plant depends on each worker. His biggest demand from his managers is that they be able to get along well with people—not machines. "I expect more from the people who work under me because we're doing a common job. Each one of them, in turn, has the right to demand the same from me," he said.

Although he tries to stay informed of all developments, Shishov doesn't resort to petty surveillance. Each of his seven deputies independently carries out work in the sphere of his competence. As for himself, Shishov thinks that plans for the future development of the plant are his most important work. "A manager must keep things in perspective and look at least 10 years ahead," he asserted.

The start of serial production of one-million-kilowatt turbines for nuclear power stations is the plant's most important project for the next few years. The mammoth turbines will be manufactured at a subsidiary plant under construction on the outskirts of the city. The building of gas turbines, a rapidly developing area new to the Leningrad Metalworks, will also be completely switched over there.

Realization of the program for the development of the country's fuel and energy complex charted by the last Communist Party Congress will call for the extensive participation of the Leningrad Metalworks. The enterprise has already received a large order for more than 100 turbines (500,000 kilowatts each) for thermal power stations that are under construction near the Ekibastuz coal fields in Kazakhstan and the Kansk-Achinsk coal fields in Eastern Siberia.

KONSTANTIN YELISEYEV? EVERYONE AT THE PLANT KNOWS HIM!

By Alla Belyakova

Konstantin Yeliseyev fought in World War II from the start to the finish. The upper photo of Yeliseyev was taken in June 1945 before the Victory Day Parade. He's in full-dress uniform beside the colors of his regiment. The lower photo was taken not long ago in his shop at the Leningrad Metalworks.

THE WATCHMEN greet him each morning like an old friend. For 36 years now Konstantin Yeliseyev has walked leisurely along the embankment of the Neva River to the entrance gate of the Leningrad Metalworks.

Yeliseyev, a labor veteran and a war veteran, was born in 1919. He fought in World War II, and his wife went through the 900-day seige of Leningrad. Yet Yeliseyev believes he's a lucky man despite the numerous trials and hardships he's endured.

Yeliseyev is a worker and the son of a worker. His father died in 1920 in the Civil War. His mother raised four sons and two daughters alone. Konstantin didn't spend a long time deciding what he was going to be. He entered a vocational school and became an electrician. His whole life was involved with two Leningrad enterprises. Before the war he worked at Electrosila, after the war he started at the Leningrad Metalworks.

He fought in World War II from the start to the finish, and he witnessed some remarkable events. He still cherishes the photographs and mementos of those years. He looks with a sad smile at the curly haired lad in uniform that was him more than 40 years ago. Yeliseyev remembers well November 7, 1941. That was the twenty-fourth anniversary of the Great October Socialist Revolution. Leningrad was in the viselike grip of the blockade, and the enemy was almost at the gates of Moscow. The Nazis studied the Soviet capital through their field glasses, imagining the triumphant stamping of German boots on the ancient cobblestones of Red Square.

You wouldn't think that there would have been a parade at such a time, but the traditional Seventh of November Parade went off that morning. Soviet troops and tanks rolled past the Kremlin wall ready for action. They went into battle straight from the parade. Konstantin Yeliseyev marched in one of the columns of infantry. He'll never forget that grim and solemn day. Snowflakes fell hard and fast on the grave faces of the soldiers. Artillery fire boomed in the distance.

He had the good fortune to march through Red Square four years later. "That was the happiest day of my life," Yeliseyev recalls, "the Victory Day Parade on June 24, 1945. The soldiers and officers who were to take part in the parade arrived in Moscow from all of the fronts. We trained every day. We knew how to fight, but we had forgotten how to parade. Clothing factories in Moscow made special uniforms for us. An orchestra of 1,400 musicians rehearsed victory marches. All of Moscow came out to welcome us. Everywhere you looked you could see the jubilant faces of Muscovites. They showered flowers on us. I was a much older sergeant in that parade uniform with shining buttons, but I had to try hard to conceal a smile."

In memory of the parade Yeliseyev treasures a certificate of appreciation from his commanding officer with the inscription, "Our cause was right and we won."

Yeliseyev seems to grow younger as he reminisces. His most unforgettable moment was the day that the victors carried in the captured fascist flags and banners and threw them down at the base of the Lenin Mausoleum. Hundreds of drums rolled.

He picked up one photograph after another thoughtfully. One of them showed the Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra with Dmitri Shostakovich in the center. The second musician on the right is Yeliseyev's brother Victor. He played the trumpet and was among the musicians who performed Shostakovich's *Seventh* ("Leningrad") *Symphony* in besieged Leningrad on August 9, 1942.

The family album is filled with stories, but the saddest of all are about the war. Yeliseyev's wife Anna was in the blockaded city for all 900 days. Her legs became paralyzed. Yeliseyev's older brother Georgi was killed at the front.

The Yeliseyevs have two sons, both of whom work at the Leningrad Metalworks. Anatoli is a foreman, and Alexander is an engineer. They meet their father every day at the plant and exchange news.

Although Konstantin Yeliseyev is over 60 and could retire on pension, he hasn't chosen to do so. He and his partner work in a shop where gas burners for semiautomatic welding are made. These aren't very important items, but it's from such little things that the gigantic wheels of the turbines are made. Yeliseyev is proud that he can still be useful to the plant. And so each morning he strolls up to the checkpoint and acknowledges all the "Good mornings" coming his way. After all, everyone at the plant knows him!

TRAINING NEW APPRENTICES

By Alla Belyakova
and Avtonom Nepomnyashchy

The Leningrad Metalworks has its own three-year vocational school that trains young people to be turners, fitters or milling machine operators.

NEW PERSONNEL for the Leningrad Metalworks largely comes from the plant's own trade school. The oldest in the city, the vocational school has already celebrated its one hundredth birthday. In its first 40 years the school trained only 645 workers. In the past 65 years of Soviet government it has turned out 35,000 specialists.

I talked with the director of the school, Oleg Shurshin. He began his career at the plant at the age of 15, starting out as a worker. Later, after college, he became an engineer. Today he trains new apprentices for the plant. Incidentally, Shurshin, 37, is also a deputy of the Leningrad City Soviet.

"Our school trains young people to be turners, fitters or milling machine operators. Teenagers come to us after eight years of school, two years before they normally would graduate from high school. We give them hostel accommodations and three meals a day, as well as uniforms," he explained.

In the workshops the students learn the secrets of the trade, and in the classrooms they study mathematics, physics, literature and other secondary school subjects. After completing the course, they also receive a high school diploma.

How do the graduates go about getting jobs?

"Everyone goes to work at our plant," Shurshin pointed out. "The third year of training takes place in the plant's shops, where an experienced worker helps each student learn the ropes. He serves somewhat as a mentor for the trainee. The students learn to work with a team and master the machine tools. Then the shop superintendents and the school instructors meet and decide how well they've done. After graduation examinations, a written thesis, oral exams and a vacation, they become permanent workers."

From their very first day of classes, the students enjoy all the rights that the workers have. They also receive a factory pass. The students attend meetings with their mentors. They go skiing together in winter and swimming in summer.

Of course, the lives of these teenagers are filled with more than just work and study. The school has a well-equipped sports complex plus dozens of hobby groups. Anyone interested in art, for example, can join an art studio at the plant's palace of culture. One of the school's most popular awards is tickets to the best shows in Leningrad.

From Lab Assistant to Theorist

Alexander Chizhik began his career as a laboratory assistant at the Leningrad Metalworks 25 years ago. Today Chizhik's name is well known to power engineers throughout the world. His monographs on turbine construction have become manuals for manufacturers. His theoretical studies provided the foundation for the use of many novel materials in the last generation of superpower turbines.

Before he became a Doctor of Science in Technology, Chizhik completed institute and postgraduate courses and went back to the Leningrad Metalworks, where he continued his scientific pursuits.

His example is not an exception but another illustration of the rule that the plant helps its workers receive higher education. In addition to the vocational school, the plant also has a polytechnic institute where high school graduates can continue their education.

Every year the plant allows its trainees to go on paid leave to take their exams (up to 40 days) and to write and defend their diploma theses (up to four months). On top of all this, they are entitled to an extra day off a week.

Of course, the plant has to shoulder the extra expenses. The training of one student at the plant's polytechnic institute costs 5,000 rubles, and as many as 600 workers become students every year. But ultimately the plant doesn't sustain any losses. When the students graduate, they more than compensate for the hours they didn't work by creating top-class technology.

The Leningrad Metalworks employs a large number of ▶

This metal sculpture of a worker was cast by students of the Leningrad Metalworks' vocational school. It stands in the school's lobby.

Facing page: Sending your children to the plant's Young Pioneer camp or spending a week fishing and relaxing at its vacation resort are a few of the benefits of working at the Leningrad Metalworks. The camp welcomes 2,100 youngsters each summer. Sessions last 24 days. From the looks on these faces, everyone has a good time.

Vladimir Chicherov (center), a team leader at the Leningrad Metalworks, and two young members of his team. He is wearing the Star of the Hero of Socialist Labor, the highest decoration awarded for outstanding work. Below: Nikolai Kondrashin, a veteran worker, cuts the ribbon to open the new academic year for the plant's vocational school.

specialists who hold academic degrees, and almost every one of them began as a worker. For instance, Victor Orgo, the son of peasants, worked as a mechanic for six years before graduating from an institute and becoming a leading specialist in hydroturbine manufacture. He is credited with making quite a substantial contribution to the development of electric machinery for the Volzhsk, Bratsk and Krasnoyarsk hydroelectric power projects. Orgo has won several national prizes and is the author of 37 scientific works—all standard reading for power engineers.

Gleb Shchegolev started out as an apprentice mechanic. After he graduated from an institute, he became the chief designer of hydraulic turbines at the Leningrad Metalworks, a post he held for 20 years. Shchegolev, the author of 30 unique designs for hydroturbines, now teaches at the hydraulic machines department of the plant's polytechnic institute, where he was once a student.

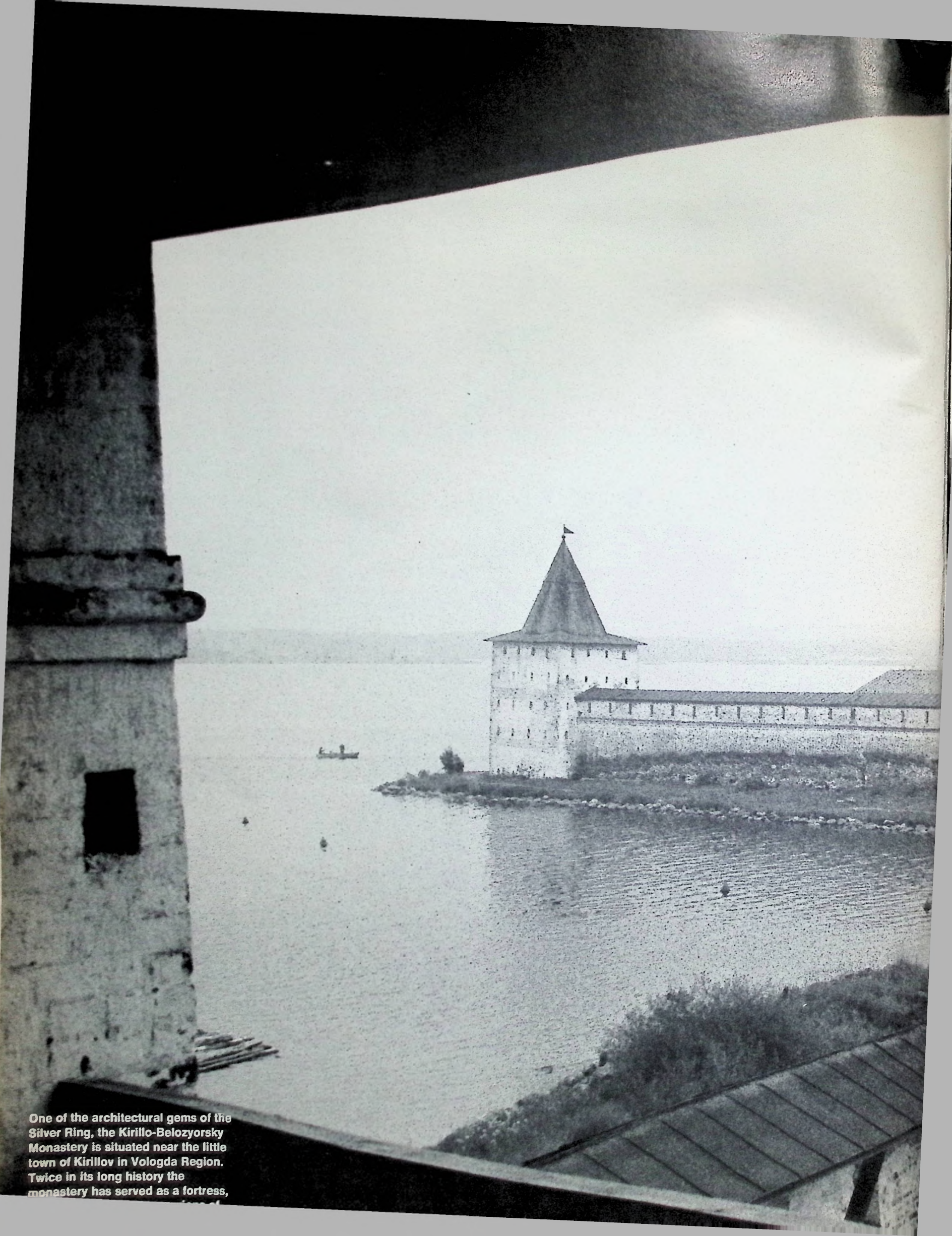
Continuing Education

Every year the plant posts this announcement on its bulletin boards:

"The polytechnic institute invites workers with high school diplomas to continue their education at its full-time day and part-time evening courses."

The polytechnic institute has several departments. The department of turbine manufacture trains engineers in the assembly, testing and designing of steam, gas and water turbines. The technology department teaches research and design of the mechanical working and assembly of various machines and design of automated systems.

A nuclear power engineering department was recently opened and has attracted a large number of entrants. It offers mechanical engineering courses in the calculation, design, manufacture and assembly of reactors, steam generators and equipment for nuclear power plants, as well as courses in welding special equipment for nuclear power projects and other projects.



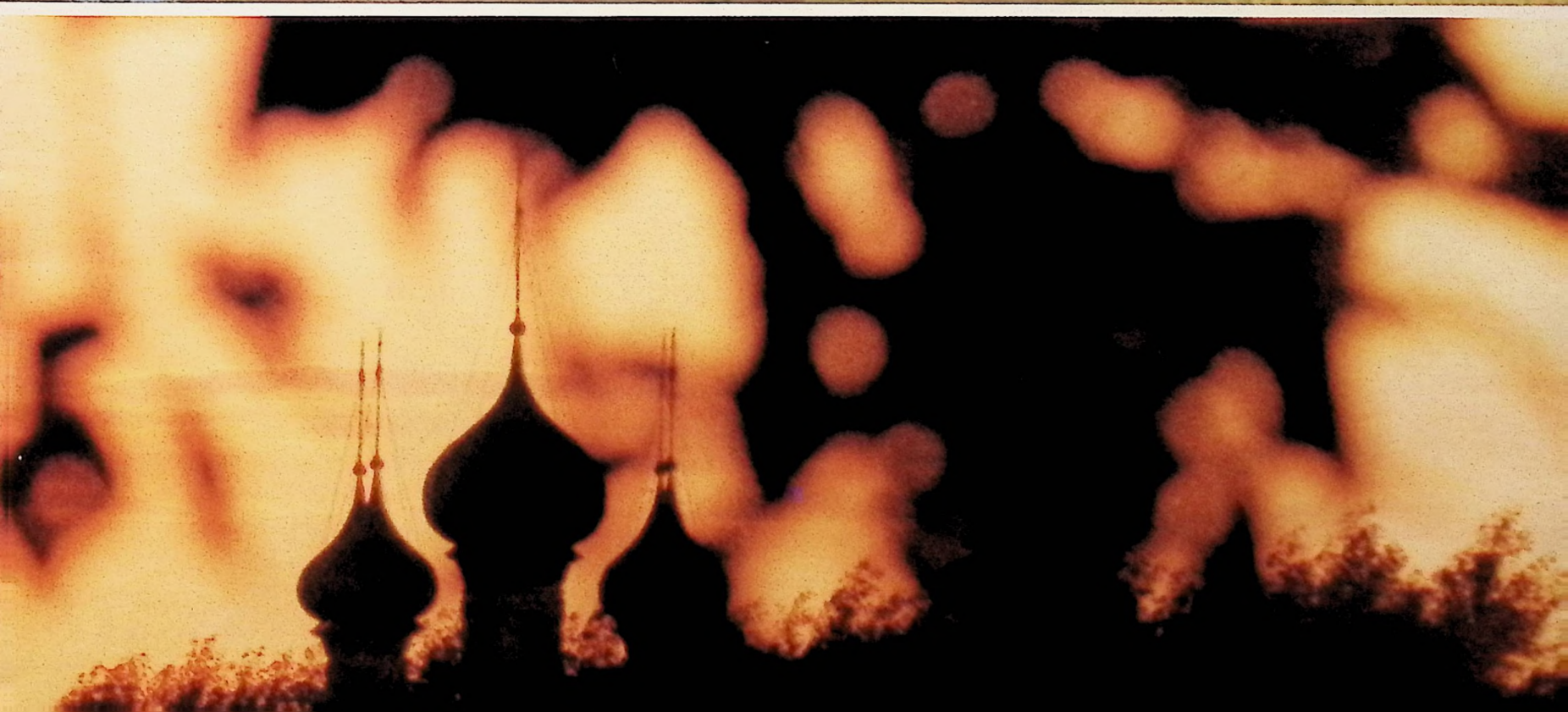
One of the architectural gems of the Silver Ring, the Kirillo-Belozyorsky Monastery is situated near the little town of Kirillov in Vologda Region. Twice in its long history the monastery has served as a fortress,

RUSSIA'S SILVER RING

By Vadim Dementyev

Photographs by Alexander Grashchenkov

There's an old Russian custom that before leaving home for a trip, everyone sits down in silence for a minute or two and thinks about what they're leaving behind and what awaits them where they're going. Our times are governed by quite different speeds. Customs and traditions change, too. But this custom has endured. So, won't you sit down for a moment and consider the road in front of us and the route we'll travel?



Wooden sculpture is a traditional art of the Russian North. At right is a seventeenth century variation on the theme of the Last Supper. Below is a sixteenth century masterpiece of St. George fighting the dragon. Bottom: The bells of the famous Cathedral of St. Sophia in Vologda.

TOURIST BROCHURES bill a trip around the ancient towns of the Russian North as the Silver Ring. Why a "ring"? There's some logic in using that word since the route makes a circle. As in a beautiful necklace, every town is a priceless pearl. Why "silver"? Because the route is the younger brother of the world-famous Golden Ring of Russia, a trip that takes travelers to the best-known treasures of Russian architecture, through thousand-year-old towns like Yaroslavl, Uglich, Kostroma and Tver, that shows them the sparkling gold domes of the Troitse-Sergievsky Monastery, and more.

Russian towns grew and developed concentrically. Viewed from above, they look something like the growth rings of a cross section of a tree. The heart of the town, where the fortress, or kremlin, usually stood, was surrounded by *posads* (settlements of tradespeople and artisans) that protected the town's stronghold during invasions. In the same way, the central town—the prince's capital—was surrounded by fortified towns that spread over new lands, thus protecting the countless settlements of rural people. This circular structure was characteristic of the Russian North, which was developed by settlers from Veliky Novgorod in the fifteenth century. All of this is by way of another explanation for the word "ring."

As for "silver," there may be another reason for that, too, the most widespread colors of the North being silver in tone. On a white night in June, when you can easily read a paper out on the street in the very dead of night, the clouds are opalescent, the walls of the ancient churches gleam white in the distance and the waters of the many rivers and lakes appear silver. Even the wood used hundreds of years ago by the Northerners to build homes and cathedrals, that unpainted wood, somehow has a silver cast to it.

And so we set off on our trip around the Silver Ring of Russia, to the beautiful towns of Vologda, Kirillov and Veliky Ustyug.

The arrow-straight highway takes us away from Moscow. The woods on either side of the road grow more and more gloomy looking and forbidding. Firs begin to dominate the landscape. Every now and then we come across billboards that say, VOLOGDA, FOUNDED IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY, IS MOSCOW'S CONTEMPORARY or VELIKY USTYUG—A FAMOUS TRADE CENTER ON THE WATERWAYS TO SIBERIA or BELOZYORSK, A TOWN THAT MARKED ITS 1000th ANNIVERSARY, IS MENTIONED IN THE ORIGINAL RUSSIAN CHRONICLES. We're entering an area that has stayed intact, like in a fairy tale, like in a legend. The white walls of the monasteries flash by, giving way to shimmering lakes. Ancient frescoes are followed by the blue haze of flax fields, the main crop of the North.

Our first stop is Vologda. How pleasant it is, after the large industrial centers with their endless traffic, bustle and fast pace, to stroll in the early morning along quiet, uncrowded streets. Here you must learn to walk at an unhurried pace and get used to the measured, tranquil life of the local inhabitants. Everywhere you turn you find folk art. There's a house that looks as if it's been carved from one tree trunk. A bit farther along you catch sight of a colorful little window with a fanciful platband and intricate shutters that are probably closed on cold, stormy days. And across the way rises the steep, many-gabled roof of a white-walled church, lovingly restored. Even a layperson in architecture can't help noticing that all of the structures in the North seem to stretch upward toward the sky. On the highest point of the roof on a village house you'll see the proudly rearing figure of a wooden horse. Metal pennants decorate the ancient mansions of the boyars. But the golden domes of the bell towers soar high above everything else.

Let's climb to the top of the bell tower of the cathedral in Vologda's kremlin. Once you're on the observation platform, you can almost touch the clouds. On all sides is a breathtaking view of the environs of this ancient town. Vologda isn't a big community. Its present population doesn't exceed 240,000. Besides the historical sights, it has a large ball bearing factory and a repair plant for railroad coaches as well as several colleges and cultural institutions.

Vologda is also home of the nationally famous Vologda Butter, made from a special recipe since the early 1900s. The secret of the recipe lies in the grass that grows on the banks of the Sheksna River. The mixture of grasses has a unique smell and even possesses medicinal properties. And, of course, it makes excellent fodder for cows. Try some Vologda Butter. You'll be able to distinguish it from all other butters by the slight nut-like flavor.

I'm afraid I've strayed somewhat from our subject. The local people in Vologda *do* enjoy receiving guests. They welcome everyone with open arms and true Russian hospitality.

From the bell tower you can ▶

A small wooden staircase leads up to the vaulted entrance of the old cathedral in the Ferapontov Monastery. Inside, soaring upward as though in a hazy mist, the walls are entirely covered with the great Dionisy frescoes.

plainly see in the distance the famous Spaso-Prilutsky Monastery, a miracle of the sixteenth century that still stands without any reconstruction or finishing touches. Its walls rise near a bend in the Vologda River. (The town, now a regional center, was named after the river.) Compared to the other rivers in the North, the Vologda is little more than a stream. But it once was geographically important, being part of the ancient trade route "from the Varangians to the Greeks"—from present-day Scandinavia to the Black Sea. That route (by no means a tourist trek!) was the principal trade route in ancient Rus for several hundred years. At that time Vologda used to receive merchants from Scandinavia, Persian "guests" (as traders were called in those days) used to land on the riverbanks, the energetic Greeks would scurry there and back, Englishmen and Genoese would stroll leisurely along the embankment.

Without fail you will be told the most popular of the local legends. Czar Ivan IV, called "the Terrible" (1530-1584), decided to make the town the capital of the Russian state. Why? Because the notorious monarch didn't feel safe in Moscow, so insidious were the intrigues of the boyars. Here, in the North, he was evidently hoping to find peace after years of discord, to hide himself away from the boyars' infighting behind the mighty walls of the Vologda kremlin, which he began hurriedly putting up. True, it's only a legend. No historian can safely say what the plans of the cunning and crafty czar really were.

Vologda might well have become the capital of this great country had it not been for a small piece of brick that fell on the all-powerful monarch one day while he was walking directly under a part of the kremlin wall that was unfinished. The superstitious and pious czar believed it to be a bad omen and never returned to Vologda again, ordering all construction to be discontinued.

It took centuries to complete the Vologda kremlin. Actually, the architectural complex was begun even before the edict of Ivan the Terrible. But the pride of the people who live in Vologda is the ancient and majestic St. Sophia's Cathedral, which now houses an art museum of frescoes. The cathedral soars over the river, striking everyone who sees it with the perfection of its steeple, the elegance of its lines. In olden times, however, cathedrals also played the role of impregnable fortresses. During the Polish-Lithuanian invasion in the early seventeenth century, when usurpers laid waste to the Northern lands, they reached Vologda, too. The inhabitants defended their town literally to the last stone. And that last stone was the Cathedral of St. Sophia. The survivors locked themselves in, determined never to surrender to the enemy. The invaders set fire to the cathedral, which became a blazing common grave for hundreds. Today it stands as a monument to their great courage.

After a parting glance at the highlights of Vologda, we continue on our way, this time by boat. We're off to the equally renowned town of Kirillov. It takes a hydrofoil 24 hours to pass through the system of locks on Kubenskoye Lake (glorified in so many folk songs, out of whose blue waves, like in a fairy tale, rises the Spaso-Kamenny Monastery), and reach the walls of Kirillov.

A complete panorama of the Kirillo-Belozyorsky Monastery opens up before us while we're still on deck. It was once a mighty fortress, the stronghold of ancient Novgorod. It guarded the northern borders of the Russian state. The monastery was a distinguished cultural center in the Middle Ages. It had a wonderful library, a studio for painters, many handicraft and industrial artels, a smith shop that made weapons and a well-stocked arsenal. For almost 500 years now it has been standing there in total harmony with the nearby meadows, woodlands, hills and lakes. When I see the walls of the monastery, I can't help recalling a line written by the Soviet poet Sergei Orlov, who was, by the way, born in these parts. The line goes like this: "Our grandfathers sure did know how to build. . . ."

The Kirillo-Belozyorsky Monastery is the second largest in the country after the Troitse-Sergievsky Monastery. It takes more than three hours to walk through it all. Today the monastery houses a museum filled with artifacts, icons and local handicrafts. After you see the exhibits, you can stop for dinner in the Refectory Restaurant, which is designed to look like an ancient dining hall. The menu offers monastery-style fish soup (the Russian monks were known all over for their rich and dainty fish delicacies), Northern meat dumplings and, of course, *medovukha,* commonly known as mead, a slightly alcoholic beverage made of pure bee's honey.

Twenty kilometers from Kirillov is the world-famous Ferapontov Monastery, the frescoes of which were painted by a genius of ancient Rus, Dionisy.

The two neighboring monasteries are as unlike as two people. The one in Kirillov looks powerful and severe, like a Northerner should be, while the Ferapontov is small and poetic, like a toy made of stone, nestled next to a little lake. Both were founded by monks, followers of the teachings of the Reverend Sergei Radonezhsky, a great religious and state figure, a diplomat and philosopher who played a very important role in the history of ancient Rus.

A small wooden staircase leads up to the vaulted entrance of the old cathedral in the Ferapontov Monastery. Inside, soaring upward as though in a hazy mist, the walls are entirely covered with the great Dionisy frescoes. An inscription on one wall confirms that he and his sons painted the cathedral in the two summers of 1501 and 1502. The base for the paints they used was the semiprecious stones found on the shores of Lake Borodayevskoye, on which the monastery stands. Dionisy and his helpers ground them in stone mortars and mixed them with egg yolks to produce wondrously pure and bright colors, which they then painted on the walls. In the rays of the Sun that fall through the narrow windows the frescoes seem to sing and sway like live beings. The cathedral is dedicated to Our Lady. The belief of the peasant that woman was the source of all things—bread, light and children—was especially widespread in the North.

Marvelous guides explain the content of Dionisy's frescoes, which the late prominent Russian art historian Igor Grabar compared to Italian mosaics. I noticed that there seemed to be a number of artists among the visitors to the monastery. They were studying the legacy of the past or doing copies of frescoes for museums.

The doors of the ancient cathedral close behind us, and we leave the quiet Ferapontov Monastery. Our road takes us back to the busy Vologda-Belozyorsk road. Anyone who has ever passed by here was sure to enjoy the lovely landscapes. The hills gently slope down to wide valleys, which run into dense woods. In the distance we make out Mt. Maura, from which on clear days you can see for kilometers around. There are numerous lakes in the area. It's enjoyable to spend a day or two, fishing or just relaxing around a campfire.

Crossing Sheksna River by ferry, our car enters Belozyorsk, founded in the ninth century. The town stands on the shore of Lake Beloye, one of Europe's largest freshwater lakes. *Beloye* is the Russian for white, and in color the lake really is white. Through its calm waters you can see the gleam of huge boulders that were placed there by order of Czar Peter I to reinforce the banks. The main sightseeing highlight in Belozyorsk is the remains of an earthen rampart on which the wooden kremlin once stood. I don't believe that there is another city in the Soviet Union where real castle earthen ramparts have been preserved. Climbing to the top of the grassy embankment—a popular spot for strolling—we see a broad panorama of the lake and the blocks of Belozyorsk blending into the North woods.

We'll spend the night at the new Belozyorsk Hotel and continue our trip in the morning. From Belozyorsk we can reach Veliky Ustyug, which sits at the confluence of the Yug and the Sukhona rivers, only by plane.

Vast tracts of forestland and countless lakes and rivers go by. Ninety minutes later our plane lands in Veliky Ustyug.

The first thing you notice is the multitude of church cupolas. There are literally scores of them in this ancient town. In days gone by, when river vessels were the only means of transport, Veliky Ustyug was the largest trading center in Northwest Russia. It was from here that the famous travelers who reached the Pacific coastline of Russia started off. Semyon Dezhnev, a man from Veliky Ustyug, skirted the northeast coast of Asia back in the seventeenth century, passing through the Bering Strait. Today Veliky Ustyug is famous for its artistic handicrafts.

That two-story white building across the way is the Severnaya Chern Factory. Dozens of artists work there, engraving silver ornaments. They paint on a special niello solution, and after it is tempered in kilns, they have exquisite bracelets, rings, brooches and tableware. Niello is also put on gold. These lovely products are sent to Europe and America, where they are regarded as some of the finest in the world.

Anyone who has traveled over the roads, lakes and rivers of these northern parts will never forget this lovely area. ■

ARCHITECTURE BECOMES CHILD'S PLAY

By Lyudmila Sovkova

Vladislav Kirpichyov (center), an architect, heads the four-year-old Experimental Architecture Studio for children in Moscow. Anyone between the ages of 5 and 15 is invited to join. The studio started out with only five members, today it has 30, and soon there will be space for 100.

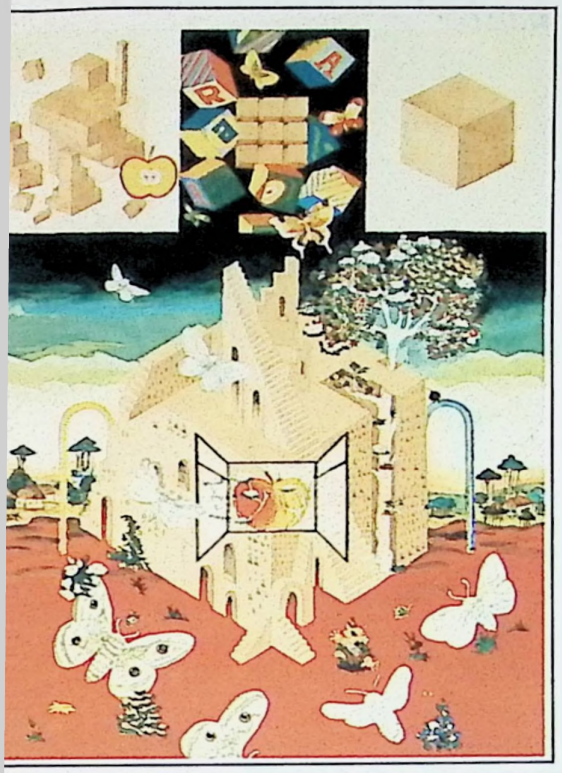
A SMALL POSTER tacked up around Moscow's Frunze District invites anyone between the ages of 5 and 15 to join the Experimental Architecture Studio for children. The faces of the studio members grin at you from the poster. The youngsters are holding samples of their work. The faces may be youthful, but the copy accompanying the photo is full of grownup words like "design," "method" and "composition."

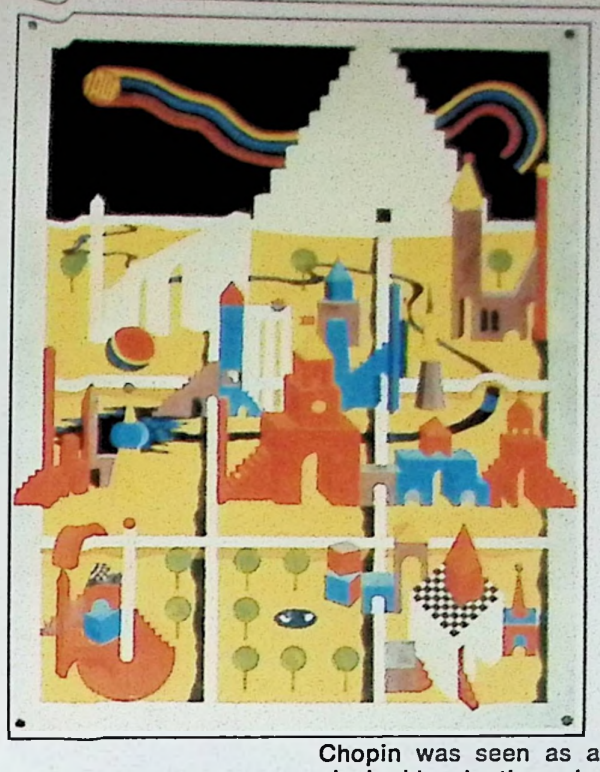
Such an early manifestation of architectural talent aroused my doubts because my ideas about architects assume they have extensive knowledge and experience. The head of the studio group, architect Vladislav Kirpichyov, smiled at this doubting Thomas and volunteered, "Come and see for yourself what we do."

So I did. The first thing that caught my attention in the studio was a pale blue square on a black background. Snow-white clouds floated over it, and a dry autumn leaf fluttered downward. It was Kirill Fyodorov's interpretation of Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*. There were more paintings by the youngsters on the wall. Gershwin was visualized by one child as gray-green coral. ▶

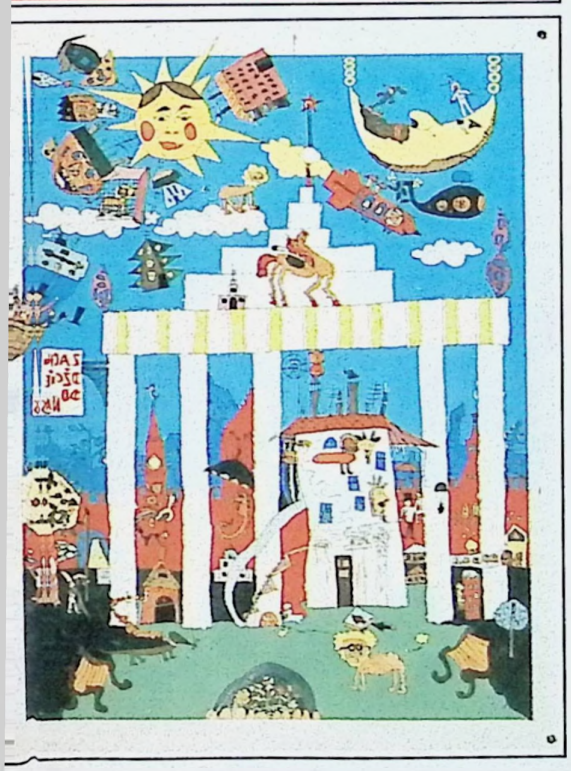

ТЕАТР
ЭЛЬ

Unlike most children's pictures, these were not just painted, they were designed. Facing page: *The Tower of Babel*, by Marina Simakova, 13. Below: *An Apple in the Window*, by Angela Gubareva, 15. Bottom: *The City of White Clouds*, by Anya Abazieva, 6.





Above: *The Game*, by Anton Nadtochy, 10. Left: *A Young Boy's Adult Ideas*, by Slava Stepanov, 15.



Right: The studio members' work is getting closer to being truly practical. The children love building playground models. Above right: Fyodor Rebrov, one of the studio's most enthusiastic members, drafts a design for a monument to the men and women who defended the Soviet capital in 1941 against the Nazis.

Photographs by Vladimir Voronov

Chopin was seen as a rainbow slashed by slanting rain.

This experimental studio, which was organized four years ago by the Young Communist League members of Moscow's Architectural and Planning Board, quickly became popular. It started out with only five members; today there are 30. Soon the number will be increased to 100. Prospective members are now selected with greater care. They have to demonstrate originality in their way of thinking.

The members are not divided into age groups. Usually everyone works on the same project. It's very interesting to compare the results. The small fry and the junior students have fantastic imaginations, but, from the adult point of view, they do everything wrong. It's just the opposite with the older ones. They put in a lot of thought, and the results are more correct, but they're unimaginative. The instructors try to combine both qualities, which is the aim of the entire educational process.

The process is diverse; it includes composition, architectural, technical, academic drawing and modeling. Field trips to museums, special exhibitions and listening to music round out the educational experience.

In everything they do, even at play, the studio members are gradually being introduced to real practice. Take the cake-baking contest. The youngsters are required to produce not just any cake, but an "architectural" cake.

In his design for a playground Fyodor Rebrov created a composition that reflected just about everything he had learned at the studio. He combined the Coliseum in Rome, the Bell Tower of Ivan the Great in the Moscow Kremlin and the Cathedral of Notre-Dame at Reims. His project is based on simple geometrical figures combined in different ways.

Will the young studio members become architects when they grow up? It's hard to say. For the time being, the studio's instructors are simply striving to produce well-rounded

An arrangement of fall flowers. Upper photos, from left to right: The author in her garden. Vladimir Sukhanov, a retired pilot who lives in Moscow Region, enjoys raising flowers, shrubs and fruit trees. A summer house in Estonia. The flowers were raised by amateur gardeners. The home and garden of Bonifacy Skominine in Lithuania. Vladimir Keiko, a scientist who resides in Irkutsk, has bred a new variety of gladioli, which he named Sibiryak (Siberian) because of its amazing endurance. Sukhanov with his wife and grandchildren at their dacha.

GARDENING

By Elya Vasilyeva

EVERY YEAR in late April or early May, when spring comes to Moscow in earnest, I move to my dacha, which is 27 kilometers outside of Moscow. Up until the middle of November I rarely visit my city apartment, which is only about a 10-minute drive from the office. I prefer to live in the country despite the extra time spent on commuting. This, however, is more than compensated for by swims in the clean water of the Klyazma River and the quiet of rural evenings, interrupted only by the twittering of birds and the distant noise of commuter trains. But the greatest attraction that Klyazma (our summer home community is named after the river) has for me is the opportunity to get out my pruning shears and trowel and nip at my apple, plum, cherry and pear trees, my currants, gooseberries and ashberries. In my heart I'm a horticulturist; it's a passion that takes up all my waking time when I'm not writing or doing household chores.

The orchard covers most of the 2,300 square meters of land that surround my two-floor house (90 square meters). I also have a kitchen garden where I raise carrots, radishes, cucumbers, tomatoes and other vegetables, but these are grown purely for household consumption and they take up little space.

Pines surround the house. Our community sits in the middle of a state forest. There's a large flower bed—my prime concern—in front of the house. In the spring hyacinths, tulips and narcissuses are the first to bloom; in the summer roses, jasmine and primroses fill the air with their fragrance; and in the fall the startworts and chrysanthemums flower.

This is a typically Russian dacha, or vacation home, a traditional part of our way of life. The modern city with its inevitable noise, bustle and stress has made summer residences all the more necessary. In the country city dwellers have a chance to get in touch with nature. When the dacha building cooperatives began to appear back in the early thirties, the government gave them every assistance. Thanks to this support, thousands of people acquired plots of land.

New dacha cooperatives have not been formed since the early fifties because available land is limited. On the other hand, gardening cooperatives have become widespread. The main difference between the two is the size of the lot. A dacha lot is at least 800 square meters in area, while a gardening lot measures no more than 600 square meters. Most gardeners, however, feel this is ample enough. My father-in-law, who is retired and is a member of such a community near the town of Zagorsk (about 80 kilometers north of Moscow), enthusiastically grows flowers, apples and pears on his plot and says he doesn't need any more land. He has some advantages over me in that he doesn't have to pay an agricultural tax. Gardening cooperatives are exempt from this tax, while members of the dacha cooperatives have to pay it annually. However, the sum is small. On the whole, he and I got our plots on a similar basis. Land in the Soviet Union is the property of the state and is allotted to gardening cooperatives and dacha cooperatives for their free use in perpetuity.

At the moment gardening cooperatives have close to three million members. They have developed huge tracts of vacant land. Each year they harvest millions of tons of fruits and vegetables. But apart from the purely economic advantages, amateur gardening pursues ecological and esthetic aims. People with green thumbs have raised gardens on land unsuitable for agricultural purposes. The gardens have substantially increased the number of acres of greenery around towns, which is needed for purifying the air basin from the pollution of industry and transport. There is no doubt that amateur gardening will continue to develop.

The Sukhodrev Gardening Cooperative

Early last year the attention of my colleagues at Novosti Press Agency (APN) was attracted by a notice stating that 10 hectares of young forest land in Kaluga Region, 150 kilometers south of Moscow, had been made available to our organization for collective gardening.

A meeting of the new cooperative, named Sukhodrev after the river that runs through the area, was held in March.

I learned from Alevtina Rybakova, secretary of the cooperative, that 300 people applied for membership although there were only 120 spaces. "Priority was given first of all to World War II veterans, labor veterans, families with several children and pensioners," Rybakova told me.

At the first general meeting the members of the cooperative adopted a charter and elected a board consisting of people with initiative and, equally important, known to be thrifty. The cooperative had to put out considerable outlays at the start. The money came from membership dues (25 rubles) and from special payments for water supply (100 rubles), electrification (200 rubles) and the building of a road (50 rubles). And so the cooperative opened up a bank account.

Every major expenditure has to be approved by a general meeting of all members, which is the cooperative's highest authority. The members decide all of the cooperative's principal problems, adopt decisions and entrust their enactment to the board, which is elected for a period of two years. Between meetings the board is in charge of all of the cooperative's business and financial activities. It sets up funds and manages them, signs contracts on behalf of the cooperative and represents it before state agencies. Recently, for instance, the board of the Sukhodrev Cooperative got a bank loan for land improvement (1,000 rubles per member to be repayed over a period of six years, or roughly 17 rubles a month.)

"Our community is far from complete, and the carpenters are making life rather noisy during the day," I was told by a close friend who was among my coworkers who joined the cooperative. "The road isn't finished yet, so it's difficult to reach the community. But we have a forest with berries and mushrooms around it, there's a river with clean water nearby, and farther away there are some marvelous lakes. It's all a matter of time until things settle down, and then my flower bed will be as good as yours."

Not everyone, however, shares my friend's optimism. Many showed no interest in the project at all, while some, on encountering the initial difficulties of setting up this gardening community, withdrew from the cooperative. In keeping with the charter, they got back all the special payments they had made, while those who had already built homes and started gardens were repaid the cost of the house and landscaping.

Moscow's "Jungles"

Many Muscovites go in for gardening as a hobby. My eight-floor apartment house in Moscow stands amidst flower beds created by my neighbors, mostly those living on the lower floors. You won't see any fences separating the flower beds, but you will immediately notice the diversity of tastes. One family has flowers galore beneath its windows, while another prefers a small lawn with one graceful birch tree standing near a large boulder.

These erratic gardens, or "jungles" as Muscovites jokingly call them, are giving way to landscaping "with a highly decorative effect," to use an expression of professional gardeners. More and more of the city's landscape experts are giving guidance and advice to the amateurs.

The city's budget annually allocates large sums for town improvement and landscaping. This, of course, is not only true of Moscow. Incidentally, the country's greenest city is not in the sunny south, but in Siberia. The city is Omsk. The flower mania of its residents takes a lot of the credit for the city's numerous first places in landscaping contests among Russian towns. The annual flower show has become one of the main attractions in Omsk.

Thousands of flower shows are held each year all over the country. They range from modest exhibits, like the one held by the board of my dacha cooperative at the end of each summer, to big national displays at the USSR Exhibition of Economic Achievements in Moscow, where the field includes famous professionals and amateurs. Incidentally, amateur selectionists donated more than 5,000 gladioli and other flowers to Moscow for the Olympics.

The popularity of flower shows is largely due to the efforts of the Nature Protection Society of the Russian Federation, which has more than 31 million members. More than a million come from Moscow. This society promotes the development of all branches of gardening. Last year, for instance, members, who pay a 15-kopeck admission fee and 30-kopeck annual fee, were offered more than 16,000 lectures on gardening. Functioning within the society are various special interest groups, for example, lilac growers, rose growers, and so on.

Gardeners who are not members of the society can glean the necessary information from specialized publications. Many national newspapers and magazines carry materials specially intended for amateur gardeners. Nonmembers can also attend lectures arranged by the society, but admission is not free for them and they have to buy tickets.

Gardening equipment and plants are sold in specialized stores. Some kinds of seeds have been in rather limited supply lately. This appears to be a result of the expanding geography of amateur gardening. The network of state enterprises today is lagging behind the demand. For this reason I buy rare seeds and plants at the market or exchange them with other amateurs.

Why does gardening, which is so energy-consuming, have such an attraction? I know from my own experience that in addition to esthetic pleasure, it has a very soothing effect on the nerves. Besides, it's quite a health-building exercise for people of advanced age, for pensioners and invalids.

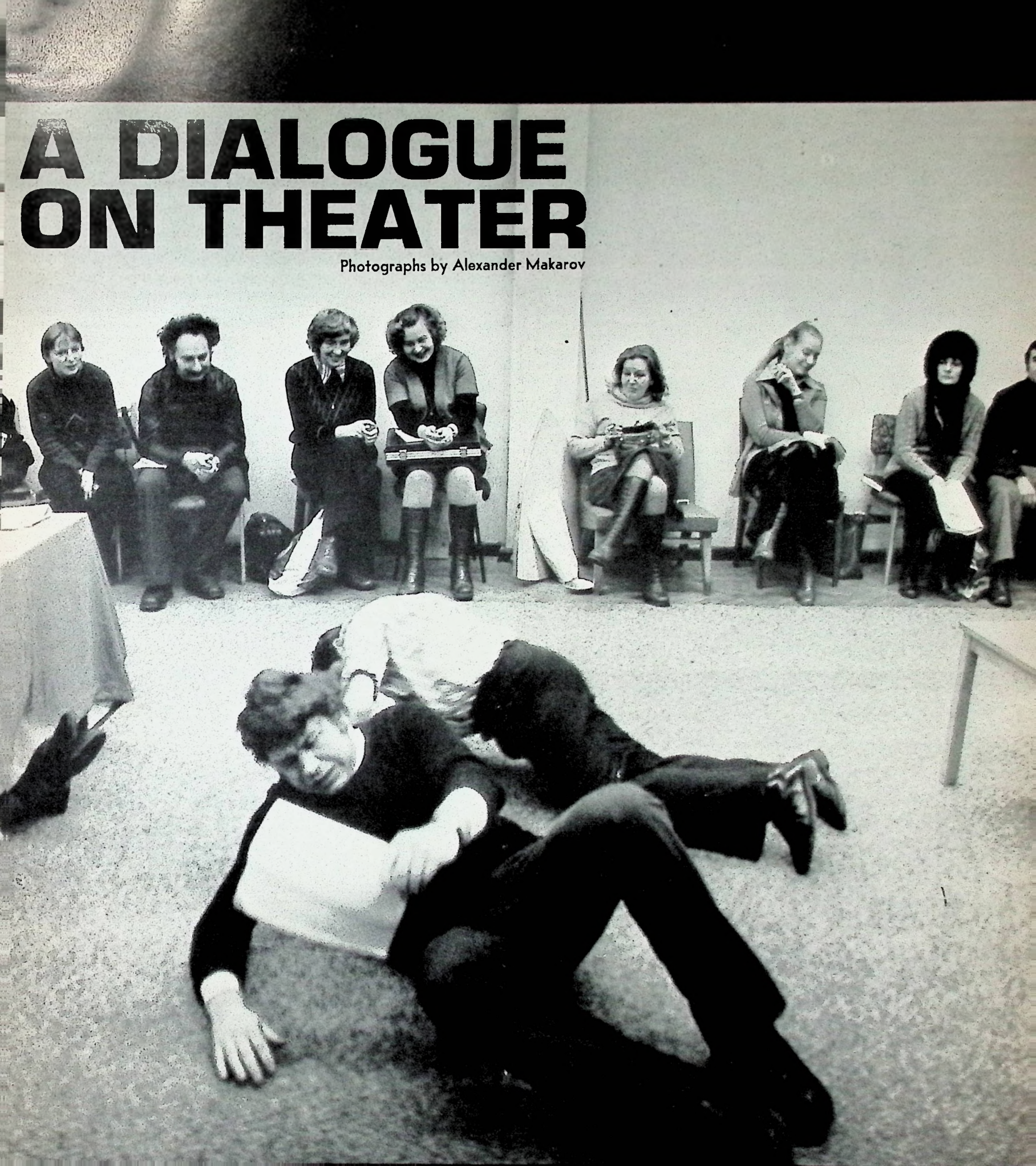
"I grew up in a city and always considered myself an urbanite," says Academician Nikolai Yenikolopov from Moscow. "But when my first grandchild appeared and the family started spending summers at the dacha, I realized that there was a dormant botanist in me. Every year we plant some vegetables and berries and a flower bed. I am not trying to grow something stunning to awe my neighbors. It's simply that I like to select seeds, to watch the first leaves appear and to take in the harvest. There must be something from our agricultural ancestors in every one of us."

Now here is the opinion of another amateur gardener, Nikolai Prenko, a worker who lives in the southern city of Stavropol: "I love the soil. When I come home from work and do something in my garden and inhale the fresh air, I get a new surge of energy and realize in practice our responsibility to take care of the land."

Director Anatoli Efros, 55, has staged close to 50 plays in theaters throughout the country and directed 10 television shows and 4 feature films. He is married to Natalya Krymova, a prominent theater critic, the author of several books and a member of the USSR Writers Union. They celebrated their silver anniversary last year. In the conversation that follows, these two prominent artists talk about the theater.

A DIALOGUE ON THEATER

Photographs by Alexander Makarov



"Sometimes I have to force my actors to see a performance my way," Efros asserts, "and I have to go on arguing with them for a long time even though we are terribly fond of each other—which is the most important thing."

CRITIC: We work in the same field, you stage plays, and I write about the theater, yet we never seem to have time to talk shop. Somehow we don't seem to need to. Nonetheless, I would like to speak to you as a director. Perhaps you can tell me some things that I don't already know.

DIRECTOR: I'm afraid that'll be hard to do.

CRITIC: Well, let's try. I've noticed lately that you're very much taken up with how you relate to your actors.

DIRECTOR: I haven't looked at the question from the theoretical point of view, it's just that every day I look back over rehearsals, my own slip-ups and those of others.

CRITIC: As far as I know, this has been going on for more than 25 years. What's so new about it now?

DIRECTOR: The longing for perfection, not just my own, has become stronger. The number of projects I'm involved with has increased, and the obstacles to their realization have become more irritating.

CRITIC: What kind of obstacles are you talking about?

DIRECTOR: Actually, they're in me. Nobody interferes with my work. Nobody prohibits me from doing anything. Not only the audiences but the critics, too, have gotten used to me. It took a great deal of effort on my part to reach that point, but now it's a thing of the past. Today my efforts are concentrated on achieving high artistic results, some degree of perfection with the help of more precise means.

CRITIC: Is there a "measure" for perfection?

DIRECTOR: I don't think that I'll ever attain it, but I believe such a category is absolutely necessary in art. In fact, it's the actors who realize a director's project. This means that I have to focus all my efforts on those on whom the success of a production depends. It is necessary to "tame" another's will. . . .

CRITIC: But a stage director is not one who tames.

DIRECTOR: True. Everybody knows a director is a philosopher, an organizer, a composer and a painter—that's the ideal, of course. One point I want to stress is that a director should achieve complete and deliberate harmony of opinions. However, everyone is different. It's easier for musicians. They have their notes and their set rules. But the instruments of our "orchestra" are living men and women, and each one of them has to be "tuned" so that the play sounds like a good orchestra.

CRITIC: If I understand correctly, a group of people rehearses a "symphony" that you have composed, and you captivate them with the beauty and meaning of the "music" and the fact that only they can play it. Am I right?

DIRECTOR: Yes, it's something like that. The problem is that in the beginning these people stand back from the "music" that the playwright and I have composed and they resist my efforts. We work according to the communicating vessels system. Sometimes I feel like I'm doing a blood transfusion because all of us have to have the same blood type.

CRITIC: Over the past few years you have begun to work more at home. It used to be that practically all of your work was done at rehearsals. You've even started to write books. You called the first one *Rehearsals Are My Love* with good reason. The second is titled *Profession: Stage Directing.* Why the change?

DIRECTOR: There's been no change in the vital things. The books simply express the need for self-analysis. They are an attempt to describe what stimulates creativity, namely, life.

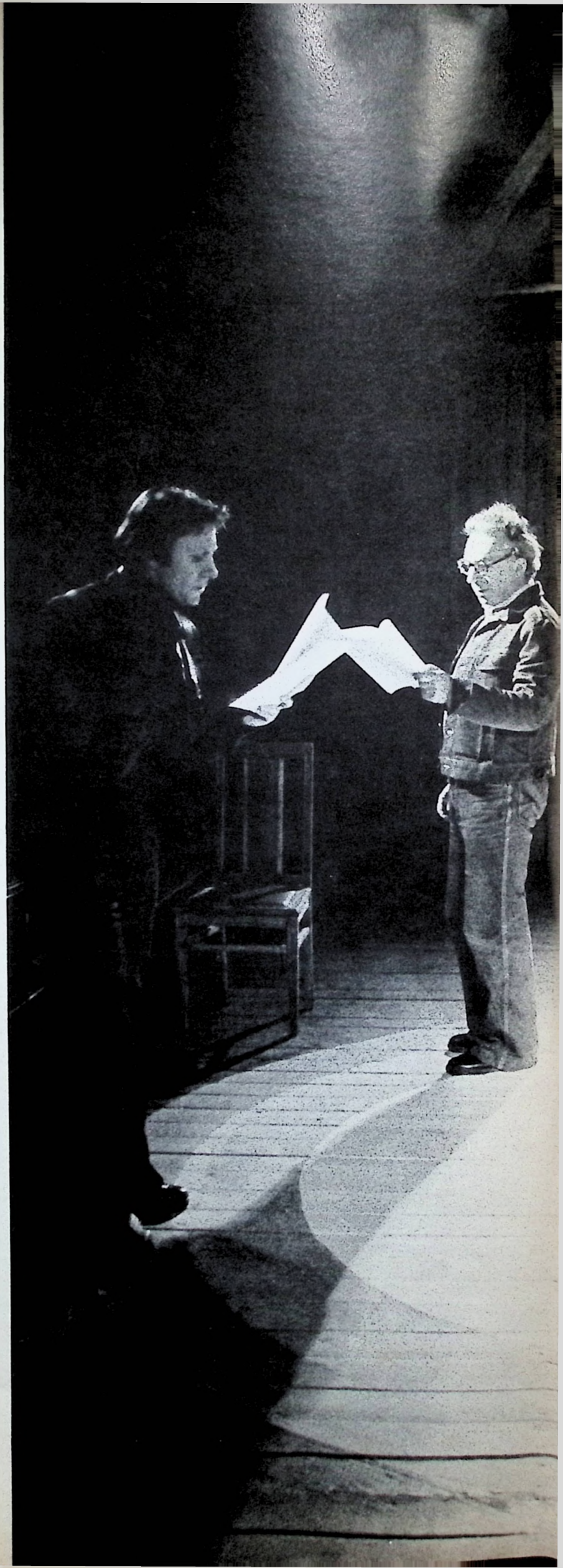
CRITIC: Doesn't it seem to you that intellectualism has come to occupy a greater place in your life not only with the years but also because of these books?

DIRECTOR: If that's the case, it's very good. After all, the essence of directing is the ability to produce a significant and important idea.

CRITIC: How are you to know whether it's significant or not?

DIRECTOR: Apparently we have to measure it against the classics, the great examples of Pushkin, Chekhov and Stanislavsky. We have to gauge it with history and the experience of history. I know of no other way.

CRITIC: Let's talk about repertoire now. You have staged so many plays by contemporary authors—Rozov, Radzinsky, Arbuzov, Dvoretsky—that it appears you have a special attraction for the modern play. You worked with pleasure and the firm conviction that you were doing something important. You argued with anyone who questioned your coolness for the classics. Then everything changed.



"If I understand correctly," says Natalya Krymova, "a group of people rehearses a 'symphony' that you have composed, and you captivate them with the beauty and meaning of the 'music' and the fact that only they can play it."

DIRECTOR: Twenty years ago, when we were young, we were interested in contemporary plays. In the first place, it was because the changes in the theater proceeded from the playwrights, from plays by Victor Rozov, for one thing. As for the classics, we didn't know how to stage them at the time. That's why we had no enthusiasm for them. I remember staging Gogol's comedy *The Marriage* and Pushkin's tragedy *Boris Godunov*, but they were traditional, amateurish productions. Years later I staged them much differently.

CRITIC: I think the big change came about with Chekhov's *The Sea Gull*. Or was it *The Three Sisters*?

DIRECTOR: No, I think it was with Mikhail Bulgakov's play *Molière*, which is also a classic.

CRITIC: What was at the bottom of the change?

DIRECTOR: I'll try to explain. In the past we used to stage classical plays "classically," that is, like plays far removed from us in time and placed at an unreachable height by tradition. We respected these traditions, they intimidated us; hence, they tied us hand and foot. In my opinion, we didn't know the right approach to the classical play. Now I know. We should stage the classics just like we stage modern plays. It's a very simple truth, but it took me years to figure it out. While I worked on the stage adaptation of Nikolai Gogol's *Dead Souls*, I never ceased to be amazed at the profound contemporaneity of the author's philosophical and poetic ideas. The same goes for his *Marriage*, which is usually staged as a farce. The idea that a person can dream of happiness and strive for it with all his might and end up with nothing, is simple and intransient. In Gogol's play this idea is presented with an extraordinary combination of the sad and the comic, the paltry and the majestic. What could be more fascinating than to find a suitable scenic form for this combination, to fill the actors with the passions contained in an outwardly vaudevillelike subject and, as a result, to explode the concept of vaudeville and stun the audience by the tragedy that will reveal itself as a result, and in so doing, change their idea about the play and life itself? Our classical literature gives us the opportunity to do this.

CRITIC: Sometimes it seems that you directors have become much too keen on the classics.

DIRECTOR: Yes, I admit that we have undergone a qualitative change in the past few years. It looks as though the doors of a treasure house have opened and revealed great wealth to us. When a director has staged one play after another like *A Month in the Countryside* by Ivan Turgenev, *The Marriage* by Gogol, *Don Juan* by Molière and *Brother Alyosha* after *The Brothers Karamazov* by Dostoyevsky as I have done, it's not easy to switch back to the modern, even to my beloved Arbuzov and Rozov.

CRITIC: Chekhov once said that the writers whom we call great describe life as it is and in so doing they show us what it should be like.

DIRECTOR: These writers teach us not to confuse the concepts of good and evil, not to erase the margin between them. That's an old truth, but it has to be repeated; there's nothing we can do about it. In real life everything is mixed together. The main difficulty is to show this mixed life as it is, and through it spotlight the truth so it can be seen better.

CRITIC: Before you went to the United States to stage Gogol's *The Marriage* in Minneapolis, were you nervous about the prospect of appearing before an unknown audience?

DIRECTOR: Actually, I was more worried about meeting actors I didn't know. When I asked myself whether I wanted to go, the answer was No.

Perhaps I'm a homebody. I don't like working in theaters that I'm not familiar with, and I have a hard time talking with strange actors. In general, I would say it's hard for me to get used to anything that is unfamiliar.

CRITIC: Pushkin said we were lazy and uninquisitive.

DIRECTOR: I'm not lazy, but it's true that I'm not particularly inquisitive. At any rate, before my trip I was more apprehensive than curious, and I had a lot of questions.

CRITIC: What kind of questions?

DIRECTOR: What American actors were like when they worked. I wondered whether they were punctual or came to work late. I wondered how they sat at rehearsals and how they listened. I wondered whether they would be happy or not that I was there, whether they would understand my method or not. And, most important of all, I wondered if I could inspire these people whom I did not know at all. I stopped worrying by the fourth day. Gogol's brilliant play can overcome any obstacle. The combination of tragedy and comedy—incidentally Shakespeare is like that, too—was immediately grasped by the actors of the Guthrie Theater, in some ways even faster and easier than by my actors at the Malaya Bronnaya Theater in Moscow. Apparently I was better prepared than I thought. I didn't have to search for definitions in front of the actors; I didn't have any hesitations. I knew everything there was to know about *The Marriage.*

CRITIC: I suppose you committed some blunders at the beginning. That's almost inevitable.

DIRECTOR: I knew from my 30 years of experience that it's very important to start out right. As it happened, I began well. I explained some basic points in the first five minutes and immediately got down to work. After the première one of the actors admitted that there were moments when he could compare our rehearsals with flying lessons where the instructor took over only after the plane had gone into a spin.

CRITIC: Surely a sense of humor helped all of you?

DIRECTOR: Americans have an excellent sense of humor. But we didn't particularly resort to humor as a solution. We simply got down to work together since we were all interested in producing good results.

CRITIC: Now that you have staged Bulgakov's *Molière* at the same theater, you must have a general impression of the actors, some common trait of their character.

DIRECTOR: At the beginning it seemed to me they were just a bit indifferent, they yawned, and so on. They were very polite, but just a bit indifferent, though it was immediately clear they were pliant and tractable. Sometimes I have to force my actors to see a performance my way, and I have to go on arguing with them for a long time even though we are terribly fond of each other—which is the most important thing. American actors, in my opinion, are much more tractable. Their main characteristic is a readiness to understand and comply. And I was mistaken about the indifference.

We immediately established contact, and that was when I got to appreciate their spirit, vitality and many other qualities. Perhaps they have a more practiced technique than our actors. This, in my opinion, is not an inborn quality but a habit of working technically without any special emotional effort.

CRITIC: Did you try to arouse their enthusiasm or did you use persuasion?

DIRECTOR: I tried to use myself as an illustration so they could see the difference. And it seems to me that's when they became seriously interested and stopped yawning. At the rehearsals I went at such a pace—not only external but internal, which is of the greatest importance—that the actors, like athletes, soon understood that they had to be in good form. And there is nothing more inspiring than that in the theater.

CRITIC: What plays did they work in before, and what did they value in their own professional experience?

DIRECTOR: Technique, apparently. I once went to see a play staged at the same theater expecting to see a racy performance something like *Jesus Christ, Super Star*, with bold staging, and the like, but I saw a static and dull production that was impossible to watch without a knowledge of the language. I spoke frankly about my impressions and the technique, which, in my opinion, was a thing of the past that neither the modern theater nor audiences had any use for.

CRITIC: What about the method of work? Do you have any definite impression after staging two plays?

DIRECTOR: Above all, I am convinced that what we term "the Stanislavsky school" is in every dramatic actor's blood regardless of his theoretical knowledge of the school. Stanislavsky taught us the most basic laws in creativity, and when an actor has professional assurance, it is a great joy. It didn't seem to me that they knew Stanislavsky and Meyerkhold well in America. But I had no problem in introducing them, which once again confirmed my opinion that the Stanislavsky method is universal. However, we didn't get into theory or history, we were busy with practical work. I don't expect profound theoretical knowledge from actors. They have it in their blood, not just in their mind.

CRITIC: Can you name a play that you dream of staging?

DIRECTOR: Yes, it's *Hamlet*. No matter what I stage, I'm subconsciously working on *Hamlet* all the time. But it's too early to talk of plans, and I can't let anyone in on them, even you, especially in the unusual role you're playing now. Can't I have one secret from you? Let it be *Hamlet*. ■

By Gennadi Gerasimov
SOVIET LIFE Commentator

PONDERING THE DESTRUCTION OF HISTORY

I COINED THE WORD "Cliocide" after reading *The Fate of the Earth* by Jonathan Schell. To my knowledge, this book is holding fast on this summer's best-seller list. It probably isn't the best choice for beach reading, though it will help you better appreciate the blessings of the beach, which are as fragile as life in our age of overkill.

The author describes the possible horrors of a nuclear war, relying on numerous studies, including those made by official departments. He uses, for one, the report "The Effects of Nuclear War," released in 1979 by the Congressional Office of Technology Assessment, and the 1975 report of the National Academy of Sciences, which has an amazingly scientistic title—"Long-Term Worldwide Effects of Multiple Nuclear-Weapons Detonations."

As for me, I have already described the nuclear horrors for Soviet readers in an article titled "Physiognomy of Nuclear Wars," which appeared in the January issue of the literary journal *Novy Mir*, and discussed the subject in a booklet called *War and Peace in the Nuclear Age.* But I'm sure the Soviet public has a good enough idea of nuclear capabilities, although they are not easy to conjure up due to the interaction of different factors of destruction, a fact that is also emphasized by Schell in his book.

"Multiple Nuclear-Weapons Detonations" will launch an offensive on human life at three levels —individuals taken singly, human society and the environment. Presumably, the human race will become extinct as a biological species. Since the matter only deals with speculation and a check experiment is ruled out (we don't have another Earth), opinions may differ. Herman Kahn of the Hudson Institute voiced a different opinion during an ABC-sponsored discussion via satellite in late April (in which I also took part). Personally, I don't share his optimism. I believe that Schell's pessimistic forecasts are closer to the truth. Schell thinks that although all estimates are uncertain as to whether humankind will perish altogether or part of it will survive, this uncertainty should not prevent us from addressing "the issue of nuclear weapons as though we knew for a certainty that their use would put an end to our species."

At this point the threat of Cliocide arises. In ancient Greek mythology Clio was one of the nine Muses, the Muse of history. The nuclear weapons created by human intellect and human hands now threaten the continuation of the history of man.

Man has imparted to death a force that can destroy in a matter of minutes the fruits of the evolution of billions of years (if you believe in evolution) or the fruits of creation (if you believe in the "science of creation").

Does the problem of responsibility exist here? To my mind, it does.

The death of an individual is one thing. It's programmed in our genes, and we can do nothing about that. But the threat of death for all humankind is quite another matter. Humans may be ready to sacrifice their life for their homeland, for their commitment to ideas or for liberty. Didn't Patrick Henry say: "Give me liberty or give me death"? Didn't Soviet soldiers throw themselves in front of nazi guns? But who will appreciate the exploit when nothing is left? Humans must not be humble in the face of a nuclear threat for nuclear death is not biologically inevitable.

If, after the great wars of the past, when Carthage was destroyed, whole nations were struck from the book of history, although still remaining in its archives, after a nuclear war of the future the book of history can be closed. Incidentally, it's a moot point for nobody will be left to read it. Not only the destiny of nations, but also the history of the human race will go up in the flames of a nuclear conflict. As Leonid Brezhnev put it in his reply to the appeals of the Second World Congress of International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War, held last April in Cambridge, England, "Light will fade over the Earth."

This will be the last epidemic, and doctors will have no cure for it. Only preventive treatment—that is, prevention of war—is recommended.

Physicians are responsible for the health of their patients; they are bound by the Hippocratic oath. It is possible to make an analogy by saying that our generation is responsible for the destinies of those who will succeed us. In other words, we are bound by the oath of Clio, as it were, to continue the history of man.

Nuclear weapons threaten humankind with the destruction of history. In his reply to the physicians Brezhnev wrote:

"To deliver our planet from the danger threatening it, to preserve peace is the supreme duty of state leaders to their people, to mankind. We must leave to the generations to come not a planet mutilated by explosions, but a flowering one."

Brezhnev returned to this question on May 18, in his speech to the Nineteenth Congress of the Leninist Young Communist League of the Soviet Union, the largest youth organization in the country. He called upon today's young men and women, who have had the good fortune to grow up in a time of peace, to cherish peace and preserve this precious asset.

This speech was made three weeks before the opening of the Second Special Session of the UN General Assembly on Disarmament in New York. The Soviet leader said that for its part, the USSR would do everything it could to insure that the session is a success. Vigorous Soviet diplomatic activity at the session reflects our desire to make it fruitful.

Indeed, the unannounced second disarmament decade is in progress, and the Second Special Session of the UN General Assembly on Disarmament is at work. But what happened to the first one?

The First Special Session, held in 1978, stated in its final document that the goals of the first disarmament decade, proclaimed in 1969, "appear to be as far away today as they were then, or even farther because the arms race is not diminishing but increasing and outstrips by far the efforts to curb it."

The Second Special Session is taking place in a situation that has been aggravated even more since then.

Still, there is no alternative to disarmament. As Jonathan Schell reminds us in his book, we're not facing a choice between peace or war. The choice is between peace or extinction.

Much, very much, today depends on our two countries. This is a good place to recall that a short while ago it was the tenth anniversary since our two countries signed a document on the basic principles of relationships, a document in which the principle of peaceful coexistence ranked first.

EXPECTING THE FIRST CHILD

By Ada Baskina
SOVIET LIFE Commentator

"WE'RE GOING to have a baby," announces the wife. This news immediately imparts a new quality to the young couple's life. There are only the two of them now, and all their problems concern their relationship and the tenor of their own everyday life, rest and recreation. Soon all their expectations, anxieties and cares will be focused on the third member of the family.

Whether or not to have a child is, of course, a personal decision that only the couple can make. If a woman who becomes pregnant decides against having a child, she can have an abortion. The operation is performed at a hospital free of charge even though the birth rate in the Soviet Union decreased in recent years. The demographers warn that the constantly growing Soviet national economy requires a higher birth rate. In their opinion, the banning of abortions could help solve the problem. However, the government does not want to deal with personal decisions in such a highhanded way. We feel very deeply that family decisions should be made by the family itself. Only the husband and wife can decide whether to have children and, if so, how many to have.

It should be mentioned though that in the forties, owing to the sharp reduction in the birth rate because of the war, the government found it necessary to forbid abortions temporarily. However, this ban was lifted in 1955. The resolution on the freedom of choice to have a child or not stated that the legislation was prompted by concern for the well-being of women.

The same resolution said that motherhood should be encouraged by having the state assume some of the responsibility for maternal and child care. Married couples who decide to have a baby are assisted by laws, the public health service and by science.

First a few words about laws or, to be more exact, labor legislation. Soviet women who want to continue working do not give up their jobs after the birth of a child. Opinion polls of young mothers show that they prefer not to stay away from work too long, and not only for financial considerations. Many of them are interested in advancing their career. It goes without saying that if a woman leaves her job, she can easily find another one since there is no unemployment in the country and workers are always in demand. However, few women want to change their place of work and give up a job they have already mastered.

Another reason women do not want to stay away from their jobs for too long is the fear of not being able to keep abreast of new developments. I must remind the reader once again that more than half of Soviet specialists with college and specialized secondary education are women. This means that before going to work they spent many years studying at general education, vocational or specialized secondary schools or higher educational institutions. Prolonged absence from work and not using the knowledge acquired in their school years quite naturally result in losing a part of their skills. Besides, modern production develops at such a rapid rate that if a person drops out even for a short period of time, it is difficult to catch up.

This is why young mothers want to return to their jobs as soon as possible. Soviet law provides women with two months of paid leave before childbirth and two months after. If they desire, the women can stay at home for 12 to 18 months after the baby is born, but only 112 days (126 in case of complicated births) are paid for on the basis of full average monthly wages. At present, however, according to the resolutions adopted by the Twenty-sixth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, a partly paid leave for taking care of the child until it reaches the age of 12 months and an additional leave without any pay until it is 18 months old are being introduced.

Pregnant women are protected by law from doing taxing work. Management is obliged to transfer a pregnant woman to a job that does not require physical labor. She cannot be sent on business trips or be made to work overtime.

The public health system assumes the main responsibility for the health of a future citizen. As soon as the doctor has established that a woman is pregnant, she receives special medical attention. This is usually provided by the local women's clinic, where expectant mothers are examined by a gynecologist, an internist, a cardiologist and an obstetrician. All necessary tests are done there.

The women's clinic is not merely a medical institution—it also conducts important educational work with the parents-to-be. Women are taught how to bathe, dress, feed and generally care for infants. Lately men have also begun to participate in these orientation sessions. As everyone knows, young husbands' adjustment to the role of father is slower than the women's to the role of mother. That is why it is particularly important to prepare them beforehand. Studies show that more and more husbands in young families are helping their wives to take care of the newborn. The so-called Fathers School develops the necessary practical habits and prepares them for sharing responsibility for the care of the infant with their wives.

Obstetric and gynecological centers have been organized at industrial enterprises employing many women. This makes it possible for doctors to observe pregnant women daily and to see to it that work conditions do not affect their health.

Factory preventoriums are another form of care for expectant mothers. They can rest and receive treatment there after work and on their days off before they go on maternity leave. The women have to pay only one-third of the cost of their stay, and the remaining two-thirds is covered by the trade union.

At present our maternity hospitals (there are such hospitals in every populated locality) have over 230,000 beds. This is a sufficient number. However, new cities are developing rapidly in the Soviet Union. Their population is mostly young, and more maternity hospitals are needed there than in older cities. Certain problems often arise in the new cities. I want to tell how they have been solved in Togliatti, a young city on the Volga River.

A demographic boom took place in this previously quiet town a quarter of a century ago. With the building of an automobile plant, the population increased by 10 times, primarily due to the arrival of young people. The city authorities figured out what the birth rate would probably be in the near future and took necessary measures. In spite of considerable difficulties, the ground floors of new buildings were allocated for women's consultation clinics, children's polyclinics and kitchens for infant milk. A children's hospital with a maternity department was the first medical institution built in the city.

Science is also enlisted in the care of the newborn baby. It begins with the pediatrician's visit before the infant leaves the maternity hospital. Sick and premature babies receive special attention. In pediatric departments opened at maternity hospitals, such infants are nursed and given treatment with the greatest of care. These departments have prevented many an infant from becoming an invalid and saved thousands of lives.

Numerous scientific institutions also make their contributions to maternal and child protection. Research conducted by the Sverdlovsk Research Institute of Maternal and Child Care is of great practical importance. The scientists at this institute study the effects of different kinds and conditions of work on the specific functions of the female organism and render important assistance to physicians in improving their qualifications.

A woman is expecting a baby, and that means that there will be great joy in the family. The young couple is excited when a nurse from the nearest children's polyclinic drops in to ask whether everything is ready for the arrival of the new member of the family and whether the room is light and airy enough. The father-to-be rushes off to the Detsky Mir (Children's World) Department Store or Malysh (Tiny-Tot) Shop to buy more diapers, sheets or a bassinet. The people with whom the future parents work are also getting ready for the forthcoming event.

According to a long-established tradition, the trade union allocates a sum of money which is added to by the coworkers and the entire amount is spent on a gift—usually a layette for the baby. The appearance of a new member of society is a happy event not only for the parents, but for everyone around.

QUESTIONNAIRE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

"People Have Become More Responsible"
Konstantin Albu, 28, chief agronomist of the Lenin State Farm in Moldavia

1. For me those were the years of choosing my way. At school I was interested in the exact sciences. I wanted to become either a mathematician or a technical designer. However, after the eighth form I entered a gardening and viticulture school because my father insisted. Immediately after I graduated, I was called up for the Army. When I came back, I was appointed a team leader. I was working under the assumption that my job at the state farm was only temporary since I was eager to go to a university. Still, I wanted to prove that I got good marks in school because I deserved them. I got involved in my work. I think that a few generations of winegrowers in my family had something to do with it. Two years later my team produced the largest grape harvest on the farm. It was then that I realized that I would stay on the land.
2. Would you believe it if I said that I'm not a career man? I have been chief agronomist for two years. However, I often look back at the days when I was a team leader. It was great to grow grapes and to harvest them with my own hands. It's much easier to achieve a higher yield on a single team than it is on a whole farm.
3. Space flights, scientific achievements in every field. All this makes one proud of human intellect. People have become more responsible for the destiny of our small planet.

How can one connect this with the monstrous arms buildup in the West? I find it encouraging that people everywhere are trying to curb it.

"Young People Must Be Daring"
Erkin Saliyev, 26, art director of the Kirghizfilm Studio in Frunze

1. Those were the happiest years of my life, there's no doubt about it. In 1976 I entered the All-Union State Institute of Cinematography (VGIK) in Moscow. I was a student in the Art Faculty, from which I graduated early last year. It was my fondest hope to be a VGIK student. I'll remember those five years all my life.
2. The knowledge I got at the institute can be applied in my life and work. While I was still a student, I made my first film at the Kirghizfilm Studio. I was the art director for the film *The Shower*. The other day I started a new independent satirical film. Not long ago the Kirghiz State Fine Arts Museum bought two of my paintings, my first attempts in this genre.

The eighties will be a time of creative searching for me. I have received an invitation from the well-known film director Bolotbek Shamshiyev to take part in his latest film, a two-part thriller. My dream is not only to work in the cinema, but also to paint and draw as well. I have already tried to do it in my diploma work on *Manas*, a Kirghiz folk epic.
3. Space, more than anything else. Our cosmonauts have made space livable. In politics—everything that is progressive. In sports—the Moscow Olympics. I was in Moscow at that time, and I can say as a witness that it was a true festival of sports and friendship.

I hope the eighties will be the most peaceful years in the history of our planet. As for me, well, the young must be daring. Therefore, the Sun must shine peacefully.

"I Want to Complete the BAM Project"
Vladimir Muchitsyn, 33, a construction worker on the Baikal-Amur Mainline (BAM) railroad

1. I just compare what we did shortly after May 3, 1974, our first day on Tynda soil, and what we're doing now. At the time the only thing on our minds was the kilometers to be cut through the forest. Today we can boast a Young Pioneer camp, a school, a children's store and a new movie theater. Soon we'll have a restaurant and a concert hall. The foundation of a shopping center has already been poured.
2. It so happened that the detachment I headed up when we arrived at the BAM project has scattered along the entire mainline. Only about 100 out of the more than 600 trailblazers have settled down in Tynda. Most of us work in different organizations. In order to unite the guys, it was decided to let us all move to a separate block in a multi-story apartment house. But perhaps that wasn't enough. These people can and should be drawn into a building detachment of their own where they're sure to find a trade to their liking and skills. Take three of my neighbors, for instance, Nikolai Nasrullayev, an Azerbaijanian, Usam Nanayev, a Chechen, and Nikolai Doroshchenko, a Byelorussian. It would be great if the four of us could finish the last section of the BAM project, prepare housing for the volunteers who will pour in here after the 19th Congress of the Young Communist League, complete "the road of the century" and drive the first BAM train.
3. I want peace for all nations.

"Life Without Work Would Be Empty"
Oguldursun Annageldiyeva, 20, a carpet weaver from Ashkhabad, Turkmenia

1. In 1978 I graduated from a 10-year general educational school. For some reason I thought that economics was my calling, but I failed the entrance exams to a higher educational institution. I cried with disappointment, considering myself a failure at the age of 17.

Dozens of industrial enterprises and hundreds of institutions had posted want ads, inviting high school graduates to apply for various jobs. I was at a loss as to where to go. I really didn't know what I wanted. Then one day my older sister took me to the carpet factory where she worked. I went, but not with much enthusiasm.

I started out as an apprentice. There were many young women working there, all happy and full of life. Immediately I felt as though they trusted and respected me. Now I love it. I've found my calling.
2. I want to become as good at making carpets as my sister Ogulshiri. I am a member of her team, and she was my first teacher.

I haven't given up the idea of studying economics at a university. But I won't give up my work at the factory. I'll study by correspondence. I'm sure that life without work would be empty.
3. The main event was the Helsinki conference. It's a good thing when the heads of state can come to an agreement on peace! I was born in peacetime, but my mother and father, who were in their teens during World War II, told me a lot about the war. Every time my mother sees a film about the war on television, she cries.

There are as many hopes as there are people. But will these hopes materialize? That will depend on each one of us, the extent to which we work at our goal. But, to an even greater degree, it will depend on whether the sky above our planet remains clear. Without peace there can be no happiness for anyone. Soviet young people are actively coming out in support of détente, for mutual understanding among young people in different countries. Young people in the Soviet Union and other countries have the opportunity to get together and exchange opinions during tourist trips, various symposiums and festivals. Still, the dialogue could be broader. We could exchange opinions, talk things over and get acquainted through our magazine. There are three questions we would like to ask our readers and their Soviet counterparts. 1. What role did the seventies play in your life? 2. What do you expect of the eighties? What goals have you set for yourself? How will you attempt to attain them? 3. What events in the past decade were the most significant for you? How do you see the world in the eighties? These are the answers of a few young Soviet citizens. We welcome your answers and new questions to continue the dialogue.

"Don't Let the Earth Be Turned into an Inferno"
Yelena Bulygina, 16, secretary of the Young Communist League Committee at School No. 45 in Alma-Ata, Kazakhstan

1. I entered secondary school in 1972. I'll graduate next summer. I have been living in Alma-Ata, capital of Soviet Kazakhstan, since childhood. The school has given me a lot more than knowledge; it has contributed to the molding of my personality.

Once the YCL members of our school went on a tour of battlefields and memorials. We visited Khatyn, which was burned down by the Nazis, and Brest Fortress, where the first garrison engaged in fighting with the Hitlerites.

After seeing the places where the ravages of the nazi aggression are still apparent, one becomes even more alarmed by the present international situation. I remember how happy my classmates, teachers and parents were when the Soviet Union and the United States concluded SALT-II in June 1979 in Vienna. It reduced the threat of a nuclear war. This was the greatest achievement in the sphere of international relations in the seventies.

2. I'll graduate from high school soon, and I am going to take the exams for admission to the Kazakh State University. Literature fascinates me. I'd like to become a teacher, perhaps at the school where I study now.

3. The most important thing is that peace be preserved. There's a poster in our school that has a quotation from a poem by a schoolgirl from Alma-Ata that was published by the *Pionerskaya Pravda* newspaper. It goes like this: The Earth is the planet of humankind, don't let it be turned into an inferno.

"There Isn't a Problem that Can't Be Solved Peaceably"
Janis Lacitis, 25, a doctor at Hospital No. 7 in Riga, Latvia

1. The seventies were a decisive period in my life. I finished high school and enrolled at the Medical Institute to specialize in reanimation.

During my student years I tried to get in as much hospital practice as I could. While I was in med school, I worked in the emergency room as an attendant, then as a nurse and, finally, as a doctor.

2. I don't want to remain a narrow specialist, which is why I took a part-time job at the city hospital.

Our hospital is only two years old. It has many young physicians on its staff. The hospital administration encourages us to advance professionally.

3. There have been many important events in the seventies. As a physician I would single out two—the promising experiments with the artificial heart and the introduction of laser surgery.

The problem of the artificial heart is not completely solved, but the research conducted so far has been impressive. Throughout the seventies Soviet and American specialists actively cooperated in this field of medicine. I hope the work will continue and bring tangible results.

There are many problems to be solved in the eighties, not just medical ones. But above all else, I think everyone would like this to be a decade of peace. There are no problems that can't be solved peaceably. The fabulous sums spent on the senseless arms race should be used for medical research and peaceful construction.

"Life Has Assigned Us an Active Role"
Levon Kokaya, 28, an architect from the city of Tbilisi, Georgia

1. For me the seventies coincided with the time when every young man goes through a period of searching, discovery, experiences, success and disappointment and strong or temporary affections. I went in for drawing, auto racing and the guitar. Yet they were decisive years in my life because that was when I chose the profession of architect.

After graduation I helped experienced architects to design various projects and finally was commissioned to design the center at the Archman Resort on my own. The resort is located in a small oasis in the sands of Turkmenia near the Kara-Kum Desert.

2. My goal is to design a city. Lately I have become interested in the bionics of architecture—transferring the principles of the structure and development of nature to architecture.

What I see in my mind's eye today may seem to many to be an illustration of science fiction, but I will attempt to prove that the time has come to realize such projects.

3. I think Leonid Brezhnev's visits to West Germany, the United States and France were the most important events of the seventies. The results of those visits have played an exceptionally important role in promoting peace throughout the world. Peace comes before all else—including scientific and technical discoveries.

The young people in today's world don't have a separate road of their own; they can't stand back from the vital problems that face our age because their future depends on peace. Young people can't stand by passively waiting for things to shape up. Life has assigned us an active role.

"Take the Cosmonauts as an Example"
Djamil Amirov, 24, pianist of the State Chamber Orchestra of Azerbaijan

1. The most important events in my life took place in the seventies. For instance, I graduated from the Azerbaijan State Conservatory, and I joined the Chamber Orchestra.

That was the time I experienced my first success as a composer, when a poem I wrote for a string orchestra received third prize at a nationwide competition of young musicians. It was my first large composition in which I tried to develop my own style and my own interpretation of national music. The rhythms and intonations of Azerbaijan music served as the foundation of the poem.

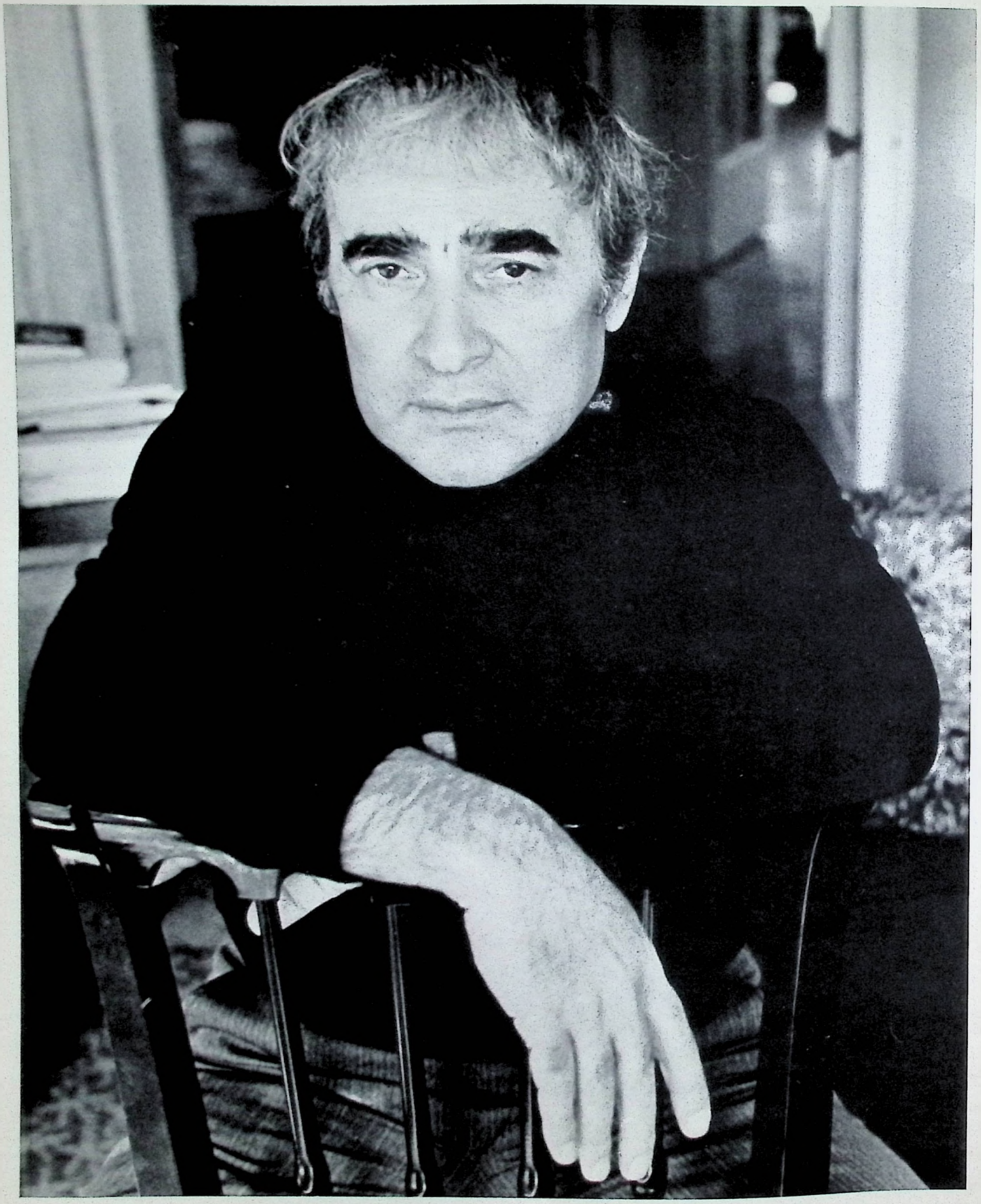
2. I'm satisfied with the way the eighties have started out for me. I've joined the Composers Union. As for my plans, I haven't thought beyond the next few years. I want to finish my postgraduate course by correspondence and write an opus for a large symphony orchestra.

3. My interests are not confined to music. I like to follow the achievements of the cosmonauts.

The development of space offers tremendous prospects for humankind. And it offers extensive possibilities for cooperation between the scientists of different countries. It gives me tremendous pleasure to watch over television the Soviet cosmonauts exchanging smiles and handshakes with their counterparts from the United States, Bulgaria, Hungary, Cuba and Mongolia. Warm handshakes in space are capable of warming the coldest hearts on Earth. I want to see friendly relations among the nations of the world.

GEORGIAN WRITER NODAR DUMBADZE

By Marina Khachaturova
Photograph by Alexander Saakov



NODAR DUMBADZE'S name is known to everyone in Georgia, even people who have not read his books. In the eyes of his fellow countrypeople, Dumbadze is not just a man who writes stories and novels that are extremely popular, but, to a certain extent, the conscience of Georgia. Thanks largely to Dumbadze, life in Georgia, which has its own special charm, can be understood by any reader—be he or she Russian, American, Japanese, French or German. His first story, "Grandma, Iliko, Illarion and Me," published in 1959, immediately made him famous. The story is set in Guria, a most peculiar region of Georgia. The inhabitants of Guria think, behave and speak in their own way; they are skeptical and accept life with sharp humor. The allure of Dumbadze's talent lies in this particular brand of humor, which is occasionally sad and sometimes even tragic. But no matter what course the lives of his characters take, they are always good and kind.

"Does this mean that you are an optimist?" I asked him.

"Optimism isn't a trait unique to me; it is the national trait of all Georgians," he replied.

Dumbadze believes that "people and human nature do not change, in principle. Of course, time dictates its own conditions. Social conventions change, as do ethical standards and ideas of esthetics. Under their influence some sides of human nature are dulled, while others become more sharp, but the laws of human psychology remain the same." Dumbadze doesn't like grandiloquence. If he uses high-flown language, you will not find one false note in it.

His style, which is easy and deceivingly simple, free of ethnographic portrayal of morals and manners, is actually quite lyrical. Perhaps this is due to the fact that he began his literary career as a poet. Inspired by his little girls, he wrote poetry for children. Now that they are grownup, he writes verse for his grandson. Poetry has always held a special place in Georgian literature; therefore, there is nothing surprising about the fact that Dumbadze's prose reveals his poetic outlook. The writer himself says that he has been strongly influenced by the cinema, which he worked in for a considerable period of time. It seems to me that he has transferred the film world's succinctness and method of developing episodes to literature. His novels are usually rather short.

Writers Have to Be Grounded

A writer should not be identified with his heroes. However, Dumbadze's works are autobiographical to a degree. "I read all my books as though they are one story. I have one main character who finds himself in different situations," he claims.

Dumbadze's optimism comes not from the events of his life, but in contradiction to them. He has experienced many hardships. He became an orphan at the age of nine and then, like other teenagers of the time, underwent the trials and privations brought about by World War II, which aroused in him a strong sense of responsibility. According to the writer, "This early understanding of myself left its imprint on my whole life and determined much about my future."

The inhabitants of the village where Dumbadze grew up and the surrounding villages have served as models for his characters. "Writers have to be grounded just like lightning rods. They are nourished by the soil," Dumbadze says. He is fond of the soil in the real meaning of the word. In fact, he graduated from the Agriculture Department of the School of Economics at Tbilisi University.

Dumbadze wrote his first long story in one breath, or so it would seem. It was a great success and made him famous. However, the success and the fame did not make writing the next story any easier. On the contrary, they made it harder. He is not one of those authors who continues to do the same old thing once a successful formula has been found.

Dumbadze's hero, who entered life as an unthinking young man, grows and becomes more and more mature with each book and finds himself in increasingly more dramatic situations. The gaiety that won readers' hearts in the first book, the brilliant wit and hilarity of the characters will endure forever.

Nevertheless, the writer changes, and his heroes change with him. In each new book you encounter the same Nodar Dumbadze, but slightly different.

"At the moment I am intentionally blunting the humor so that I can penetrate deeper into the character and soul of my hero. I want to show the workings of the human heart. I don't think that a person is a mural painted on a flat surface; I believe that an individual is a sculpture that should be examined from all sides.

"For a long time I was regarded as a humorist. Perhaps that was due to the fact that for nine years I had been editor of the Georgian satirical magazine *Niangi (Crocodile)* and wrote topical satires. Therefore, no one took my first piece of fiction, 'Grandma, Iliko, Illarion and Me' seriously, and it was published in the humor and satire section of the magazine *Tsiskari*. To my mind, there is more sadness and tragedy in my works than joy. One woman reader wrote to me about my first story, which was my most cheerful piece. She said that it contained 'the tragedy of the human heart.'"

Kindness as a Way of Life

Dumbadze's evolution from one book to another is as interesting as the works themselves.

His most recent work is a novel called *The Law of Eternity*, which has been awarded a Lenin Prize.

He began his narrative of a man and his heart with a merry simpleton and imparted different images to him in the four succeeding novels. Now Dumbadze has completed it (at least for the time being) with the image of a 45-year-old writer in whom he has embodied the results of his moral searching.

"Moral problems have always been at the heart of things," says Dumbadze. "If you were to consider the matter carefully, you would find that all of world literature and art, beginning with Biblical subjects and ancient myths and ending with modern literature, is reduced to the solution of moral problems. Only the details differ."

What does "the law of eternity" mean to Dumbadze? This is what his hero, who is almost the author's double, says:

"A person's soul is a hundred times heavier than his body. . . . It is so heavy that one person alone cannot carry it. . . . Therefore, while we are alive, we must try to help one another, try to make each other's soul immortal. You immortalize my soul, I—someone else's, and so on, for ever and ever . . . so that a person's death should not doom us to isolation in life. . . ."

If you believe the critics, then the main character of all Dumbadze's books is Dumbadze himself. The autobiographical nature of Dumbadze's works reflects his own actions, even the most prosaic. He is always helping someone and getting involved in the lives of people whom he sometimes doesn't know at all. His compassion is sometimes used by people without scruples, but this does not seem to shake his faith in justice and kindness. The high offices that he holds—Dumbadze is a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Georgia, deputy of the USSR Supreme Soviet and chairman of the Georgian Writers Union—are a reflection of these particular human qualities. But he is not vainglorious.

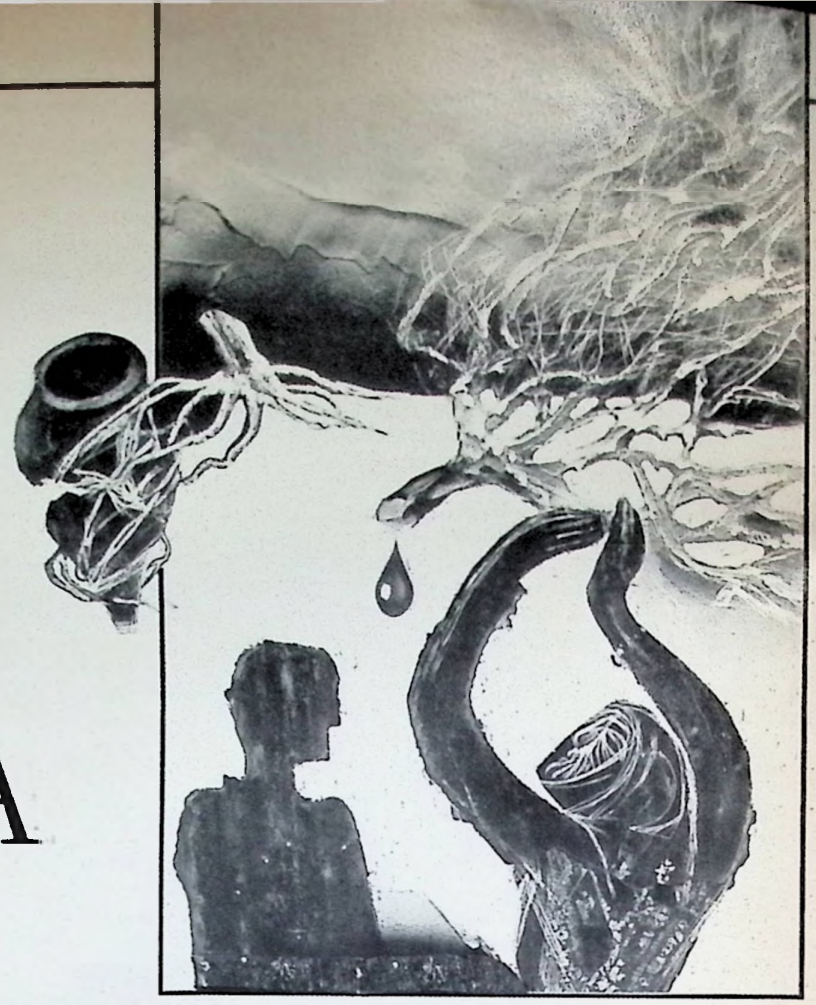
His numerous public duties are the result of his desire to do good. And so this man who has spent two years in bed recuperating from a heart attack (his second) takes upon himself the burden of public affairs because he knows that as a statesman, and not as a private person or even a popular writer, he can actively help people. This is the philosophy of his heroes, and it's his philosophy too. "A person must assert himself," he told me. "Kindness is a way of life in this world."

According to Dumbadze's "law of eternity," we are all connected with one another in life. Therefore, in spite of his heavy schedule, he devotes time to a repentant prisoner who has turned to him for help, a children's playground that should be built as soon as possible, a young poet who wants advice and a monument of architecture that needs immediate restoration. The writer deals with all of these and many other things because his word, which carries a lot of weight, is worth many verbose articles, because people listen to him and because due to his prestige as a man and a writer he can achieve what others fail to do.

Outwardly Dumbadze's life as a writer is a happy one. His books have been translated into nearly all of the languages of the peoples of the Soviet Union and published in many countries; all of his novels and long stories have been staged at theaters both at home and abroad; and nearly all of his major works have been adapted for the screen. However, his intense inner life and meditation on the problems facing people today do not allow him to become complacent.

Nodar Dumbadze knows that you cannot step twice into the same stream. Time flows on mercilessly like the waters of the Kura, a river that divides Tbilisi, where the writer lives with his family, into two parts. With age he has come to realize that you cannot capture any moment—you can only imitate it in words on paper. "It's as though I were feeling coronary insufficiency all the time. I have this need to relate what I once failed to do. And so I try to fill up this emptiness with short stories."

He does, indeed, write remarkable stories that reveal in this brilliant and mature master of prose new facets of talent. Dumbadze feels the past, which inevitably evokes nostalgia, in close connection with the present and the future. This feeling is so natural to him that it has become a kind of inner biological condition—as if it were programmed in his genetic code. Although he is now 52, although his hair has turned gray and his feet are not so fast as they used to be, somewhere in the depths of his heart he still remains the hero of his first story—the boy among the vines whom Grandma sees with faith, hope and love.



KHAZARULA

A short story by Nodar Dumbadze
Drawing by Nikolai Smolyakov

I WAS ONLY 14 when I first talked to her. She was an old apple tree, about 55 or 60, almost the age of my grandmother, and her name was Khazarula.

I remember that each winter Grandmother would bring her fruit to Tbilisi. Saturated with the fragrance of the village, she would come to my bedroom right from the train station, embrace me and press a cold, withered and unappealing apple on me, saying: "It's Khazarula, from our yard, sonny. It's shriveled, but don't you mind that. There's nothing in the world more delicious than her apples, and on an empty stomach, too. Eat it, dear. . . ."

Then I moved to the village, and I got acquainted with Khazarula.

Still beautiful, strong and shady, though dry and hollow in places, she stood proudly on the *marani* (a corner in the yard in which grapes are crushed, vodka is distilled and wine is stored in *kvevri* [1] buried in the ground) with scoops, *orchkhumas* [2] and little jars hanging from her branches. It turned out, unfortunately, that the apple tree hadn't bloomed for three years and so hadn't bore any fruit.

One day in early spring Grandmother woke me in the wee hours of the morning. She held a sharp, gleaming ax in her hand.

"What are you up to?" I asked, pretending to be frightened and covering my head.

"Don't play the fool! Get up and make yourself useful or I'll drag you out of bed by the ear!" Grandmother said angrily.

"What job is there for me to do at dawn?" I asked with displeasure.

"A job. . . Only for a man to do. . . Can you believe I'm being taunted?" she asked, frowning.

"Who are you talking about? Our team leader?"

"Can't you shut up and get going?"

"All right, I'm getting up. . . . But won't you tell me who it is?"

"Khazarula, who else? That shameless, vile apple tree! It's unheard of—to let me down so!"

"Who's letting you down? The tree?"

"Of course, the tree!"

"The apple tree?" I couldn't believe my ears.

"Is she an apple tree without apples? She's a log, not an apple tree! That's what she is!"

"Er, well. . . You want me to cut her down?"

"No, first scare her a little. And then if she doesn't come to her senses, we'll chop her down. To hell with her! What else can we do?"

Grandmother explained in detail how I was to frighten the tree, put down the ax and go to the door.

"Do you think she'll obey me?" I asked, laughing.

"She will if she has a head on her shoulders."

"And where are you off to?"

"You must speak to her alone." Grandmother left the room, slamming the door.

I took the ax and went down the yard straight to the *marani*. The buds on the apple tree were swollen. Does she really understand human language? I wondered, smiling. Then I took hold of the ax more comfortably and brandished it for all I was worth. I checked myself halfway, letting the ax lightly touch the roots of the tree, and hesitating, as if I were reciting Hamlet's soliloquy To be or not to be, I enunciated, "To ch-o-p or not to chop? To ch-o-p or not to chop?"

After a long silence I waved my hand and said in a loud voice not only for the tree to hear but also for the stone lid of the *kvevri* that was lying nearby: "Let the devil take her. I'll wait another year. If she doesn't bear apples, I'll cut her down to the roots. She won't get away from me!"

Having fulfilled Grandmother's orders to the letter, I glanced at Khazarula. She was standing serenely, without turning a leaf, basking to her heart's content in the rays of the Sun, which was coming up from behind the mountain.

Ridiculing myself in my mind, I hurled the ax into a log lying under the apple tree and returned home.

"Well?" Grandmother asked.

"She was scared to death, the miserable thing. She even trembled! See!"

I looked at the tree and burst out laughing. Khazarula was trembling, trunk and foliage. . . .

Spring was gaining in strength. She came from the Gubazeuli [3] to pay a visit to our yard. Barefoot, half-dressed beauty that she was, she slipped over the young grass, exciting all living nature.

Almond trees, *tkemali*,[4] plum and pear trees burst into blossom. . . . And there stood Khazarula as if in a dream, thinking about God knows what.

And again Grandmother woke me at dawn. Pointing at the apple tree, she said, "Just take a look at her!"

Dressed in a delicate pink frock, Khazarula gazed at us with a smile, and not without malicious delight.

"It's enough to drive one mad!" I cried out.

Khazarula burst into bloom, and how she bloomed! Bees were drawn to her, and how they were drawn! She became covered with fruit, and how covered she was! The apples ripened, and what fine apples they were! The apple tree generously presented not only us but all the neighborhood with jam, dried apples and vodka! The cattle, whose mouths were sore from the apples, stayed away from Khazarula, so I began, every morning, to feed basketsful of apples to Teofan Dugladze's cow.

"For goodness sake, leave the cow alone or she'll start giving apple juice instead of milk!" Teofan roared at me, losing his patience.

Well, well, Khazarula, whatever have you done?" I asked the tree. I was at the top of her with a pole, beating down the last apple, which starlings had all but pecked to the core.

"What else was I to do? If you're an apple tree, this is what you must do!" Khazarula answered, her old joints creaking.

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[1] *Kvevri* are jars.

[2] *Orchkhumas* are the utensils used for cleaning the jars.

[3] The Gubazeuli is a stream in Georgia.

[4] *Tkemali* are wild red plums.

And that was the end of it. No matter how I might beg, cajole or try to frighten her, she wouldn't give in. Not one apple appeared on her branches again.

Two years later we were getting our wine from the *kvevri* when Grandmother glanced at the cloudy winter sky, then at Khazarula and said as if to herself, shaking her head with displeasure, "It looks like snow. We'll be lost without firewood. We must cut down Khazarula. . . ."

"Let's wait another year, Granny. I'll talk to her in the spring."

"No, sonny, frightening her will now be of no use," Grandmother said sadly.

"I will not chop her down!" I cried.

"What do you mean, you won't?! What am I? Your grandmother? Or your dog?"

"You are my grandmother. But all the same, I won't be able to cut down Khazarula!" I said stubbornly.

"Why?" Grandmother was surprised.

"Because! You yourself told me that the tree hears and understands us!"

"Well, sonny, sometimes an old woman will say all sorts of nonsense! Trees! People have ceased to understand each other. I said it in jest, and you thought I meant it?" Grandmother was trying to extricate herself.

"I will not, and that's all there is to it! She not only hears us but she sees us, too! Look, she has even turned away!" I pointed to the tree.

"Good gracious, what am I hearing!" Grandmother threw up her hands. "Have you gone mad or what? It's all my fault! It serves me right! Kind neighbors, help me to bring him to his senses, this good-for-nothing. The devil take him! O-o-o! . . ."

"What's the matter, woman, why are you shouting? What has he done that you're cursing him in the early morning?" asked Ananya Salukvadze, who was passing by and had turned into our yard.

"Don't ask me, dear Ananya! The year before last I told him to frighten Khazarula a bit. Now I'm asking him to cut her down, and he won't. He says that the tree understands people and he won't cut her down," Grandmother answered, offering the neighbor a glass of ruby Odessa.[5]

"May God give health to you and your whole family, dear Daredzhan!" Ananya swallowed the wine with such relish and pleasure that it made my mouth water. "She understands people, does she?" Ananya asked.

"Just listen to him. She not only understands us but sees us, too! It's not his fault. It's what I told him that has driven him insane. It's all my fault!"

"Has he had some wine?"

"Yes, he has. . . ."

"Well, then pour me some more, dear Daredzhan, and I'll try to figure out what drove him mad—you or the wine," Ananya said, smiling.

Grandmother poured him another glass. Ananya drained it in silence and said after a long pause, "It seems to me that both of you are to blame—you and your wine. So I can make my final decision, pour me another glass!"

Grandmother filled the glass, but she looked at the neighbor with such an expression that, if I were Ananya, I would have refused outright. Nevertheless, Ananya drank it and stated his conclusion: "So, dear Daredzhan, it's the wine's fault. But don't worry. I'll bring him to his senses right away. . . . You say trees hear people?" he addressed me.

"Yes, they do!" I affirmed.

"And stones?"

"They do, too."

"And the river?"

"Sure!"

"May God give you health. . . . You know, dear Daredzhan, it's rather interesting. Well, say . . . you're an apple tree, Khazarula, for instance. . . . And you, as this madcap would have us believe, hear everything and understand everything. Say a man like myself comes up to you . . . with an ax . . . and wants to cut you down. You see it, you understand it, but you can't escape to save yourself. Well? How would you feel about it? It's enough to drive one mad!" Ananya again held out his glass, but Grandmother pretended not to see it. "Fill the glass, woman, I haven't said the main thing yet!"

Grandmother filled the glass. Ananya drank it and looked at me.

"You, I can see, live in the city. But it's time you understood the beliefs of simple country folk. What won't a peasant keep in his house? A barren cow, a barren tree and a barren wom—." Ananya hesitated and gave a stealthy look at Grandmother.

"What's the matter, Ananya?" she chuckled. "If I hadn't had children, where would this good-for-nothing have come from?"

"Well, . . and a barren woman. But your grandmother has seven children. Do you understand?"

"What are you getting at, Uncle Ananya?" I asked.

"Why won't you cut down the tree?" Ananya asked.

"I feel sorry for it."

"Sorry for the tree?"

"Woe to us if we have to rely on such young puppies!" Grandmother sighed.

"Don't say such things, dear Daredzhan!"

"What do you mean? Don't say such things! He won't kill a hen—he feels sorry for it! He won't touch a kid—he's sorry for it! The pig he was to have killed for last New Year's Eve was caught in Intabueti[6] not long ago. Is this the way to do things?!"

"Is this true, young man?" Ananya asked.

"Yes, it is, Uncle Ananya, and for goodness sake, stop lecturing me. I will not cut down Khazarula!"

"Does this mean that you feel sorry for her?"

"Of course I feel sorry for her."

"Let the devil take you! Fill me another glass, dear." Grandmother poured another glass. Ananya drained it and asked, "Don't you have anything to wash down with it, dear Daredzhan?"

"Have a stick, dear Ananya, if you can chew it. You can get one yourself."

Ananya got up in silence, left the yard and trudged up the road.

"Where are you going, dear Ananya? I saw you coming down the street."

"I was going there on business, my dear Daredzhan, but I'm not much use now."

"Then do me a favor. March along Shakroya's wattled fence because mine is on its last legs!" Grandmother asked.

Ananya crossed the road and leaned against Shakroya's fence. He stood there a minute and then turned around.

"You say Khazarula can see things? Ha-ha-ha! I can't see anything myself, old man, much less your Khazarula! Ha-ha-ha!"

The young fellow was right. The bare silent tree saw and heard everything. Khazarula was overcome with harsh thoughts. At midnight her heart began to beat faster, and she set her roots that entwined the *kvevri* from all sides. The *kvevri* winced. Khazarula closed her roots in a tighter grip, and the *kvevri* suspiciously cracked, developing the first hardly perceptible scar. The ruby liquid that seeped through wetted the roots of the apple tree. Khazarula absorbed several drops of the strange liquid slowly and cautiously, and an unfamiliar tremor shook her whole body. Gradually it turned into a pleasant languor, and Khazarula squeezed the *kvevri* even harder. They split in several places, and the liquid gushed out like a hard rain during a summer drought. Khazarula held fast to the sweetest of the springs, the purple miracle, the precious hoard which she, it appeared, had been protecting and guarding for so many decades, carefully tucking it in the network of her roots, without ever knowing the great pleasure of soaking in the aromatic red liquid. The *kvevri* were getting empty, and Khazarula, like a wayfarer tortured by thirst, was drinking and drinking, all her being filled up with warmth and joy.

A miracle happened today: The *kvevri* became empty. Khazarula drank the last drop and the secret of people and that of the strange liquid was revealed to her. The old apple tree understood why people kissed each other, why they cried with glass in hand, why they sang and danced around her, laughed and fought, why they poured red liquid into the *kvevri* with such veneration. Khazarula understood everything, and she also wanted to sing, run, kiss, cry and dance, but she couldn't fulfill her wish because she was an ordinary tree and not a person. So she confined herself to what was within her power—rocking and humming until dawn.

And in the morning. . . In the morning Khazarula felt a dull blow on her side. The blow wasn't painful, and therefore Khazarula didn't pay attention to it. Then she felt another blow, a third, and another and another. It continued for about an hour. Khazarula realized that she was not herself. Something strange, an unfamiliar heaviness, was pressing on her, and she yielded more and more to the inexplicable power. Then a long creak was heard, Khazarula tottered, lost her balance and began to fall—first slowly, then faster and faster. At the same time Khazarula heard a dull blow and the wooden cracking of arms, shoulders and joints. But somehow she didn't feel any pain. She closed her eyes and went to sleep.

Get up, sonny, Ananya has chopped down the apple tree after all!" Grandmother woke me up. "Get the ax and cut off the branches." Her heart had betrayed her. It had been snowing in the night. And the village, clean and smart, looked like a bride in a long white dress. Only our yard looked gloomy. The big old apple tree was lying on the *marani* like a dead person.

I walked over to the felled apple tree and went numb. Red liquid was oozing from its trunk!

"Granny!" I cried, "Come here quickly!"

Grandmother came. "What is it?" she asked in surprise.

"I don't know. . . Probably blood. . ."

"It cannot be! In January plants are sleeping. The sap awakens only in February. . . ." Grandmother touched the strange liquid with her hand, then brought it closer to her face, smelled it and looked at me with fear. Open the *kvevri*, will you!"

I quickly raised the lid. The *kvevri* were empty.

Grandmother threw up her hands and slowly went down on her knees.

Khazarula was awakened by the cold. And, lying in a position she wasn't accustomed to, she found the world strange and unusual. At first she thought she was dazzled by the fiery liquid she had drunk. But then seeing a sullen boy, with his chin leaning on an ax, and next to him an old woman dressed in black, with hands thrown up, Khazarula understood that it was the end and closed her eyes.

Forever.

Courtesy of the magazine *Druzhba Narodov (Friendship of the Peoples)*
Translated by Elizaveta Khakina

[5] Odessa is the name of a wine.

[6] Intabueti is the name of a village.

SEARCHING FOR A STYLE OF HER OWN

By Vitali Tretyakov
Photographs by Yuri Rybchinsky

SOME PEOPLE are of the opinion that there's nothing easier or more pleasant than to be on the stage. A little bit of talent and good luck and you're headed straight for the lights, where there's nothing but applause, flowers and adoring fans.

Irina Yemelyanova, a 26-year-old solo dancer of the Leningrad Ballet Company, knows from experience that this isn't so.

She dreamed of becoming a ballerina as a little girl, but she missed the right time for enrolling at ballet school. True, she studied classical ballet and folk dancing at two amateur studios. After graduating from high school, she went to Moscow, where the circus on Lenin Hills was organizing a ballet troupe. She was accepted, and the very next day she took part in a show, substituting for a dancer who was ill.

Still, it wasn't what she had dreamed of; it wasn't real ballet. So Irina enrolled at a choreography studio. After completing that, she was offered a job with the music company of the Arbat Restaurant, one of the largest restaurants in Moscow. She was disappointed again. She burst into tears after the first few shows—she hated to perform before an audience that was eating and drinking.

When Irina heard that the Leningrad Ballet Company was accepting new dancers, she dropped her job at the Arbat and took off for Leningrad. She was admitted, but there was no guarantee that she was not in for another disappointment, especially since she had lost almost four years, which is a lot of time for a ballerina.

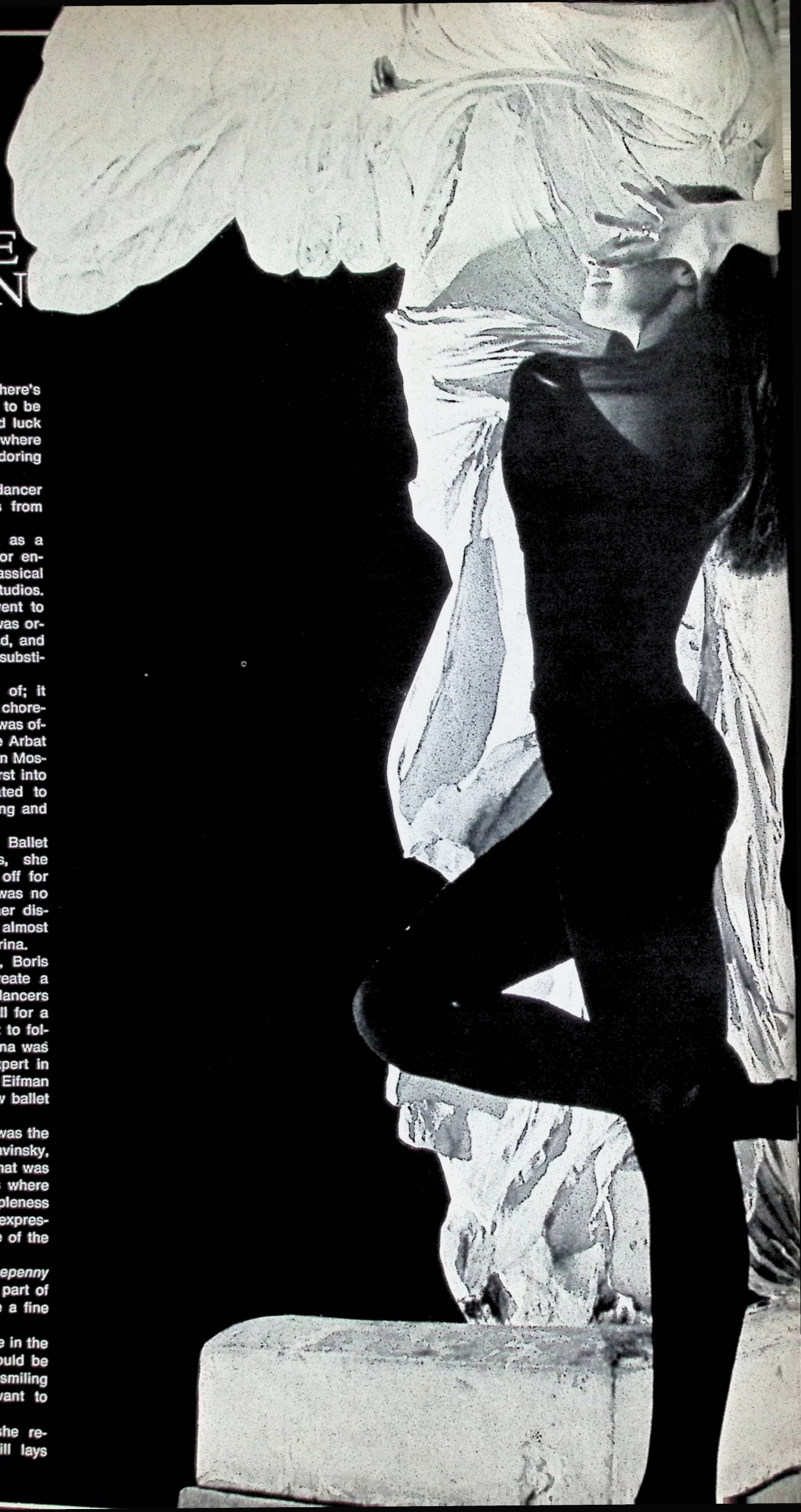
Fortunately, the head of the company, Boris Eifman, also a novice, was going to create a modern ballet theater as he saw it, and dancers like Irina suited his purpose. Irina was tall for a classical ballerina, but Eifman didn't want to follow in the footsteps of classical ballet. Irina was exceptionally supple and was not too expert in classical dancing. That was just what Eifman needed because he aimed to develop new ballet technique in his dancers.

Irina's first important role in Leningrad was the Old Skinflint in *The Fire Bird* by Igor Stravinsky, a combination of dance and pantomime that was better suited to a male dancer. That was where her height came in handy, and her suppleness enabled her to make the role unusually expressive. In any case, she got the lion's share of the applause.

In the ballet *Boomerang* (after *The Threepenny Opera* by Bertolt Brecht) Irina played the part of Jenny Cowler, in which she proved to be a fine rock dancer.

Irina is currently working on the title role in the ballet *Nike* (the goddess of victory). It could be taken as an auspicious omen, but Irina, smiling her outwardly carefree smile, doesn't want to count on it too much.

"My journey to the stage is over," she remarked, "but the road on the stage still lays ahead."



AMERICANS WHO BELIEVED IN SOVIET RUSSIA

By Ivan Krasnov

A recipient of the State Prize of the USSR, Ivan Krasnov, 67, is the author of several books and more than a hundred articles. He has spent many hours in American archives and university libraries, gathering a wealth of historical material for his articles. Here Krasnov pays tribute to those Americans who turned out to be more farsighted than others, who had faith in the success of the world's first socialist country and who promoted friendship and cooperation between the two nations.

An illustration from the March 1925 issue of *Workers Monthly* by G. Piccoli. Below: A drawing by William Siegel from the October 1930 issue of *New Masses*.

REACTION to the October 1917 Revolution was varied in the United States. Many Americans failed to appreciate the happenings in distant Russia, thinking that the coming to power of the Bolsheviks was something transient. Others simply could not stomach the Socialist Revolution and never accepted it.

More often than not, the events in Russia were covered by the American press erroneously, unobjectively and, frequently, with an obvious bias. In August 1920 *The New Republic* magazine put out a special supplement written by Walter Lippmann and Charles Mery titled "Test of the News," containing an analysis of *The New York Times* reports on the Russian Revolution. Lippmann and Mery arrived at the following conclusion: *The Times* erroneously interpreted the events in Russia from 1917 to 1920, and its reports had only deluded the American public.

There were, however, many people in the U.S. who followed with sympathy the developments in Russia and who immediately saw the true value of the October Revolution and the subsequent socialist transformations. The first to be mentioned among them is John Reed, a graduate of Harvard University. He represented the American socialist press in Russia and was witness to all that was happening in that country. In an article titled "Red Russia. The Triumph of the Bolsheviki," appearing in 1917, he wrote:

> For the first time in history the working class has seized state power for its own purposes and means to keep it.

Reed vividly and truthfully described the October Revolution of 1917 in detail in his famous book *Ten Days that Shook the World.* In his opinion the Russian Revolution "is one of the great events of history, and the rise of the Bolsheviki was a phenomenon of worldwide importance."

In April 1918 in an article called "The Soul of the Russian Revolution," Eugene V. Debs wrote:

> The world stands amazed, astounded, awe-inspired, in the presence of Russia's stupendous historic achievement. . . .
>
> Russia! Russia! Thy very name thrills in our veins, throbs in our hearts and surges in our souls!
>
> The heart of Russia in this hour of her glorious resurrection is the heart of humanity disenthralled, the soul of her people, the real people, the only people—glows with altruistic fervor, throbs with international solidarity and appeals with infinite compassion to the spirit of worldwide brotherhood.
>
> Not a trace of national seifishness has stained Russia's revolutionary regeneration. The Bolsheviki demanded nothing for themselves they did not demand in the same resolute spirit for the proletariat of all the world, and if history records the failure of their cause, it will be to the eternal shame of those for whom these heroes offered up their lives and who suffered them to perish for the lack of sympathy and support. . . .
>
> But the revolution will not, cannot, fail. . . .
>
> All the forces of the world's reaction . . . are pitted openly and covertly against the Russian Revolution and conspiring together for the overthrow of the victorious Russian proletariat and the destruction of the newborn democracy.
>
> But, whatever may be the fate of the revolution, its flaming soul is immortal and will flood the world with light and liberty and love.

The support mentioned by Debs was given by America's broad popular masses. During the period of armed intervention in Soviet Russia by a number of capitalist countries, the American proletariat resorted to a mass political campaign under the slogan "Hands Off Russia!"

Eugene Debs was one of the Americans who also managed, despite the difficult times, to appreciate on his merits the leader of the October Revolution, the creator of the Bolshevik Party and the head of the world's first socialist state. On learning about Lenin's death in January 1924, Debs said:

> I regard Lenin as the greatest thinker. . . . He towered head and shoulders above every other statesman. . . . His place in history is certain. He will go down in history as one of the greatest statesmen, a towering personality, a heroic soul, and in the loftiest sense a champion of the rights and liberties of the common people.

A Union of Free Republics

On December 30, 1922, the Soviet republics joined into a single federated state—the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. The decision to unite was adopted at the First Congress of Soviets of the USSR in Moscow, attended by delegates from the Russian, Ukrainian, Byelorussian and Transcaucasian republics. The congress approved a declaration and a treaty on the formation of the USSR, which formalized the voluntary nature of the union and the equality and fraternal cooperation of the Soviet republics.

The congress elected a Central Executive Committee of the USSR, the highest body of legislative power during periods between congresses. In his speech closing the congress, President of the Central Executive Committee Mikhail Kalinin said:

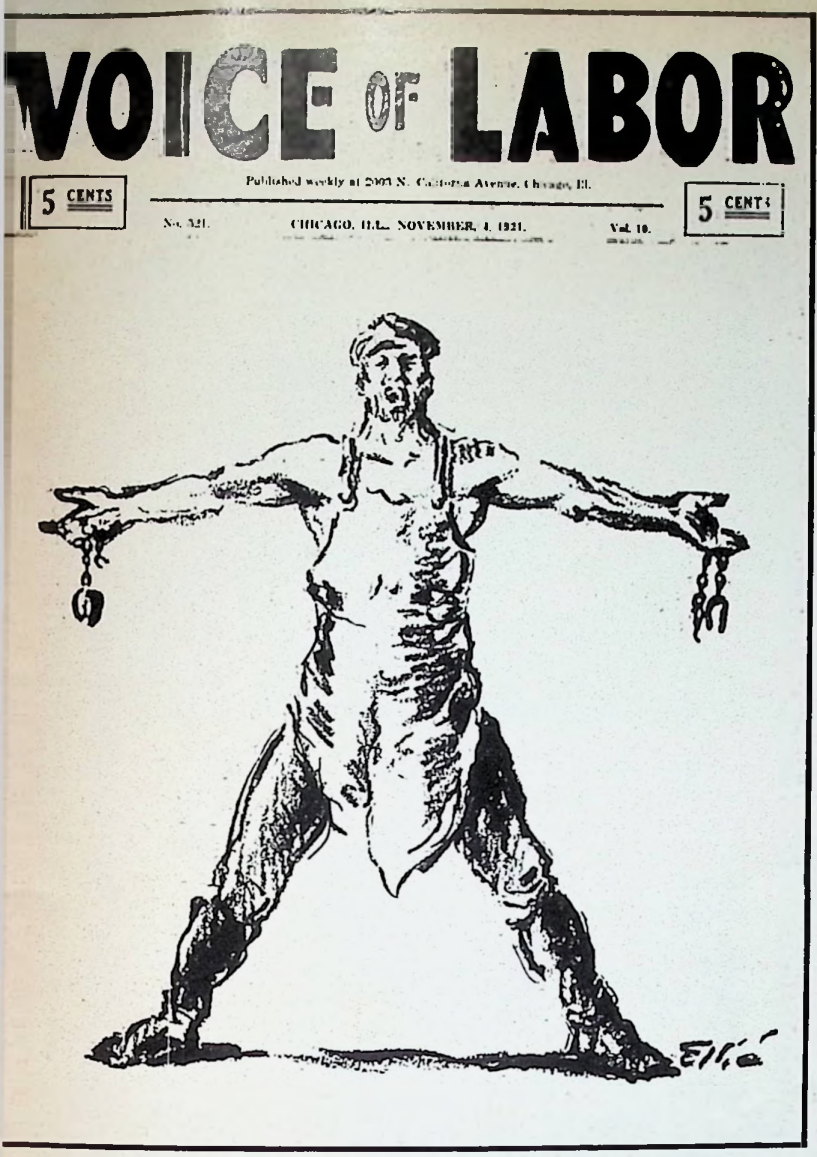
> Whole milleniums have passed as the best minds of mankind have struggled with the theoretical problem in search of forms that would give people the possibility to live in friendship and brotherhood without great suffering, without mutual struggle. It is only now, in the present, that the first stone is being laid in practice in that direction.

The union government was formed the following year, and in January 1924 the Constitution of the USSR was adopted.

What was the response in the United States to these events?

Moscow correspondent Walter Duranty of *The New York Times*, for one, wrote:

> The Constitution contained a clause which puzzled American correspondents to the effect that any of . . . the Sovereign States of the Union had the free right of secession. Our surprise led a



Two drawings by Fred Ellis. The one at left is titled *Greetings to Soviet Russia;* below, *The First Red Decade*, which was printed in the November 7, 1927, edition of the *Daily Worker.*

junior official of the Press Department of the Foreign Office to suggest that there might be a clerical error in the copies issued to us. Prudently he decided to make further inquiries. He came back smiling: "The text is correct," he said. "You must understand that the framers of our Constitution are not thinking about the possibility of secession by any of the states."

If you consider that at the time the most prevalent forecasts in the U.S. were that the union of Soviet republics would not last and that it would collapse like a house of cards on encountering its first difficulty since it was supposedly based on coercion by the Russian nation, one can understand the American correspondents' perplexity mentioned by Duranty. But as everyone now knows, the Soviet Union turned out to possess unusual strength and was even able to withstand such trials as World War II. And the framers of its Constitution also turned out to be right. During the 60 years of the USSR's existence, there has not been a single request to exercise the right to secede from the Union. On the contrary, the Union has grown. It now consists of 15 constituent republics, and friendship between them is as strong as ever.

Socialist Transformation of the Economy

The American press paid close attention to the USSR's economic development. Most reports concentrated on the economic dislocation that reigned in the country during the first years after World War I, the Civil War and the foreign intervention. Lenin's New Economic Policy (NEP) was viewed as an obvious return to capitalism, a sign of the Bolsheviks' inability to lead the country out of economic chaos. There were even statements that Russia, immensely rich in natural resources but poor in capital, would not be able to create a modern industry.

Walter Duranty returned to Moscow in August 1925, studied the situation and arrived at the following conclusion:

> Inside the Bolshevik Party there was a hard central core which had never wavered from the intention to create and develop a successful proletarian state upon socialist foundations.
>
> NEP was no more than a temporary measure, the ostensible purpose of which was to give the whole country a breathing space, but whose real purpose was to enable the Bolsheviks to build up enough industry and commerce and store to enable them to tackle the work of building a socialist state.

Duranty's conclusions have weathered the test of time.

In 1926 the Soviet Union began its industrialization program to create the material and technical foundation of socialism. In December 1927 the Fifteenth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union announced its program for the collectivization of the scattered, piecemeal system of agriculture that had been inherited by the new state.

Soon after that the well-known American writer Theodore Dreiser visited the Soviet Union. He made an extensive tour of the country, and his impressions took the form of the book *Dreiser Looks at Russia*, which was published in New York in 1928. In it he presented a truthful picture of the socialist transformations in the Soviet Union.

In 1927 and 1928 he saw the Soviet Union's factories, mines and stores. He met with commissars. He wrote that never in his life had he come across more educated, more well-wishing and courageous men and women with such lofty ideals. Dreiser noted that as a result he had developed a deep respect for the Soviet people.

The Soviet Land's Peaceful Course

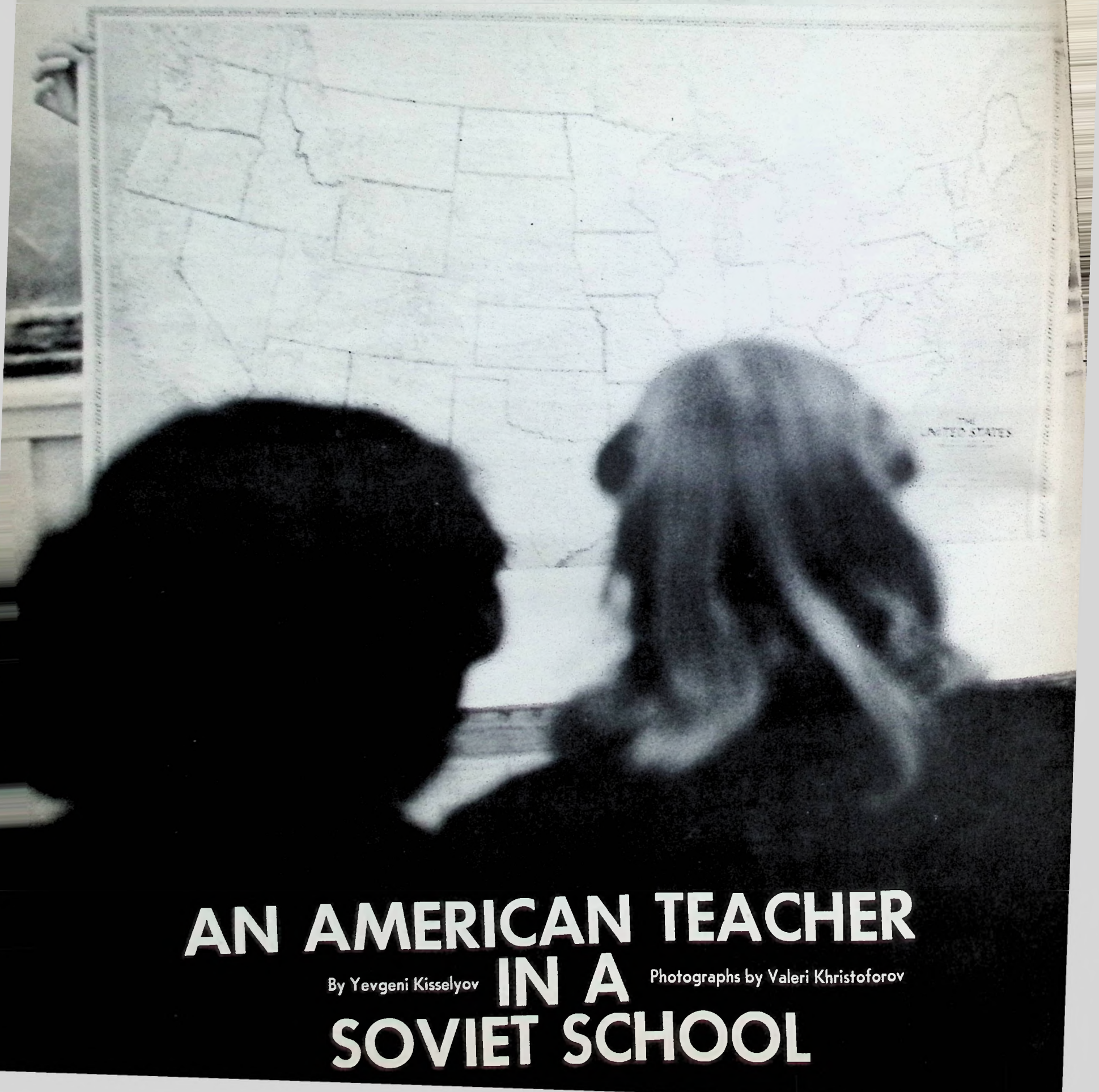
The Decree on Peace of November 8, 1917, became the first decree of the Soviet Government. In it the warring countries were asked to cease their hostilities and establish a just peace without annexation and indemnities. From the very first day of its existence, the Soviet state's foreign policy was imbued with peacefulness and a striving to establish friendly relations with all countries.

On the day of Lenin's funeral, on January 26, 1924, Georgi Chicherin, the People's Commissar of Foreign Affairs of the USSR, said in an interview with a French journalist:

> Lenin mapped out for us the road which we are following and will follow. The prime idea of our policy, and we constantly say this, is the idea of peace. We want peace ourselves and we want to promote universal peace. . . . Our peaceful policy is a policy of creativity. It was precisely to accelerate the development of our productive forces that he [Lenin] introduced in the country the New Economic Policy and in the field of foreign policy economic cooperation with foreign capital. To attract the latter on a basis of agreement satisfactory to both sides, to share profits with it while not becoming dependent on it—this is one of Lenin's most important ideas. It remains our program for the future.

The Soviet Government repeatedly expressed its readiness to settle mutual claims with the United States and to develop all-round ties with that country, to trade with it. But it wasn't until later that a response came.

Many people in the U.S. were aware of the unsatisfactory state of relations between our countries. Many politicians, business people and cultural figures called for the official recognition of the USSR and the development of mutually advantageous ties with it. Among them were Colonel Raymond Robins, head of the U.S. Red Cross Mission in Soviet Russia; Colonel Gaskell, head of the American Mission to Aid Victims of Famine in Soviet Russia; and Senators George Norris, Hiram Johnson, William Borah, and others. Their views were well founded, and life has confirmed this.



AN AMERICAN TEACHER IN A SOVIET SCHOOL

By Yevgeni Kisselyov

Photographs by Valeri Khristoforov

Wherever Marilyn Hoogen went in Moscow, she was the center of attention, answering questions about life and education in the U.S. Below: While she was in the USSR, Marilyn not only taught English to Soviet schoolchildren, she also held seminars on American teaching methods. Bottom: Marilyn goes over lesson plans with her Soviet colleagues. Facing page: With the aid of a map the American schoolteacher explains where her home state of Washington is located.

I AM FORTUNATE to have the opportunity to teach Soviet schoolchildren and get to know Soviet people," remarked Marilyn Hoogen. This 36-year-old American teacher spent two and a half months working at schools in Moscow and Leningrad as part of a teacher exchange program between the Soviet Union and the United States. She taught classes in American history, literature, culture, customs and traditions and shared her experiences with her Soviet colleagues. Marilyn, an outgoing and energetic woman, also found time to attend the capital's theaters, visit the Pushkin Museum of Fine Arts and tour the ancient Russian towns of Suzdal and Zagorsk in Moscow Region, an area rich in ancient cultural and historical monuments.

The youngsters at the school where Marilyn taught liked their teacher from the States and threw an international friendship party in her honor. They served Russian tea from a samovar and pirozhki, small pastries made with various fillings, which the students had baked themselves. Songs were sung in English, and lively games were played.

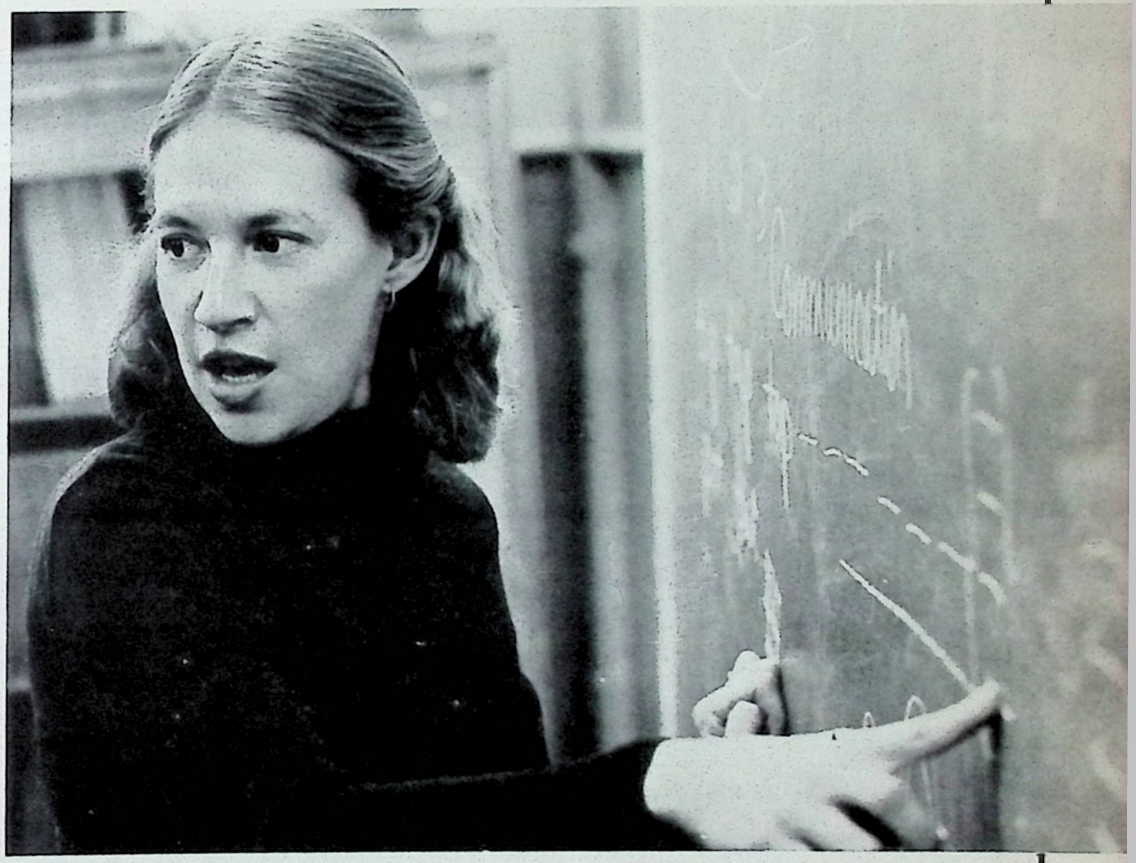
Marilyn's dream of a trip to the Soviet Union goes back 17 years to her student days at Washington State University in Pullman, Washington. Besides a Bachelor of Arts degree in Russian literature and language, the American teacher holds degrees in Slavic linguistics and education. She is currently teaching in her native city of Tacoma.

Marilyn said that she felt quite at home in Moscow. She increased her knowledge and gathered impressions to take back to the States. She had a chance to perfect her conversational Russian and greatly enjoyed walking around the city. All of Marilyn's classes were conducted in English, and her pupils, she pointed out, had a good command of the language.

According to the American teacher, relations between Soviet students and their teachers are close and warm. This can be explained by the fact that some of the teachers have known many of the children since they were infants. Marilyn believes that these strong bonds definitely help create a good atmosphere in the classroom, improve the students' progress and make the teacher's job easier. She was also greatly impressed by Soviet teaching methods.

The teacher exchange program between the Soviet Union and the United States has been going on since the sixties, and teachers at the school in Moscow where Marilyn worked find it very beneficial.

"I hope that the Soviet teachers who go to the U.S. on the exchange program are as useful there," commented Vladimir Petrov, head of the International Department of the Ministry of Education of the Russian Soviet Federative Socialist Republic. "The exchange provides a good example of the cooperation between the two countries. American teachers who visit the Soviet Union come not only as schoolteachers but also as people who can tell us about their country, literature and culture."



NIKOLAI FESHIN, AN EXTRAORDINARY PAINTER

By Galina Shcherbakova

NIKOLAI FESHIN (1881-1955) was a remarkable Russian painter. The fate of this man, who devoted himself unsparingly to art, was tragic. Almost half of his life was spent far from his native land. His great success and established reputation notwithstanding, the separation caused him much suffering and pain.

He wrote to his brother in 1949:

> Men of art should not leave their country for good. . . . The whole spiritual foundation of a man is laid in his childhood and grows together with the surroundings from that time on to the very end of his life. In an alien country he exists only physically, suffering from constant solitude, without understanding the meaning of life.

Feshin was born in 1881 in the city of Kazan. His father, a carpenter, ran his own shop and took in carving, gilding and cabinetmaking. Feshin's childhood was intimately connected with that shop.

The artist wrote:

> The very nature of the work done there encouraged me to draw in my early childhood. As early as the age of six, (by) watching the adults, I developed a passion for drawing sketches of not too elaborate icon cases and iconostases.

His father encouraged his interest in art. Each summer young Nikolai would join the men who worked for his father on their trips to work on location in rural churches.

The Kazan Art School opened in 1895. Feshin studied there for five years. After graduation, he went to the Arts Academy in St. Petersburg The young artist was carried away by what was taught at the academy. Before long he was transferred to the studio of the famous Russian painter Ilya Repin. The years of training at the academy crystallized his thinking and helped Feshin to arrive at his own style. He developed a markedly individual painting technique and way of using color. Having mastered the basics of drawing and painting and being endowed with a natural sense of color, he began to produce canvases that were profoundly national in character and boldly executed.

In 1908 Feshin returned to Kazan to teach at the Art School and to work on his graduation canvas. *Taking in the Cabbage Crop* was painted in 1909 and gave Feshin the official title of artist and the right to go to France and Italy on an Academy scholarship. It is the canvas of a mature, full-fledged artist, original and fresh. One of his pupils recalls:

> I stood transfixed in front of a big canvas, the likes of which I had never seen before. It was *Taking in the Cabbage Crop* by Nikolai Feshin. Everything in it was striking—the mood, the broad, bold brushwork, the harmony of the colors . . . the wild disarray of piles of cabbage heads amid the splashes of gaily colored women's dresses, headcoverings, ornaments and shawls. Their faces and their hands were painted with special emphasis on the dynamics of movement and foreshortened in the varied light of a gray fall day. . . . That was real art, something never to be forgotten. . . .

About that same time the artist painted the *Portrait of an Unknown Lady (Lady in Mauve)*, which was awarded a gold medal at an international exhibition in Munich. Nikolai Feshin's reputation was made.

In 1916 Feshin was elected a member of the Academy of Arts. He attached great importance to his activities as an art teacher. His students at the Kazan Art School regarded him with great respect and reverence. His teaching method was his own. He would set up a still life or a model, and then he would paint it or draw it with his students. He would make the necessary corrections right on his students' work, showing them what was wrong with the sketching or brushwork. A few light, almost imperceptible touches, and the piece would take on a life and breath of its own.

Feshin's capacity for work was legendary. Early in the morning, even before the school's doors were opened, he would be busy in his studio; throughout the day he would paint with his students; the evenings he devoted to painting nude models. One student recalls:

> In 15 minutes . . . he could sketch in charcoal the image of a male or female sitter. It took him no more than one wide stroke to make a general outline of the form and then, at the same rapid speed, with bold free strokes he would draw the fine, melodiously graceful lines of the model's body. And the sketch was done. I must confess that the performance made us giddy.

Nothing quite revealed Feshin's talents like portraiture. Refined patterns of color, the ability to observe and convey thousands of shades by several color combinations and his favorite silver palette give the artist's painting poetic charm and finesse similar to that produced by Renoir and Manet, his contemporaries. Faultless draughtsmanship and impeccable taste allowed Feshin to use the most complex foreshortenings in portraiture, to find something unique in each model and to create bold and original compositions. The artist's rendering of the face and the hands is painstakingly meticulous. The hands in his paintings give as much psychological insight into the subject's character as the face, and they help to form the image. Broad, loose brush strokes delineate the figure and the details of the decor, while the background has the appearance of a chaotic conglomeration of strokes and color patches. The background is done in long haphazard dabs. The pattern, nevertheless, conforms to the over-all style. It's like watching a miracle in the making. A chaos of lines and blobs turns out to be an exquisitely painted image.

The late Soviet sculptor Sergei Konenkov wrote about Feshin:

> The man had an eagle eye and a natural sense of color. His brushwork is broad and fluid, his choice of colors faultless. When you see Feshin's brilliant improvizations, you don't even notice how masterful his techniques are—that's how perfect they are. But Feshin's greatest asset, the heart of his creativity, is his boundless devotion to the art of painting.

The *Portrait of Varya Adoratskaya* painted by Feshin in 1914 is one of the best portraits of a child ever done by a Russian painter. The silver-gray palette, the fine and subtle color scheme, the delicate lyricism and the purity of the image make the canvas a remarkable work of art.

After the 1917 Great October Socialist Revolution Feshin stayed in Kazan and taught at the Art School there. He was busy working on the school's syllabus and hoped to set up an art academy in the city. New subject matter appeared in his paintings. In 1918 he was commissioned to paint a large portrait of Karl Marx. Feshin painted Marx seated at a desk as though he were carrying on a conversation with someone we can't see. That same year Feshin did a portrait of Vladimir Lenin; it was one of the first portraits of the leader of the socialist revolution.

The country went through some hard times in the twenties—famine, economic disruption, civil war. In 1922 Feshin was laid low with typhoid fever. On top of that, the famine in the Volga area brought about a relapse of tuberculosis, from which he had suffered in the past. Malnutrition aggravated the disease. All of these blows wore the artist down, and he decided to accept a position as a drawing instructor at the New York Academy of Arts. In 1926 a new attack of TB forced him to leave New York and move to Taos, a small town in New Mexico. There the dry hot climate cured him in two months. He fell in love with the unusual natural beauty of the area and settled in Taos.

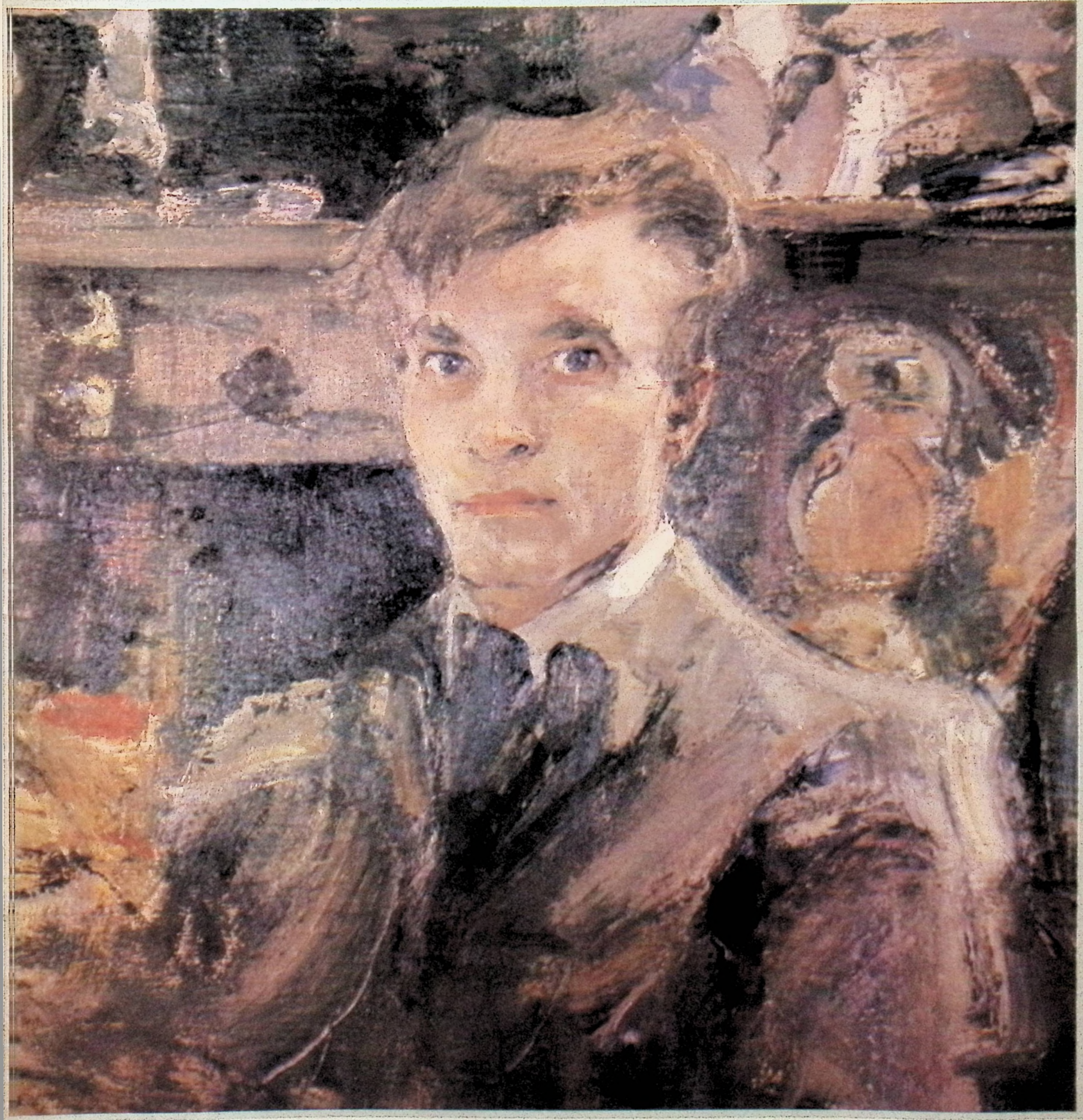
The artist considered the time he spent in Taos to have been the most productive period of his stay abroad. All of his letters back home were filled with nostalgia and hopes of returning to Russia; they revealed a consuming interest in the new life brought forth by Soviet government. He spent his final years in a modest apartment on the ocean in Los Angeles. The feeling of solitude never left him, though as an artist he was a success and quite popular with the American public. Time and again he returned to the idea that an artist should live and work only in his native land. However, having spent nearly 30 years abroad, he had no right, he believed, to go back to Russia. He wrote:

> It would be so nice to go angling on the Volga or stay for some time in a pine forest and to look up people with whom I spent so many years of my life. But, unfortunately, it is easier said than done. . . . One must face the fact . . . we fled the country . . . while those who stayed behind in Russia had to go through all kinds of hardships and adversities. And we are not in a position to expect a sincere and heartfelt welcome. . . .

Nikolai Feshin died in 1955. In 1977 his remains were moved to a cemetery in his native city of Kazan. His heirs, in accordance with the artist's will, donated a number of his works to Soviet museums and galleries. His canvases and drawings are on display at the Russian Museum in Leningrad and the Museum of Fine Arts in Kazan.

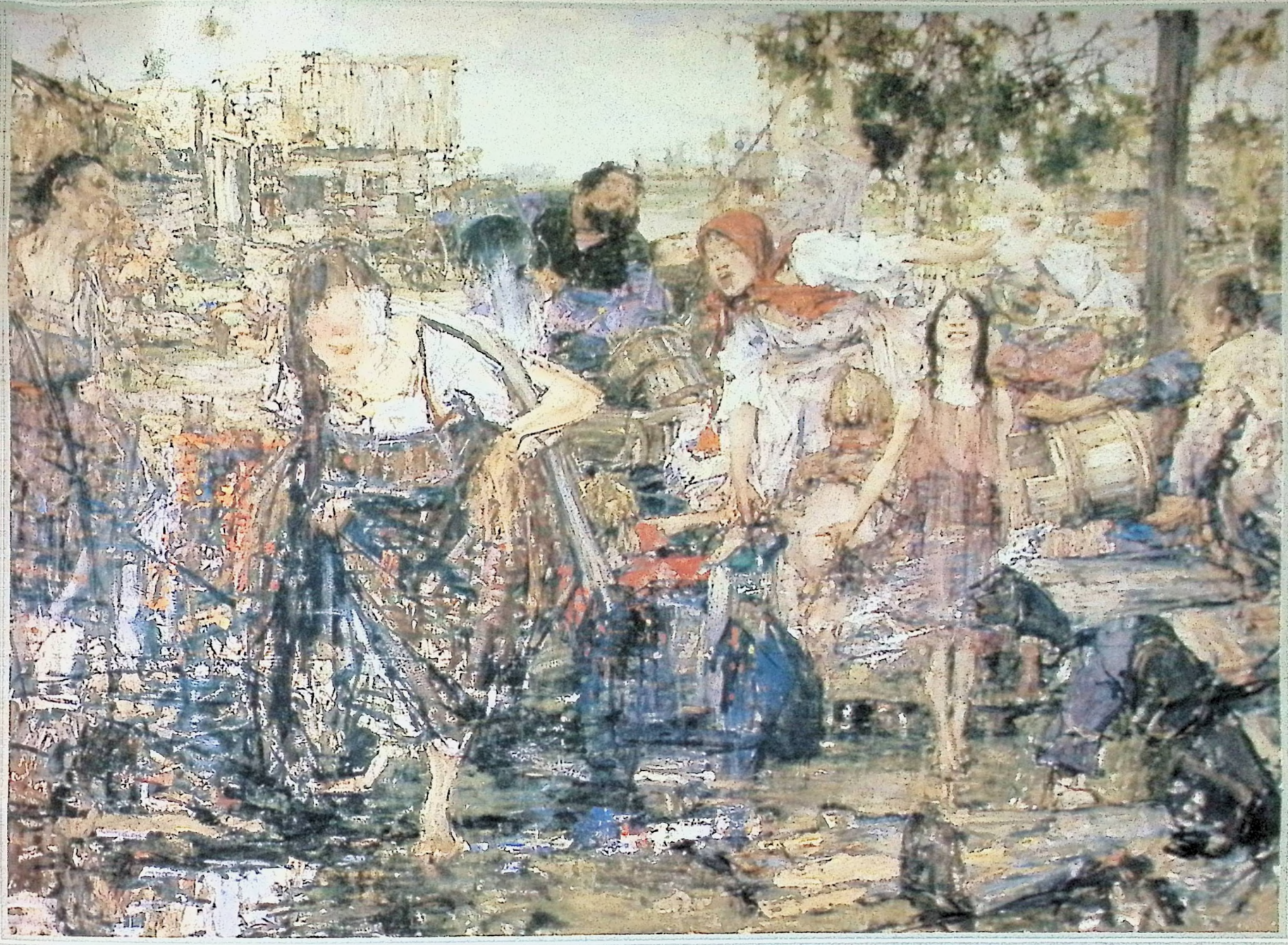
Courtesy of the magazine *Ogonyok*

Self Portrait, 1920.



Portrait of Daughter Iya, 1917.

Portrait of Varya Adoratskaya, 1914.
Facing page (top): ***Bathing***, 1911;
(right) ***Portrait of Student Bystrova***, 1910;
(far right) ***Portrait of Saposhnikova***, 1912.



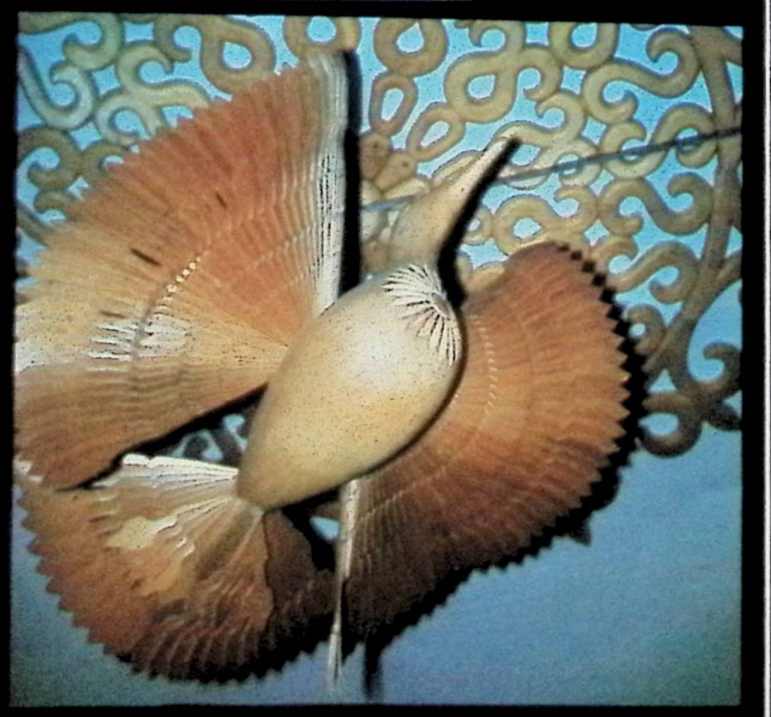
musical theater

PRODUCTIONS of the Theater Troupe of Folk Musicians in Lithuania always draw large audiences. The company, led by Povelas Mataitis, regards folklore as a form of living music capable of expressing people's innermost thoughts and emotions. The troupe turns to the old Lithuanian *sutartines* (songs) and folk dances for inspiration. A drawn-out and flowing melody sweeps over listeners, transporting them to the world of ancient myths.

Things cultural

FOLK ART

ALEXANDER Petukhov is one of the few craftspeople left who remembers what the wooden birds that used to hang in practically every home in the North as good luck charms looked like. Petukhov, from Voloshka, Arkangelsk Region, is currently reviving this rare folk art.



BOOKS

RARE and Extinct Animals of the Soviet Union: Mammals and Birds was recently published in Moscow. The book includes many colored illustrations and maps.

MUSIC

IN January the Laurentian Singers, a student choir from St. Lawrence University in Canton, New York, traveled to the USSR under the sponsorship of the Friendship Ambassadors, a cultural exchange foundation. Dr. Robert H. Jones, who has directed the group for the past 11 years, put together a lively program of music, which included among other melodies popular American songs and Negro spirituals. The group also sang Soviet songs in Russian, much to the delight of audiences. Hundreds of listeners in Riga, Moscow and Leningrad applauded the choir.

ACTORS AND PARTS

MOLDAVIAN actress Svetlana Toma gained popularity after her debut in the movie *The Gypsy Camp Goes Skyward*, directed by Emil Lotyanu, in which she plays the part of Rada, a beautiful Gypsy girl. This appearance was followed by other roles, for instance, Tina in the movie *The Hunting Party*, also directed by Lotyanu, which was shown at the Cannes Film Festival. Toma's heroines have a romantic quality, which she brings out in her characterizations in different ways in each of her films. She prefers to play highly emotional women who possess an acute vision of reality. Her portrayal of Masha in the film *The Living Corpse*, an adaptation of Leo Tolstoy's play, leaves a lasting impression on moviegoers.

sculpture

BURYAT sculptor Serenjav Baldano uses the most primitive tools—an ax, a knife and a chisel—to carve his wooden sculptures. This original, extremely gifted artist follows the best traditions of his people, skillfully applying them for his purposes. The Buryat Autonomous Republic, located in the southern part of Eastern Siberia in Transbaikal Region, has ancient traditions of applied art, including woodworking. Baldano, 52, has sculpted hundreds of pieces of art, mostly portraits. He makes good use of the natural characteristics of wood, ingenuously combining its shades. The artist, who is self-taught, has a number of one-man shows to his credit.

NEXT ISSUE

A JOURNEY DOWN THE VOLGA

Russia's "Main Street"

Many nationalities live in the culturally rich Volga basin, which covers a large and densely populated area of the Russian Federation. Next month several well-illustrated articles take us down the mighty river—from its source in the Valdai Hills to its mouth on the Caspian Sea. Among the many stops along the way are industrial Sormovo, the country's ship-building capital; Ulyanovsk, the city of Vladimir Lenin's youth; and the Volga delta, the site of the country's first wildlife preserve.

THE UZBEK SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLIC

60 Years in a Family of Nations

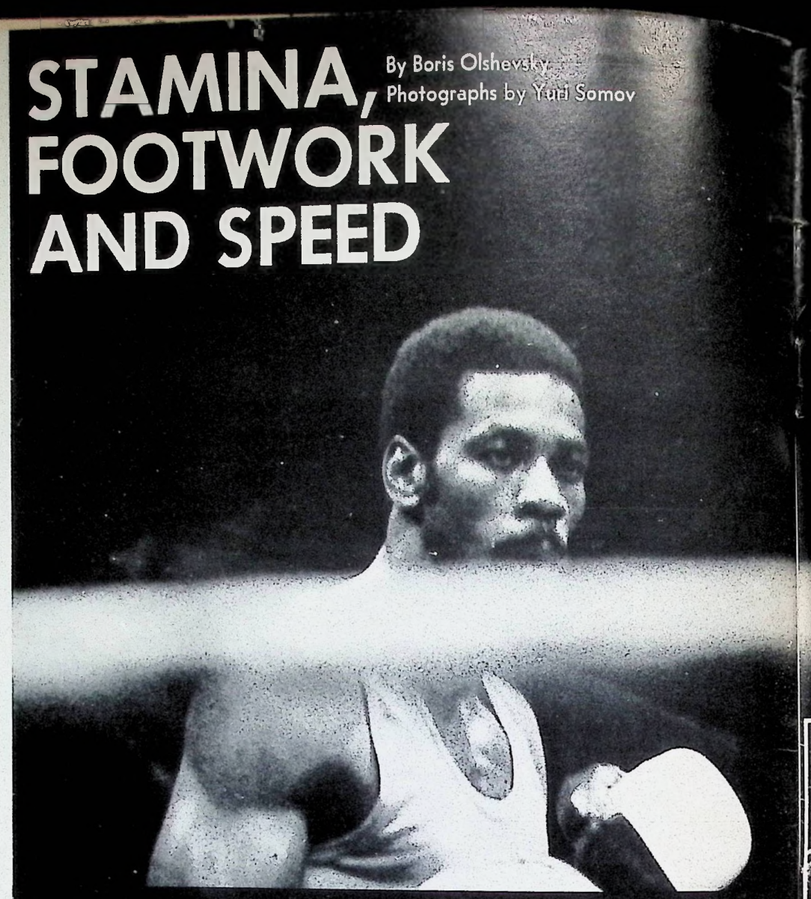
The past six decades have brought truly amazing changes in the life of the Uzbek people. A backward outlying territory in czarist Russia, Uzbekistan has, since Soviet times, developed into an advanced modern republic. In an informative interview appearing in the August issue, Sharif Rashidov, First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Uzbekistan, explains how the Central Asian republic has been able to achieve its present high level of development and describes how it is tackling current problems.

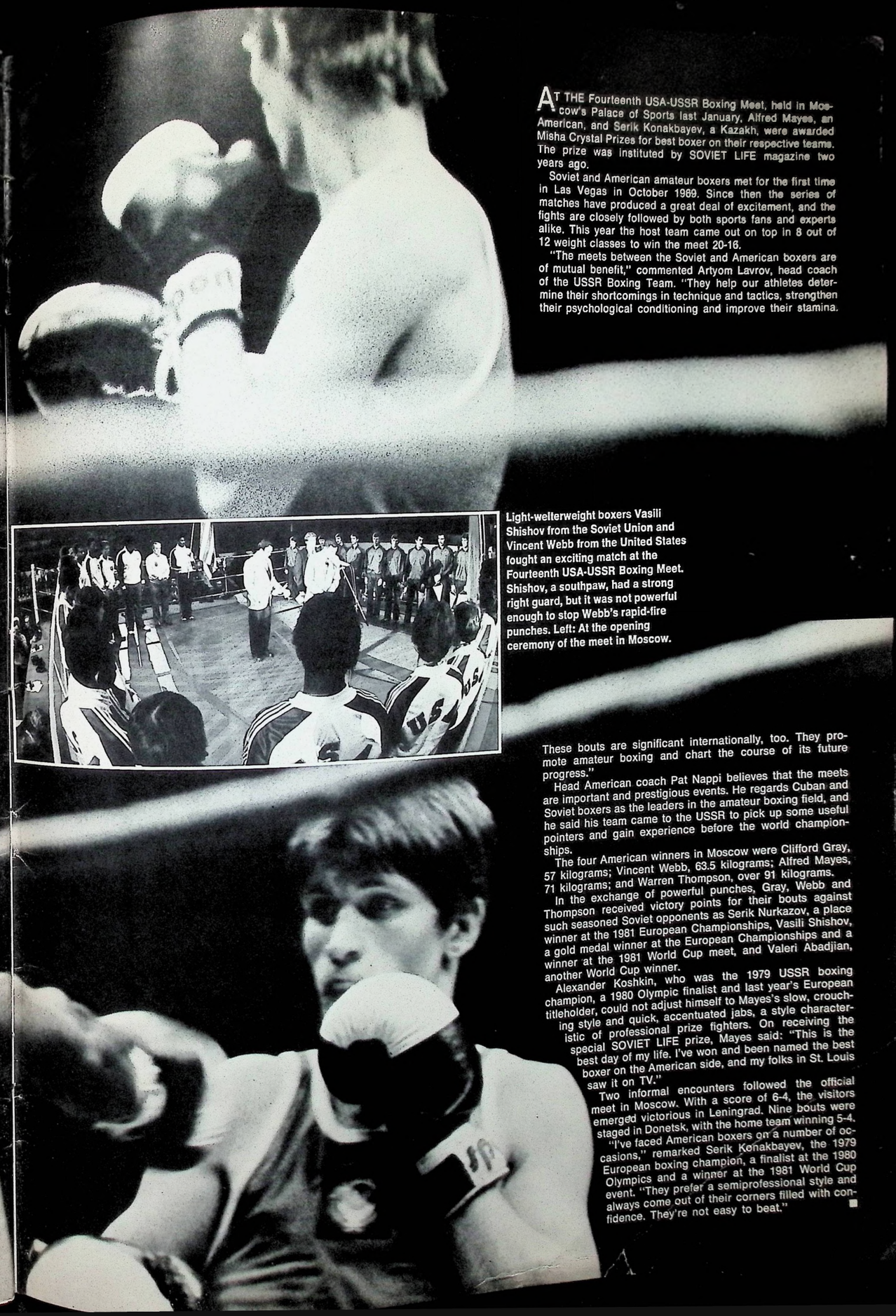
COMING SOON

Byelorussia—A Republic Rebuilt After the Second World War

STAMINA, FOOTWORK AND SPEED

By Boris Olshevsky
Photographs by Yuri Somov





AT THE Fourteenth USA-USSR Boxing Meet, held in Moscow's Palace of Sports last January, Alfred Mayes, an American, and Serik Konakbayev, a Kazakh, were awarded Misha Crystal Prizes for best boxer on their respective teams. The prize was instituted by SOVIET LIFE magazine two years ago.

Soviet and American amateur boxers met for the first time in Las Vegas in October 1969. Since then the series of matches have produced a great deal of excitement, and the fights are closely followed by both sports fans and experts alike. This year the host team came out on top in 8 out of 12 weight classes to win the meet 20-16.

"The meets between the Soviet and American boxers are of mutual benefit," commented Artyom Lavrov, head coach of the USSR Boxing Team. "They help our athletes determine their shortcomings in technique and tactics, strengthen their psychological conditioning and improve their stamina.

Light-welterweight boxers Vasili Shishov from the Soviet Union and Vincent Webb from the United States fought an exciting match at the Fourteenth USA-USSR Boxing Meet. Shishov, a southpaw, had a strong right guard, but it was not powerful enough to stop Webb's rapid-fire punches. Left: At the opening ceremony of the meet in Moscow.

These bouts are significant internationally, too. They promote amateur boxing and chart the course of its future progress."

Head American coach Pat Nappi believes that the meets are important and prestigious events. He regards Cuban and Soviet boxers as the leaders in the amateur boxing field, and he said his team came to the USSR to pick up some useful pointers and gain experience before the world championships.

The four American winners in Moscow were Clifford Gray, 57 kilograms; Vincent Webb, 63.5 kilograms; Alfred Mayes, 71 kilograms; and Warren Thompson, over 91 kilograms.

In the exchange of powerful punches, Gray, Webb and Thompson received victory points for their bouts against such seasoned Soviet opponents as Serik Nurkazov, a place winner at the 1981 European Championships, Vasili Shishov, a gold medal winner at the European Championships and a winner at the 1981 World Cup meet, and Valeri Abadjian, another World Cup winner.

Alexander Koshkin, who was the 1979 USSR boxing champion, a 1980 Olympic finalist and last year's European titleholder, could not adjust himself to Mayes's slow, crouching style and quick, accentuated jabs, a style characteristic of professional prize fighters. On receiving the special SOVIET LIFE prize, Mayes said: "This is the best day of my life. I've won and been named the best boxer on the American side, and my folks in St. Louis saw it on TV."

Two informal encounters followed the official meet in Moscow. With a score of 6-4, the visitors emerged victorious in Leningrad. Nine bouts were staged in Donetsk, with the home team winning 5-4.

"I've faced American boxers on a number of occasions," remarked Serik Konakbayev, the 1979 European boxing champion, a finalist at the 1980 Olympics and a winner at the 1981 World Cup event. "They prefer a semiprofessional style and always come out of their corners filled with confidence. They're not easy to beat." ■

At the 14th official USSR-USA boxing match, held in Moscow last January, SOVIET LIFE editor in chief Oleg Benyukh presented cups to Alfred Mayes (right) and Serik Konakbayev.