

on censorship

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'I want to write'

I do not think you can have world peace and security as long as there are groups and even whole nations deprived of the fundamental right to express their opinions, to travel freely, and to decide their own destiny . . .

Like many of my colleagues, I remained in Czechoslovakia after 1968. This for various reasons, which can be summed up in a single sentence: this is where we belong. Certain forces – I do not really know who they are – don't wish to allow us to work in our professions here. Now, I am not immortal, and in the x years left to me I should like to develop my stagecraft further. Surely it is absurd to write a play and then chuck it in a letter-box – like a message in a bottle – and some months later to read good or bad reviews or, by dint of going to South Moravia or West Bohemia, to see bad or good television productions from Austria or West Germany without knowing what it is I have actually written . . .

I am now 45, I am beginning to know how one should write for the theatre, to know how a play should be staged; I have ideas, I should be busy working – why should I not be allowed to work elsewhere, since I am evidently considered so dangerous here in Prague at the moment? For example in Poland, where they are making excellent theatre, or in Slovakia, where there are such fantastic actors, or in Vienna or Hamburg – in fact, anywhere where they would have me.

Of course – and here we come to the crux of the problem – not if the price is that I am to leave my homeland for good, to leave my friends, Prague, South Bohemia and everything that I cannot do without. After all, I don't want to topple any government, all I am asking is that I – and it goes without saying all my fellow-citizens – be free to work, free to think, free to leave the country, but also free to return to it, as guaranteed, in theory, by the UN Charter. Has not the year 1968 proved that the most loyal citizens are those who are allowed to criticise their government? And the ones most likely to want to stay in their country are those who own a passport.

The Czech playwright **Pavel Kohout** in an interview on Austrian television (published in *Frankfurter Rundschau* on 28 September 1973).

Mihajlo Mihajlov

Yugoslavia-

the approaching storm

While East-West tension is subsiding throughout Europe (to a considerable extent the result of Chinese pressure on the USSR) and the likelihood of military conflict is decreasing steadily, sombre storm-clouds are gathering more swiftly with each passing day over a country which many people have rightly regarded as a model for the possible future democratisation of totalitarian Communist states, a test-tube in which it was hoped to engender the union of eastern and western Europe – Yugoslavia.

There must obviously be some historical logic in this paradoxical course of social and political development in a country which a quarter of a century ago broke free of Stalin's sphere of domination, embarked on the road of gradual democratisation and became the initiator of the policy of 'peaceful coexistence' now so popular on our planet.

What is happening in Yugoslavia, and, more important, why? Let us attempt to answer this question.

Because of the introduction of 'self-government' into the economic and cultural fields, the gradual liberalisation of the country, inspired in the first instance by its alienation from the USSR, began to gather momentum and took a progressively firmer hold, particularly after the disbandment of the security service in 1966. But the one-party monopoly continued, and in those conditions the liberalisation of a dictatorship in a multi-national country could lead only to one thing – the formation of separate, national communist parties, which inevitably fanned the flames of dissension between the different peoples, a Balkan disease from time immemorial, and threatened to jeopardise the very existence of the state as an entity.

The danger was all the greater because the national communist parties were no less intolerant of opposition of any kind in their own republics than had earlier been the single Communist Party of Yugoslavia, and nothing could have prevented the possible splitting up of the country.

There was only one realistic way out of the situation that had arisen: the democratisation of social and political life, opening the way to democratic forces which would easily have been able to safeguard the unity of the country. But this would have meant liquidating the party monopoly, something the leadership could not bring itself to do.

A different course of action was chosen: the dispersal of party leaders and many thousands of activists in the national communist parties, and the full reconstitution of a single Yugoslav party; the elimination of the liberalism in all spheres of life under the

banner of the struggle for self-government; the re-monopolisation by party members of all the levers of power; and the universal inculcation of Marxism which supplied the ideological basis for the dictatorship of the 'proletariat'.

But is such a thing possible in our times? Describing Louis Bonaparte's accession to power in France in the mid-19th century, Marx observed wittily that if all historical events repeat themselves, the first occasion is sublime tragedy and the second a farce. Marx was wrong in many respects, but what is happening in Yugoslavia today would seem to illustrate this particular thought.

Though there was widespread and bloody resistance, the process of setting up a Communist dictatorship in Yugoslavia after the Second World War was nevertheless successfully carried out, and but for the conflict with Stalin, Yugoslavia would not now be very different from Bulgaria or Hungary. Today, however, Yugoslavia lacks the most important and decisive prerequisite for the re-introduction of an absolute totalitarian party monopoly, and that is, a fanatical and disciplined party.

During recent decades and especially over the last two years, both the so-called liberals and the bureaucrats, the nationalists and the technocrats, in fact, all those who have at any time shown a certain degree of independence and vitality, have been purged from the party, and new recruitment has been made from a working-class environment. But these are people remote from any fanaticism, who inevitably gravitate in the direction of the very 'liberals' who were previously purged.

The years of relative freedom when there was an almost independent press and when all the contemporary western thinkers, writers and sociologists were translated, have had their effect. So too has the fact that a million Yugoslav workers (one quarter of all the workers in the country) live in western Europe and can see the advantages of the democratic system. Interminable speeches on the introduction of a party dictatorship in the interests of workers' self-government, in view of the economic crisis and the agricultural impasse, no longer arouse anybody's enthusiasm. The only reaction of the intelligentsia to the re-establishment of party committees with the intention of preserving Marxist ideological purity in literature, theatre, cinema, music and art, is a contemptuous smile.

A campaign against religious influences has been initiated, a compulsory two-year course in Marxism introduced into institutes of higher education, and calls made for the dismissal of some very distinguished university professors connected with the journal *Praxis*, professors who are in fact the 'last of the Mohicans' of Marxist thought – as opposed to party dogmatism – in the Communist world. It is clear to everybody, of course, that this persecution has nothing to do with Marxism; it is part of the fight against all manifestations of dissidence.

The press, now under very heavy pressure from the party, daily publishes reports of party meetings at which the courts and the

police are called upon to apply 'revolutionary' and not 'formal' legality in the struggle against the 'class enemy'. However, judges do not seem particularly keen to take this advice, for two reasons: firstly, no-one is sure that the new totalitarianisation will succeed or that he will not be required at some future time to account for his violation of 'formal' legality; and secondly, no opposition class has physically existed in Yugoslavia for a quarter of a century now, unless one counts the permanent party oligarchy termed by Djilas the 'new class'.

Of course, paragraphs 146 and 147 of the new, fifth postwar Constitution, which aims to consolidate the new 'revolutionary course', guarantee freedom of expression, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly and of political organisations. But, unfortunately, these freedoms have so far remained mere words on paper as they did in the corresponding paragraphs (39 and 40) of the old Constitution. Now, however, parliamentary deputies are to be replaced by deputies who have no immunity, are elected 'at factory floor level' (this in conditions of a total party monopoly), and can be promptly relieved if they make any attempt to act independently, something that was rather difficult to do to the [old] deputies and has caused the party a great deal of trouble over the last few years.

Occasionally the fight against dissidence of any kind adopts sheer Stalinist tactics and the same old formulae begin to re-appear: not to be a Marxist is synonymous with betrayal of the fatherland and participation in a 'special war of espionage' directed against Yugoslavia. Activities for which the Pulitzer Prize is awarded in the United States are referred to as 'ideological sabotage' and political crime.

Disregarding the high-flown, monotonous incantations of the party, one can truthfully say that an ominous quiet has fallen on Yugoslav society. A stillness before the storm.

An unexpected and certainly a positive result of all this, though it has come about in a negative way, is that, for the first time in several decades, the democratic opposition forces of all the Yugoslav peoples are reaching a state of total psychological unity. The envy with which Yugoslav citizens read about the restoration of lawful political democracy in Argentina, their realisation that social contradictions cannot be resolved within the one-party framework, and the popularity of the idea of a second socialist party, have obliged the regime to end its many years of deliberate silence on the subject of Djilas, the leading exponent of this idea, and to embark on the publication of a series of articles purporting to show the bourgeois, capitalist origin of the very idea of political democracy in socialist society.

But now it seems the fateful time has come when everything the regime does has the opposite effect, and the moment is clearly drawing nearer when some perhaps accidental stimulus will spark off the storm and the ominous silence will be broken by a crack of thunder. Because of the geopolitical situation of Yugoslavia the

storm will scarcely remain an isolated outbreak; and who knows how it might end? The thought is not a cheering one.

The approaching crisis has so far been staved off by the hope (fading daily) that the ruler of Yugoslavia, who has so often in the past and so skilfully managed to avert disaster, will on this occasion too change the direction of a domestic policy that constitutes an extremely serious threat to peace in Europe. The likelihood of this happening, though, is very small, because of the general certainty that the only solution is to democratise the country, which would mean restoring the political rights of citizens. Unfortunately, therefore, it is extremely improbable that the country will be democratised in the peaceful, evolutionary manner that seemed both desirable and possible only two years ago. It is equally improbable that the current attempt at a return to totalitarianism will succeed without outside help.

It is difficult to say how this will all end; but the paradox of this attempt at the radical re-Stalinisation of a country which has for decades been the least totalitarian of all the Communist countries now becomes clear. Yugoslavia was the first country to reach the historic crossroads where she had the choice of two directions: either the transition to democratic, multi-party socialism, or the reversion to Stalinism. And sooner or later all the Communist countries will come to this crossroads. This is what makes the current Balkan crisis one of paramount significance.

□

'The Press, radio and television channels are warned that any information given to the public that has not been confirmed by the Junta of the Military Government will cause the immediate take-over by the Armed Forces of the enterprise concerned.'

Proclamation No. 12

'The Government Junta wishes to keep public opinion informed about national events. In accordance with the proclamations already given out and since the country is in a state of siege, it has resolved to exercise a strict censorship of the media of communication. As a first precautionary measure, on 12 September 1973, it has only authorised the publication of the following newspapers, *El Mercurio* and *La Tercera de la Hora*.' (Since then others have been permitted such as the Christian Democrat *La Prensa* and *Tribuna* which calls itself 'the newspaper which does not tolerate Chile's enemies'.)

'There is a warning that the publication of any other instrument of the written press which is not duly authorised will be taken over and destroyed.'

'The Military Government is determined to clean up press publications in accordance with what is considered to be the immediate solution for the re-establishment of national harmony and ethical norms. It will not, therefore, accept insults to individuals or institutions, nor impertinent language in the press.'

Proclamation No. 15

On 29 September the junta announced that a new law would be adopted to reorganise the country's universities and to supervise their operations. On 3 October it further announced the appointment of military rectors in each of the universities and the dismissal of the existing rectors, most of whom were elected by the staff and students. In addition to the widespread arrests of faculty members at the Universities of Santiago and Concepcion following the military coup (see *Index*, 4/1973 p.ii) 44 Professors were also expelled from the Chile Law School. Some university departments, particularly in the social sciences, were closed down to allow the expulsion of alleged left-wing

extremists and to eliminate Marxist courses. (It was reported early in October that 180 of the professors who had been arrested at the University of Santiago on 11 September were still being held incommunicado in the stadium in Santiago. The report also said that the figures for those killed in the army's attack on the building varied between 200 and 585.)

It was estimated at the end of October that some 400 journalists had been dismissed since the military coup. Of the 25 long-wave radio stations and 11 morning and evening newspapers in existence in Santiago before the military coup, only 10 radio stations and six newspapers had been allowed to continue. Although formal press censorship was lifted on 19 September, strict control over all the country's publications and broadcasts has been maintained, and General Gustavo Leight Guzman, a member of the junta, said in an interview in October that the present was not 'a time for discussions, meetings or forums'.

CYPRUS

On 19 October a group of masked and armed men raided the offices of *Ethniki*, a newspaper which supports union with Greece, destroyed typeset pages and prevented the publication of the newspaper. The following day a spokesman for the paper said it was about to publish what it asserted to be the true version of events, contrary to the official one, of a clash between police and detainees which occurred in the central prison on the previous day.

It was reported in September that the Greek daily newspaper *Estia* had been banned and that the editors of *Gnomi* and *Ethniki*, two opposition newspapers, had received prison sentences of one and two months respectively on charges of 'insulting the Head of State'. *Gnomi* has since ceased publication.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Ludek Pachman, the Czechoslovak chess grandmaster who was allowed to leave the country in November 1972 (see *Index* 1/1973 p.ii) was deprived of his citizenship by the Ministry of the Interior on 20 November. He was said to have

'violated important interests of Czechoslovakia abroad'. Earlier in the month Jan Sling, the English-born son of Otto Sling, who was executed in Prague in 1952, was also deprived of his citizenship on similar grounds. He has been living in England since 1972 when he was asked to leave Czechoslovakia after his arrest for taking part in the protest movement against the political trials which followed the Soviet intervention.

Luba Pelarová, a translator and literary advisor to the National Theatre, was dismissed from the theatre in the summer and had her contracts with publishers made invalid, thus making it impossible to continue as a translator as well.

Hans-Peter Riese, the Prague correspondent of West German radio, was expelled from the country on 18 October. His accreditation was withdrawn for alleged 'tendentious and unobjective' reporting about Czechoslovakia and for his contacts with liberal writers there.

EIRE

At the conclusion of a trial which opened in the Special Criminal Court in Dublin on 6 November two employees of Drogheda Printers Ltd. were each fined £25, and the company £100, for publishing a booklet called 'Freedom Struggle by the Provisional IRA'. All copies of the booklet were ordered to be forfeited and the metal type used for its production was to be melted down. The company and its employees had been found guilty of publishing an incriminating document contrary to the Offences Against the State Act.

EGYPT

President Anwar Sadat announced on 28 September that he was ordering all prosecutions pending against students to be withdrawn and was allowing the reinstatement of journalists who had been purged from their posts and from the Arab Socialist Union (see *Index* 2/1973 p.ii and 3/1973 p.ii).

FRANCE

After serving only 16 months of a three-year term Arthur Conte was dismissed from his post as

president and director-general of the French Radio and Television Organisation (ORTF) on 23 October because, according to a government spokesman, he had assumed 'a position of defiance towards the government which made it impossible for him to remain at his post'. The crisis arose after the National Assembly's finance committee had refused to approve the ORTF 1974 budget - a decision which M. Conte publicly denounced as 'intolerable political intervention . . . accompanied by financial blackmail'. He then produced a letter he had received from Philippe Malaud, the Minister of Information, which criticised certain senior radio officials for alleged left-wing sympathies and expressly warned him that budget increases would not be made unless they were removed. ORTF journalists staged a 24-hour strike on 6 November in protest against the government's interference in the network.

The satirical weekly magazine, *Le Canard Enchaîné*, which has uncovered more government scandals than any other French newspaper, announced on 4 December that an attempt had been made by government agents the previous night to install microphones in premises into which it was due to move at the end of the year. The men were interrupted by André Escaro, the magazine's manager and one of its principal cartoonists, when lights in the supposedly unoccupied building, which he was passing by chance, had prompted him to investigate.

GHANA

It was reported in September that a decree had been published making it an offence to publish or reproduce any false statement, report or rumour and that a conviction would carry a fine of £335 or up to three years' imprisonment or both.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Law Society asked the BBC to omit a contribution from one of its associated members to a television programme when it was scheduled to be rebroadcast on 14 October. The programme, which was first broadcast on 8 October on BBC 2, consisted of criticisms of the legal system by six young lawyers and articled clerks one of whom,

Town director of the Christian Institute, while another official, Nikki Westcott, had hers confiscated early in December – by which time almost all the leading members of the institute were unable to travel abroad.

Dr Manas Buthelezi, the Natal director of the Christian Institute and cousin of Chief Gatsha Buthelezi, was served with a banning order on 7 December. A leading Lutheran theologian and a prominent advocate of non-violence, Dr Buthelezi had for the previous 18 months been a guest lecturer at Heidelberg University in West Germany. The order prohibits him from attending social, political or educational gatherings for five years during which time he may also neither instruct nor teach.

Banning orders were served on the entire student leadership of the South African Student Organisation (SASO) – and their replacement was also banned – when the government banned 20 Black leaders during October in what was seen as an intensive campaign to eradicate all Black organisations operating outside the official Bantustan homelands. (Earlier in the year banning orders had been served on eight SASO leaders – see *Index 2/1973*, p.viii.) Since it is an offence to quote a banned person the bannings had disrupted the publishing programmes of the two organisations (together with SASO) most seriously affected, the Study Project on Christianity in Apartheid Society (Spro-Cas) and the Black Community Programme. Of the 28 publications issued by them 16 had to be mutilated by cutting out or deleting the remarks of banned people.

Early in October Adam Raphael, a reporter of the London *Guardian*, was refused a work permit to cover the visit of a British Trades Union Congress (TUC) delegation which was investigating the pay and conditions of African workers employed by British companies in the country. Raphael was refused entrance into the country under a regulation introduced by the government early in 1973 which requires journalists, actors, musicians and other restricted categories to have a work permit before being admitted. Details of the very low wages paid by some British companies to their African workers were first reported by the

Guardian in March and led to the TUC's visit and the setting up of a Parliamentary Select Committee.

Namibia News, a paper published by the South West African People's Organisation (SWAPO), was banned by the government in October; all back issues of the paper were also banned and any other publication was forbidden to quote from it. Copies of the paper were confiscated the previous month after it had published an account by Peter Katjavivi, its London correspondent, of his experiences with guerrillas in Namibia earlier in the year. (South Africa's continued occupation of Namibia has been declared illegal by both the United Nations and the World Court.)

Donald Matterz, a Coloured correspondent of the *Johannesburg Star*, was served with a five year banning order on 20 November by two security police who called at the newspaper office. The order would appear to disqualify him as a reporter while it is in force.

Eldred Chimowitz, the editor of a Cape Town University newspaper, was fined 100 rand (£58) with the alternative of 50 days in prison on a charge of insulting the dignity of a former Cabinet minister and his wife after the paper had published two cartoons depicting Frank Waring, a former Minister of Sport, and his wife. One of the cartoons showed Mrs Waring in bed with a Black man and was described by the judge as 'wicked'.

SOUTH KOREA

Kim Chi-hah, a poet well known for his anti-government satirical writings (see *Index 2/1972*, pp.95-96 and *1/1973*, p.viii) was among a number of people arrested on 5 November when police broke up an indoor rally which called for the restoration of democracy in South Korea. In a statement signed earlier at the meeting the group said that since at least the previous year all critical opinion had been completely suppressed but 'since there was a limit even to forced silence we have come here to express our views'. Among the others arrested were Chun Kwan-Wu, a former chief editor of the newspaper *Dong-A Libo*, Kin Chai Choon, the head of the National Council for

the Defence of Democracy, and representatives of Catholic, Quaker, Presbyterian and Buddhist churches. Later 10 of those arrested were released after signing undertakings not to repeat their activities, but four others, who refused to sign, were detained; they were, together with the last two people referred to here, Ham Sok-hon and Bishop Chi Hak-sun, all four of whom were senior members of Amnesty International's South Korean section.

Early in October thousands of students at Seoul's National University started demonstrations against the government's repression of political and academic activity which spread to other schools and universities and which continued into December. Planned protests in some universities were foiled by the arrest of student leaders, as in Yonsel University where three organisers were arrested for preparing a demonstration. The Korea University was closed on 16 November after thousands of students demonstrated to demand the release of 17 students who had been imprisoned for their part in earlier demonstrations. They were released early in December and 41 students who had earlier been expelled were reinstated. The student demand for an end of repression and control of the press appeared also to have been partly successful in November when the government permitted brief press reports of protest activities – a rare departure from its 'guidelines' which banned all news of the October demonstrations. (The rally by civic and religious leaders referred to in the previous entry was briefly reported in the press.)

SOVIET UNION

On 26 November, 1973 the Moscow mathematician **Dr Yury Shikhanovich** was ruled 'non-responsible' by a court and ordered to undergo compulsory psychiatric treatment in a mental hospital. He was later sent to a hospital in Yakhroma, not far from Moscow. Since his arrest 14 months earlier Shikhanovich had been held incommunicado and was not allowed to be present at his own trial where he was charged with alleged 'anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda' (apparently concerning the circulation of works of *samizdat*).

On 20 November, 1973 the trial took place in Moscow of the mathematician **Alexander A.**

Bolonkin and the engineer **Valery I. Balakirev**, who had both been under arrest since August 1972, charged with 'anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda'. The circulation of A. Vasilev's *samizdat* work comparing living standards in tsarist Russia, the USSR and contemporary western countries, and of an appeal to the working class to assert its rights, was referred to in the case. Bolonkin, a Reader at the Bauman Higher Technical School in Moscow, announced that he would not give evidence until Academician Sakharov and foreign journalists were admitted to the trial. They were not admitted, and he was later sentenced to four years of strict-regime camps and two years of exile to a remote place. Balakirev, who by early 1973 had been persuaded to co-operate with the investigators, was released after the trial.

It has been learned that in July 1973 the poet **Victor Nekipelov** was arrested in the town of Kameshki, Vladimir Region, and charged with circulating 'knowing fabrications which defame the Soviet social and political system'. At the same time charges were dropped against two people charged with him, one of whom, the research biologist **Sergei Myuge** (Muguet), emigrated in September. In a letter to Yury Andropov, head of the KGB, Myuge stated that during the investigation more serious charges had been made against him than against Nekipelov, and that as these charges had been dropped, those against Nekipelov should be also. He feared that the authorities were victimising Nekipelov in revenge for his refusal to give them the sort of evidence they wanted, and because he lived in the provinces and was therefore isolated and defenceless.

In August and September 1973 the Moscow art historian **Evgeny Barabanov** was subjected to a search of his home and to threatening KGB interrogations in connection with the case of **Gabriel Superfin** (see *Index 3/1973*, p.viii). On 15 September Barabanov issued a long statement in which he admitted his involvement in systematically transmitting to the West the *Chronicle of Current Events* and other literary, documentary and religious works by *samizdat* authors. He also stated that he saw nothing illegal in this, and that it was the only sure way of saving valuable parts

of Russian literature and culture from loss or destruction. He was promptly supported by various other dissenters, including **Andrei Sakharov**, **Elena Bonner** and **Grigory Podyapolsky**, who said that they had done likewise and for similar reasons. Barabanov has been invited to lecture at various western universities, but has not, at any rate yet, been allowed to leave the country.

The Kiev cybernetician **Leonid Plyushch**, indefinitely interned in the prison psychiatric hospital in Dnepropetrovsk (see *Index* 3/1973, p.viii and 4, p. ix), is not being allowed to read or write in the field of his speciality. He is allowed a pencil for only a few hours each week to write letters to his family. In his first month and a half (July-August) in the prison, however, all his letters to his wife were confiscated and not delivered.

In November 1973 it became known that after his sentencing in July to three years of forced labour (see *Index* 3/1973, p.viii) **Andrei Amalrik** went on hunger-strike in protest at what he considered an unfair trial and sentence. The hunger-strike lasted 117 days. On 13 November an appeal court in Moscow reduced the sentence to three years of exile in Magadan, in the north-east of Siberia, after his defence counsel, Vladimir Shveisky, had contended that the charges had not been proved at the first trial. Amalrik is now due for release at the end of 1974.

In October Professor **R. I. Muzafarov**, the leading Soviet specialist on Crimean Tartar culture, appealed to scientists, writers and cultural figures to defend him from continuing harassment. Since 1967, when he openly supported the campaign of his people to be allowed to return to their homeland in the Crimea, he has been dismissed from a succession of teaching jobs and his works have been rejected for publication.

The protracted *Case No. 24*, which reached a high point in the **Yakir-Krasin** trial, is continuing. However, one of the people under arrest in connection with it, the engineer **Irina Belogorodskaya**, was released in November 1973 after ten months in prison, and after giving evidence helpful to the prosecution at the **Yakir-Krasin** trial. Fuller information on that trial indicates that a mistake

appeared in the account in *Index* 4/1973. The defendants did not in fact plead guilty to being 'paid informers' of foreign correspondents, but denied it. This piece of 'dis-information' was unfortunately accepted as true by certain journalists and *Index* inadvertently perpetuated the error.

On 13 December, 1973 the government expelled **Olle Stenholm**, a correspondent of the Swedish broadcasting authority, for allegedly 'initiating an anti-Soviet campaign in the Western Press'. Last summer Stenholm conducted the first of several interviews in which **Andrei Sakharov**, the dissident nuclear physicist, gave warnings against any Western accommodation with the Soviet Union in the absence of liberalisation measures there (see *Index* 4/1973).

The government refused applications for visas by seven Israeli journalists assigned to cover the International Students' Games in Moscow in August.

The literary critic and historian **Ivan Dzyuba** was pardoned by the Supreme Soviet of the Ukrainian SSR, and released from the Kiev KGB prison in early November, after signing a recantation, published in *Literaturna Ukraina* (Kiev) of 9 November 1973. Among other things he confessed that his book, *Internationalism or Russification?*, 'contained a deeply erroneous interpretation of a series of nationality problems' in the USSR and undertook to condemn his 'errors' and to make amends by writing a critical analysis of the book. The recantation also explicitly confirms, for the first time in Soviet print, the facts of his arrest in April 1972 on anti-Soviet propaganda and agitation charges, his trial in March 1973 and his five-year sentence (see *Index* 3-4/1972, p.121, 2/1973, p.x, 3/1973, p.x, and 4/1973 p.ix).

Vyacheslav Chornovil, known for his collection of documents on the arrests and trials in the Ukraine in 1965-6, published in the West as *The Chornovil Papers*, in 1968, was sent to Vladimir Prison last August, six months after being sentenced in February 1973 to seven years' strict regime camps and five years' exile (see *Index* 2/1973, p.x). During these six months the KGB tried to make him recant and condemn other convicted intellectuals, while he demanded the

right to serve his sentence within the Ukrainian SSR. Having failed in their attempts, the KGB had his sentence changed from camp to prison, and he was sent to Vladimir Prison in Russia.

It has been learned that the KGB submitted the literary critic **Ivan Svitlychny**, sentenced in March 1973 to a total of 12 years' imprisonment (see *Index* 1/1973, pp.84-6, 2/1973, p.x, 3/1973, p.ix), to various pressures last year, including the persecution of his family, in order to make him recant. After their failure he was transported from the KGB investigation prison in Kiev to Perm Region camps in November 1973. The poet **Ihor Kalynets** (see *Index* 1/1973, p.x) is now also there.

A student of Ukrainian philology, **Zoryan Popadyuk**, who had been arrested in 1972, was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment in autumn 1973. Eleven fellow students from L'vov University involved in his case were also arrested, then released and expelled from the University in April-May 1973, and have now been mostly punished by conscription into the Army. Student arrests also spread to other cities of the Western Ukraine last summer and are reported to be connected with the discovery of democratic youth groups which produced and published the *samizdat* journal *Postup* ('Progress'). In August 1973, Kiev students staged protests against Russification, especially inside the University. Numerous lecturers and research workers (mainly in the field of Ukrainian literature) have since been dismissed or demoted in L'vov University and in the Ukrainian SSR Academy of Sciences.

NOTE: Cases of Jewish scientists, writers, scholars and intellectuals being harassed, dismissed or subjected to short-term imprisonment, usually in connection with official refusals to allow them to emigrate to Israel, have become so numerous that they cannot be recorded here. Readers are referred instead to the reliable weekly publication *Jews in the USSR - Latest Information* (Board of Deputies of British Jews, Upper Woburn Place, London, W.C.1).

SPAIN

About 100 people were arrested in Barcelona on 28 October on suspicion of attending an illegal

meeting of Catalan separatists when police surrounded a church where the meeting was being held. Amongst them were José Andreu, a businessman and lawyer who had been a member of the semi-autonomous Catalan government under the Second Spanish Republic, and two other lawyers, José Sole Babbera and Fina Sanglas. Professor Jordi Carbonell, a former lecturer at Barcelona and Liverpool Universities, was also amongst those arrested. After being interrogated by the political police he was fined about £2,500 and was moved to the prison's psychiatric ward. Throughout his interrogation Professor Carbonell spoke only Catalan, the language of the province, and because of this he was tortured for two hours with the 'stork method' - forcing a prisoner to stand on one leg. On the night following the arrests the government forbade any reference to them in newspapers published in Barcelona, although they were reported in Madrid the following day.

In a decree published in Madrid towards the end of September it was stated that all student organisations would in future be represented in university affairs by a board headed by the vice-chancellor which would be the only and obligatory channel for resolving student affairs.

In November the government began judicial proceedings against Mgr Antonio Anoveros, Bishop of Bilbao, and Mgr Antonio Palenzuela, Bishop of Segovia, because of public statements they had made during earlier weeks of church-state conflict.

Early in November Mrs Pamela Crist, a teacher at the British Institute School in Madrid, was imprisoned after failing to pay a fine of 200,000 pesetas (about £1,400) which had been imposed without trial after she had been arrested on 5 November for attending an allegedly illegal meeting. She had previously been arrested and imprisoned on a similar charge in March 1972 (see *Index*, 2/1972, p.98).

Thousands of copies of the Roman Catholic newspaper *Ya* containing an announcement of a prayer service for the late President Allende of Chile were taken out of circulation in September to forestall government action against the publication.

It was reported in November that the government had temporarily closed three newspapers, *El Popular*, *Ahora* and *Azuly Blanco*, and that one of them, *Ahora*, had again been closed on 10 October for 30 days after it had published an article claiming that the army opposed educational reforms.

WEST GERMANY

The Russian emigre station, *Svobodnaya Rossiya* ('Free Russia'), which had been making transmissions to Russia and Eastern Europe from West Germany for some 25 years, was closed by the government early in November after efforts were reportedly made by the Soviet Embassy in Bonn to have the station closed down.

YUGOSLAVIA

Alexander Nenadovic, former editor of *Politika*, the country's leading newspaper, was expelled from the party in December for his support of the policies of Marko Nikezic, the former Serbian leader. Although he had resigned when President Tito launched his campaign against liberals, he continued to write on foreign affairs in the newspaper. With his expulsion from the party Nenadovic ended his professional career as he will no longer be able to write, at least under his own name. Similar action was reported to have been earlier taken against the editor of the weekly *Nin*. Predrag Palavestra, the former editor of the literary monthly *Savremenik*, was also reported to have been dismissed after making references to Milovan Djilas's *My conversations with Stalin* in his book *Posleratna Srpska Knjizevnost 1945-1970* ('Post-war Serbian literature 1945-1970').

After the government had 'recommended' the Faculty of Philosophy at Belgrade University to dismiss eight of its members last summer (see *Index 2/1973*, p.xv and pp.61-64) the Faculty Committee re-elected the eight by secret ballot towards the end of June. At a Party Conference of the whole university, which was called immediately afterwards to reconsider their case, it was decided to remove them from their posts but allow them to continue academic work by moving them to various institutes. They were

also allowed to continue publication of their research and to have access to *Praxis*, the Zagreb philosophical journal, of whose board four of them are members; they are Professor Svetozar Stojanovic, Professor Mihailo Markovic, Miladin Zivotic and Ljubomir Tadic.

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the prize

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Candidates nominated for the 1974 prize include, in alphabetical order: Ian Hamilton Finlay, Gyula Illyés, Eyvind Johnson, Doris Lessing, André Malraux, Francis Ponge, Georges Schehadé, Wole Soyinka, Zahariu Stancu, and Allen Tate.

Osman Turkey

The tragedy of the Crimean Tartars

Cenghis Dağci, with his nine best-sellers published by Varlık Yainevi, a leading Turkish publishing house, takes his place at the top of the list of successful Turkish novelists over the last twenty years. Two of his bulky works (1,019 pages) – Onlar da İnsanlar ('They Too Were Human Beings') and O Topraklar Bizimdi ('Those Lands Belonged to Us') – can be counted among the world's modern classics. Another two of his novels – Badem Dalına Asılı Bebekler ('Dolls Hanged on the Almond Tree') and Üsüyen Sokak ('Cold Street') – are said to be masterpieces of contemporary colloquial Turkish.

Dağci is a Crimean Turk who writes in Turkish and publishes his books in Istanbul. He seems to have set himself the task of recording the tragedies of the Crimean Tartars under the Communist regime in the early years of the Soviet state (1920-36) from a critical realist's point of view. The genuine love of a writer towards his people enabled Dağci to bring about his remarkable achievement. His own life is a sequence of contradictions and tragedies. When the war broke out he was a young university graduate. During the German invasion of the USSR he fought against the Nazis as a Red Army officer, and later against the Russians as a member of the Free Turkestan Army after he had been taken prisoner by the Germans. When the Russians advanced deep into Poland Dağci, who had in the meantime been wounded, fled with the help of a Polish nurse to Italy by way of Czechoslovakia. By then the war was over and Cenghis Dağci decided to make his home in England.

An interview with Cenghis Dağci

An ordinary small house in the Fulham Road, London. On the ground floor is a small restaurant. Here is the home of a writer whom the Second World War drove from his birthplace in the Crimea.

Cenghis Dağci lost everything he had, starting life anew from scratch in postwar London. He manages the ground-floor restaurant during the day, retiring to his desk at night to work on his novels. His only luxury is an occasional visit to a cinema or theatre with his Polish wife and only daughter, and to watch the football matches of his local club, Chelsea. Once a year he goes on holiday to Bournemouth for a few weeks, but even this is hardly a proper holiday because Dağci spends most of his time at his desk with a typewriter in front of him.

His favourite occupation is to recollect his early days in the small Crimean village in which he was born. He seems optimistic about the outcome of the Crimean Tartars' struggle to be allowed

to return to their homeland. It is estimated that some twenty thousand have now been allowed to go back. They publish their own newspaper, *Lenin's Flag*. Dağci goes through this paper very carefully and sometimes comes across a few familiar names. It is more than twenty-five years since he left and he has never been back for a visit, never written a letter, nor does he expect to do so in the future. The Crimean newspaper comes to his address from a secret source, unknown even to him.

Cenghis Dağci is a famous writer in Turkey, where all of his novels have been published, but he has never visited that country. His only link with his fellow-countrymen in the Crimea and his readers in Turkey are the interviews I do with him from time to time for the Turkish literary journals *Varlik* and *Yeditepe*. These interviews are usually translated into Russian and broadcast by Radio Liberty.

One can detect in your novels a very strong sense of time and place. For instance, in a novel set in the Crimea, is Crimea purely a geographical term for you or is it a country in the geography of your soul?

Osman Turkey

Crimea is not just a geographical term for me, nor is it for any Crimean. Even the house in which I live is a 'Crimea' for me. It is true that most of my novels are based on the Crimean landscape and human sceneries, for I have tried as best I could to present the tragedies of the Tartars from a most realistic angle. This is only natural – every writer from Homer to Solzhenitsyn has written about his country and his people.

Cenghis Dağci

Russian writers who have defected to the West or who rebelled and challenged the socialist order in the Soviet Union have been acclaimed enthusiastically as great writers and a stream of publicity has brought them worldwide fame. I observe a lack of interest in your works, even though these would stand comparison with any of theirs. Do you think that this is perhaps due to the fact that you write in Turkish and publish in Turkey?

Osman Turkey

This is an important point. I have never tried to get publicity in the West. The only person who did show great interest in my works was Manya Harari, who translated, among others, Pasternak's *Dr Zhivago* into English as perfect as the original. She tried to find a publisher for my books, but I was very unfortunate. One day I rang her up, only to be told that she died that morning. I was so distressed I could not help sobbing on the phone.

Cenghis Dağci

As to why I don't write my novels in Russian or in English, that is a different matter. It is impossible for me to write about the lives and tragedies of the Crimean Tartars in any other language except Turkish. If I did, it would not be the same novel. As I have already pointed out, Crimea has been the geography of my spirit. In my opinion, Mr Kuznetsov, one of the most recent Soviet writers

to leave for the West, is not very important, Solzhenitsyn is a giant by comparison. He is one of the greatest classics of modern times. Despite all the publicity and praise, I don't really think that many people in this country can penetrate his particular world and atmosphere. This (*taking a copy of Cancer Ward from his bookshelf*) is a real masterpiece, one of the greatest novels of this century. How can you expect an Englishman who doesn't know Russia really to understand every aspect of this great novel?

Osman Turkey **In your early youth when you were a student in the Crimea did you ever feel any reaction against Communism? Did you ever want to rebel against the regime?**

Cenghis Dağci Conscious rebellion is out of the question for a young person who has not lived outside the Soviet Union and who knows nothing about other regimes, other systems of government and other people's way of life. What I came to abhor and protest against silently were the cruel methods of terror and suppression, and the tyranny applied to my people, not against Communism at all. In my books I have tried to depict the hard life of my people under that regime. I don't know whether Communism as an ideology is a threat or not, but I am more than sure that Communism as a tool in the hands of Russian imperialism is really dangerous. The most effective way to combat Communism is to prove that the democratic order is more beneficial to mankind. Unfortunately in our day even the progressive American democracy is faced with serious crises. You can say the same thing about Communism too.

Osman Turkey **Are there many Turco-Tartar writers with nationalist and liberal views in the Soviet Union?**

Cenghis Dağci Yes, of course, but they are in prison. Nationalism in the Soviet Union is a monopoly of the Russians. They themselves are extremely nationalistic. If you know Russian, just tune in to Radio Moscow and listen. But not in any other language, only Russian. What you will hear outdoes any other kind of nationalism. All honest Russian writers and intellectuals, except those as fanatical as Sholokhov, know this, and although they don't protest openly, they do give it serious thought. It is this sort of thing that infuriates one and gives rise to dissent, not Communism itself.

Osman Turkey **The crimes committed against the Crimean Tartars by the Russians should have inflicted a deep wound on the conscience of mankind. To drive hundreds of thousands of people out of their homeland and disperse them all over the Urals and the wastes of Siberia was a form of genocide. Why did the Russians do this? Is it true that the Tartars betrayed their Russian comrades in the war?**

Cenghis Dağci In order to understand this one has to know the psychology and mental attitude of the Russians towards peoples of different origin.

The tragedy did not start only after the war, it had its beginnings in the thirties. Thousands of Crimean Tartars were deported between 1930 and 1936. These people were not opposed to the regime, they were only interested in cultivating their land, their vineyards and orchards. They were simple, innocent people living in an agricultural community. Shortly before the war the deportation seemed to stop, but still the Russians kept arresting certain selected people who were sent to prison. The charge that the Crimean Tartars betrayed their Russian comrades during the war was nothing but a pretext, a deliberate slander. Among all the people of the Soviet Union, including the Russians, the Crimean Tartars collaborated the least. In 1967 the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet passed a resolution stating that this accusation had been the result of a mistake, and the accusation was consequently lifted. But still the Crimeans are living in a mass exile without parallel, scattered throughout Siberia and Central Asia. Still they are not allowed to return freely, and some of those who return in secret are detained and sent back to the Russian steppes. The courageous struggle of the Tartars to return to their homeland and to exercise their rights under the Soviet constitution is of great importance for the Russians themselves, and for the Ukrainians. Although they are weak and very limited in scope, we are witnessing the birth of progressive forces in the Soviet Union. The Crimean Tartars are in the front line of these forces. I have no doubt that one day the Russians themselves will remember with gratitude Roland Kadiyev, the well-known Crimean nuclear scientist, and intellectuals like Ilya Gabay, Ismail Yazici and Izzet Hayirov, who are locked up in prisons instead of being free to work and contribute to the welfare of their people.

In one of our conversations you told me that a genuine work of art could be born out of the subjects which interest the artist most. Is there any connection between this and André Gide's dictum which says: 'Art lives through coercion, it dies of freedom.' Do you believe that art is born out of pressure?

Osman Turkey

Of course much of the world's serious literature was born out of resistance against the suppression of free expression of thought and ideas. In no culture or society is the writer absolutely free. Even if we succeed in clearing away the political and ideological obstacles in the way of unhampered freedom of expression, we will still encounter numerous other impediments and limitations forced upon us by the society in which we live, by its ethical and moral standards. Censorship, in actual fact, comes firstly from our own selves and our conscience; secondly from our society; and finally from the authorities in the form of laws, decrees, etc. So no writer is absolutely free, and no freedom is absolute.

Cenghis Dağci

□

Cenghis Dağci

Those lands belonged to us

(extract from the last chapter)

It was just before daybreak when they arrived at Küçükyanköy. Selim and Hauptmann Schreiber stopped near the village. Muzaffer looked around cautiously and found the man who was called Gani. The two men passed under the huge walnut trees on the outskirts of the village and turned towards a mountain path, both sides of which were overhung by thick boughs.

Gani was a tall, strong, heavily-built man with a dark complexion. He greeted Selim Chilingirov, who was the first to speak, and shook hands with him. When Selim said that Lüba was looking for him, Gani's face became sombre and sulky. Gani, after scrutinising Muzaffer from head to toe, led the way angrily until they were two kilometres distant from the village. Then, as they were climbing the mountain path high up on the hill, he grasped Selim by the arm, and pulling him to one side, murmured:

'Why did you bring this boy here?'

'Boy?' said Selim. 'Are you talking about Muzaffer?'

'I don't know whether he's Muzaffer or not. But whoever he is, you shouldn't have brought him here.'

'Why shouldn't I?'

'You'll find out soon enough.'

A penitent note sounded in Selim's trembling voice.

'I didn't bring him – he came by himself.'

'Hasn't he got anywhere else to go?'

'No. He wants to fight against the Germans.'

Gani smiled without mirth. He looked down at the ground and, stretching out his hand, took Selim by the sleeve of his jacket.

'Well, you go on. I'll go back to the village.'

'But what shall we do?'

'Carry on along this path. At the end of the third kilometre you'll meet Lüba. Be careful you don't stray from the path – that's very dangerous.'

Before leaving Gani, Selim gave Muzaffer a thoughtful, uneasy glance. Then, after a moment's hesitation, he turned back to Gani and asked:

'Do you know anyone called Shamil A.?''

Gani did not bother to look in Semil's direction. Shrugging his shoulders as if to say 'Who cares about your Shamil now!' he set out in the direction of Küçükyanköy. . .

At the end of the third kilometre they met Lüba. Here on the slope, where the path curved, there was a large

lead-coloured rock. A woman came out from behind it. She looked thirty, perhaps thirty-five years old. She was wearing a short leather jacket and boots and an astrakhan cap tilted towards her right ear. She had a white face, black eyes and reddish cheeks. Her jacket was entirely unbuttoned and open, revealing the long gun under the German belt she wore around the waist.

Selim came forward and stood in front of the woman.

'Are you Lüba?' he asked.

'I'm not sure, she said, raising her arms to her breasts. 'For some I am Lüba, for others I am not.¹ Have you come from Küçükyanköy?'

'Yes,' said Selim.

'Who did you meet there?'

'Gani.'

Three men now came out from behind the rock, one of them wearing a German helmet. They scrutinised Hauptmann Schreiber first, then turned their cold eyes on Muzaffer. There was a long silence which seemed to separate them from one another. The woman watched Selim intently, then fixed her eyes on the ground for a while before lifting her head again and looking at the German officer.

'Is he a German?' she asked.

'Yes, he is,' said Selim.

Smiling, she took Selim's arm and together they walked away from the others, disappearing from sight behind the rock.

Ten minutes later, as they came out, the smile on her face was warmer, the light in her eyes brighter. She spoke hurriedly, looking at the man with a German helmet on his head.

'You, Grisha, take the German to Kozlov. I'll give you a letter. Deliver both the German and the letter to him. Take ten men with you and guard him carefully. Don't let him get away. Go immediately.'

Her eyes rested on Muzaffer.

'And you, Nicola, take this hero to Pachenko's group.'

Nicola was scratching his beard.

'Is he one of ours?' he asked, looking at Muzaffer's German uniform.

Selim replied instead of Lüba.

'Yes, he is.'

'And who might you be?'

'My identity is none of your business. We didn't eat soup from the same bowl. Haven't you received an order to take him to Pachenko's group?'

'Yes, I have . . .'

'Well, what're you waiting for?'

'Who are you to be giving me orders?'

Lüba gave him an angry look and Nicola fell silent.

1 Lüba, a Russian feminine name, also means 'lovely'.

Muzaffer seemed very happy to be leaving. Putting his hand on Selim's shoulder he said: 'It won't be for long. I'll be back at Chukardja by harvest time. You must be best man at my wedding. Don't forget.'

Selim and Lüba were alone. A wagon stood at one side of the rock. Smoke came out through its rear wheels from a boiler on a fire behind the wagon.

Selim and Lüba crossed to the wagon. Lüba hesitated briefly, then looked at Selim, saying: 'Are you tired?'

'Yes, I am.'

'Why don't you lie down and sleep then. Don't worry, the Germans won't come here. And if they did, I'd wake you up.'

'I have never in my life been protected by a woman before. But I guess I'll sleep easy. What happens after that?'

'Then we shall join Pachenko's group.'

Selim frowned. 'Why didn't we go with the others in that case?'

'Because I wanted to be alone with you. Do you mind?'

Selim did not answer. There was a short silence, and then he said: 'Very well. I really must get some sleep. I'm tired.'

'Go ahead and sleep. Get in the wagon. There isn't a pillow, but if you like you can rest your head on my knee.'

His eyes closed slowly and he fell into a deep and heavy sleep.

It was almost night when he woke up. The sky was overcast and the air chilly. Lüba had harnessed the horse to the wagon and was now standing next to Selim. He yawned and smiled, rubbing his eyes.

'What's the time?'

'Night isn't far away,' replied Lüba.

'Did I sleep?'

'Like a child.'

Selim looked up at the wagon.

'Are we off now?'

'Yes,' said Lüba.

'Are you ready?'

'For what?'

'To set out.'

'Yes, I am ready.'

Lüba drove the wagon as they raced under the huge pine-trees. She had taken off her leather jacket and laid it at her side.

A strong stench of sweat from her perspiring armpits came to Selim's nostrils as he lay on his back in the wagon. He watched Lüba's bra, visible through her transparent blouse, her round shoulders and her newly-washed and combed black hair, and as he watched he thought of Natalia.

The pine trees seemed to cover and hide them from the rest of the world. There was no wind, no birds anywhere in sight, and the sky which could now and again be glimpsed through the trees grew darker and darker.

They did not speak for a long time. Then Lüba turned her eyes on Selim and smiled.

'What is your name?' she asked.

'Selim,' he muttered.

'That's a very nice name. How old are you?'

'I'm an old man, honey.'

'Are you really? Where have you grown so old?'

'First on the *kolkhoz*, then in the war.'

'Are you married?'

'What do you mean?'

'I want to know if you sleep with a woman in your bed.'

'Without a woman,' said Selim.

Lüba became silent. Then, without looking at him, she said:

'Don't you fancy anybody?'

'Do you?'

'You shameless creature!'

Another long silence followed. This time it was Selim who broke it.

'Have you got friends of the opposite sex? What I mean to say is, have you got a boy-friend?'

'No. Oh, there are many who'd like to be, but I don't encourage them.'

'That's right. If the bitch doesn't fawn, the dog . . .'

The wagon stopped. Lüba swivelled round to face Selim.

'You said you weren't married, yet you seem as experienced as I am on the subject.'

'I didn't say I wasn't married. I said I sleep without a woman. I've got a houseful of children.'

'Who cares what you have and what you don't. It's of no concern to me. But I like you.'

'Do you really?'

'Yes, of course I do. Come and sit by my side.'

'Only by your side?'

'What else?'

'Look, darling, you drive on - it's getting late.'

'You are right. It is late, but we shan't go on now - we'll sleep here.'

'Where?'

'In the wagon, of course, where else? Know of a bedroom that's handy?'

Lüba stood up and threw her leather jacket in with Selim.

'Make room for me,' she said. 'Can I lie down with you?'

'Yes, why not,' he replied.

But as she stretched out next to him, Selim got up and, after watching Lüba for a short while, jumped down from the wagon. He stood there holding on to the wagon and looking at Lüba's face.

'Don't be ashamed,' she said. 'Go ahead and pee - I shan't look.' Selim went off through the pine trees. When he returned, darkness had enveloped the wagon and the road.

The wood was silent, brooding. They could hear the dry twigs falling off the pine trees.

Selim remained standing by the wagon, listening to the sound

of the falling pine needles. Then, still lost in thought, he crawled under the wagon and lay down on his back. After some time he turned on one side, using one of his arms to cradle his head. He just lay there, staring into the darkness, and as he stared, tears ran down his cheeks. He stretched out his hand and caressed the breathing earth in the soft spring air.

Long minutes, maybe hours, passed. Lüba knelt inside the wagon and bent over the side.

'Have you been sleeping, Selim?' she asked.

'No, I haven't.'

'Don't you feel cold? The weather is chilly.'

'Yes, it is, but I don't feel cold.'

'Let me feel your hand then.'

Stretching out both her arms, she took Selim's hand between her palms.

'Your hand is cold. Come, let me warm you. Get in the wagon. I too feel . . . It really is cold.'

Selim was silent.

'You told me you weren't married. Don't be scared - I have no disease.'

Selim's face looked mournful. Withdrawing his hand, he stroked her arm respectfully. Then, speaking in a soft murmur as if he were addressing himself to a remote past or to a near future, he said:

'Forgive me, Lüba . . . I *am* married.'

Letting go of Lüba's arm, he again crawled under the wagon and lay down. Possibly for the first time in his life he wept, silently and painfully. He wept and wept.

The hills and the pine-trees were shrouded with a heavy darkness. They were completely silent and still, as if listening to his beating heart.

On the macadamized road between Yalta and Akmesdjit, there were no longer any German soldiers to be found. Guerrilla groups, each composed of 10 men, which had been in the mountains these past two years now raided the villages, looting everything they could lay their hands on, including livestock and movables. Armed men raided the towns, too. By mid-April the news that Kerch, Kefe, Sudak and Karasupazari had been retaken by the Russians had reached the partisans. The large guerrilla groups organised by the Red Army Commissars left the hills for the towns, but others came to take their place. At this time, when everyone thought the war on Crimean soil was over, people speaking different languages appeared in the mountains. Most of them were Tartars and Russians, but there were also Greeks, Armenians, Germans and Jews among them. They were unarmed and would pay thousands of roubles for a pistol and a little ammunition. Why they should be arming themselves was a mystery. They were quite unlike the old partisans. They did not raid the villages and towns, they did not loot the peasants' animals and property. They

were a silent lot, sometimes spending days without saying a word. Some would go down to their villages once or twice a week and take the food left for them by their relatives. All of them were unshaved, their clothes were shabby and worn, their faces dirty. They were weary and desperate.

Selim lived three weeks among these people. He looked for Muzaffer everywhere but did not so much as hear his name mentioned. It was now two months since he left the village of Chukurdja with Hauptmann Schreiber, and he felt that he had grown old in that time. His beard had grown longer, his eyelids were red, his eyes were sore. He slept day and night, or lay on his back and watched the sky. Sometimes he just sat idly and killed time by thinking of his son Alim and Bekir's daughter Ayshe.

He started climbing the slope. A man from one of the coastal villages came up to him.

'Where are you off to?' the man asked.

'To my village, of course,' said Selim.

The peasant looked at him in astonishment.

'Where is your village, sir?' he asked. 'Is it in Anatolia?

The Russians are hanging our people on the telegraph poles and bridges. Blood's flowing in our villages.'

'What's that you say?'

'Yes, what I'm telling you is true. So what will you do now?'

'I want to go and see for myself.'

'Don't be childish. Be patient. We didn't escape to these mountains because we like them so much. But if the Germans recapture the Crimea we may be able to go home again.'

'You stay and wait if you want to. I am going. I'm not waiting here for the Germans to come. If they do come back, do you think they'll pat us on the back?'

The peasant shrugged his shoulders and said nothing. Selim made his way to Chukurdja.

As he passed under the huge walnut trees on the green slopes at the back of Küçükyanköy, Selim saw neither man nor beast. He would have gone into the village to look for Gani, but then for no apparent reason he gave up the idea. The sun was setting by the time he approached Tavshanpazari and the scattered houses were engulfed in a dead silence.

At the side of the road was an overturned wagon surrounded by broken objects. Passing a wooden hut, Selim walked down to the road. He caught sight of four corpses lying one on top of the other in the shade of a mulberry tree. Three of them had shabby peasant clothes but the fourth was stark naked. Their colouring told him they had been there a long time.

Selim came closer. When he realised that one of the corpses was that of Muzaffer Biber he covered his face with his hands and retreated to the middle of the road. As he stood there, bewildered, a man came out of the wooden hut. He was an old, thick-set Russian, probably over eighty. He came up to Selim and

they both stood there, looking at the dead bodies. Then the old man turned towards Selim and, pointing to the corpses, said: 'Tartars.'

Selim stood silent, and after a short pause the old man went on:

'War is no good, my son. War is dreadful. These are what it leaves behind. I'm an old man, I've seen too many of them. I also fought. Do you know that my older brother fell in Plevne while fighting with the Turks? Yes, yes, we too have fought. Sometimes we attacked the Turks, sometimes the Turks attacked us. But the Turks are a good and brave people. Now everything has changed - brothers are killing brothers, Russians are shooting the Tartars. I've been living in this hut for 20 years. Do you want to know the truth? The Tartars never did me any harm, that's the truth. They were indeed Moslems like the Turks; but God is my witness, they were kind people. And what have we Russians done to the Tartars? In Yanköy we shot them and hanged the rest on the trees. I keep looking at these corpses from my window and say to myself how unjust and cruel we've been to carry out this massacre.'

The naked corpse belonged to Muzaffer. His young, handsome body was scarred with numerous bullet wounds.

Selim was no longer listening to the old man. He walked slowly towards the corpses and, taking off his jacket, covered Muzaffer's body with it. Just beyond the mulberry trees were cornfields, and he flattened the corn to make room for a grave. The soil was dry and loose. He knelt down and began to dig the earth with his dagger. He wept as he dug, shovelling the soil out with his hand.

Soon he made a shallow grave. Grasping Muzaffer's body with one arm he carried it across to the field and laid it in the grave. He could not cry any more, as if he had expended his last teardrop. He plucked some green grass, leaves and acorns and covered the dead face of Muzaffer. Then he scooped back the soil until the body was completely hidden. He stood up with the last handful of earth pressed in his palm and set out towards Chukurdja.

He was not in a hurry, waiting for the night to fall. His steps grew slower and more weary. He kept looking at the western horizon, but the sun did not seem to want to go down as it sent its fading rays over the cornfields.

When he was some two kilometres from Chukurdja a young man came out of a nearby orchard. The young man stopped and gazed in his direction, then started running towards him, opening his arms as he ran. He threw his arms round Selim, weeping as he kissed his dry cheeks.

When at last the young man had calmed down a little, they sat down side by side in the field. Wiping the tears from his son's cheeks, Selim asked:

'Tell me, Alim, what's happened in Chukurdja?'

Alim stared at him in silence like a dumb man.

‘ Who is there in Chukurdja, Alim? ’

Alim shrugged.

‘ Nobody.’

‘ What about Bilal Agha? ’

Alim turned his eyes on the ground and began to speak in an anguished voice.

‘ Two days ago the Russians came to the village. They hanged Grandpa Djavit and Kaytaz on the tree by the mosque. They shot 15 people including Hassan Agha, lining them up against the mosque wall. They killed some others too, but this I didn’t see. Then they gathered the people in the village square. I stood near Bilal Agha. He whispered in my ear, “ You run away, Alim. Run away to the mountains, look for Selim, find him and tell him what you’ve seen. Tell him to stay in the hills. You too stay there, don’t come back to the village. Because this village isn’t ours now.” ’

Translated by Osman Turkey



The trial of Miklós Haraszti

George Schöpflin Introduction

Miklós Haraszti, a 28-year-old radical poet, has succeeded in becoming quite an embarrassment for the Hungarian authorities. By criticising the frustrations of the industrial workers in a socialist state, he has touched the Hungarian Communists on a raw nerve. Haraszti has been charged with incitement, which carries a 2-8 year sentence, and after three sessions in court, his trial has been adjourned for the time being.

In 1970 Haraszti was sent down from university for ultra-leftist activities and took a job in the Red Star tractor factory in Budapest. After about a year at the work-bench, he wrote up his experiences under the title *Piece-Rate*, submitting it to the Magvető publishing house towards the end of 1972. The manuscript was turned down because its contents were thought unacceptable ideologically.

Piece-Rate is a subtle and convincing account of the process of dehumanisation suffered by workers pitted against the machine in a desperate effort to maximise their income. This chase for money, in Haraszti's view, is out of place in a socialist society. Higher payment, he argues, should be given for better work, not for more work. He is also critical of the ambivalent role of the trade union and their weakness in defending the workers' interests.

Haraszti sent a few copies of his manuscript to various sociologists for their comments, and the Editor of the journal *Szociológia*, Iván Szelényi, agreed to publish an extract. But on 22 May 1973 Haraszti was arrested. György Konrád, another sociologist and one of those

who had seen the manuscript, was interrogated for three days and had his house searched. Szelényi was dismissed from his post.

Criticism by the Left in Hungary concentrates on the all-pervasive power of the bureaucracy, the argument being that there can be no genuine proletarian democracy until that power is curbed. The pursuit of economic growth for its own sake, the increasing differentials in income and the relative decline of the industrial wage when compared with incomes of the managerial élite are singled out by the Left as evidence of the failure of the existing system to create genuine Socialism. The most outstanding of these critics is András Hegedüs, a noted sociologist and former Prime Minister of Hungary, who was himself expelled from the Communist Party last year for his views (see INDEX 3/73).

Expulsion from the party and the threat of imprisonment are two very different variants of discipline, and the trial of Haraszti has been interpreted by a wide section of Hungarian intellectuals as an indication of a coming tightening up. It is a mark of the relatively relaxed intellectual climate in Hungary that Haraszti's trial is the first occasion since 1958 that anyone has been arraigned for an expression of opinion.

The trial, in fact, shows how hesitantly the authorities have been handling Haraszti's case. After a day's proceedings on 26 September, the hearing was put off because one of the judges was 'indisposed'. When the court sat again in mid-October, it heard a galaxy of Hungarian intellectuals speak in Haraszti's favour and then adjourned once more on 16 October.

Since then, there have been no public developments – indeed, the Hungarian media have ignored the case throughout. The authorities, evidently surprised by the attention the case attracted both in Hungary and abroad,

have moved towards a compromise and by mid-November had decided to drop the matter. It was reliably reported from Budapest that no further action would be taken against Haraszti.

(This introduction is adapted from an article on the same subject that appeared in the *Sunday Times* on 29 October 1973. It is reprinted with permission.)

The trial

This report of the public trial of Miklós Haraszti (MH) was drawn up by one of the people present. It was forbidden to make notes or to record the examination. The quotations are therefore not exact transcriptions; there may be a few minor inaccuracies and some chronological errors, but the report has been prepared with the greatest regard for objectivity. It abstains from any personal comment on the events, limiting itself to, at most, quoting the opinions of people who have followed the case, and only when these opinions are relevant.

The morning of the first day of the trial, 15 October 1973, was taken up with the examination of the defendant. First the President of the Court, Mrs Károly Tóth, read out the indictment: Haraszti stands accused of qualified instigation, i.e. of having written a book liable to provoke hatred of the State, and of having circulated a number of copies of this book. Haraszti worked for a time in a factory, and the Magvető publishing house gave him a contract to write a book based on what he saw there. According to the indictment the work, entitled *Piece-work Rates*, describes the conditions of the workers and declares them to be as bad as those of natives during the first decades of colonisation. He claims that the workers are exploited to the utmost, and that their bosses in the economic, trade union and Party hierarchies continually increase their production quotas in order to give themselves extra income without extra work. The

indictment goes on to assert that Haraszti has falsified facts and then made out that they are universal. The indictment adduces various quotations from the book in support of this claim.

The prosecutor, Mr Galambos, caused some modifications to be made to the text of the indictment, correcting inaccurate quotations and asking that the word 'work' in connection with the book should appear in inverted commas throughout, on the grounds that it is not a 'work' as such but a libellous pamphlet. The defendant also asked for modifications to be made to the text, on the grounds that it contained distorted quotations. The President (P) said he would be able to speak about that later, and that for the present he should state whether he understands the charges and whether he is guilty of them.

MH: I understand the implications of the indictment and the harm it is intended to cause me, but I do not understand the accusation it contains. The indictment presents quotations (I shall prove that they are distorted) but does not qualify them; it does not specify the phrases liable to provoke hatred, nor the institutions at which they are allegedly directed. The indictment at one point mentions the State as such, but the paragraphs of the penal code concerning instigation do not mention the State, they say that instigation is an act liable to provoke hatred of civil order, the constitution, or the State's basic institutions.

P: Say whether you are guilty.

MH: No, on no account am I guilty.

To give an example of Haraszti's life, the President stated that proceedings had been brought against him by both the police and the prosecutor before the present case. MH declared that the instances she referred to were an indication of excessive police powers, as well as of police intervention in cultural affairs. The President then asked when, how, and in how many copies the book was produced, when and to whom the defendant had shown it, and when the contract with the publishers was concluded.

MH: I am astonished at this procedure. Obviously, the fact of having typed nine copies of a book, and the fact of having shown it to other people

would not be considered criminal if the President did not find it instigative. Going into details of its distribution could make the case seem clear, whereas in fact the essential points would remain unclear. Consequently it should first be proved that the book is instigative, particularly as this poses the more general question of whether the publication of a manuscript can legitimately be prevented by arresting the author [it was learned from the indictment that MH had been under preliminary arrest for 15 days] and by penal proceedings. This is doubtful even in the case of a book that has been universally rejected for publication; and in my case the periodical *Szociológia* had already accepted large extracts from the book with the intention of publishing them.

P: You will have an opportunity to talk about all that later. Answer the question put to you.

MH: I answer these questions so that the transcription contains the authentic version of these facts, which are, I repeat, of minor importance. I wish to emphasise that the charges of instigation have not yet been proved.

During the examination MH related that he prepared the book towards the end of 1972, and had it typed out twice (there were nine copies altogether), making some modification to the text between times, based on the opinions of people whom he consulted. He also stated that he gave the manuscript to three categories of people: (a) sociologists, (b) writers (for their professional opinion), and (c) his artist friends. At this stage the President gave him permission to state his opinion of the indictment. Things became difficult; he was interrupted several times; at one point he asked the tribunal to let him at least finish one sentence. The interruptions and altercations lasted about 40 minutes. Here follows a quick summary of this part of the examination:

MH: My purpose was that of constructive criticism. I described the situation in the factory workshop faithfully, without applying it to industry or the country generally. I certainly criticised piece-work rates, but this is not a basic institution of socialism, it is not even a socialist institution at all, it is a capitalist institution. The principal objective of socialist strategy is to eliminate wages tied to performance. More generally,

the task of socialist art is to discover reality and to criticise its negative aspects, and this criticism should not to be considered criminal.

P: In Hungary the penal procedure is based on the indictment, as you should know: limit yourself to the matters contained in the indictment. Why, for example, do you say that you are not trying to generalise, when you don't even name the factory that is the subject of your book?

MH: One of the characteristics of sociography is that it is not explicit. However, a number of circumstances in the book demonstrate that it is about a real workshop in a real factory. In addition I have described the appearance and geographical location of the factory in such a way that no doubt is possible. [At this point the defence asks that there should be appended to the trial documents a sociological enquiry published some time previously which describes an identical case, and which in addition quotes workers' opinions that are just as strong as those MH is charged with.] Consequently it is untrue to say that I am generalising. Besides, generalisation of the concrete is a matter of formal logic, and it should thus be sufficient to indicate the passages that contain generalisations — which the indictment has entirely neglected to do: it simply states that I generalise. Secondly, it is equally untrue to say that I falsify facts. The indictment does not even try to disprove what I state in the book.

P: The indictment is not intended to disprove, only to prove.

MH: Then let it prove that what I have written is false, since that is what it claims. Thirdly, the quotations it presents are distorted. They have been taken out of their context, whole series of words have simply been omitted, and opinions that I quote have been arbitrarily attributed to me. For example, I have been attributed with a certain worker's opinion that the union is a paid enemy.

P: But you share this opinion, do you not?

MH: First, I am not here because of my opinions, but because of what I have written. Secondly it is not a question of the role of the union but of certain workers' opinion of it. That is what I quoted.

P: You claim that the quotations are distorted: that is untrue. I have personally compared the indictment with your manuscript. In fact, I possibly know your book better than you do yourself.

MH: Then you will no doubt agree with me. It has been said, for example, that I compare the workers' conditions with those of natives in the first years of colonialisation. You only have to read the sentences on either side of this quotation to realise that I do not say that their conditions are identical: that would be absurd. I am speaking of a psychological phenomenon: the natives gave their land, etc., for worthless bric-à-brac. And they felt cheated only when they did not get the jewels they had been promised. Now, I found that the workers in the factory who did piece-work found this kind of wages quite normal; it was the small abuses that outraged them. That is all, and I said so explicitly.

P: You don't have to read all of that. Just indicate the pages, paragraphs and lines in question and read out the words you claim are missing. Note will be taken.

This is in fact what then happened, and very little of it was comprehensible to the public. The defendant then asked that various articles about piece-work and workers' opinions published in the Party daily and in a weekly magazine should be appended to the trial documents, together with an article on unions written by Lenin. He remarked that the Red Star tractor factory – the one described in the book – had since been incorporated into a larger concern because it went bankrupt. The President stopped him, saying that all these facts were well known. The defendant replied that they were not mentioned in the indictment. On this little altercation the examination ended.

The general impression among the public (as gathered from conversation in the corridor during the break) was as follows: the President was trying to stop the defendant from making speeches directed at the public rather than at the court. She was also trying to prove that MH was not to be taken seriously, and was a third-rate writer; she interrupted him frequently, in a tone of voice that was at once maternal, disapproving, jocular and sharp, which the defendant may well find annoy-

ing. At the same time she was very punctilious, in the sense that in the final analysis the defendant had probably been able to say everything of importance that he wished to say, and the defence was able to produce documents and to correct erroneous quotations contained in the indictment, even if the contents of these documents and their juridical value could not fully be understood by the public.

The examination of the witnesses began in the afternoon of the fifteenth and continued on the morning of the second day of the trial, 16 October. There were 16 of them: six writers (György Konrád, Miklós Mészöly, István Eörsi, András Nyerges, Tamás Szentjoby – to whom the book was dedicated – and György Dalos. The first four of these are very well known); two editors (Mrs Félix Máriássy and Mrs Katalin Imre); two sociologists, who are among the best known in the country (András Hegedüs and Iván Szelényi); two theatre directors (Péter Bacsó and Miss Agnes Háý – the former is one of the three top directors in Hungary); and a young legal writer (Miss Gabrielle Hajós).

The President asked the witnesses when they received the manuscript, whether they knew it was unpublishable, and what they thought of it. Defence counsel, Loránd Kaczián, asked them how many copies were generally required by the Magvető publishing house; how many readers were usually consulted (generally between two and eight; in MH's case the editor based his opinion on that of just one official reader); how many copies they usually made of their own works; whether the opinion of Mr Kardos, the managing director of Magvető, was decisive and final; and if the rejection of a manuscript by a publishing house precluded its publication. He also asked witnesses their opinion of the book.

The indictment seemed to be trying to prove that: (1) Mr Kardos's opinion determined the fate of the manuscript – it was unpublishable because it was 'hostile'; (2) the witnesses received the book after it had been rejected by the editor, and MH's purpose was therefore not to ask them their opinion, but to distribute the book clandestinely; and (3) the witnesses also told the defendant that his book was instigative but that this did not stop him from showing it to other people.

The testimonies were undoubtedly very favourable to the defendant. For in reply to (1), two witnesses who knew Mr Kardos stated that he often changed his mind and that he had several times published books which he had previously refused to bring out, and vice versa. All the witnesses who are writers said that if one publishing house refused to publish a book it could be published by another, or in a magazine. Mr Szelényi, who was at the time editor of the periodical *Szociológia*, said that he was in fact preparing to publish it and that two sociologist-readers for the magazine were both of the opinion that the book was worth publishing in its entirety, and that the reason they were only publishing extracts from the book was that, unlike a publishing house, they had problems of space. He was intending to publish the chapters relating to the analysis of the physical and sanitary consequences of piece-work, as well as the parts concerning the social organisation of the factory. He thought the indicted passages were perfectly acceptable in context. He had not made his intention known to the editorial committee because MH had in the meantime been arrested, and he did not wish to hinder the enquiry. To (2), some witnesses received the manuscript before Mr Kardos rejected it, some after, and some could not remember. To (3), none of the witnesses found it instigative [one of them had not read it], even the two who did not like the book.

Apart from this, the writers, in reply to defence counsel's questions, said that they made from six to 16 copies of their works. They declared that this was absolutely normal practice and that they all asked several people's advice on their manuscripts. The witnesses' opinions of the book were, except for two, very positive:

Konrád: It is one of the best products of Hungarian sociographical literature.

Mészöly: What is good about it is that it is not an external analysis but an 'autovivisection'. It is emotionally and rationally an honest tussle with the subject.

Eörsi: I thought the book very well written from a literary point of view. I admired it in respect of its structure, its documentary value, and the author's intentions.

Nyerges: The purely descriptive passages are

accurate; sometimes, when he assesses the facts he has described, it gets boring.

Hegedüs: It is a constructive book that is moderate in its quotations of workers' opinions of the negative effects of this kind of piece-work. Our sociological enquiries contain much more of this.

Szelényi: The book contains nothing new from a scientific point of view; the phenomena he analyses have been written about in sociological publications. But it is a very interesting literary-sociographical document, and his findings coincide with past sociological experience in Hungary.

Máriássy: I thought it naive, but I admired its lyrical quality.

After the witnesses' testimony the President opened the case for the prosecution. The prosecutor had nothing to add to the facts presented in the indictment. Defence counsel declared that the prosecution's expert was mistaken in his assertion that the last five copies were typed on an electric typewriter. The defence could produce the manual typewriter on which the copies were typed. In addition, the defence wished to call some experts (sociologists and writers). The purpose of this request was uncertain: it was probably either to examine the truth of the book's findings, or else to interpret the indicted passages in their sociological and literary context, or both.

The President adjourned the hearing. It was thought that, after the adjournment, she would read the papers appended (at the request of the defence) to the trial documents, and announce a decision regarding the experts.

But when the court reconvened, the President adjourned the trial to a later date, announcing that the case was being returned to the prosecutor for further investigation, as it was not sufficiently clear. This investigation would examine (1) the general practice of the publishing house in question (the number of readers, etc.); (2) the question of the expert typing and the question of the copies; (3) the question of the copy confiscated at the Yugoslav border.

[During the examination of Mr Konrád it transpired that he had given a copy of the book to a Yugoslav citizen of Hungarian nationality, a

Professor Váradi, asking him to give it back after having read it or to leave it with his (Mr Konrád's) sister, who lives in Budapest. Apparently the police had already started to bring proceedings against Mr Konrád, but the case had later been dropped. Mr Konrád was admonished by the police, but for other reasons. It seems that the charge of trying to smuggle the book out of the country had become untenable, since, among other reasons, Mr Szelényi was in the process of publishing it in Hungary. In any case it was Mr Konrád's affair, and it is not very clear what it has to do with the trial of Haraszti.]

It is difficult to know what the decision of the tribunal will be. There are several possibilities: (1) that what has occurred is a sign of hesitation, and that the adjournment of the trial may be a way of gaining time until a final decision has been arrived at; (2) that it is perhaps only the date that has, for one reason or another, become inconvenient, and the trial will be resumed at a future date; [The trial was adjourned once before, on 26 September, before the examination had

begun, and many people thought at the time that there would be no examination at all; but this was not the case. At that particular time János Kádár, the First Secretary of the Hungarian Communist Party, was in Finland, and his programme included a meeting with journalists.] (3) the charges have, however, proved to be extremely weak – and, in some respects, quite untenable. Afterwards, the witnesses, intellectuals and people in every branch of the arts, were fairly unanimous in their negative reaction to the trial itself. The testimonies were very impressive in this respect. Also the tribunal undoubtedly showed great objectivity in making it possible for the defence to present its case effectively and in declaring that the charges did not contain enough evidence for them to make a final decision about the conclusions of the indictment. The most widely-held opinion is that the court's decision can be attributed to this objectivity, and that it is leaving the way open for the eventual abandonment of the case. □

Editor's note: *The trial, in fact, resumed on 10 January of this year, when Haraszti was given an eight-months' suspended sentence.*

Translated from the French by Antonia Burrows

for the record

Jonas Jurašas An open letter

This 'Open Letter' was written by Jonas Jurasas, until September 1972 Chief Director of the Kaunas State Theatre, Soviet Lithuania. Extolled by reviewers, showered with praise, increasingly noticed abroad, he seemed to be living in the best of all theatre worlds. In 1971 he staged a very original, Artaudian Macbeth in Moscow's Sovremennik Theatre, perhaps the outstanding stage in the USSR.

Hence the shock in Lithuania's, and the entire Soviet Union's artistic community when, on 16 August 1972, he cast aside the smiling official mask and in an open letter revealed both the torment caused by the continuous mutilation of his art and his resolve to refuse to submit to arbitrary censorship any longer. The answer of the authorities was swift and blunt: Jurasas was dismissed from his post, his name disappeared from the press and from posters, and his last production opened in the autumn of 1972 in a mutilated version. He was made into an un-person. According to the latest information, he is earning his living as a stone-cutter for a sculptor.

The text of Jurasas' letter found its way to the West – without any participation on his part – in the summer of 1973. Its authenticity has been confirmed.

An open letter

To: Ministry of Culture, Lithuanian Soviet Socialist Republic
Kaunas State Drama Theatre
Lithuanian Theatre Association
Editors of the periodical *Literatura ir Menas*

After years of work in the theatre, it has become imperative that I unburden myself of accumulated thoughts about the principles that underlie the activity of a theatre director as an artist and a citizen.

Spiritual values – they are the creative artist's only recompense to society for the right to live in it. The conditions for their creation seem to be favourable here. What does experience show? A number of my stagings, such as *Warsaw Melody*, *Tango*, *Mammoth Hunt*, *Molière*, *The Holy Lake*, *The House of Terror*, have generated lively audience interest. *The Duel*, *Bolsheviks*, *Mother's Field* were awarded diplomas and prizes. The theatre has been successfully fulfilling its financial plans. Such good fortune could be quite pleasing to a stage director. But what lies underneath all that?

Year after year, the struggle for the right to stage a fully ripened production. Endless disputes with security-minded types, attempts to prove the future production's importance to society. Senseless waste of energy in defending oneself from demagogic attempts to perceive an author's evil intentions in productions yet unborn. The distortion of the creative work's texture by categorical demands for the removal of even essential emphases. Finally, the arbitrary limitation of a production's run, or its total prohibition, while ignoring the opinion of the broad theatrical community and of the audiences.

Of the 12 productions I staged in the past five years, I would consider only three as approximately revealing my world view. But even these reached the spectator in a mutilated form, robbed of a large part of their artistic suggestiveness. The last scene of *Tango* was cut.

Large sections were removed from the *Mammoth Hunt*. Both productions were then forbidden and many spectators never got to see them at all. Important scenes were cut from *The House of Terror*, its composition and finale were changed.

I was compelled to take the road of compromise, the only road open to me if I wanted to salvage my crippled creations for the spectator.

Compromises. . . . They are convenient for accidental drifters who are looking for peaceful backwaters in the sphere of art.

A spirit in snug comfort – is not this a betrayal of artistic conscience? Does not betrayal exact its price?

Once the artist takes the road of compromise, he does not feel any more how his spiritual strength runs dry and how he begins to approach degeneration.

That road is not for me.

I cannot accept truths imposed from outside. When the artist begins to embody alien 'truths', he becomes a stranger to himself. Once he alienates himself from his own microcosm, in which his experience is crystallised, the creative artist loses touch with today's planet.

When I work in the theatre, I want to express the spirit of the time, the complexity of human existence, its contradictions.

Theatre is my life and my passion, the meaning of my existence. Theatre links me with the people.

Theatre is one of the most significant means used in fashioning a fatherland, a barometer that registers its greatness and its decline. A sensitive and purposeful theatre with a whole range of styles and genres, from tragedy to vaudeville, can transform a people's world view in several years. But a theatre made lame, with footsteps instead of wings, can corrupt an entire nation.

Theatre is a school of tears and laughter, a free tribune from which men may condemn an outlived or deceitful morality and reveal, through living examples, the eternal laws of heart and passion.

A people that does not contribute to the creation of a theatre is either dead or about to die. But if the theatre's laughter and tears fail to touch the pulse of society, its history, the

drama of its own people, the authentic colours of its native landscape, if the theatre fails to express the nation's spirit, then it has no right to call itself theatre. Then we must dub it a casino or a place where, shamelessly, 'time is killed' (Garcia-Lorca).

I have devoted all my energy to see the theatre become a carrier of the true, the good and the beautiful. These were the ideals I also tried to embody in my last production, *Barbora Radvilaite* ('Barbara Radziwill'). Thanks to a supreme collective theatrical effort, a spectacle was born that could have been of significance in the life of our theatre. Yet it is not clear when the spectators will see it. Is *Barbora Radvilaite* fated to go the way of my earlier productions?

The spectator should be the only evaluator of a work of art. Freely developing criteria should not be replaced by opinions formed in the hermetic airless offices.

I have been knocking at their doors until now, without receiving permission to stage Anouilh's *Antigone*, Hochhuth's *Deputy*, Rozewicz's *My Little Daughter*, Marat/Sade, Zorin's *Dion*, and other plays. I was offered instead to 'select' from plan-lists plays that are totally alien to my world view.

The voice of uncreated and mutilated creations burns me today. The sham success of certain individual productions disgusts me. Compromises, tactical tricks, meaningless standing around in the corridors of bureaucracy, debasement of human dignity, gloomy perspectives – all these are compelling me to make up my mind:

- after prolonged deliberation I take the first step by refusing to change anything in my finished productions;
- I refuse to buy the hope of full-fledged creations at the price of chance spectacles;
- I recognise only those criteria for evaluating creative art that are born in the fierce struggle of opinions;
- I create as my artist's and citizen's conscience dictates.

Jonas Jurasas

Chief Director of Kaunas State Theatre

Kaunas, 16 August 1972

□

Spotlight on Russia

Jonathan Steele

Russia close-up by George Feifer

Cape £3.95

Fat Sasha and the urban guerrilla by David Bonavia

Hamish Hamilton £3

Western curiosity about Russia always seems to have been tidal. A particularly momentous event arouses a surge of outside interest, and for a year or two the spotlight is turned on. A new crop of journalists suddenly 'discovers' Russia for us. The number of undergraduates doing Russian studies goes up a little. Kremlinology has a fresh lease of life. Then the tide ebbs again because fundamentally the West doesn't need Russia – or so it appears.

The last great flow of interest in Russia began in 1956 and 1957, with two far-reaching events following each other in close succession. Khrushchev's shattering denunciation of Stalin and the rehabilitation of thousands of his victims re-awakened the West's political and intellectual curiosity in a society that had seemed immune to change. A year later the launching of the first Sputnik suddenly made the outside world aware of the Soviet Union's economic and scientific progress. But the tide had already turned even before Khrushchev's overthrow in 1964 and for most of the last decade interest in the Soviet Union waned.

Now we are again in a period of growing curiosity. *Détente* in Europe, the new and partly secret partnership of the superpowers, and the almost embarrassing Soviet eagerness to woo as much western investment as possible intrigue the politicians and the businessmen. For the ordinary reader (or writer) of newspaper articles the phenomenon of Soviet 'dissidence' is suddenly a major issue.

In unhappy contrast to the unwarranted neglect of the Soviet Union in the 1960s the undoubtedly important issue of dissidence is now given equally unwarranted and exaggerated attention. What has been in reality a slowly burgeoning movement of increasingly daring public protest is projected in the media as though it were the overnight up-

thrust of a magic mushroom. No act of defiance by courageous rebels, no new twist of repression by vindictive authorities is too small to escape the western bloodhounds, who are for the most part (*Index* excepted) unwilling to weigh them alongside horrors in Chile, Indochina, Turkey, Greece or Egypt.

At least one can be thankful that the issue is being discussed, however perverted and distorted the overall treatment may be. And in the process a wider and more general interest in the Soviet Union is re-appearing. Curiosity about who the dissidents are inevitably leads to curiosity about the whole society and about how typical, if at all typical, their opinions are.

In *Russia Close-up* George Feifer comes to grips with some of the most baffling paradoxes of modern Soviet life, and provides answers to many of the nagging questions which visitors to the Soviet Union sooner or later ask themselves. His theme is not the dissidents. Instead, he deals with the mainstream. From the vantage point of three years of living there, and with considerable humour and perception, he describes what he calls 'the dramatic flavour of Russian life'.

Beneath the public conformism Russians lead stormy and non-conformist private lives. 'In the motherland of socialism, as in many underdeveloped lands, it is a case of the public be damned while private interests are zestfully pursued.' However authoritarian the system bequeathed by Stalin, Russians have at least been spared the tyranny of post-Freudian introspection. He writes that 'an adoring, highly supportive upbringing within a close, relaxed family unit with important roles for grandparents, unselfconscious attitudes to physical contact, and loving self-assured guidance, has sufficiently nourished the ego to protect it against the twentieth-century anxieties about identity, status and success'.

His book consists of six extended pieces of reportage, in each of which he makes a number of generalisations about wide aspects of Soviet life. A description of the almost ten-year-long building of the Hotel Rossiya becomes a kind of parable about the entire Soviet economy. Plans are made, un-made, and re-made and primarily architectural issues are subordinated to political criteria. The building begins and the whole frame goes up within a year only for nothing to happen

the next year while a search goes on for plumbers, carpenters and electricians – a classic example of Soviet 'rush-to-wait'. Now in operation, the hotel even has among its myriad departments a party committee whose job it is to see that the hotel's norms are fulfilled. Equally typically the hotel has had its share of scandals and corruption as well.

Similarly in his account of one of the Soviet Union's most productive collective farms, Feifer manages to convey something of the brittle quality of Soviet success. Starvation, famine, and war have left a lingering fear which Feifer says must be understood if one is to comprehend why most Russians prefer security to freedom. Past hardship, he suggests, also accounts for 'Russians' low economic ambitions and the exultant crowing over recent progress'. It is certainly true that the incessant self-congratulation which characterises the pages of *Pravda* is not just a propaganda motif. It mirrors the tub-thumping patriotic style which many Russians share.

Feifer's numerous observations have the ring of truth. His book is not political in the sense that it does not set out to explain how the Soviet system works, nor is it historical since his focus is not so much on what has changed in recent years or how, as on what is eternal in the Russian national character. At times he may overdo the 'differentness' of Russia and self-indulgently project on to it an artificial contrast with the emotional hang-ups of the over-sophisticated West. There's a touch of the noble savage in his Mother Russia.

By comparison David Bonavia has written a rather more pedestrian book. Instead of elucidating what is different in Russia, he is attracted to things which to a Westerner seem most familiar, and he has found them, not surprisingly, in the dissidents. For a straight-bat member of the western liberal establishment, suddenly plonked down in Moscow, they are the easiest Russians to meet and the easiest ones to like. What makes Bonavia's book nonetheless of value is that he has produced the first detailed profile of the dissidents, revealing them as complex human beings with unusual qualities of cussedness, warmth, and courage but often vain, irritating and unreliable. This ought not to be a revelation and yet in contrast to the flat conventional western picture

of them as a united group of martyrs it is.

Like Feifer, Bonavia also spent three years in Moscow. As correspondent of *The Times* he was expelled at the right time just when western public opinion was at last becoming aware of the dissidents as a result partly of newspaper reports, his own included. To Bonavia himself, and to anyone who read him in the last months of his assignment, his expulsion cannot have been a surprise since he had made it steadily clearer that his primary interest in Russia was the dissidents.

The book uses the rather unconvincing device of giving them pseudonyms, even though most people are easily identifiable from the detailed descriptions. More subconsciously than intentionally, it seems, it gives an accurate impression of the claustrophobia of the westerners' ghetto in Moscow since Bonavia appears to meet few Russians other than dissidents or officials. Occasionally too the book's political comment comes over as strangely naïve in its pat good-versus-evil contrast of western and eastern society, particularly in the imaginary dialogue Bonavia creates in his chapter called 'Argument'.

But the heart of the book is the detailed glimpse into Moscow's intellectual underworld. Fat Sasha was a KGB agent posing as an unusual Soviet journalist, who unlike his colleagues used to invite westerners to his flat. He was amiable and amusing and occasionally offered titbits of information. The urban guerrilla was a young man who habitually wore a green windcheater of military cut and was desperate to emigrate. They pass through the story fleetingly, and the main portraits Bonavia paints are of established intellectuals, hoping vaguely for democratisation, angry over daily barbarities, ignorant about the outside world, and for the most part devoted to their country. One of them likens the Russian intelligentsia to a man who beats his wife all day and then creeps into bed to make love to her at night.

Bonavia knew many of the dissidents as friends. He writes about them affectionately as though recalling events and conversations in a diary. His book is no 'anatomy' of the dissident movement, and he does not try to sort out the different intellectual strands of their beliefs, largely because it is too soon for such an exercise. There is no coherent theme to them beyond the hope for some unspecified liberalisation. The dissidents' main

impulse is anger over the present rather than a blueprint for the future.

Most surprisingly, perhaps, the dissidents are frequently isolated from each other. Bonavia had close relationships with many of them but would see them individually, visiting a young couple in their flat, going out for a summer Sunday picnic with others, being invaded in the foreigners' compound by two or three semi-drunken friends. Very often each group knew others only by hearsay. In an atmosphere of close surveillance large gatherings are impossible and a circle of gossip, rumour, and mistrust becomes the norm. Bonavia concludes with a strong sense of the waste of human talent which he feels the present situation entails. □

Letters to the editor

The censorship of the machine-gun

DEAR SIR, Our concern with censorship and freedom of expression too often takes the form of advocacy on behalf of the great and the exceptional. Would anyone really care about Solzhenitsyn if he were a mediocre pulp novelist? The issues involved in censorship are often political in the highest degree. Yet usually the defence of a censored author takes the form of a juxtaposition of the aesthetic value of his work with the crude political values of the authorities of which he has fallen foul. This tends to be the case even when in almost the same breath we praise the author's political stance – for his bold allegorical criticisms of an authoritarian regime, or whatever. Finally, we tend, perhaps, to concern ourselves too much with the rights of authors, artists and intellectuals, and too little with the public who may be deprived of the services these provide, and who, in a more general sense, lose the right to express themselves, or see their thoughts and values reflected in the work of others.

These general thoughts came to mind when I was writing about the recent coup d'état in Chile.* When you have had to walk beneath the guns of tanks and hide behind street corners before entering the houses of friends; when even daily newspapers have been taken away from you by the police and burned before your eyes; when you cannot utter even commonplaces on the telephone without first submitting your thoughts to inward censorship, for fear of incriminating yourself or others; in short, when even the simplest and most vital common means of daily communication are subject to the censorship of the machine-gun, then the question of whether, say, Pablo Neruda's latest works are on sale or not becomes a rather academic point.

We are far too prone to impose a double standard in our assessment of repression. When persons, especially artists and intellectuals, have their liberties curtailed, we protest. Yet when politicians, or people with overt political commitment, suffer identical treatment, so often we are silent, as though the act of political participation somehow deprived one of human rights and as though the right of political expression were less important than the right to paint a picture or to write a book.

With this in mind, I have written about the coup d'état, describing a very wide-ranging and thorough political and economic repression, because this is prior to, and the root of, the treatment which individual Chilean writers or artists may receive. □

Michael Sanders

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An open letter for Nadezhda Mandelshtam, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Fazil Hüsnü Daglarca and Can Yücel

October - 9 December 1973

DEAR SIR, October the 31st was Nadezhda Mandelshtam's birthday. Since the publication of the English translation of her book *Vtoraya Kniga* 'Second Book' has been delayed till March 1974, and due to the thresholdish nature of the autumn, it seems to me to be important to strike a not too discordant note of reason-tempered hope as a body blow against the scheduled English title of the Second Book: 'Hope Abandoned'.

The work of English Mandelshtam followers – Jennifer Baynes, Donald Rayfield and my own

* See 'Book burning and barbarism in Chile', p. 7.

translations have been rejected by innumerable publishers. It is only now that in England Mandelshtam's poetry is available for the English public. It has been left mainly to Clarence Brown of Princeton to make the running and excellent running it has been too with his biography of the poet published by Cambridge University Press, and his collaboration on the Merwin Mandelshtam. But we are in a fortunate position in the West for we have the Russian three volume edition of Mandelshtam edited by Gleb Struve. But what of the availability of Mandelshtam in Russia?

Nadezhda Mandelshtam has the three volume edition, but in some squalid building of the KGB are rotting an unknown quantity of lost poems, not only of course of Mandelshtam but also of many unknown poets and writers. Mandelshtam died according to officialdom on 27 December 1938. We are again approaching this date or anniversary. It is in fact the hinge for Anna Akhmatova's Poem without a Hero, which she worked on for over 20 years. Nadezhda Mandelshtam in Second Book devotes a whole chapter to Akhmatova's poem. Her main 'obida' hurt or grievance is the confusion of the young suicided cornet Vsevolod Knyazev with her husband Osip. Akhmatova does this in a subtle interplay of voices quoting Mandelshtam's words which she wrote about in her impressionistic memoir of him 'I am ready for death'. Akhmatova's doubles, unlike Mandelshtam's which are essentially linguistic or artistically expressive ones, are people: for instance she appoints the actress Olga Glebova Sudeykina as 'one of my doubles'. It must always be borne in mind that Nadezhda Mandelshtam lived with Akhmatova in Tashkent during the siege of Leningrad, and it was Anna Akhmatova who was on the editorial board for the Biblioteka Poeta edition of Mandelshtam which has been languishing in proof form for over a decade.

When an artist of Beckett's integrity feels motivated to stage a birth death 'breathe in' in front of a pile of rubbish in an Oxford theatre after the award of the Nobel Prize, when Solzhenitsyn's works are banned in the USSR after the publishing breakthrough of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, when Yelizaveta Voronyanskaya his friend is conveyor-belted by

interrogation into giving away the place of the manuscript of Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago* and thence to hang herself in a suicide more horrifying than Tsvetaeva's, when on the other twin peak of anniversary insanity in the 50th year of the Turkish Republic Nazim Hikmet's collection of poems 'From Four Gaols' is banned, poems about going into the sun in the prison courtyard, love poems in no way revolutionary or chauvin-hysterical, there is something very much out of joint. Nazim's poems 21-22hrs to Piraye are indeed available but are read in a strange conspiratorial atmosphere of dialectic searching, when they have a similar tang of apple blossom and fresh air as Solzhenitsyn's 'Minute Tales'. Fazil Hüsnü Daglarca a poet of massive and Ritsianly prolific stature is under constant pressure. He was arrested in 1972 for possession of his old army revolver and turned his 10 days in gaol into 40 poems. Daglarca told me himself that he had been approached and 'asked' to modify his views vis-à-vis the USA, since he had published anti-war poems on Vietnam. This the visitors said was barring his way to the Nobel.

My last day in Istanbul I was with Yashar Kemal the novelist and Aziz Nesin the brilliant satirist. Perhaps it's worth dwelling on this meeting a little to indicate what it means to be an artist in Turkey. Yashar Kemal to me, swearing Byronically: 'When are you going to the University?'. Me, very English, 'actually I went to Oxford. 'No, you old pimp, the University of the hollow plain': (The Chuburova where most of his novels are set). We went downstairs to the editorial office of Cem. Yashar Kemal, who that very day had been threatened by the prosecutor with up to two years' gaol for a newspaper article titled something like 'Mosques and the Military', asked Aziz Nesin what was going on in Istanbul. Aziz Nesin: 'Well, I was outside the spice bazaar when I saw a man lying face down on the ground in the street. A crowd gathered of course and stood around, eventually some modern Samaritan (my gloss) went up to him and asked him if he was OK. He rolled over and said: "It's autumn, aren't I allowed to smell the earth?"' I then decided that I might as well drop my name and address and like a chain smoker felt in my pockets for the fifth Parker Pen of the year, four having been scattered round two continents. No luck.

"Aziz, can you lend me a pen?" He didn't even need to feel in his pocket, he didn't have one. Yashar was equally penless. Then I turned to Oguz with a great surge of hope that I would be able to pen pencil or biro my name. As the editor of the biggest publishing house in Turkey I thought well there's a good chance of some joy here. Miraculo! A biro was produced! But tragedy! It wouldn't write. I then went through a few traumatic seconds when I thought of drawing blood with a pin and scratching my name - if we could find any paper that is. Eventually someone came to the rescue from the storeroom. We are indeed the penless writers. Really rather Mandelshtamian.'

Can Yücel, the fourth writer for whom this White Letter is written, is as far as I know still in gaol in Adana serving an eight year sentence for *translating* a book on guerilla warfare by someone of the hero-worshipped quality of Che Guevara. He worked in London for some years for the Turkish Service of the BBC, and besides knowing his wife and children I share with him common landscapes - Marmaris on the South Coast of Turkey, even London and we both get an impish delight from screwing two languages. This brings me to one of the major points of this letter. In 1969 I did a report for Penguins on the prison poems of Daniel, subsequently translated by David Burg and Arthur Boyars and published by Calder & Boyars shortly after I had finished working on Akhmatova. I decided that it was inadvisable for me to translate them: my whole argument being that it was possible that (a) Daniel did not want them to be published, (b) it would harm him if they appeared in the West and were read by pubescent meaning hunters. Now that the Russians have established themselves in the Copyright business the moral tension will be even greater on translators and western publishers, though the knife edge of the critic will be whetted even sharper. I trust and believe that INDEX will play a vital role as a clearing house for writers, indeed in a sense it will be more than just a sounding board, it must become an involved world conscience.

In 1913 in Russia after the demise of Symbolism, and again in 1946 there was a chance to create a Bauhaus spirit in literature and the arts, and it is possible that in recent history in Czecho-

slovakia and Turkey in the sixties, that a genuine breakthrough in art communications could have been maintained beyond all isms and parties. As it is in the 'history of artistic repression' one can see a decline (almost) rather than an improvement as though the lunatic's pendulum swing is dictating time's gait, a promise which Anna Akhmatova and Osip Mandelshtam, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Nadezhda Mandelshtam, Fazil Hüsnü Daglarca and Can Yücel have attempted and are attempting to counterbalance against this ultrasophisticated ice age cold war of nerves. What with Watersluice in the USA and the vicious hounding of Sakharov and Solzhenitsyn we seem to be reaching a state of a world nutcase of 'Mens insana in corpore insano', in fact a Satanic terror of the true word and the whole truth reigns among the leaders of the world in West and East alike. Sure, some people have been actively fighting with their *art* but on the whole in the West we seem to have got to the stage of a lot of hash smoking piss artists coughing hollowly, and to a greater or lesser extent a series of ostrich-plumed voices from the chorus showing their legs and arses and burying their heads in the snow-stormed sand down a blind alley of shallow verbal analysis of the malaises of the age.

The modern mythology which Anna Akhmatova and Boris Pasternak achieved in their later work: Akhmatova looking analytically (Huxley-like) *Art of Seeing* through Peter the Great's window to the West, a still unrealised pipe of peace dream, hearing the hooting of the boats on the Neva in the conclusion of Requiem, and Pasternak's final poem in *Doctor Zhivago* where the barges (?Arthurian) churn up for the Last Judgement, these are extreme poems for extreme situations. In 'Poem without a Hero', which is still unpublished in its complete form in the USSR, the Epilogue is doubleheaded: on the one hand the motion of millions East to Siberia, and on the other hand the returning army going to save Moscow from the Germans; an ending which I believe Akhmatova rejected; these are aspects of the chequerboard of the past that set the present world quandary.

Much has been written about a new understanding with the USSR on politico-economic fronts, but let us learn from the ravening knife

edge of political manoeuvre that forced the Mandelshtams to Voronezh and remember not least the steadfastness of Nadezhda Mandelshtam and Anna Akhmatova (quite as much as our own W. H. Auden, stretcher bearer in a violent age). For it was because of these two women that the fruits of that 'One Extra Day', culled from the Armenian cradle of civilisation were crystallised and preserved. Is it too much to hope that in a new era of detente the committed LIVING prophet figures, Nadezhda Mandelshtam and Alexander Solzhenitsyn in the USSR, Fazil Hüsnü Daglarca and Can Yücel in Turkey will find deserved honour in fact as Anna Akhmatova puts it 'asylum in their own homelands'? It is pathetically out of date to talk about ages of Gold or Aquarius, of 1984 or 2001, and of rough beasts crawling to Bethlehem, or of Judases of future races, or even of horrorscopes: at least give a hearing to the artist as much as to the other puppet string pullers in this look Ma no hands, look Ma no teeth age.

Yours sincerely,

□

Richard McKane

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