

## THE REAL SVETLANA STALIN STORY

- How she feels about her father and how she watched him die.
- Her three tragic romances.
- Why she wrote her memoirs and how she smuggled them out of Russia.
- Why she was afraid to come to America.
- Where she hid out in Switzerland—and how.
- How she feels now about her life, her children and her future.

By John Kobler and Peter Wyden



Photograph from Magnum

Emmanuel d'Astier (top left) wrote biography of Stalin (bottom, holding Svetlana

as child). D'Astier was the only man in the West whom Svetlana trusted.



"She is a non-person, now," said Dr. Antonino Janner, "and that's really the last thing she wants to be." Dr. Janner, the thoughtful deputy director of the Swiss Government's Political Department (Foreign Office), was reflecting upon the fate of the most intriguing refugee he has shepherded during his 20-odd years as a diplomat.

Even his seven-year-old son, Marco, was deeply moved last March when Dr. Janner explained that he was bringing home for dinner the daughter of Joseph Stalin, a woman who had never harmed anyone, who had no home and who was fleeing from country to country.

Marco understood, and he responded as almost everyone does when confronted with the phenomenon of Svetlana Alliluyeva (she prefers to use her moth-

er's maiden name). Marco wanted to show Svetlana that she was among friends. "I'll learn to write in Russian," he told his father, and when Svetlana arrived at the Janner home in Bern, the Swiss capital, Marco greeted her by demonstrating his ability to produce two letters of the Cyrillic alphabet.

Svetlana, greatly touched, responded in kind. "Would you like me to make you a drawing?" she asked. Marco was delighted. "What would you like me to draw?" asked Svetlana. Marco said, "A house and three children." Svetlana obliged, and added a little dog as a final touch.

As Marco's father recently recalled this rare moment of surcease from the tension and intrigue of Svetlana's Swiss exile, he was sitting with a *Journal* reporter in the *gemütlich*, dark old Della Casa café in downtown Bern. Like almost everyone who meets Svetlana,

Dr. Janner had grown to like her. He spoke at length in his soft, deliberate German of many things that have not heretofore been published. But mostly he seemed concerned with Svetlana the non-person, the woman in search of herself. Finally he sighed a little and said: "She is a stage with many sets."

A mere synopsis of the Svetlana Stalin drama might cause even jaded soap-opera fans to beg for mercy. Four months ago this heroine was penniless. Today, by virtue of her literary efforts and public curiosity about her, she is worth something like \$3 million. Yet money interests her little. She seems above it. Her feelings about her family are equally unconventional. Her mother committed suicide. Her father was one of history's most despised villains. Her husbands vanished or died. Her children were abandoned by her in hostile territory, in the very world that she



The suicide of her mother (above) deeply affected Svetlana (at right, with d'Astier).

herself decided to desert. Her future is beyond anyone's powers of prediction. Only this is certain: Wherever she turns in her search for her own version of fulfillment, she encounters another test of strength. And then another. And another.

Moscow, 1963: Svetlana has fallen in love with an Indian aristocrat. He is ailing and will soon die. They wish to marry. Soviet officialdom, ever conscious of her father's now cursed name, refuses permission. She goes to Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan and pleads with him in the name of his old friendship for her father. The old Bolshevik is like stone. "Why do you have to marry him?" he asks. "What's the use of a ceremony? I've been living with my wife for 40 years now. I call her my wife, I consider her my wife, but we've never been officially married, either."

New Delhi, January 1967: Svetlana,

visiting India, would like to remain there. The Indians, too, are frightened of her name. She is invited to a lavish banquet where Prime Minister Indira Gandhi also is a guest. There is no chance to approach the great lady politician. Svetlana watches her closely. When Madame Gandhi withdraws to a separate room to rest, Svetlana trails her. They talk for less than five minutes, fruitlessly. Svetlana returns to the party ashen-faced. Her friends are alarmed because she has threatened several times to throw herself into the Holy River, the Ganges.

Fribourg, Switzerland, March 1967: Louis Chiffelle, the Swiss police security official who is responsible for Svetlana's physical safety as a refugee, is much concerned. The word is not yet out that she has already written her autobiography and that the book has been spirited to America, so it is reasonable

to suspect that someone might wish to silence Svetlana. Yet she refuses to be guarded. She insists on walking around in the town. Chiffelle suggests that she wear sunglasses as a small gesture toward anonymity, but she oily wears them in the brightest sunlight. And when he proposes that she dye her auburn hair, she is immovable and says, "No, I would like to remain myself."

To be oneself. By revealing her determination, Svetlana unveiled the second stage set of her story. Svetlana knows that for her to be herself is not a simple matter. We pick up the trail in Cité Vaneau, a calm, block-long side street in a distinctly upper-class section on Paris' left bank. The apartment houses are venerable but immaculate, the rooms large and cool, the atmosphere elegant. It is not a neighborhood that would interest a James Bond. Yet it was here, at the (continued)



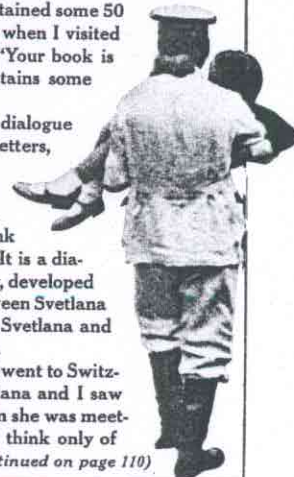
Stalin was an affectionate daddy, but he persecuted the men in Svetlana's life.

## SVETLANA--AS I KNOW HER

BY EMMANUEL d'ASTIER □ My back was turned toward the Kremlin walls as I crossed the big bridge over the Moskva River that day in 1962. On the left bank I found a group of sad-looking buildings that resembled our public housing in Paris. In these drab structures lived some of the old Bolsheviks, the aging dignitaries of the Soviet regime. I was writing a book about Joseph Stalin, head of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, Premier, generalissimo, dictator. Behind these labels there had to be a man. Now I was searching for his daughter, Svetlana Alliluyeva. I wanted her to help me judge her father as a person. I walked up four flights. She opened the door. We sat down. We talked with some embarrassment. I left her a copy of my previous book, *Les Grands* (*The Great Ones*), which contained some 50 pages about her father. Later when I visited Svetlana again, she told me: "Your book is cruel, but it is honest. It contains some errors. I will help you."

That is how it all began: the dialogue that lasted through many letters, cables and phone calls from me in Paris to her in Moscow; then in India; then in Switzerland; and now (next, but I think not last) in the United States. It is a dialogue which, I am proud to say, developed into a friendship, not only between Svetlana and myself but also between Svetlana and Louba, my Russian-born wife.

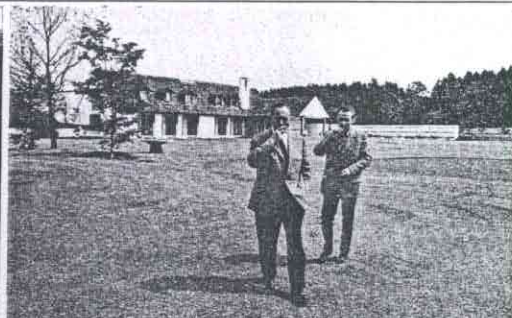
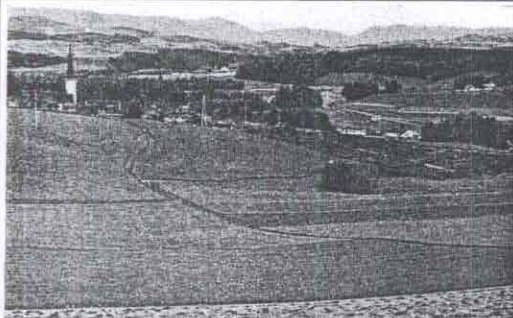
Indeed, when my wife and I went to Switzerland last March to see Svetlana and I saw Svetlana smile at Louba, whom she was meeting for the first time, I could think only of the great emotional pull (continued on page 110)



## SVETLANA'S FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE WESTERN WORLD

### ITS SERENITY

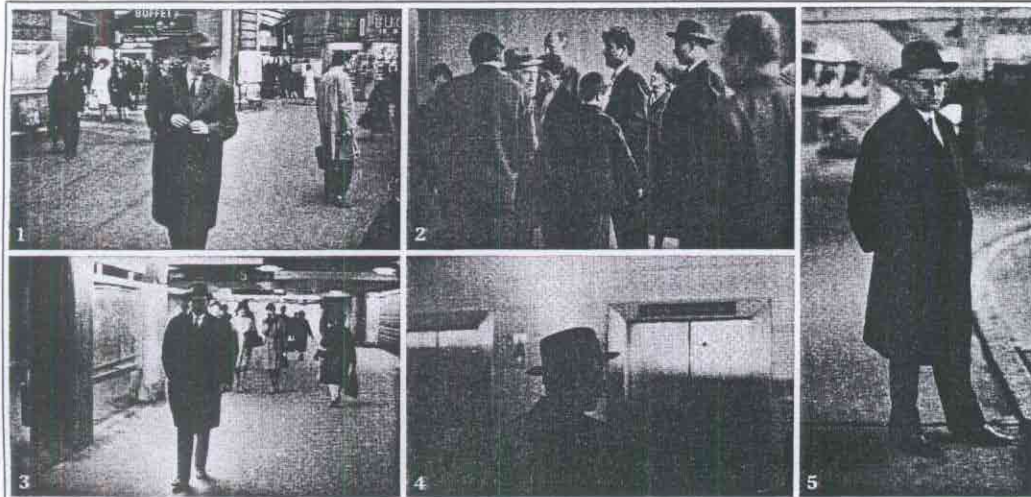
When Svetlana was identified at a resort on her third day in Switzerland, the police decided to hide her in the *Theresienstif*, a remote convent. She occupied one of the smallest rooms (below), yet when a larger one became available, she told Sister Florentina (right) that she preferred not to move. The man walking with Sister Florentina is Arnold Tinguely, a courtly Fribourg detective who accompanied Svetlana to many furtive meetings during her Swiss exile.



### ITS COMFORTS

When Svetlana's friend d'Astier visited her in Switzerland, their meeting took place in the luxurious country home of his Swiss relatives near Fribourg, close to the Gruyère alps (above left). Svetlana was startled by the swimming pool and putting green (above right) and the elegance of the interior with its many antiques and great works of art. A few of her hosts, like d'Astier's nephew Jean-Annet (above right and bottom left), knew who Svetlana was, but others, like Pierre Blancpain (above left and bottom right) did not discover her true identity until after she had arrived safely in New York.

Journal photographs by Bruno Barbey, Magnum



### ITS DANGERS

While Svetlana was in Switzerland, there was always the possibility that she might be harmed, and nobody knew this better than her chief host, the Swiss Government's Dr. Antonino Janner. To avoid being "tailed" to a rendezvous with her, he walked into Bern railroad station (1); lost himself in the crowd (2); veered off through a tunnel (3) to elevator (4) which took him to a parking garage (5) where the car waited for him.

fourth-floor apartment in Cité Vaneau No. 12, that the postman began last January to slip a series of electrifying letters under the entrance door.

The world would not find out until almost two months later, but the letters revealed an extraordinary occurrence: the only daughter of Joseph Stalin had decided to renounce the Soviet Union.

"Here I would like to stay forever," Svetlana cautiously wrote to her Paris contact from India on January 5. By January 11, her resolve had firmed. She wrote: "I cannot go back: impossible to turn back time." By February 11, the letters had a frantic tone: "My Indian friends have refused to help me: they are afraid of getting into trouble with the U.S.S.R. What to do?" Finally, there came a stark SOS: "Can you find somebody who can help me?"

These letters, made available exclusively to the *Journal*, were addressed to Baron Emmanuel d'Astier de la Vigerie, 67, maverick left-wing politician, publisher, Minister of Interior in General Charles de Gaulle's wartime cabinet, and the only person in the Western world whom Svetlana then knew and trusted. The messages became part of a delicate game of international hide-

and-seek that ultimately involved—quite personally—not only India's Indira Gandhi but also Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin, President de Gaulle and President Lyndon B. Johnson.

The high-level attention was understandable. After all, Svetlana's mere presence could entail many consequences. A propaganda victory. A diplomatic incident. A kidnapping. An assassination. At it happened, only the Soviet ambassador to New Delhi found himself demoted to the backwaters of Belgrade and the Indian foreign minister almost resigned over a parliamentary crisis triggered by Svetlana. And none of these developments measured up to the incongruity of Svetlana's eventual emergence as a smiling lady tourist. If Hitler had had a daughter, that lady's cheery arrival at Kennedy airport could hardly have been more improbable than Svetlana's triumphant entry into the United States.

So the inside story of the intrigue that buffeted Svetlana out of one country, through three more countries into a fifth—told here for the first time by the men who masterminded her escape—is not merely another account of another political defector, no matter how prom-

inent. It is the personal odyssey of a curiously naïve, yet canny, determined and infinitely complex woman. It is also a tribute to an oddly assorted group of men who banded together in a conspiracy of goodwill to find a safe resting place for her. Certainly there has never been a more high-powered underground railway.

Since her New York advisers chose to keep her hidden except for one brief, neatly staged press conference, it has been impossible for Americans to determine what Stalin's daughter is really like. Madame Alliluyeva, now 42, is entitled to day-to-day privacy; yet she is a public figure, and it would be unfair if Americans were to gain the impression that this stocky, auburn-haired visitor is part housewife, part sightseer and part amateur Tolstoi. The record is not nearly so bland, and this account attempts to set things straight.

Incomprehensible as it may seem to the Western mind, Svetlana's indifference toward money and material objects is entirely authentic. D'Astier, who collects rare books, found this out when he took Svetlana along to a shop some years ago in Moscow. He asked for the prices (continued on page 105)

**THE REAL SVETLANA STORY**

*continued from page 68*

of various precious volumes, and rejected most of them as too expensive. Svetlana was dismayed.

"If we like something, we just take it," she explained. "Later on, if it turns out we don't have enough money, we give it back."

D'Astier thought he understood. Yet when he met Svetlana in Switzerland last spring she startled him again by suggesting that she did not merely want to give profits of her autobiography to the hospital in her late husband's Indian village and to a school in Switzerland. After all, thanks to d'Astier's intercession with General de Gaulle, she had also been invited to come to France, and so, she said, she should "give something to France" as well.

D'Astier, an immensely practical man, whose friends call him "Manny," was so stunned that he never was able to respond. "I thought at first it was a joke," he said. But then he realized that her attitude merely reflected the same reaction she had had toward the gifts that he and Mrs. d'Astier had brought along for Svetlana from Paris: a magnificent scarf from Hermès, some Balenciaga perfumes and a suede jacket. She simply put the jacket on, delighted as a child. "She never said 'Thank you,'" d'Astier recalled. "To her, giving is like life itself. She never heard of Balenciaga."

The role of Very Important Personage eludes Svetlana. When a salesgirl identified her at the resort of Beatenberg after only three days in Switzerland, Louis Chiffelle, the tall, thin, bespectacled chief of the Fribourg security police, decided to put her up in the *Theresiansift*, a tiny convent in the remote village of St. Antoni, on a side road between Fribourg and Bern in north central Switzerland,

with a fine view of the Gruyère Mountains. Sister Florentina, who was in charge, was embarrassed. Her only vacant room was No. 7, one of the smallest, with a stone floor and only a tiny throw rug. Svetlana stayed in this room for more than three weeks. Shortly after her arrival a better room became available, but she refused to move.

"She always said, 'I'm satisfied and happy. Everything is fine,'" said Sister Florentina, still shaking her head weeks afterward.

After receiving a sizable advance payment from her publishers, Svetlana went shopping in Fribourg and Bern, usually

accompanied by one of Chiffelle's plainclothesmen, the courtly 57-year-old Arnold Tinguely. Much like a country cousin, she was impressed by the mass and variety of merchandise in the stores. But during several forays she purchased only a pullover, a skirt, a gray suit, a green blouse and a blue dress, always choosing quickly and usually after a single try-on.

Toward the end of her Swiss stay she became more conscious of Western fash-

ions, and even acquired a lipstick. But when applying it in public, an unthinkable breach of decorum in the puritanical Moscow of her generation, she did so only shyly behind a cupped hand. She also had a curious mannerism, when talking or laughing at times, of covering part of her face with her hands as if, d'Astier suggests, to shield herself against "the unhealthy dazzle of the new world."

And she never could bring herself to fuss about her hair, which had last been

done in India, and in a small village shop at that. When Svetlana learned that Tinguely's daughter Bernadette worked for a hairdresser, she asked the girl to shampoo and cut her hair, insisting that everything be "very simple"—no wave, no curlers, no tints.

During all of her stay in Switzerland Svetlana was preoccupied with thoughts of her children, Joseph, 22, a medical student, and Katia, 17. Their mother's defection had been a complete surprise to them. They never realized how disenchanted Svetlana had become with the Soviet regime. Dr. Janner recalled, "Again and again she said, 'What can I tell my children so they won't condemn me?'" Chief Chiffelle said: "She worried because she thought the children might think she was crazy. Moscow tried to create that impression."

At Dr. Janner's address, which she had given her children in a postcard, she received a letter from Joseph (another letter with a similar message would reach her in America). She must return, Joseph argued; her flight was senseless. Finally Svetlana phoned him in Dr. Janner's presence. During a conversation lasting almost 45 minutes, she struggled, but failed, to keep calm and to convince her son that her course was irrevocable. For days afterward she was distraught. Katia had been out when she phoned. Svetlana tried calling again. Nobody answered. She then called a friend who lived nearby. The friend ascertained that both children were home. Clearly the phone was disconnected. She never spoke to them again.

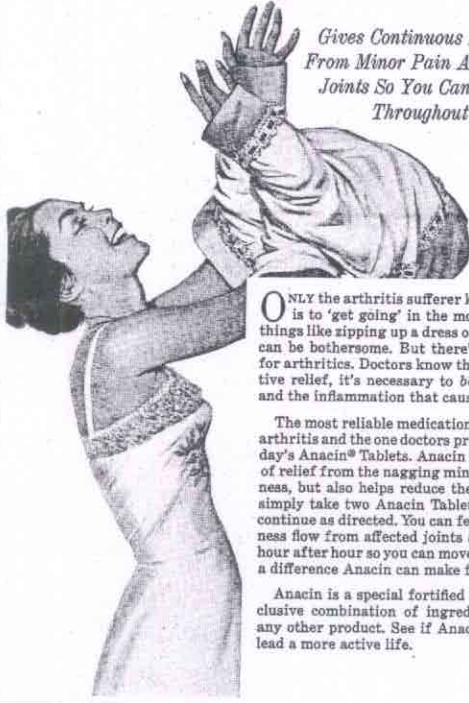
Some time later, during the Swiss visit of the d'Astiers, Svetlana and her friends went strolling through alpine woods on a particularly sparkling day. Wild flowers glittered everywhere. The sky was crackling blue, the air pure crystal. The ground was damp, and Svetlana wore a pair of borrowed rubber boots. They were much too big, and Svetlana laughed at herself as she flopped about in them. Yet everyone sensed that she was melancholic. "Svetlana, what are you dreaming about?" asked d'Astier. She replied: "I'm dreaming I walk on this green grass seeing everything with Katia, my daughter."

The Swiss authorities, meanwhile, were keenly concerned about Svetlana's safety. They were embarrassed when she countered every attempt to give her a bodyguard with a little smile and the words, "Is that really necessary?" Surprisingly, the Russian *(continued)*

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**SVETLANA STALIN** *continued*

authorities never contacted the Swiss officials. Nevertheless, kidnap or murder attempts—perhaps by a lunatic fringe group—were realistic possibilities.

Quite a few people were in the know. Sister Florentina at the *Theresienstift* recalled how startled she had been when she was first told about her new house guest ("I said to myself, *Ja, wie ist das möglich*—how is that possible?") Then, when Detective Tinguely heard that rumors about Svetlana's presence had been heard in the bank of a nearby village, Chief Chiffelle asked the Bishop of Fribourg to admit her for another three weeks to the big convent, *La Visitation de Sainte Marie*, right in downtown Fribourg.

"One could hardly leave the daughter of Stalin in such a place without getting his permission," the chief said.

At *La Visitation*, the bright-eyed, vivacious director, Sister Marie Marquerite, had to be told the truth, and at least two other sisters surmised what was up. Yet, after the initial disaster at Beatenberg, Svetlana was never again exposed while in Switzerland. Everyone who shared the secret was discreet. Everyone else was thrown off the track. When Detective Tinguely, for example, introduced Svetlana to his family (his wife runs a suburban inn, where Svetlana had her first experience with a pinball machine) he identified her as "an English lady from London." When Svetlana spoke of Russia during conversations in restaurants, her companions urged her to refer to her native country as "Ireland" or "Iceland." And when two of d'Astier's Swiss relatives, Pierre and Françoise Blancpain, welcomed Svetlana into their home, they were told that she was the sister of a "Monsieur Gourski," a Polish resistance hero.

Françoise remembers how she finally spotted Svetlana's picture in the paper the day Svetlana arrived in New York and how startled her husband, a wealthy brewer, had been when Françoise told him: "You know what? That was Svetlana Stalin who was here for tea last Tuesday!"

The Swiss police covered Svetlana's movements expertly. When she was escorted about her book and her future, she was driven in small, unmarked cars (usually Tinguely's personal Volkswagen) and then transferred at some prearranged rural landmark to another nondescript vehicle. Her chief host, the stocky, hawk-nosed Dr. Janner, 49, looks like a meek civil servant of his native canton of Ticino, but he was all too aware that anyone might find Svetlana simply by trailing him. For weeks, therefore, he avoided pinpointing his whereabouts by taking such precautions as never answering phone calls himself (at home he let his wife answer instead). "And then I also had my James Bond methods," he said with a smile.

At the time, it was no joke. Dr. Janner will not disclose all his methods for going—untraced—from his office in the gloomy, block-long *Bundeshaus*, the seat of the Swiss Government in downtown Bern, to a rendezvous with Svetlana. Several times, however, he did it by hurrying through some of the city's busiest shopping streets to the main railroad station, only three minutes away; then ducking into the station's crowds in such a way that a "tall" might think he was catching a train; veering

off, instead, into a long subterranean tunnel to a bank of four tiny, fast elevators that lead to a modern four-story parking garage; and finally popping into an elevator to one of the parking floors, where a government car would be waiting in a dark, deserted spot—and where no "tall" would find the taxi he would need to follow the fast-moving diplomat.

The Swiss, then, were a sturdy link in the chain of Svetlana's protectors. However, the Americans also performed with notable smoothness, beginning right at 7 P.M. last March 8 when a taxi deposited her in front of the super-modern American embassy at New Delhi and she walked up its glittering white marble steps carrying two small suitcases.

The offices were closed for the day. A Marine stood guard. "I am Svetlana Alliluyeva, the daughter of Stalin," she said in her excellent English, and requested asylum. Some Marines might have been tempted to reply, "Yeah, and I'm Napoleon." This Marine merely telephoned the consular officer, George Owen Husy, who talked with her, examined her passport, recognized her name and called in Ambassador Chester Bowles.

The next hours were frantic. Dis-



Bernadette, Detective Tinguely's daughter, gave Svetlana a haircut.

traught but in control, Svetlana was interviewed by Bowles and other officials. They were satisfied as to her identity, but worried that the Russians might accuse the U.S. of kidnapping Svetlana or provoking her defection. By 9 P.M. Bowles had decided to send Svetlana to Rome under CIA escort. She would leave at 1:40 A.M. on BOAC-Qantas Flight 751 unless Washington chose to countermand the decision.

Bowles's first coded message about Svetlana reached Foy D. Kohler, Deputy Under Secretary for Political Affairs in the State Department, at 10:30 A.M. Washington time. A former U.S. ambassador to Moscow, Kohler later admitted he was "astounded." He hurried to Secretary of State Dean Rusk's office. Svetlana's plans would leave India in four hours. A series of emergency conferences ensued, during which Svetlana was referred to only as "the lady." A stream of query messages went off to Bowles. Was this woman really mentally balanced? Even if she was, had she made a rash move that she would later regret and recant? Would the Soviets accuse America of having subverted her?

In New Delhi, Bowles and his asso-

ciates continued to gain faith in Svetlana. At her suggestion, she composed a 2,000-word autobiography, which was promptly encoded and placed on President Johnson's desk within 24 hours. A State Department official later described it as "a very human, rather moving document." She made it clear that she was no ordinary political malcontent. She proclaimed her love for Russia, but also her firm resolve to live where the power of intellect would be respected and freely exercised.

The details still are unclear, but Svetlana probably disclosed to Bowles immediately that she carried with her the little volume that left no doubt about her sympathies—and that would also make her rich. (It was her late husband, the Indian Communist Brijesh Singh, who had suggested to Svetlana in 1963 that she write her memoirs. By the fall of 1964 she had completed them, filling 150 pages with her round, somewhat childlike handwriting. First the couple hid the manuscript in their Moscow apartment. Then they asked an Indian friend, T. N. Kaul, to smuggle it out to India on his next trip home. Svetlana had retrieved it from Kaul when she had herself come to India last year, although he gave it up only with the utmost reluctance.)

But why had Svetlana chosen the American embassy as her refuge? Baron d'Astier, who is bitterly anti-American, explains it this way: "She knew America is strong, rich, efficient. And she knew her memoirs could be published there quickly. She was impatient to get on with her destiny, which she conceives to lie in India. But she also wanted to experience the great world first. Only once had she ever been permitted to venture outside Russia—for a short visit to East Berlin."

To her Swiss acquaintances, Svetlana's feelings about America seemed reserved. "She expressed interest," said Security Chief Chiffelle, "but she was afraid of the big cities. Even Bern seemed too large to her." Dr. Janner confirmed this: "I don't want a big city; she often said, 'I don't want a lot of people. I want and need my peace.' But America was a known entity to her from her studies. She wanted to go there from the beginning. The only question was whether the U.S. would take her."

Even while her fate hung in the balance during that frantic night in the New Delhi embassy, Svetlana realized that this was the central issue. She told American officials there that she realized her motives might be "misunderstood" if she came to the U.S., and proposed that she go someplace else first, perhaps Switzerland. The Americans were delighted. No veto message came from Washington. After a harrowing two-hour wait for her delayed plane at Delhi's Palam airport, terrified lest Soviet officials might still trace her at the last minute, she and CIA man Robert Rayle took off for Rome and, subsequently, Geneva.

Copies of her book were made in Rome, rushed to Washington, read there in the original Russian and instantly recognized as possessing literary merit. By now the U.S. Government as well as the Soviets had decided how to handle Svetlana without increasing tensions between the two nations too severely. President Johnson had decided to let Secretary Rusk handle the case as the routine move of a private citizen. The Russians decided to handle (continued)

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- NORTH CAROLINA: Charlotte Key's
- NORTH CAROLINA: Durham Thriftlines
- NORTH CAROLINA: Greensboro Thriftlines
- NORTH CAROLINA: Winston-Salem Thriftlines
- OHIO: Cincinnati Mabray & Carow
- OHIO: Cleveland Sterling-Lindber
- OHIO: Toledo The Lion Store/Lion Westport
- OKLAHOMA: Muskogee Calhoun's Department Store
- OREGON: Portland Lippman's
- PENNSYLVANIA: Allentown Zolinger-Horned Co.
- PENNSYLVANIA: Erie Trunk, Pressel & Richardson
- PENNSYLVANIA: Philadelphia Seward's & Co. Inc.
- PENNSYLVANIA: Pittsburgh Gimbel's
- PENNSYLVANIA: Scranton Scranton Div.
- RHODE ISLAND: Providence Gladding's Inc.
- TENNESSEE: Nashville Carnar-Knox
- TENNESSEE: Memphis B. Lawson & Bro., Inc.
- TEXAS: Amarillo White & Kirk Department Store
- TEXAS: El Paso White House Department Store
- TEXAS: Fort Worth R. E. Cox & Co.
- TEXAS: Houston Jule's of Houston
- TEXAS: Lubbock Dunlap's Department Store
- TEXAS: Waco R. E. Cox & Co.
- TEXAS: Wichita Falls Fedway Department Store
- UTAH: Salt Lake City Auerbach's
- VIRGINIA: Norfolk Rice's
- WASHINGTON: Seattle The Box Marche
- WEST VIRGINIA: Charleston A. W. Cox Store/Cox's & Richardson
- WEST VIRGINIA: Huntington Anderson Newcomb
- WEST VIRGINIA: Wheeling L. S. Good & Co.

her the same way. When Deputy Under Secretary Kohler called Soviet Ambassador Anatoly F. Dobrynin to his State Department office and told him "the full story," Dobrynin was obviously fascinated, but confined himself to remarking that he was glad Svetlana was not his problem. Most significantly, he did not say that the U.S. had put her up to her deflection.

The next move was up to Kohler and Malcolm Toon, the "country director" for the Soviet Union in the State Department. If Svetlana were to come to the U.S., she would have to arrive as a private citizen. She would require money, advice on marketing her book and on coping with the inevitable rush of public attention. Clearly, Kohler and Toon needed a civilian intermediary in whom Svetlana would have confidence and who could also give a closer appraisal of her book. They decided to call George Kennan, a retired ambassador to Moscow, who lives in Princeton. Kennan quickly read the book and then agreed to meet Svetlana in Switzerland.

The meetings took place over a three-day period in a private villa. They were extraordinary encounters. Svetlana had never heard of Kennan, but she warmed to him rapidly. His task was three-fold. He had to convince himself that she really wanted to go to the U.S. He had to brief her candidly on the life she would face in the U.S. ("Do you know what it means to live in the free world?" he asked early during their talks. "There will be a lot of problems!"). Finally, he had to open the way for her to meet his Princeton neighbor, General Edward Greenbaum, the attorney who would handle her business affairs. In all, the Svetlana-Kennan sessions amounted to a crash course in Capitalist Society.

How did Svetlana respond? Dr. Janer, who was present much of the time, is cagey. "You know the Slavs," he said. "They have an incredible capacity for enjoyment and for suffering hardships, too. She has the same fabulous self-discipline—the capacity to suffer and suffer. It was obvious that she didn't want to go back (to Russia). And whatever was going to be unpleasant she was quite willing to take. At least overtly she played the role of being very pleased. Maybe she overplayed it. I don't want to draw any conclusions about what might have been going on below the surface."

The ability to veil her feelings was acquired by Svetlana during a life filled with shattering losses and emotional frustration. The scene of her earliest anguish, at the age of seven, was the Kremlin on the morning of November 9, 1932. A sobbing nurse, Alexandra Andreevna, awoke her to tell her that her mother had died of appendicitis during the night. Stalin, seeming more angry than sorrowful, allowed the child and her older brother, Vasily, a brief glimpse of the body before the coffin was closed—too brief for them to notice the bullet wound.

Not until she was 17, perusing an American magazine, such as only high government officials were privileged to read, did Svetlana gather that the beautiful Nadia Alliluyeva died from no natural cause. Whether Stalin killed her, as some Russians whispered, or whether she committed suicide, as Stalin declared, the magazine did not discuss. Her death followed a banquet given by Marshal Voroshilov. Nadia, who once

served Lenin as a secretary, had long since grown disillusioned with the Bolsheviks, and in a sudden excess of revulsion rose from the table and denounced their savageries. Stalin, maniacal with rage, hurled obscenities at her. She walked out, returning alone to the Kremlin. When Stalin got there much later, she was—or so he always maintained—already dead. Svetlana, at any rate, believed he spoke the truth. Two years before his own death, on one of the rare occasions when he ever mentioned Nadia, he asked Svetlana what she thought drove her mother to suicide. She did not tell him what she thought: his own brutality.

Svetlana abominated violence, and her feelings for her father fluctuated between horror and her instinctive filial affection.

To Svetlana, at least through her adolescence, he was a loving father. A family picture album, which she let d'Astier copy, shows Stalin carrying her in his arms during a country outing. In another photograph, he caresses Svetlana, age nine, who wears a sailor suit, as they cruise the Black Sea. In letters d'Astier also copied, sent to her when affairs of state kept Stalin too busy to see her, he variously wrote:

"To Svetlana, the boss. You've certainly forgotten your old daddy. And that's why you don't write to him. How is your health? Not ill? Write me how you spend your time . . . I was waiting for orders really soon. But no orders at all. That's not nice. It makes you old daddy unhappy. That's all. I kiss you. I await your letter. Papa."

"Little Sparrow. Hello! A big hello to Svetlana, the big boss of her small secretary, that is, of Comrade Stalin. Comrade Boss! We have received your letter and talked about it, all of us, with the greatest satisfaction. We thank you for this letter which helped us to better understand the complications of international and domestic problems. Write us more often, Comrade Boss, please . . . I feel lonely because my boss is not with me. I kiss you a lot, my little sparrow, my joy . . ."

"Good morning, Setanochka. I have received your letters. I see you have not yet forgotten your daddy. That is good. I am well, but I am lonesome without you. I have received no orders from you and I am bored without them, your little old secretary. I am sending you postcards, have a look at them. Maybe you will enjoy them . . . I kiss you, my beloved little lady . . ."

"To my little lady, Setanka—greetings! . . . How are you spending your time? How is your English? Are you feeling well? I am well and happy as always. It is lonesome without you, but what can one do—I have to bear it. I kiss you warmly, warmly—your daddy, Stalin!"

But by order of her "little old secretary" most of the people Svetlana held dear were executed or imprisoned, some because they offended Stalin personally, others because of the political purges that decimated the Bolshevik ranks for a decade. The victims included her Aunt Anna, her mother's sister, deported for writing a book objectionable to Stalin; Anna's husband, Redens, a veteran party member, killed in prison; her brother Pavel, whose gentleness of spirit Svetlana never forgot, dead as a result of prison hardships; another uncle driven to suicide. The Svanidzes, the family of Stalin's first wife, Katerina,

failed no better. Katerina's brother Alexander, his wife and son were all deported. Only the son survived. Stalin's secret police murdered his sister Mariko along with Svetlana's beloved godfather, Avel Ordonikidze, Secretary of the Central Committee. With the sole exception of Svetlana's old nurse, Alexandra, Stalin replaced the household servants of her girlhood with N.K.V.D. agents.

At 17, Svetlana fell in love with a man some 20 years older, Alexis Kapler, a brilliant film writer who won the Lenin Medal for his *Lenin in October*. He was a Jew—another thorn to Stalin. The N.K.V.D. tapped Svetlana's telephone, reported every conversation with Kapler to Stalin. A few months later he was arrested on a trumped-up charge of spying for the British and deported to Siberia.

Svetlana attended the University of Moscow, majoring in English, which she later taught there, and she became engaged to a law student, Grigory Morozov (today a university professor of law). He, too, was Jewish and when she told her father she intended to marry him, he slapped her face, then cried, "Look what you've done to me—made me behave like a beast." This time he decided not to break up the relationship

however, that drew Svetlana to him, but rather her need for warmth and protection. That marriage, too, ended in divorce, after she bore a daughter, Katia. Zhdanov today heads the University of Rostov.

Svetlana saw her father for the last time in 1953. D'Astier recounts the circumstances in his biography of Stalin. "Sunday, March 2, Svetlana wanted to speak to him [Stalin]. She couldn't get through. A guard's voice always intervened. Next morning a secretary came to fetch her. Her father had been found unconscious on the floor of his retreat at Kountsevo. In the garden Svetlana is greeted by Bulganin, Malenkov and Khrushchev, who is in tears. They led her to the bedside. He can't speak, but his gaze is alive. He lies on a sofa in the main room where, on the walls, there are photographs clipped from newspapers. . . . She will never again be alone with him: there are too many people, doctors, servants, presidents who go to and from the Kremlin, where parleys are being held. There are no statesmen, doctors, servants, but tormented men who wait with eyes closed for the last breath, and a daughter who doesn't know what she should mourn and what she should hate. After the last breath, the room empties. Svetlana lingers late into the night until the body is removed. . . ."

In the ensuing eruption of anti-Stalinism, many of Svetlana's former associates shunned her. She subsisted, lonely and bewildered, on a small government pension and her salary as a university teacher of English. She was moved to tears when a young poet at the university showed his sympathy, one day after class, by helping her into her coat. Among Stalin's prisoners, whom Khrushchev amnestied, was Alexis Kapler. During his 12 years in Siberian exile he had married, but when he met Svetlana again, there was a brief reawakening of their romance. He chose, however, not to abandon his wife, and once more Svetlana found herself alone.

She had grown to believe that "it was impossible to exist without God in one's heart," and in 1962 a priest of the Russian Orthodox Church baptized her.

The following year Svetlana had her tonsils removed at Moscow's Municipal Hospital. There she frequently visited a friend who was also convalescing, and one day they fell to discussing politics. "It must be admitted," Svetlana remarked, "that Stalin committed great errors." At this the patient occupying the neighboring bed interjected, "Errors or not, Stalin founded the Soviet nation, and therefore you should not speak disrespectfully of him."

Svetlana rejoined, with a smile, "What would you say if I told you I am Stalin's daughter?"

"I would gladly extend my veneration for that great statesman to his daughter."

The admirer of Stalin was Brijesh Singh, a handsome, urbane man of 57, suffering from tuberculosis. Party comrades had arranged for his treatment by some of the city's top physicians, and they had also found him a job translating Communist literature into Hindi. Captivated, Svetlana returned to the hospital daily, and for hours Brijesh would poetically expound Indian culture and mythology, the sensuous joys of the Hindu deities, the rebirth of man after death to an eternity of spiritual bliss. He had such reverence for all forms of life that if he spotted a fly in the room he would open a window to (*continued*)



Security Chief Louis Chiffelle worried about Svetlana's safety.

while Morozov's love for Svetlana was still young and strong. But when they married, he refused to see or speak to her. She nevertheless named her first child Joseph. Under the pressures that Stalin continually exerted, the marriage began to crumble after three years. Finally, he instructed his son Vasily to obtain Morozov's signature to a statement of renunciation. The husband yielded. An hour later a car arrived from the Kremlin to transport his belongings. He never even bid Svetlana good-bye.

There followed a reconciliation with her father. But the old intimacy was lacking. They seldom met anymore.

In 1949 Svetlana married again. Abhorring violence as she did, her choice seems, at first blush, peculiar, for her husband, Yuri Zhdanov, was the son of a notoriously brutal member of the Central Committee. But, as d'Astier learned, Russian society has no Capulets and Montagus. The sins of the father are not visited on the son. The grandson of the great Russian writer, Maxim Gorky, for example, married the daughter of Lavrenti Beria, even though Beria had murdered his father. Yuri proved to be a mild, kind man. It was not really love,



let it escape. Part of the old-fashioned Russian treatment for tuberculosis consists of applying leeches to the patient's body. When the nurses then proceeded, according to custom, to destroy the leeches by immersing them in salt water, Brijesh would not tolerate it.

Despite the difference of 20 years in their ages, the ailing Hindu aroused in Svetlana a passion more intense than she had felt for any other man. "Brijesh," she told a friend, "has brought color into my drab, gray life." While still in the hospital, Brijesh requested a marriage license. The Soviet Government generally frowns upon marriages to foreigners, and the request was denied. So, upon his discharge from the hospital, Brijesh and Svetlana took up life together in her apartment.

Svetlana had not yet met Brijesh when, in 1962, d'Astier revisited Moscow as one of the architects of the extreme left-wing Peace Movement. Its symbol was Picasso's Dove of Peace, its chief aims, the promotion of coexistence between East and West and nuclear disarmament. But on this trip d'Astier had a secondary object. Having written a short biographical sketch of Stalin in a book called *Les Grands*, he proposed to expand it into a full-length portrait, and he hoped, if he could find Svetlana, that she might furnish additional data. In the literary and political circles to which he had entrée, he discreetly sought her address. But Stalin's daughter was still a figure about whom people considered it unwise to give information, even to a partisan of Russia as ardent as d'Astier. Finally, after several days, he ran into an old friend at a party who dared reveal the place. It lay near the Kremlin, about a mile from d'Astier's hotel, the Moskva, and was known as "The House of Old Bolsheviks," for there the government lodged retired party faithfuls. Like practically all foreigners in Moscow, d'Astier had been assigned a

chauffeur-driven car and a bilingual "guide," whose main duty was to keep track of his movements. In his case, two people, a man and a girl, alternated as guides. He managed to evade their vigilance, however, and, tucking a copy of *Les Grands* under his arm, he set out for Svetlana's apartment on foot. "I am expert at knowing when I'm being followed," says the former underground fighter. "Nobody followed me." He passed the Kremlin, crossed the Kameny Bridge spanning the Moskva River, and on the other side came to a group of big, gray, stucco buildings, clustered around a dull, spotty patch of grass. For a while he sat on a bench, scanning the buildings, alert for any sign of an observer.

Detecting none, he finally slipped through the entrance indicated by his informant, climbed four flights of cement stairs, rang a doorbell. The violet-eyed woman who opened the door wore a bathrobe.

"Svetlana Alliluyeva?" She nodded. "I am Emmanuel d'Astier," he said, confident that the name was familiar to her, since the Soviet press occasionally re-

ported his activities. But he spoke French, which she didn't understand. She stared a moment in silence. He went on in English, the only language, he discovered, that they both spoke fluently. "I have written a few things here (showing her the book). Some are harsh, but some, I think, are understanding."

"I can't receive you like this," Svetlana said, and, motioning him into a sizeable living room, she withdrew to change.

As he waited, he noted a smaller adjoining room, full of books. Beyond that, he learned later, was a kitchen, a bathroom and a bedroom occupied by Svetlana's son, Joseph, then 16. Katia, age 10, shared her mother's bedroom. No paintings relieved the whiteness of the living-room walls, and nowhere did d'Astier see any reminder of Stalin. Russians love a profusion of bric-a-brac, but Svetlana's apartment was uncluttered. The approved Bolshevik design of furniture totally rejects earlier styles without embodying any style of its own. Everything is severely utilitarian, straight-lined, department-store modern. But Svetlana had somehow found tasteful pieces. The color scheme of her curtains

and carpet was pale, subdued, restful and, above all, feminine.

She reappeared in 10 minutes without makeup or adornment, her short hair immaculately groomed, wearing a dress of the simplest, soberest, yet fetching color and cut. Her smile exposed teeth as white and even as a string of matched pearls. They faced each other across a small table. d'Astier recalls: "She has the calm of a deep, still lake. She is not beautiful, but it is impossible to spend a few minutes with her without being enchanted. She exudes a natural aroma of womanliness. She strongly attracts men. Her gaze is steady: a doe questioning nature that lies beyond the hunter, the trap and the gun of which she is unaware. Her life, her solitude has taught her to weigh matters. Her words are sparing, controlled and decisive. She doesn't reveal all of her thought, but what she does say has the ring of truth. She is tender. As she talks, she touches your arm, takes your hand."

Mme. d'Astier, who met Svetlana five years later, adds, "She has no gift small talk. She knows how to listen. Unlike the typical Russian, she is not outwardly emotional. She speaks matter-of-factly of her mother's terrible death, although it haunts her. She is without vanity. She is quick to laughter and her eyes laugh, too. But at the same time one senses a profound, underlying sadness."

As their first encounter ended, Svetlana told d'Astier, "I want to read your book. I can read French, even though I can't speak it. Please come back tomorrow."

When he tried to leave the Hotel Moskva alone next day, his male guide, whom he found offensive, demanded to accompany him in the car. d'Astier refused to budge unless allowed to proceed by himself. "But at least tell me where so I can instruct the driver," said the guide. "Only as far as the bridge," d'Astier told him, and the driver dropped him there. d'Astier liked his girl guide, and when she stepped into (continued)



"Eat as much of anything you like—just don't swallow."

## SVETLANA—AS I KNOW HER

*continued from page 61*

exercised by what is still called Mother Russia, a term that exists quite aside from the concepts of capitalism and communism. The women embraced. Instantly they were like old friends. And I believe that I, too, have come to know Svetlana very well myself.

My brief reunion with her in Switzerland had been arranged by my Swiss relatives and the Swiss Government. I must be candid: I went there not only to greet my friend once again but also to persuade her not to go to the United States. I was afraid for her. I feared that in America she would face political exploitation and too much publicity. I suggested that she come to Paris. But it was too late. Decisions had been made. Contracts had been signed. Svetlana was definitely leaving for New York.

Why did she go to America? I am convinced that it was not because of any real personal preference. It was simply because America is the most powerful nation in the world; the only country that is capable of two formidable acts: playing God and displacing the Soviet Union.

Naturally, I regretted her decision when she told me about it, and I still regret it today. I think that the name of Stalin will be as heavy to bear in New

York as it was in Moscow; that she is, in fact, merely leaving one cage for another. I know Svetlana: she is truly not interested in money or notoriety. She told me that her money would go to the school and the hospital in her late husband's Indian village. As for the publicity, I think that she really just wants to go back to India and live quietly.

The truth is that Svetlana likes everything to be without artifice. At the same time, artifice does amuse her. It may even be attractive to her to a certain degree. It was quite clear to me during our last encounter in Switzerland that she is, in a way, childlike, and certainly still ignorant of the Western way of life as she now confronts it in America.

I am very much afraid, for instance, that Svetlana's memoirs will be exploited by anti-Communists and by the scandalous sensationalism of a certain segment of the Western press. Liberty is, after all, not just a word to be shouted into the world's face. It is a condition, a way of living, and it is hardly consistent with the war in Vietnam, with racial segregation, excessive materialism, or world domination. Now I fear that Svetlana will become identified with these things. It is sad. I wish that Svetlana would be left alone to live with her children and to pursue her private destiny.

What is her true destiny? I think it is

to travel wherever she likes and to rediscover her dreams on the banks of the Ganges River.

Yet when Svetlana and I talked in Switzerland, I felt that there were only four forces present in the room: God, Stalin, the Soviet Union and the United States. The names of God and Stalin were not spoken aloud. I knew that she had found one and buried the other. How does she really feel about her father? I think that her sentiments are clearly divided between devotion and horror; devotion for the father, horror for the tyrant.

As we talked, I kept thinking of how Svetlana had written me from her late husband's village in India last year that each morning a bluebird had come to her window. As was the custom in the village, she called it her bluebird of good fortune. Now, as I try to answer the question "What does Svetlana really want?" I believe that she, too, is a bluebird beating her wings against a closed window. The bluebird wants to get through that window to make her nest. Svetlana wants to see the world. She is eager to know all places, all men. She also has the nature of all writers: she wants to confide her experiences.

She knows that her books will make a lot of noise, and she finds this somewhat surprising. She is, perhaps, a bit naive in this respect, too. All she wants is to

confront the truth and to tell it all. For the rest, she values her husband's memory and wants to live in his country, which she venerates above all others. And she badly wants succor from sorrow. She wants so much to be reunited with her children. They are on the other side. They may fail to understand her, and, of course, she is anguished about this.

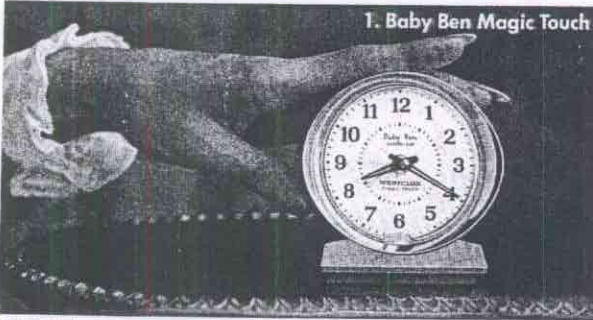
So today Svetlana flees history and searches for a life of her own. One cannot help but love her and to fear for her. Behind her is her past in the Kremlin and in her apartment on the left bank of the Moskva, where we first met. Behind her, too, is India, where she found herself, and which she is now fleeing, yet, at the same time, trying to retain as her own. She does not belong to either the United States or the Soviet Union. She hates politics. She wants only to be herself. And she wants quietude.

Will we see her again? How long will the press, the photographers and America keep her from her peace? Even now she is torn between the generosity of the intellectuals and the greed of the business men. Even now she is asking herself whether she has really made the right decision. She is waiting. She will go on waiting, just as bluebirds go on singing. She has no home, no country. She will belong to those who will give her peace with herself. **END**



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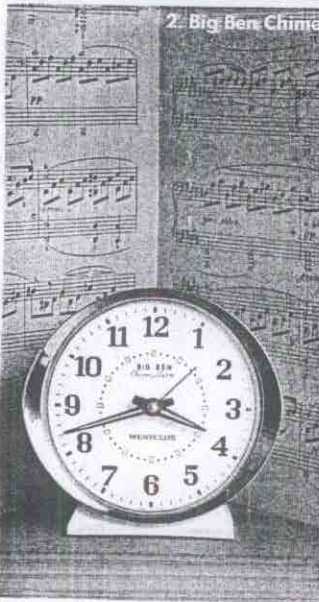
1. Baby Ben Magic Touch

There is nobody more famous for keeping time than our Big Ben! So Westclox has designed some more clocks closely related to him. With the same quiet tick. The same famous dependability.

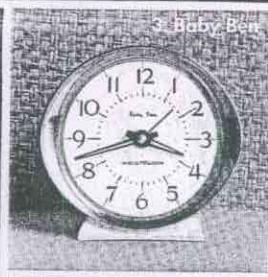
But Big Ben isn't all there is to Westclox. Westclox makes more clocks than any other clock manufacturer in the world. Kitchen Clocks. Bedroom Clocks. Alarm Clocks. Electric Clocks. No-Cord Decorator Clocks. More than 270 different clocks.

Westclox started it all with Big Ben. And ever since, nobody's kept time like Westclox.

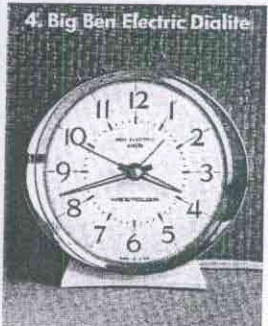
- 1. Baby Ben Magic Touch, just a touch on top to shut off alarm, or light the dial, \$9.98\*;
- 2. Big Ben Chime, a musically inclined clock, \$9.98\*;
- 3. Baby Ben, one of the compacts, \$7.98\* and \$8.98\*;
- 4. Big Ben Electric Dialite, it never needs winding, \$8.98\*.



2. Big Ben Chime



3. Baby Ben



4. Big Ben Electric Dialite

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### SVETLANA STALIN *continued*

the car the third day, he did not object. As they parted at the bridge, she said, "I know where you're going. I'm one of her students. Give her my regards. We love her."

So great was Svetlana's confidence in him that she not only disclosed the writing of her own memoirs but also offered to make him her literary agent. With extraordinary

self-denial, considering the profits he stood to gain, he replied, "No, it's not my profession."

After he returned to Paris to begin work on his biography, they corresponded. Though her letters reached him by airmail, apparently unopened by the Soviet censors, she received his letters only when he entrusted them to some friend traveling to Moscow. But, oddly enough, they had no

trouble telephoning each other, and in this way she would clarify points as the biography progressed. D'Astier's Russian wife, Louba, was touched by the image he painted of Svetlana, while Svetlana felt a spiritual kinship with Louba through what he had told her about his wife. Talking to Svetlana one day when the connection was poor, he asked Louba to carry on in Russian. So began a friendship that ripened through

later telephone conversations and letters. It was an ironic one, for Louba's father, Leonid Krassin, Soviet Ambassador to England, then to France, had deplored Stalin's excesses to such a degree that when he died of a coronary in 1927, the rumor spread that Stalin had had him poisoned. Yet the devotion of the two daughters to each other ran as deep as their fathers' enmity.

During the fall of 1966 Brijesh's tuberculous condition grew worse. His doctors ascribed it to the Russian climate, and agreed he should return to his native India. But the government denied him a travel permit. Nor would they grant Svetlana's request to import certain Western drugs unavailable in Russia. Brijesh died on October 31. Ever after Svetlana carried in her pocketbook a photograph she had taken of him in his last hours. After cremation and a ceremony lasting but a few minutes, she was handed the plastic bag enclosing his ashes. Only by appealing directly to Premier Kosygin himself did she get an exit visa for India.

Waiting at the New Delhi airport's arrival gate was Soviet Ambassador Ivan Benediktov and members of his staff. But theirs was no warm reception. The ambassador immediately confiscated Svetlana's passport, visa and plane ticket and informed her that she must spend the four weeks as a virtual captive in the embassy guest house. He showed a personal antipathy, moreover, which would harden her determination to renounce Russia. When, for example, he noted that, following a traditional Hindu practice, she ate no meat, he derided her and the Hindus in brutal language.

Later the Soviets relented and let her visit her husband's village, Kalakankar. She soon grew to love it—and India. In her letter of January 5 to d'Astier she confided: "I would like to stay forever." She hoped to tarry at least until the following October 31, when the village would observe the anniversary of Brijesh's death. She appealed to Ambassador Benediktov. Grudgingly, he extended her visa by one week. She deliberately missed the Aeroflot flight back to Moscow.

Then, in a final effort to prolong her sojourn, Svetlana badgered Benediktov into telephoning Premier Kosygin. She also wrote to him herself. His answer was a firm *no*. She must board the Aeroflot jet of March 7. On the 5th her Kalakankar host—her late husband's nephew, Raja Dinesh Singh—accompanied her by plane to New Delhi. She spent the night in the raja's town house. Next morning two secretaries arrived from the Soviet Embassy to return her to its

guest house. She told the ambassador she would confirm her flight during the afternoon and buy her children some souvenirs. Toward the evening of the 6th, when she showed him her ticket, announcing, "I am now ready to go," he handed back her passport. She then packed her suitcases and, with the souvenirs conspicuously perched on top, left them in the hall outside her room for all to see.

By a stroke of luck the entire embassy personnel was in a flurry of preparations for the visit of Marshal Zakharov, Chief of Staff of the Soviet Armed Forces.

Consequently, nobody noticed when Svetlana slipped out of her room, mingled briefly with the welcoming committee, ambled into the garden, through the gates and to the taxi that took her to the U.S. Embassy.

"A stage with many sets," Dr. Janner had called her. "A non-person." Again and again there was evidence how right he was.

"I'm old-fashioned," she kept insisting to her Swiss protectors. Yet when she took the wheel of Detective Tinguely's Volkswagen to negotiate the spiraling Swiss roads with total assurance, it turned out that she had learned to handle cars in Russia at the age of 15, a precocious time even for the favorite daughter of a dictator.

"She has a fantastic ability to adapt," said Dr. Janner. "It's amazing how she was at ease in our capitalist society. It was almost as if she'd been here before."

And yet she wrote to the d'Astiers in Paris: "I am still very uncertain. . . . I am like a straw in the wind." And: "I am on another planet. How strange destiny is." And then another time: "How interesting it is to see the world. Perhaps it is hard for you to understand me. . . . I have absolutely no sense of frontiers, of states, of nationalities, although I am the object of their rules and I suffer from them. I see the whole earth as mine, all people as mine. . . ."

Her first confrontation with true capitalist society ended on a note of tragedy. It was toward the end of her stay in Switzerland. D'Astier, who had been out of touch with Svetlana since she left New Delhi, called his niece, Gertrude Blancpain, whose husband, Claude, a strait-laced colonel in the Swiss Army Reserve, is co-owner of the large and thriving

Cardinal brewery in, of all places, Fribourg.

The Blancpains lived in the country at Nonan-sur-Matrand, and their two-year-old villa, the *Maison Neuse*, was an eye-opener for Svetlana. The lawns were like carpets. The swimming pool was huge, the putting green immaculately manicured. Within, there were such objects as a Chagall tapestry. A Bernard Buffet painting was relegated to the corridor leading to the garage. Here, Bertrands, with the help of her husband and Chiffelle and Dr. Janner, arranged for the d'Astiers to meet their old friend.

The reunion began joyously, with the Russian-born Mrs. d'Astier embracing Svetlana and the two women chattering away in Russian. Then, in the elegant salon amid the precious antiques, tension rose. "She was not relaxed," Claude remembered later. "And she was in a fight with my uncle. It was a 'nice' fight, but it was a fight"—all about d'Astier's contention that she should come to France. Claude himself was curious about her decision to go to America.

"Why do you want to go?" he asked. "Because it's my destiny," Svetlana said. "I'm going to be very interested to see what it's like, but I'm also quite frightened."

Claude threw up his hands at the word "destiny." He attributed her fatalism to her feeling for her late husband and his ways. "Indians are very mystic," he said. "She lets herself be led by this mysticism."

Then, the very day after Svetlana landed in New York, the Blancpains were in a dreadful automobile crash. Gertrude was killed. Claude was still hospitalized more than a month later. Svetlana cabled d'Astier in obvious shock but squally obvious acceptance of, again, destiny. Her cable concluded with the words: "Life is pitiless."

Whether or not Svetlana eventually decides to like America, of one thing everybody who met her during her long journey, from the Singhs in Kalakankar to the Blancpains in Nonan-sur-Matrand, seems sure. She is not likely to stay. Ultimately, they feel, she will return to India, unless, of course, she finds a new romantic interest to keep her in the United States.

"The story hasn't ended," said Dr. Janner. "It's only begun." **END**

## JUDY GARLAND

continued from page 65

can't see you," he said. "You're through."

I was stunned. "Would you please repeat that slowly?" I asked.

He did. I had signed a contract. I was doing a good job. But I was still o-u-t. Before long the nasty rumors began to drift around again: "Judy Garland blew another big chance."

Blew another big chance? I did not! I will not believe it till I hear just what the studio says I did, what terrible crimes I committed against their movie. Maybe young Zanuck wanted to show he was just as tough as his old man, Darryl. All right, they convinced me. It's just as well, though. I wanted the part, I needed the money, but I have to be honest: *Valley of the Dolls* isn't my kind of motion picture. I don't want to be a harridan on the screen, and I don't think people want me to be.

Actually, this latest setback isn't the end of the world for me. Things were a lot worse last year, when I literally didn't have a quarter and faced the possibility that the Internal Revenue Service would take away my house because I was behind on my tax payments. My car was repossessed and there were a few times when I wondered if I would be able to pay my grocery bills. I had no income whatsoever.

I've been in show business for 42½ years. I've earned about \$10 million in salary and royalties from movies, television, concerts and recordings. And I've earned hundreds of millions of dollars more for the companies I worked for. But I've never lived like a wealthy woman because I've never been a wealthy woman. I never saw most of the money I earned. Never had a million dollars in the bank, or anything near that amount. At one time I was one of the greatest movie stars—with the most ragged underwear. I didn't have one petticoat that didn't have a rip in it.

I can live without money. But I find that I cannot live without love, without friends. And, until very recently, I have too often been a woman alone.

I don't approve of Arthur Miller as a person, because I don't think he understood Marilyn Monroe very well; but I do love his line from *Death of a Salesman*: "Care must be taken; attention must be paid." Miller was talking about his aging salesman, Willie Loman, but that's the way I feel about myself, too: "Care must be taken; attention must be paid."

One of the best friends I ever had was President John F. Kennedy. When I was doing my TV series, there were times when I didn't think I was getting the right advice. So I would telephone President Kennedy at the White House, and he would accept my calls.

It's funny, but the Los Angeles operators could never get used to my calling the White House, person-to-person. I'd ask for the President, or his secretary, Mrs. Evelyn Lincoln, and I could hear the operator tell another that "Judy Garland has flipped again—she thinks Lincoln is still in the White House!"

I remember that Mr. Kennedy was in a meeting when I called one evening, but he came right on the phone anyway.

"Hi, theah," he said. "How's the television show going?"

I told him I had some problems, but I said that I knew he was busy and I cer-

tainly didn't want to take up his time. He said, "That's not important. You're just as important to me as the meeting. We love your show, and we've changed the White House dinner hour on Sundays so we can watch you. Now what's the matter?"

I told him, "Norman Jewison is coming in to direct the show for \$10,000 a week, and I don't think I can afford him."

"Do you want Jewison?" the President asked.

"I don't mind him," I replied, adding that it was CBS's expensive idea.

"Well, then," Mr. Kennedy said, "CBS should pay him—and they will. You see to it that they do. Don't you put out one cent."

When I told him I would try to follow his advice, he said: "All right, now sing me the last eight bars of *Over the Rainbow*. Make my day a little easier."

So I sang for him, by long-distance: ". . . If happy little bluebirds fly . . . beyond the rainbow . . . why, oh why, can't I?"

I knew Marilyn Monroe and loved her dearly. She asked me for help. Me! I didn't know what to tell her. One night, at a party at Clifton Webb's house, Marilyn followed me from room to room. "I don't want to get too far away from you," she said. "I'm scared!"

I told her, "We're all scared. I'm scared, too."

"If we could just talk," she said, "I know you'd understand."

I said, "Maybe I would. If you're scared, call me and come on over. We'll talk about it."

That beautiful girl was frightened of loneliness—the same thing I've been afraid of. Like me, she was just trying to do her job—to garnish some delightful whipped cream onto some people's lives. But Marilyn and I never got a chance to talk. I had to leave for England, and I never saw that sweet, dear girl again. I wish I had been able to talk to her the night she died.

I don't think Marilyn really meant to harm herself. It was partly because she had too many pills available, then was deserted by her friends. You shouldn't be told you're completely irresponsible and be left alone with too much medication. It's too easy to forget. You take a couple of sleeping pills, and you wake up in 20 minutes and forget you've taken them. So you take a couple more, and the next thing you know you've taken too many.

It's happened to all of us; it happened to me. Luckily, somebody found me and saved my life.

There have been times when I have deliberately tried to take my life. Once I tried to cut my throat with a razor blade. But I don't think I really wanted to die, or I would have. I think I must have been crying for some attention. You see, I really like life. I am too stubborn to kill myself. My God, I've got too much to live for. I've got my children, maybe some grandchildren soon, and committing suicide would mean robbing too many people, including myself.

I think that what pulled me through my crises in the old days were friends. Marilyn Monroe needed some friends like I had—Errol Flynn, Humphrey Bogart and John Wayne. Bogart used to tell me, "You're OK, kid. Don't worry." And Errol told me all the time, "You'll be all right, Judy. The rest of us will go, but not you. You're the only one who'll always be" (continued)



"I guess if there'd been anything the matter with those leftovers, you'd be sick by now."